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FLONZALEYS

By PHILIP HALE

The concert by the Flonzaley Quartet, announced for last Thursday night, but postponed on account of the sickness of Mr. Bailey, the accomplished viola player, took place yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Mr. Bailey was at his desk; the program was unchanged; there was a large and keenly appreciative audience.

The program was as follows: Mozart, Quartet in G-major (K. 387); Griffes, two Indian sketches for string quartet (Ms.); Beethoven, Quartet, C-sharp minor, op. 131.

Last Friday afternoon at the Symphony concert, Mr. Thibaud, playing a violin concerto of Mozart, gave a performance of ideal beauty. The concerto itself is not of Mozart's best. Yesterday the Flonzaley Quartet gave an equally ideal performance of music that is of the great Mozart; music constructed with rare skill; music that is characterized by the grace, the tenderness, the gentle melancholy, and the gaiety, never trivial, that are peculiar to Mozart. The minuet and the Andante are, perhaps, the two movements that make the more irresistible appeal to all those susceptible to euphony and sentiment; in some respects the finale is more remarkable, especially as even masters in this field of composition often write perfunctory last movements.

The Indian Sketches by the lamented Griffes show what a loss there is to music—and not merely to American music—by his premature death. The first Sketch, based on a mournful theme, is singularly beautiful in the poetic treatment in the dextrous employment of the instruments without a vain attempt to procure orchestral color. There is no anxious striving after effects, no desire to straighten the drowsy bourgeois in his seat, no effort to be original at any cost. The music is of a strange beauty, yet not remote, but warmly human. The other Sketch, ingenious and entertaining, was written, no doubt appropriately, in more realistic fashion, one might say more in the spirit of George Catlin, who lived among the Indians, than of Cooper who introduced them as heroes of novels.

The concert ended with a performance of Beethoven's quartet, that was for years a stumbling block to many, while some hailed it with the other late quartets as the perfect flower of his genius.

The third and last concert will be on Thursday evening March 10.

We are indebted to Mr. Arba Blodget for an article that will be of interest to many in this city.

When the question of facial make-ups for the characters in John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" came up for discussion in the New York offices of Producer William Harris, Jr., it was at once realized that in this seemingly minor matter lay some of the deepest pitfalls the play might encounter. In the London presentation the make-ups were of relatively small importance. Practically none of the British playgoers would know—and those who did were not apt to care deeply. No playgoers would be likely to regard the issue as of prime importance.

Here the play must meet the scrutiny of scores of men and women who knew the real Lincoln, the real Grant, the real Lee, not to speak of countless thousands who must be familiar with the standard portraits. And as the first appeal in the playhouse must be to the eye, the case was one of notable importance.

Mr. Harris called in his general stage director, Mr. Lester Lonergan, and there began a search and a cut-and-try that lasted for over four months and enlisted the services of five persons in all—not counting Mr. Harris, who held himself as much as possible in reserve as a sort of court of last resort. At the libraries and from a dozen other sources there were grouped together many hundred portraits of Lincoln and of the other historical figures in the play. Written descriptions were read with care and a whole volume of notes made. Men who knew the real personages were called upon where possible for opinions.

The files of the old magazines, Harper's Weekly, Brady's Magazine and others, not to speak of the many woodcuts of the journalistic period, were gathered together in one vast symposium.

In the end, compromises were found to be absolutely necessary. For example: photographs and paintings of the same apparent date of origin were found to vary materially. And at last each stage portrait—more than one for some of the characters, of course, in order to cover the lapse of time included in Mr. Drinkwater's script—was carefully drawn by a skilled sketch man. Each was, in effect, a composite of many.

After this result had been reached, according to Mr. Lonergan, who gave this information a night or two ago, when he paid a fleeting visit to this city to look over the performance of "Abraham Lincoln"—additional adjustments in the interest of the technic l aspect of the theatre had to be made. For instance, it was found that it was at least historically correct to accord full and square-cut beards to others besides Stanton. To have several characters appear in what is now so unusual a facial decoration might seem ridiculous, so dramatic license was taken advantage of and some of the others had their beards arbitrarily modified. Another odd circumstance was that, in nearly all the best photographs of Gen. Meade, he was shown wearing a smartly-trimmed Van Dyke beard, instead of the loosely-flowing adornment that is his on the stage. The reason for not following the pictures was this: It would seem incongruous to show a general on active field duty so smartly barbered.

In Mr. Frank McGlynn's case particularly, there were necessary even more technical, but oddly interesting, adjustments. One was to show his beard growing far more fully on his cheeks than was actually the case. This was found necessary because, when he stepped behind the footlights, the bright lights made the silhouette entirely different than in an ordinary room. When the beard was not fully carried forward, the effect was that of a thin fringe—called Galways—and, obviously, grotesquely wrong from "the front."

A London Shocker

H. F. Maltby's new play, "The Person Unknown," has been brought out at the Grand Guignol, London. We quote from the London Daily Telegraph:

"The curtain goes up on a darkened room, in which the figure of a presumed burglar is just discernible. Voices are heard, and he slips behind a curtain just as Daisy, the actress to whom the room belongs, comes home from a ball with Mary (another actress) and a detrimental youth named Tom. Daisy goes into her bedroom to get into 'something loose,' while Mary sits down at the piano and plays with one finger from a piece of music she finds there. It is an ancient copy of 'We Don't Want to Lose You'—a song with which it appears that Daisy had been very successful in 'helping the country' during the war, by giving a good-by kiss to each man in the audience who promised to 'join up.' Tom and Mary go; and as Daisy turns out her light the unknown comes from behind the curtain and corners her. He is, he explains, one of 'her recruits,' a man who had long worshipped her, and had gone to the war simply to win once the heaven that her lips meant to him; now he is one of those whom the war has left mangled and unrecognizable, so that he can no longer hope that she or any woman could bear to look upon his face—let alone kiss it. And he has come to her, half-crazed with the horror of his fate, to force her to keep the promise of the song, 'We will love you, hug you, kiss you, when you come back again.' Daisy tries to plead, to temporize, but he seizes her in his arms, and the light of dawn strikes on what had been his face. For the first time she sees—it. 'Christ!' she shrieks in terror. 'Take it away!' There is a short, horrible struggle, and she falls dead—of sheer terror. Written with all the mordant force for which Mr. Maltby is known, and superbly acted by Miss Sybil Thorndike as Daisy, Mr. Lewis Casson as the Unknown, and Miss Dorothy Minto and Mr. Russell Thorndike as Daisy's light-hearted friends, this piece makes one's flesh creep indeed. It has not the force of 'The Monkey's Paw'; for Mr. Jacobs, with more unerring taste than Mr. Maltby possesses, realized that to get the best out of that particular thrill the horror must be left to the imagination. But the glimpse we get of it is certainly sufficiently ghastly. Miss Thorndike's work as the common, drawling super-chorus girl gives us yet another side of this most versatile of actresses."

Parisian Plays

M. Gemier has assumed the artistic management of the Comedie-Montaigne, just off the Champs Elysees, where he is forming an art repertory theatre of classics and modern plays, somewhat similar to the Vieux Colombier in the Latin Quarter. "Le Simoun," a new play by H. R. Lenormand, was his opening production. Lenormand is the most interesting of the younger generation of dramatists, and will be remembered for his great success last year with "Les Rates." For their tormented philosophy and deep human feeling, his are among the few plays of modern drama that are likely to survive the present. "Le Simoun," like some of Ibsen's dramas, is perhaps too morbid to appeal greatly to the ordinary public. As a mere study of the lonely life in the outposts of civilization it ranks with some of Kipling's finest stories. Certain scenes, such as the three Europeans listening to the music hall airs of a gramophone in the heart of Morocco, or the young agent irresistibly drawn toward the cheap debauchery of the dancing dens are poignant of the isolation and undermining influence of the desert that perpetually lures and destroys. And the masterful staging of Gemier made us feel the desert, although he [illegible] uses only one set for 11 differ[illegible]es. But beside the atmosphere is the most terrible drama imaginable, since it takes place in the mind of a man. Laurency has fled from France for 20 years, after the betrayal by his wife, whom he adored. He has become a successful merchant on the borders of the desert, but the difficult life, his past unhappiness and the tyranny of Alescha, a half-caste with whom he has been living, suddenly induce him, since his wife is now dead, to send for his daughter, whom he has never seen. Clotilde arrives, and behold, she is the living image of his lost wife. At first he is overjoyed at her presence, but slowly a monstrous fear of his own affection takes possession of him. The jealous half-caste adds her insinuations like a feminine Iago, and his fever-stricken mind is unable to throw off the morbid hallucination. It is a parallel of the story of Oedipus, save that it is the study of a man flying from the hideous hallucination of his own thoughts, which makes the guiltless Laurency so tragic a figure. And Lenormand has probed his soul with unfaltering mastery. In a beautiful scene, he tells his story to the kindly old paymaster, "as an unbeliever will confess to a priest, for the mere relief of not being alone with his own thoughts." Gemier is admirable in the scene; and later, during a sandstorm, when the simoon is howling and every one's nerves are tense, he tries to evade his daughter. The scene is treated with marvellous delicacy, but the storm brings about the culmination of the tragedy. In a terrible moment the appalling truth is revealed to the terrified Clotilde, and she decides to fly with an Arab with whom she has fallen in love. But she is stabbed by the jealous Alescha. Gemier reaches the summit of psychological portrayal with an intensity that haunts one. Never have I seen an actor express such infinite despair. And when Laureney discovers the murdered body of his daughter, he creeps before the curtain that symbolically shuts out the scene behind him, and over his grief-stricken face steals a mysterious smile of deliverance.—Paris correspondent of the Stage.

Sacha Guitry's newest piece, "Le Comedien," was presented at the Edouard VII. on Thursday evening (Jan 20), with Lucien Guitry in the title role. It is quite obviously a play made to order for the author's famous father, but one may regret that M. Sacha Guitry did not draw a great character study of the actor in general—for the French significance of the title is the actor rather than the comedian. Instead, he has chosen us an actor; a sort of superman whom all listen to and bow down before, which reduces the play to the proportions of a clever satirical comedy. We see the actor in his dressing room, receiving an old provincial friend, and the latter's niece, who worships him across the footlights. He is asked to disillusion her, but instead he makes love to her in the subtle manner that has all M. Sacha Guitry's originality—and she becomes his mistress. We see the actor at home, giving advice to managers and authors. We see him at a rehearsal, coaching the girl who is now stage-struck, and for whom he has obtained an important part. We see him after the first night, when the girl has proved a miserable failure, taking the part away from her, though he knows that she will leave him in consequence, her ambition and vanity being greater than her affection. M. Lucien Guitry invests the title role with his true authority, his humor, his simplicity. It is child's play for so great and true an artist. The rest of the cast is good, and M. Alphonse Franck, manager of the Edouard VII., made quite a hit as the manager—The Stage.

The kinema theatres are threatening to close, owing to the new municipal tax voted in June of last year, and which amounts to 50 per cent. of the state tax. The state tax varies from 15 to 20 per cent. of the receipts, and there is also the 10 per cent. tax of the Assistance Publique (department of national poor relief). Thus the kinema theatres are menaced with from 35 to 40 per cent taxes on their gross receipts. An appeal has been made to the minister of the interior.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt appeared for the first time on a music hall stage in Paris. It was at the Alhambra. "She is at her best in 'Vitrail,' and she spoke the lines as only she can recite poetry. 'Daniel' was just taken off in time to allow her to rehearse at the Alhambra, so that she has had no rest whatever. After her month at the Alhambra she will be going to London. At her theatre 'Le Grognards,' an historical drama, has replaced 'Daniel,' which made over 7,000,000 during its 72 performances."

Notes About Music and Musicians of the European Continent

Mitja Nikisch, a son of the conductor, played Tschaikowsky's B minor concerto at a concert in Amsterdam, Dec. 23, when his father conducted.

Schoenberg has been invited to leave Vienna and make his home in Amsterdam until the end of March. When his "Pelleas and Melisande" was played recently in Amsterdam, there was not the "unmannerly" opposition of eight years ago. This time a great number of subscribers stayed away from the concert. "On the whole, it must be said that those who had made use of their tickets cheerfully bore the discomforts incidental to the hearing of Schoenberg's music, nay, it seemed that the particular work, belonging to an earlier epoch, came as comparative balm after the excruciating moments in which his 'Five orchestral pieces,' Op. 16, abound."

John Ireland's chamber music is making its way on the European continent.

When Richard Strauss's "Alpine" symphony was performed at Romo in December, a St. Cecilia professor described it as "gross," but not "grand." When Koussevitsky conducted Scriabin's Third Symphony in Rome, sympathizers of D'Annunzio, desiring to create a pro-Fiume demonstration, interrupted; "it must be confessed that the interruption was not unwelcome."

The winter season at the Costanzi, Rome, opened Dec. 21, with "Tristan and Isolde," led by Weingartner. The correspondent of the Musical Times wrote: "Notwithstanding the exorbitant prices, the great theatre was crowded, the keenest interest being manifested, due in part to the rumor that the celebrated conductor was no longer what he had been—that, in fact, 'in front of the red flag, the bull would comport himself like a cow,' as the critic of the Tempo quaintly put it. The result entirely quieted such fears; but it was much to be regretted that the rehearsals of the opera had been few and insufficient. The lack of preparation was painfully evident."

Richard Strauss, returning from his South American tour, gave the greater part of the proceeds to charity: 200,000 kr. to the technical staff of the Vienna Opera, 100,000 kr. to each of the Opera pensioners, 500,000 kr. to the burgomaster of Vienna for the starving children of Vienna.

Slezak, the tenor, is versatile. One night he took the part of Tannhaeuser; the next, that of Alfred in "Fledermaus."

Russian dancers in Rome produced a new work of Resphigi: "Lo Scherzo Veneziano," a carnival scene of Goldoni's time.

"Louise" has reached the 500th performance in Paris.

Franz Schreker's "Prelude to a Drama" did not please the Romans. Some of the critics characterized it as "monstrous."

The revival of Rossini's "William Tell" at the Berlin Opera had this result: Some of the critics found references in the opera to the state of slavery in which Germany would be. The translation into German was tinkered; thus the appeal to "conflict" was turned into an appeal to "freedom."

The Institute of Church Music at Charlottenburg now admits women into its classes that they may become organists and choirmasters.

Unfamiliar works brought out at a Pasdeloup concert in Paris: a suite of four melodies in voice and orchestra, "Versailles" by Georges Hue, which Madeline Grey had sung last year at a concert of the National Society of music. "Tristan in the Forest of Morois," a symphonic poem by Paul Ladmirault. The latter is said to show a sure talent and beautiful sonorous effects; but the plan is uncertain, and the idea, lacking relief and expression, are excessively developed.

A violin sonata by Le Guillard, brought out at a concert of the National Society in Paris, is highly praised.

On Jan. 24 a concert of the S. M. I., Paris, was devoted to the memory of Debussy. "The Tomb of Debussy," is the title given to pieces by Dukas, Ravel, Roussel, Satic, Florent Schmitt, Goossens, Manuel de Falla, Malpiero, Bela Bartock and Stravinski.

Roger Penau's new "Dryads and Centaurs," produced at a concert in Paris, Jan. 27, is said to be skilfully orchestrated, but "of a rather superficial mythological significance," whatever that may mean."

The "London" Symphony

The British Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Boult, performed on Saturday at the Kingsway Hall the "London Symphony." One gathered in the room that the score had been published a few days before, and it would have added interest to a really excellent performance if some kind friend—the publisher perhaps—had informed one earlier of this consummation so long deferred—we will make a bold guess and say two years. The satisfaction of having at last a printed score may have added something to the great increase in clarity throughout, for the fact of being able to turn quickly from one part to another, to make notes, to read without a magnifying glass, and so on, sets a conductor free to attend to his proper business of getting a mental impression of the whole, unjudged by detail. At any rate, Mr. Boult's part of the work was masterly. He refused quite rightly, to begin either of the first two movements till every late comer had made up his or her mind where to sit; no one could complain of that little piece of silent reproof when he was there to do what honor he could to another man's work. Besides, it was essential; for the whole meaning is otherwise obscured, if not altogether missed, when the music depends, as the best always does, on relative values.

The "London Symphony" grows clearer with each hearing in proportion as the players are better able to distinguish foreground and background. So much

music that we are invited to listen to nowadays is like a wall paper—very suitable to the room, but still waiting here patiently to have something placed on it that is worth looking at for its own sake. The wall paper is here, with pictures on it. It is that London fog that we all revile, but would not change for any other sort of fog. A stinging, choking, muffling incubus under which business goes on somehow without happiness and without despair. It makes us the kind of people we are, and has, therefore, got to be in anything we say about London. Accordingly the clinging minor parts of the harmonies and the heavy footfalls of the bass close and open out and close again, making the melodies seem twice life size. Of these, of course, there are a few things we might actually hear—as Handel makes frogs jump about when "it puts" frogs in the text, a newsboy whistles down Fleet street, we pass a public house where the door is ajar, the Westminster clock gets wrong—unheard-of thing—and makes us believe that a symphony which has lasted three-quarters of an hour has only taken one quarter. But, just as Handel made the land bring forth a good deal more than frogs, so these tunes, trivial and solemn, enters only the outward ear as we go about our business scheming, regretting, resolving—in fact, living to a kind of inner tune that we can give no name to.—London Times, Jan. 17.

Mascagni and Bolshevists

The inconsequential remarks passed by Pietro Mascagni on the occasion of his uncalled-for visit to one of the factories at Leghorn which was occupied by the workmen—or, to be explicit, by rising elements—during the August last year, called down upon him many scathing epithets, though he was able to ingratiate himself with the hot-heads who hate not envy capital but respect genius—a product which cannot be communised. A well known daily paper has published a letter addressed (or supposed to have been addressed) to the Maestro, signed "Humble Oboe." It reads:

"Caro Maestro—I would like to put you on your guard against your improvised enthusiasm. I would have you ponder over the fact that no great distance separates the factories from the orchestras, and that it is quite possible that some day or other we shall take it into our heads to rebel against the limited liability companies, occupy the theatres, and seize in their own homes those maestri who will not agree to conduct the orchestra the way we want it. You struck a fine attitude there among the working men, but you did not calculate the consequences of your act. For instance, caro Maestro, are you disposed to make free distribution of, or destroy, those shares and securities in your possession? Are you disposed to allow yourself to be ordered about by an orchestral council, which will decide as to whether you have the right to dismiss an oboist who plays out of tune or insists on your conducting music which is not to your liking; say Debussy or . . ."—The Musical Times.

Enraged Musician:
Jazz and the Contemporary

There is a famous Hogarth, "The Enraged Musician." You see the virtuoso at his window, an agonized figure, contorted and madly gesticulating, driven to frenzy by the rival noises of the street. What words he is uttering we know not, because that is precisely what the picture cannot tell us. But I suspect that they were very like some of the words uttered at a recent meeting of the Incorporated Society of Musicians. One of the speakers described the music supplied to and by the populace as "filth." Another denounced the kinematograph as "the most horrible of all things." The first speaker had previously explained that music is language. But, evidently, language is not always music. It is sometimes, when spoken by enraged musicians, jazz. Thus the independence of the different arts is maintained. Musicians dislike and deplore jazz in the language which is called music, but go jazzing themselves in the language which is called prose. It is all a matter of use and wont, training and practice. People who are accustomed to Bach and Beethoven will probably leave jazz alone. People who have attuned their ear to the prose of Addison or Newman will probably be able to adjust more closely names to things than to call anything they dislike "filth" or "the most horrible of all things."

Anyhow, why drag in jazz? The speaker seemed to think that people ought to prefer "folk-tunes." But jazz tunes are our "folk-tunes," the tunes that the "folk" of today have evolved for themselves. They may be vastly inferior to the old sort, but, such as they are, they are a live growth, whereas the others would be a revived archaism. The efforts of certain musicians to revive folk-tunes, morris-dances, etc., always strike me as the same kind of forlorn hope as the gallant attempts of Mr. William Poel to revive the Elizabethan manner of presenting Shakespeare. You can no more do it than you can revive Queen Elizabeth herself. There is no "going back" in history. All that these revivalists do in effect is to produce a curio, a toy, something odd, quaint, possibly charming, but with the fatal defect of not being a live thing, a natural growth. Everything has its turn. It is as absurd to complain that people today prefer to dance to violently accented rhythms, syncopation, and general din, as it would be to complain that the courtiers of Louis XV. preferred the suave, slow, stately minuet. Professors and teachers "are in vain" here. There is something, I fear, rather comic in the spectacle of a principal of the Royal College of Music wringing his hands and sighing for "folk-tunes," while the world in general goes madly "jazzing" round him. It reminds one of the morose figure at the ball in the old burlesque of "The Stranger":

> Happy villagers, dance away,
> Fits may follow,
> But dance away!

Of course one's sympathy goes out to the professors and teachers. They are in an impossible position. They have not to be content, with most men, to distinguish between "good" and "bad" in music, in art, in literature, for themselves; they have to trouble a stupid tasteless, heedless, incorrigible world with the distinction. They cannot take a detached, philosophic view of the perpetual flux, the Hegelian "becoming," of phenomena—which is a delightful spectacle to the merely contemplative man—but have to try and alter it, to force it into fixed categories. Regardless of their efforts, the fashions in art come and go, "good" and "bad" in taste are always side by side with the "bad" always in enormous predominance, sarabands and corantos give place to minuets, and minuets to valses (ah! valses! I belong to the "Blue Danube" period myself, and could say a lot about the "bad music" of that time!), and valses to fox-trots and jazz—and the poor distrayed professors can only wring their hands and say that it is "filth" and the most horrible of all things." The cynical onlooker simply smiles at the whole spectacle—professors included.

But it is useless to ask them to smile. They have, not to look on, but to be up and doing. They cannot cultivate the "ataraxy" dear to M. Anatole France. They have, as I say, our sympathy. Let them in return extend their sympathy to the poor critics of art and literature, who also have to be perpetually distinguishing between "good" and "bad" in a world mainly indifferent to the distinction. They rail at the "contemporary," so do the critics; both parties being trained to take historical views, whereas the world at large does not, and simply lives in and for the "contemporary." Nearly a century ago I find Hazlitt ("On reading old books," 1828) detecting this same tendency. "We must always make some allowance for a change of style," says Hazlitt, "which those who are accustomed to read none but works written during the last 20 years neither can nor will make. When a whole generation read, they will read none but contemporary productions. The taste for literature becomes superficial as it becomes universal and is spread over a larger space. When 10,000 boarding school girls, who have learned to play on the harpsichord, are brought out in the same season, Rossini will be preferred to Mozart, as the last new composer. I remember a very genteel young couple in the boxes at Drury Lane being very much scandalized a few years ago at the phrase in 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts' 'an insolent piece of paper'—appied to the contents of a letter—it wanted the modern lightness and indifference. Let an old book be ever so good, it treats of topics that are stale in a style that has grown 'somewhat musty'; and of interests that have long since given place to other in the infinite fluctuations of human affairs." We of today, by the way, should be very much scandalized by an essayist who talked of "a very genteel young couple."

But the point is, that what was happening in 1828 is now happening in 1921 only "more so." Few people distinguish "good" from "bad" as such. The world at large is solely interested in the "contemporary." Nor are all critics by any means exempt from this craze. I have read, in high literary quarters, articles that tacitly assume all French literature to have begun with Peguy. There are young critics who talk of Meredith and Anatole France as though they were "chunks of old red sandstone." And, as I write, there comes into my hands a little "Estetica Futurista," by Ardengo Soffici (Valecchi, Florence, 1920), that seeks to found the principles of art upon nothing but novelty, contemporaneity—including the philosophy of contemporary clowns. "Clownismo": well, that is a new artistic theory which I must leave for discussion another day. But we see which way the wind blows, and it will continue to blow that way, while the professors helplessly wring their hands and cry out "filth" and "the most horrible of all things."—E. B. Walkley in the London Times.

British Notes

In our "Theatrical Notes," on Thursday last, a quotation was made from a letter received from Mr. J. B. Fagan of the Court Theatre, who wrote in reference to Shakespeare's "King Henry IV.," part 2: "No London production of this play has been given for almost a century, an extraordinary circumstance, seeing that it is, perhaps, the most interesting of all historical plays." Mr. J. J. Watson writes from 11 Stanley street, Paddington, enclosing a program of the Shakespearian celebrations at the "Old Vic," last year, to remind us that five performances of the play, as well as six of "Henry IV.," part 1, were given at that theatre last May.—London Daily Chronicle.

The first number of "Music and Youth," a new musical paper for children, has appeared.

Adrian Boult is the author of "A Handbook on the Technique of Conducting," prepared for the use of students at the Royal College of Music, London. It is a pamphlet of 20 pages.

Moritz Rosenthal has been playing the piano in London.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Verdi's Requiem performed by the Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

MONDAY—Huntington Chambers Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by Benjamin Feltch, baritone, and Helen Roche, pianist.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Esther Claff, soprano. Mozart, Batti, batti; Paradies, Quel Ruscelletto; Haydn, My Mother bids me bind my hair; Rossini, Neapolitan Tarentella; Old French, Jeunes Fillettes; Chaminade, Chanson de neige; Fondrain, Carnaval; Hahn, Fetes Galantes; Del' Acqua, Chanson Provencale; Cadman, Sayonara; I Saw Thee First When Cherries Bloomed; At the Feast of the Dead I Watched Thee; All My Heart Is Ashes; The Wild Dove Cries on Fleeting Wing; Strauss, Serenade; Manna-Zucca, Rachem; Whelpley, I Know a Hill; Lehmann, The Owl; Beach, Spring. Mary Shaw Swain, accompanist.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:20 P. M. George Reimherr, tenor. Mercadante, Fu celeste quel contento ("Il Giuramento"); Verdi, Ad una stella; Handel, Where'er You Walk; Koscak, Yamada, Counting Song, Flower Song, Fisherman's Song, Cradle Song. A Fantasy; K. Clark, Fauchonette; Vanderpool, Rose Petals; H. F. Gilbert, Bring from the Craggy Haunts; C. Forsyth, A Masque; Sokoloff, Tell Me, Happy Harvest Field; Balakireff, Burning; Out is the Sunset's Red Flame; Bielchmann, My Lips Are Sealed with Grief, Korganoff, A Hebrew Melody; Moussorgsky, Ah, Not with God's Thunder. Edna Sheppard, accompanist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 16th Symphony concert, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Lee Pattison, pianist. Bach, Prelude and Fugue in E flat major (well-tempered Clavichord, vol. II.), Prelude and Fugue in C minor (well-tempered Clavichord vol. I.); Beethoven, Sonata, op. 27, No. 1; Malipiero, Barlumi (1, 2, 3, 4, 5); Rachmaninoff, Prelude in E flat major; Palmgren, Bird Song; Griffes, The White Peacock; Bax, Whirligig; Chopin, Fantasy, Mazurka in C sharp minor, Etude in C major, Scherzo in C sharp minor.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Monteux, conductor.

KREISLER PLAYS

If Mr. Kreisler is to judge of his popularity in Boston by his reception yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, he must feel that his name is a favorite. For the crowded hall, the unusually fine attention, and the applause that would not be stilled attested to the delight of admirers.

Any lover of music might well have been delighted with the program, especially with the first part. In the sonata in A major by Cesar Franck Mr. Kreisler showed so complete a comprehension of the beauty and fire, the lofty utterance of the music, and matched this comprehension with so finely sonorous but delicate and lovely a tone that the sonata was wholly alive. From the stirring last movement the audience awakened to a prolonged applause. So in the sonata in G minor, of Bach, for violin alone, interpretation was compounded of fine insight and unfailing technique. The demands of the fugue were cleanly met. Both Franck and Bach might well have been pleased.

Of the second half of the program little need be said. The first number, Romance, by Mr. Kreisler, was well received. The second, "La Chasse," by Cartier, a neat and attractive bit of program music the meaning of which is at once apparent, brought a repetition. The suite from the music to "Much Ado About Nothing," was uninteresting in the first section, and only mildly interesting in others, with the exception of the second, where Dogberry and Verges tramped and talked with a Shakespearean tang that quite delighted. But, however, the second part of the program fell below the first, the two sonatas made a concert that anyone might be glad to hear again.

1921 1921

TO THE MEMORY OF KEATS
(1821—1921)

Hail, thou great soul! Ambassador from courts
Where the Immortals in their glory are!
On whose pale brow shines beauty like a star,
Clear eyes that fathom Nature's sky resorts.
Thee, thee I hail, belov'd one, free from guile,
O rapturous singer from the realm of light!
Crown'd and exalted in my loving sight,
Through grievous anguish nobly borne erstwhile,
Victor o'er death, thou comest back to Earth,
Singing: "Awake! for, lo, the dawn is here;
All lovely things are hastening to their birth,
Soft breathes the air, the bending heavens grow
Ah, how our caged hearts struggle to break free,
Thrill'd by the magic of thy melody!

JOSEPH WATSON.

Boston.

Priscilla the Huguenot

As the World Wags:

The famous Priscilla Moulin (not Mullens) came to this country from Lyons, France, with her father and her brother. The father, a silk weaver in Lyons and a Huguenot, was anxious to join the Pilgrims. When Miss Peggy O'Day posed for Priscilla she posed for a French woman, just as French as I am, and not for an English type at all. I am proud of my countrywoman Priscilla. She was a good cook and kept the little colony around her well fed. Capt. Nathan Appleton, my old friend, used to tell me they would have starved if it had not been for Priscilla, who could make soups out of nothing.

Boston. E. A. M.

The Bulfinch Theatre

As the World Wags:

Was there ever a Bulfinch Theatre in Boston? If so, where was it and when did it close? W. E.

South Poland, Me.

We are not an old Bostonian. We remember, visiting Boston in our boyhood, the Boston Museum and the Theatre Comique. We also remember a picture of John Wilkes Booth hanging in a hotel corridor, for he was playing here at the time. Charles Bulfinch was the architect of the Boston Theatre.—Ed.

Charles Lamb

As the World Wags:

The anniversary of the birth of Charles Lamb is at hand. All over the world are men and women who delight in his companionship, and many are the places where the little pig will yield the savory crackle which shall satisfy both hunger and sentiment.

In that portion of the all-embracing work of Mr. Johnson, which may deal with post-prandial matters, he may wish to include suggestions as to matter and form of speech for the tongue-tied, who may be called upon on such occasions. Perhaps the following may be of interest to him in this connection:

There's nothing whatever to say in defence of it,
Nothing to placate the sniffers for vice,
But "HERE'S TO YOU ELIA"—drat the expense of it.—
Reckless, we pledge you in wine beyond price.
Never mind virtue, we make no pretense of it.
This is YOUR dinner, boy, wicked, but nice.

Head of the table, we bow to our host in you,
Sitting here smiling and mellow and rare,
With a slice of the pig, or a slice of his ghost in you,
Wined till you've drowned the least ghost of a care.
Let the ghost of your wit find the ghost of a toast in you.
Come, we are waiting, A TOAST FROM THE CHAIR.

And here is the Toast of Elia, or, as the pedants would say "Carlagnulus loquitur":

My Masters:

When I call you Elians I am, at one and the same time, shrinking in modest disclaimer, and exulting in selfish pride.

That my poor little name should be honored by so brave a company of friends is something which I cannot justify in my own estimation of my slender deserving; and that, more than four-score years after I left this world of pleasaunce and the life I loved, sons of men whom I never knew should gather for such mirthful companionship as was ever dear to me, and should mingle with their pleasure kindly thought of me, this stirs a proud exhilaration in the ghost of the heart in the shade of what once was I.

Child and man and shade, I have existed but little less than a century and a half. I am old, and by right of my years might take the privilege of tedious talking, but that privilege I shall not claim. I will prose through none of your golden moments with tales of the hours which I have spent in the "lost places of dead delights," in the Salutation and the Cat, for example, a cosy pot-house, I may tell you, if you chance to be strolling Smithfield way. There my old friend Coleridge and I were won't to find excellent egg-hot and the best of Oronoko.

I will weary you not at all with memories of the dear old days at Inner Temple Lane, where my precious ragged-coated hooks were about me, and my prints: there Mary and I rejoiced to see the old familiar faces of the friends we loved. None of the old company breathe the vital air today; but over there in Shadow-land we meet, as we used to do in the old hours of happiness, and we have a shadowy kind of books and pictures, theatres and chit-chat, scandals, jokes and ambiguities.

(I seem to remember writing something like that before, but I have not the ghost of an idea when or where it was).

But saying that I would not prose, I'm prosing. I would offer you a toast, and it should be, friends of mind, the best that the wisdom of all my years can fashion. It should be one which may ring true in storm and shine, in victory and defeat, in gladness and sorrow, and if all my years and all that they have taught me of good and ill have given wisdom these words may serve:

HERE IS TO ONE OF THE SWEETEST BLESSINGS GOD EVER GAVE TO MEN.

THE LOVE OF FRIENDS
WITH ITS JOYS
AND ITS MEMORIES
Drink, my Masters.
Portland, Me., Feb. 14.
JOHN ALGER.

This graceful tribute is a little belated. According to books that have helped us, Lamb was born on Feb. 10.—Ed.

Tufts's Rock

As the World Wags:
On pages 341-342 of the autobiography of the notorious Henry Tufts, which was published at Dover, N. H., in 1807, is this: "In the course of my rambles I went to the White Hills, sometimes called the 'Lady Mountains,' where, among other curiosities, I had a sight of the huge stone that rolled spontaneously down those hills in the year (if I mistake not) 1798. In size it was large as an ordinary meeting-house; it took its departure from near the summit of one of those mountains, and continued its progressive descent as much as three-fourths of a mile. The path cleared in the journey of this stupendous rock appeared to be four rods in width, and was swept quite clean of every standing tree, great and small. The inhabitants of the adjacent country, for several leagues round, heard the noise of the descending mass for nearly, as it seemed, a quarter of an hour, and conceived it the report of a great earthquake." I should like more minute particulars regarding that incident in the history of the White Mountains. Do you or any of your readers know of any other account of the incident? "From near the summit" of which of the White Mountains did that "stupendous rock," "large as an ordinary meeting house," take "its departure," and where did "its progressive descent" end—that is, just where was the "stupendous rock" when Tufts "had a sight" of it? Doubtless the rock is still where it was when Tufts saw it.
Brookline. OBSERVER.

SINGS REQUIEM

In Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon the Verdi Requiem was performed for the 12th time by the Handel and Haydn Society. Emil Mollenhauer was conductor and H. G. Tucker, organist. The solo singers were Florence Hinkle, soprano; Merle Alcock, alto; Edward Johnson, tenor, and Clarence Whitehill, bass. The Boston Festival Orchestra, John W. Crowley, principal, assisted.

The storm noticeably reduced the size of the audience, but kept scarcely any of the chorus or orchestra away.

Memorable Performance

The reaction to the display of elemental power that had buffeted the throngs that were present seemed to emphasize the solemnity and beauty of the music. The solo singers, the chorus and the orchestra apparently felt this, too, and it spurred them all to artistic endeavor that is rarely surpassed. The result was a memorable performance of the Requiem and a response from its hearers that is seldom exceeded in enthusiasm. Applause was hearty and prolonged after each section of the work, and the audience, after the Sanctus, refused to be still until each soloist and finally Mr. Mollenhauer had acknowledged its tribute.

All the solo singers reached an equally high plane of artistic power and there was no discrimination in the favor shown each one by the audience. Miss Alcock's remarkably resonant and sympathetic alto voice in the "Liber scriptus" solo, Miss Hinkle's limpid soprano in her "Recordare" duet with Miss Alcock, and in the final "Libera me" solo were specially effective. Mr. Johnson stirred his hearers with his clear and beautiful tones and the emotional intensity of his singing. Mr. Whitehill's sonorous and appealing voice added a fine touch to the performance.

Feb 22 1921

A distinguished English scientist, Prof. E. Ffoulkes Cheyne, was reading, last Sunday, newspapers of Boston at the Porphyry Club. He was greatly perplexed by a statement that "fire started in Nickerson's lunch." "What, pray," he inquired, "was Mr. Nickerson eating? I am not acquainted with inflammable foods. Could, by some chemical reaction, a ham sandwich, a bowl of soup, a stew, rice with curry, or your peculiar, yet not wholly unpalatable, pork and beans, which as a sociologist I have ventured to taste, ignite by spontaneous combustion? I have seen fire eaters in my younger days, but there was surely some trickery in their exhibitions. I regret that the newspaper reports failed to state exactly what Mr. Nickerson was eating."

Mr. Auger hastened to assure Prof. Cheyne that Mr. Nickerson was not a fire-eater, professional or amateur; that men might lunch with comparative safety in the city's restaurants. And old Auger asked in his turn: "Where in the development of the English language in the United States did the word lunch come to mean lunch room?"

Herrick up to Date

(From the New York Evening Post)

When as in Silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how near she knows
The Satisfaction of No Clothes.

Next when I cast my Eyes and see
Where Draperies were wont to be,
Oh, how their Absence startleth me!
W. M. O.

An Awful Warning

As the World Wags:
The recently published pictures of Lincoln bring up anew the fact that men of his time wore their hair long. Photographs and pictures in illustrated papers of that time show this. They had hair then because they did not destroy it by two modern processes, frequent cutting and stiff hats. Bald-headed men were then a rarity. Wearing our hair so short as we do now, we have no hair to wear. Do we so admire short hair that the apogee of no hair at all seems desirable? Bald women are rare indeed. They do not constantly harass their pate, they wear hats that do not constrict circulation. If we were to cut out so much cutting of male locks, we would not be the bald-headed race we are. Let the young fellows take warning. W. A. CURTIS.
Ashland, N. H.

It is true that in Lincoln's time there were many long-haired men, conspicuous also for uxuriant whiskorage; but bald-headed men have been common through the ages. The learned treatises of ancient Greek, Roman and Arabian physicians contain many recipes for baldness. Many Romans took the name "Calvus" because they were bald. There were bald headed men in the Old Testament times. "And the man whose hair is fallen off his head, he is bald: Yet is he clean." (Lev. xiii, 40; also see 41.) Did not rude little children shout at the prophet Elisha as he was on his way to Bethel, "Go up thou bald head, go up thou bald head"? Naturally incensed, the usually amiable Elisha cursed them for their too personal remarks. And then two she bears came out of the wood and tearing 42 of the children stopped their mockery. Yet Elisha and other men of his time did not wear plug hats and we doubt whether they often visited the hair cutter. Isaiah, inveighing against the dress and the behavior of Zion's daughters prophesied that instead of "well set hair" they would be afflicted with baldness, nor did he approve the bonnets they wore. Recall, Mr. Curtis, the fate of Aischylus. An eagle, mistaking his bald head for a stone, let a tortoise fall upon it to break the shell. This put an end to the justly celebrated dramatist.—Ed.

Dartmouth College

As the World Wags:
I notice an editorial in The Herald containing a semi-official inquiry into the cause of Dartmouth College's popularity. No one seems to mention it, and perhaps in these days of highly departmentalized education it is old-fashioned to think of it, but might not the possible cause of Dartmouth College's drawing power be the simple fact that it is such a good school?
Melrose. EDDIE DAGGY.

As the World Wags:
My scrap book says that your correspondent "E" errs in his statement about Harry Gilfoil. It was Harry Bulger who sang "No Bird Ever Flew So High He Didn't Have to Light" in the operetta, "Woodland." A. K.

Svelte

As the World Wags:
I have had some difficulty recently in finding the derivation of the word "svelte." The dictionaries seem not to recognize the word or to refer me back to French, Italian or Spanish, to which languages the word certainly is not native. Can you help me in my search?
DWIGHT I. CHAPMAN.
Somerville.

"Svelte" is in the Oxford Dictionary (great and concise editions) and is no doubt, in other dictionaries with the derivation. The French word "svelte" comes from the Italian "svelto," which in turn was derived from the Latin "ex" and "vellere." In French the word was first used with reference to painting, sculpture and architecture: "A dome more svelte than St. Peter's," that is "lighter," "more graceful." Later it was applied to human beings and animals, meaning slim, slender, willowy. Fuseli in his lectures about painting, published about 1817, wrote: "The Medicean Venus, however 'svelt' . . . has in length no more than seven heads and a half." Granville in 1838 described a countess as "tall, svelte, pale and interesting," but he italicized "svelte" as a foreign word.—Ed.

'JIM JAM JEMS'

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Jim Jam Jems," a musical farce in two acts and six scenes. Book and lyrics by Harry L. Cort and George E. Stoddard; music by James Hanley; staged by Larry Ceballos. William Howard conducted.

The principals were: Joe E. Brown, Eddie Garvie, Reah Cauble, Hazel Harmond, Charles O'Connor, Kathryn Maloy, John Keefe, Virginia Fissinger, Paul McCarthy, Alice McCarthy, Ruth McCarthy, Paul and Walter LaVarre.

The piece is episodic and each scene is an interesting number regardless of what precedes or follows it, but notwithstanding this it has much more of a plot than the average musical farce. Thus the development of the first act arouses the interest of the audience, and while here and there several numbers of vaudeville—good of themselves—are lugged in, there is a successful attempt to pick up the threads of the story. But like many of the pieces after its kind the ending is flat and badly artificial.

In a word, this piece, an interesting trifle, is made so by reason of the principal performers. The music is light—one might say thin—the kind that might be associated with a good time when all are in a hilarious mood; but it all disappears with the performance.

There is a large company of pretty girls all high spirited, who sing and dance as if on a lark, appearing now in pneumonic costume, now overdressed to the other extreme. Each scene, pleasing to the eye by reason of beauty of color scheme and opulent setting, adds to the enjoyment of the piece. The final scene, "Snowball of Love," was a riot, engaging the beauties of the chorus in pelting the audience with "snowballs," and with the latter taking up the fun.

The story can be told briefly. An unsophisticated young girl, the niece of an uncle fond of wine, women and song, would see Bohemia. She longs for a good time. A young reporter assumes the task. The girl has a good time and so does the audience in the development. Needless to say, the reporter wins the girl. The uncle, after being alarmed, is appeased.

The feature of the performance was the Philip Quick of Joe E. Brown, who showed a many sided talent. A comedian of marked individuality, he is interesting from many angles. First as a comedian, again as a dancer, and yet again as an acrobat. In his acrobatic dance, he nonchalantly drops backward into the orchestra pit and hops back again to the stage, never missing the rhythm or steps of his dance. Besides this he is remarkable in facial manipulation and often times he holds a scene for several minutes without a word being spoken, yet conveying lucidly to the audience his delightful bits of comedy.

Reah Cauble as the girl, a Dresden China type, was neat in dance and agreeable in song. Eddie Garvie, an old favorite, was an unctuous uncle, a high roller with a convincing story. Charles O'Connor was the reporter, impossible as stage reporters go, but interesting as the ardent lover. Thus one might go down the long list of performers and find a fitting word of praise for all.

'UNCLE TOM' AT

For the first time since 1911 the Arlington Players last night brought "Uncle Tom's Cabin" back to a Boston stage. On Feb. 6 of that year William Brady produced a softened version, lacking a few of the thrills and many of the crudities of the original, at the old Grand Opera House. And it is upon this modified interpretation that the Arlington company bases its present production. One wonders if it is studied design or fortuitous synchronism which brings this most famous tale of slavery to the Arlington Theatre at a time when "Abraham Lincoln" is to be seen just around the corner at the Hollis. Whatever the circumstances, the players may be congratulated for a performance that is uniformly excellent. Indeed an appreciative audience was quick to laugh, applaud and weep over the same lines and same scenes that have caused countless other audiences to laugh, applaud and weep. A notable feature of the present production is that it improves steadily as it proceeds. In fact, the handling of little Eva's death scene left little to be desired. Willard Dashiell as the villainous Legree was every inch the cruel slave trader he was supposed to be. Olive Massey, if she would refrain from wearing silk stockings, could not be improved upon as "Topsy, who was never born." Uncle Tom was ably acted by William T. Brady, and George Harris, pleased with an enunciation that is the exception rather than the rule in the theatres of today.

The Arlington Players have achieved a production this week which is well acted, attractively staged and of sufficient worth to rank with its many predecessors.

VAN AND CORBETT

Billy B. Van, teamed with James J. Corbett, was just about two-thirds of the show at Keith's last night. Not that the other acts were bad. They weren't. But Billy Van is a natural born comedian and his bubbling drolleries and ridiculous pranks would have made a graven image smile. The theatre reechoed to peals of merriment that was a genuine testimonial to the popularity of the performance.

"Gentleman Jim" afforded Billy the necessary foil and helped engineer a rapid fire of jokes that swept the house. The skit was labeled "The Eighteenth Amendment," but it might have been called any one of a dozen other things with equal appropriateness.

Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin gave a capital takeoff on present day follies in their sketch "Visions of 1971," Miss Baldwin being especially clever in her impersonation of the modern chorus girl.

Another double act which inspired popular favor was "A Will and a Way," by Eddie Buzzell and Peggie Parker. The lady, as a dashing widow, did a sprightly turn. She also exhibited a costume with the lowest cut back that has been seen in these parts for many a day.

Jack Osterman, monologist, treated to 15 minutes of engaging patter and Ethel MacDonough, in "Milady's Busy Day," gave a solo playlet showing some handsome gowns. Her changes of costume, effected in silhouette behind a drawn window shade, made the unsophisticated gasp.

Mattylee Leopard sang a number of songs, "as is and as was," most acceptably. She has a really good voice and knows how to use it.

Princess Radjah gave her "Cleopatra Dance" with a background "of-more-than-Oriental-splendor" as the Jungle Book says. The dance was of the conventional order, but the six-foot snake that was presently introduced and which went writhing and hissing all over the stage was sufficiently formidable to make ladies get very close to their escorts.

The Balliot Trio, equilibrists and gymnasts, opened the bill with a clean-cut performance.

'PASSION' IS FILM MARVEL

Production at Tremont Depicts Career of Mme. DuBarry

POLA NEGRI SHOWS REMARKABLE SKILL

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"Kismet," the Robertson-Cole screen production. First presentation in Boston The cast:

Hadj	Otis Skinner
Marsinah	Elinor Fair
Kut-ul-Kulub	Rosemary Theby
Wazir Mansur	Hamilton Revelle
Caliph Abdullah	Leon Bary
Sheik Jawan	Herschell Mayall
Wazir Abu Bakr	Emmet C. King
Afife	Paul Weigel
Guide Nasir	Nicholas Dunaey
Beggar Kasim	Robert Evans

Feb 23 1921

Esther Claff, Soprano, Wins Frequent Applause

Miss Esther Claff, soprano, gave a recital last night in Jordan Hall. Mrs. Mary Shaw Swain was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Mozart, "Batti, Batti"; Paradies, Quel Ruscelletto; Haydn, My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair; Rossini, Neapolitan Tarantelle; Old French, Jeunes Fillettes; Chaminade, Chanson de Neige; Fourdrain, Carnaval; Hahn, Tetes Galantes; Del'Acqua, Chanson Provencale; Cadman, Sayonara—I Saw Thee First When Cherries Bloomed, At the Feast of the Dead I Watched Thee, All My Heart Is Ashes, The Will Dove Cries on Fleeting Wing; Strauss, Serenade, Manna-Zucca, Rachem; Whelpley, I Know a Hill; Lehmann, The Owl; Beach, Spring.

Miss Claff sang to an audience of good size and evidently gave her hearers pleasure, for applause was loud and frequent. She has a flexible voice, unfailing vivacity, and marked aplomb. Few singers of greater reputation would have the courage to begin a recital with Zerlina's air. Miss Claff showed that she could sustain a melodic line when she thought it necessary, but her interpretation was often britt[illegible] jerky. Her enunciation was clea[illegible] should cultivate repose and pois[illegible] after she has further studied t[illegible] of singing, strive to interpret wit[illegible] voice and the mind, and not put [illegible] trust chiefly in facial expression.

Feb 24 1921

Cannot the managers of Symphony Hall abate a nuisance? Late comers at the Symphony concerts annoy those already seated, the orchestra and the conductor. Some do not come in until the last movement of a symphony is to

be played. As a rule, a symphony is the first number on the program. Those entering the hall, sauntering down the aisle, nodding affably to friends, finally seating themselves with an air—"Now go ahead; we're here," seriously injure the effect of the symphony by the prolongation of the pauses between the movements. They disturb the impression made by the movement already played. The nuisance is now as great at the Saturday night concerts as at those of Friday afternoon. If the doors were closed until the end of the symphony, these incorrigible late-comers might be able to arrive at the hall in time. If they should persist in tardiness, would it not be well to begin the concert with an overture, put the symphony later on the program and insist that differ the playing of it no one should be admitted, not even a family doctor summoned to restore some conservative person shocked by ultra-modern music?

Mr. Clement Wood, writing about "Village Miltons" for the Literary Review of the New York Evening Post, quotes from the complete works of Miss Mary Ann O'Byrne, the Sappho of Watervliet, N. Y.

Address to Young Ladies

Therefore to lonely walks and carriage riding
With him you must not go,
Or your happiness and liberty
You may forever overthrow. . . .
And no man will insult you
Unless he thinks you are a fool,
But if you will let the back of your hand fly
heavily on his mouth,
His passion it will cool. . . .

And if you give him the nosebleed,
It will help clear his brain.
Then the greatest respect for you
He will ever afterwards maintain.

Graphomania

American newspapers are quoting and commenting on M. Bergson's description of graphomania, as if the word and the disease were now known for the first time. Nearly 100 years ago a book was published with the title: "The Cheilead, being violent Ebullitions of Graphomaniacs." The word was used freely by Max Nordau in his "Entertung" that made a stir for a time and is now practically forgotten. Nordau then won notoriety by his violent assaults on authors who have outlived him; for he himself is of the class that "are dead, but do not know that they are dead."

Puddings and "Prethroat"

As the World Wags:

In the memoirs of Jano Austen by her nephew, J. E. Austen Lelgh, among the dishes of which housewives were proud is mentioned furmity or "tansey" pudding. What in the world was it? I remember fansy as a particularly disagreeable weed, in odor at least.

Margaret More maliciously called Anne Boleyn, "The brown girl with the perthroat and the extra finger." I understand about the extra finger, or the reason for making that statement. But "perthroat?" A physician told me lately that she had an extra breast, but I never came across any allusion to that in my reading. If you don't know about pudding and perthroat, does Mr. Herkimer Johnson, or some member of the Porphyry?

Boston. E. H. GARRETT.

Frumenty (furmety—there are many variants of the word) and tansy pudding are not the same thing. Frumenty was the name given to a dish of hulled wheat boiled in milk and seasoned with cinnamon, sugar, etc. King Arthur and his knights knew it. Washington Irving, in "The Sketch Book," describes an English squire making his supper of "frumenty, a dish made of wheat cakes boiled in milk with rich spices." Frumenty was recommended as a fattener. According to the Sporting Magazine (1796), "John Gawston eat such a quantity of wheat is called furmety that he actually burst." Dean Swift wrote to Stella on March 5, 1711-12: "I wish you a merry Lent. I hate Lent; I hate different diets and furmity and butter, and herb porridge; and sour, devout faces of people who only put on religion for seven weeks." Tansy, or tanzy, was made of flour and eggs seasoned with tansy. In Cumberland, it was served with rich sauce. The Spectator in 1902 said "patent pills and soothing syrups have taken the place of calamint and tansy tea"; the reference was to Berkshire. There were also tansy cakes. The tansy pudding and the tansy cakes were eaten at Easter in memory of the "bitter herbs" of the Passover. This recipe is given in a cook book of the 15th century: "Tako faire Tansey and grinde it in a mortar; And take eyren, yolkes and white, And drawe hem through a streynour, and streyne also the juse of the Tansey; and medie the egges and the juse togidre." William Cole, in his "Art of Simpling" (1656), says "That if maids will take wilde Tansey, and lay it to soake in buttermilke nine dayes, and wash their faces therewith, it will make them looke very faire." As for "prethroat," Mr. Garrett, "You have got us," to drop into vulgar speech. No dictionary of orthodox dialect or slang words comes to our aid. Nor had we heard of Anne Boleyn's curious formation. We have seen pictures of the great Diana of the Ephesians, who was still more richly furnished.—Ed.

More Seventh Lore

As the World Wags:

One of the early names of the North Atlantic—Mare Septentrionelie—was given, I believe, by the Romans when they first ventured northward out of the Straits of Gibraltar and beheld, night after night, the seven stars of the Dipper rising higher and higher above the horizon.

Then we have the period of the "seven waves," which seems to hold true with astonishing regularity. I have sat and counted them on the very spot where Pere Labat watched them rolling in on the coast of Martinique and described them so picturesquely some 200 years ago.

"The sea always forms seven large billows, waves or surges, whichever you would call them, that break on the shore with an astonishing violence, and which can be heard along the windward side where the coast is usually very high and where the wind blows continually on the sea. The last three of these seven waves are the largest. When they have subsided after breaking on shore there is a little calm which is called Embile, and which lasts about the time it takes to say an Ave Maria, after which the waves begin again, their size and force augmenting always till the seventh has broken on the shore."

Of the three waves, we have from Swinburne's "The Triumph of Time":

"It is not much that a man can save
On the sands of life in the straights of time,
Who swims in sight of the great third wave,
Which never a swimmer shall cross or climb."

F. A. FENGER.

Rum Gagger Farm, Cohasset.

Feb 25 1921

REINHERR PLEASES IN VARIED PROGRAM

An entertaining concert was given by George Reimherr, tenor, last evening in Jordan Hall. The program was very interesting, consisting of numbers by Mereadante, Verdi, Handel, Clark, Van Narpool, Gilbert, Forsyth, Soholov, Balaireff, Bleichman, Gretchaninoff, Moussorgsky, and a suite of unusual Japanese songs by Koscak Yamada.

Mr. Reimherr has a voice which is exceptionally adapted to the lighter class of songs. In pieces of simple sentiment tho full sympathetic quality is best brought out, whereas in heavier passages his voice was perhaps a little flat—particularly noticeable in his higher range.

Mr. Reimherr sang five Japanese numbers, which were heartily received by his audience. They had the true Oriental flavor and tang and not the usual artificial atmosphere. For encores, Mr. Reimherr sang "On the Wings of Song," Mendelssohn; "In the Moonlight," Belle, and a Chinese lyric, "In the Iris Garden."

Feb 26 1921

Moiseiwitsch, Pianist, Plays with Orchestra for the First Time

By PHILIP HALE

The 16th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Benno Moiseiwitsch, pianist, played here with the orchestra for the first time. The program was as follows: Carpenter, Suite from the ballet, "The Birthday of the Infanta" (first time here); Schumann, Concerto, A minor, for piano; Brahms, Symphony No. 2, D major.

There is music composed originally for a drama or a ballet that is worthy of performance at a Symphony concert, by reason of its contents, its structure, its inherent beauty, its value as absolute music without regard to the stage for which it was written. One hears with pleasure at a concert the "Namouna" Suite of Lalo; Bizet's music for "L'Arlesienne"; ballet music by Rameau or Gretry; even the ballet music from Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba" or Rubinstein's "Feramors." Other suites could be named, as that derived from Gabriel Faure's music for "Pelleas and Mellisande." The list is by no means a short one. Take a recent instance: Mr. Henry F. Gilbert's concert version of his ballet, "Dance in Place Congo," was not out of place at a Symphony concert last season.

However effective Mr. Carpenter's ballet may be in the theatre—and of this we cannot say, for we have not seen the ballet—it has little to recommend it for admission to a symphony concert program. Its possible effect depends chiefly, one is tempted to say wholly, on its association with the situations and the evolutions of the ballet. As concert music, it is disjointed, scrappy, rather common. Regarded solely as music, pure and simple, its worth is slight. There are few pages that are beautiful; few that are impressive; few that are exciting. Nor is the Suite saved by the more or less ingenious juggling with instruments in combination or in solo use. The nearest approach to a purely musical effect is in the closing measures, which accompany on the stage the death of poor Pedro and the exit of the Infanta. Here there is a direct and emotional appeal. Nor does one find adroit characterization in the Gypsy Dance; nor does one find lively suggestion in the movement of the Suite entitled "The Bull Fight."

There are some who say that Schumann's piano concerto has aged; that it is now only for a small hall; that its intimacy is ineffective in a large one. A character drawn years ago by Immermann in a satirical novel said that next to hearing music the most disagreeable thing was the hearing talk about it. We cannot understand the attitude of those objecting to Schumann's concerto, as the choice of a pianist. To us, it is one of Schumann's most romantic works, as fresh today as when he dreamed it. And yesterday it was played romantically, with the finest appreciation of its many beauties, with a tonal charm, with a rhythmic surety, with a poetic feeling, with a varied coloring that heightened the enchantment cast by the music itself. It would be impertinent to dwell on Mr. Moiseiwitsch's great ability as a virtuoso. In this instance the accomplished virtuoso and the poetic interpreter are one and the same.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Mendelssohn, "Scotch" symphony; Mozart, overture to "The Abdduction from the Harem"; Gilbert's "Indian Sketches" (first performance). Alice Nielsen will sing "Deh vieni non Tardar" from "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Batti, Batti" from "Don Giovanni."

The Herald has received the following letter from Mr. Truman H. Bartlett of Jamaica Plain with regard to Lincoln's hair, which was long, according to a correspondent whose letter was published recently in this column:

"Lincoln wore his hair short or long as circumstances seemed to govern; just as he did his clothes. I have photographs of him that show these facts. Some of his photographs are so extreme in appearance that no eye can believe them to be of his face were it not for the peculiar bony structure of the face. Of the few erect attitudes shown in his photographs there was one that he always took in the most vital moments; that was perfectly upright, legs close together, feet squarely straight in front, arms at full length in front and hands one over the other. On only two occasions was his head slightly bent forward. One of them was when he listened to the words of Ashmun announcing his nomination to the presidency at his home in Springfield. The moment when Ashmun had uttered the last word, Lincoln's head was raised and he stood perfectly erect. The other was when he spoke the last paragraph of his touching speech at Alton. On several occasions he did not move his feet in a long speech. It may be added that no known statue has been made of Lincoln in accord with the above description, or any study of his life mask so thorough as that by Gutzon Borglum in his marble head in the Capitol at Washington; or any painted portrait worth comparing with Marshall's; or any drawing of his face as perfect an interpretation of Lincoln's character as that of Boardman Robinson. The truest expression of the effect of his death is by Disraeli in the House of Commons. Of Lincoln's entrance into public life the most consummate statement ever made is the first paragraph of A. E. Pillsbury's 'Lincoln and Slavery.' Lincoln is as great a mystery today as he was when John T. Morse, Jr., asserted that his character was mysterious in the closing sentences in his 'Life of Lincoln.'"

Miss Mullins

As the World Wags:

Authoritative research and investigation in England and Holland of late years have revealed a wealth of knowledge in regard to the early history of the "Mayflower Pilgrims" and in the light of positive record much that is traditional (however attractive) must be abandoned.

Legal evidence surely is much more valuable to the student of Colonial history and genealogy than a glorious array of suppositious statement and fanciful conjecture.

There is every reason to believe that Priscilla Mullins Alden was of Huguenot ancestry, but her father, William Mullins, did not come to New England directly from Lyons, France, as at the time of sailing to this country he was a resident of Dorking, County Surrey England, as his nuncupative will, probated in London, July 23, 1621, distinctly states. There is also not the slight est evidence that the young woman in question had a drop of Irish blood in her veins. LAWRENCE BRAINERD.

Cambridge

Bulfinch and the Boston Theatre

As the World Wags:

In your column of this date you say that Bulfinch was the architect of the Boston Theatre. So he was, but it was the earlier Boston Theatre, the one opened in 1794. That is, I suppose he was, for although W. W. Clapp's "Record of the Boston Stage" does not tell the name of the architect, it does state that Charles Bulfinch was one of the trustees in charge of its erection. The late John Bouve Clapp used a picture of the front of that theatre for his book plate. Though it has an air of distinction I cannot say that I ever felt it was beautiful.

The architects of the present Boston Theatre were E. C. and J. E. Cabot and Johnathan Preston, who followed a design submitted by H. Noury, who won a prize of $500 offered for the best plan. Mr. Noury drifted out of sight soon after, but his design has not been surpassed in the 68 years that have since passed. QUINCY KILBY.

Brookline.

We supposed it would be taken for granted that Bulfinch was the architect of the earlier Boston Theatre. We did not think it necessary to say that he was not the architect of the present Boston Theatre. Samuel A. Drake in "Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston" states positively that Bulfinch was the architect of the earlier theatre and gives a description of it outside and inside.—Ed.

The Visiting Stranger

As the World Wags:

As I was passing the Granary burying ground I heard: "Queer idea, to put a graveyard in the centre of a city."

Brookline. E. S.

An Old Tune

As the World Wags:

When I wrote a few weeks ago to tell the true story as I thought about the "Reuben and Rachel" incident, I did not know that I was to start a controversy; and it was with a degree of surprise that I read what the White Smith Company had to say on the matter. Mr. C. A. White, the grandson of the original Mr. White of this publishing house, says that his grandfather wrote the words under the nom de plume of Harry Birch. My father told me that Mr. White had said the words were handed to him by a friend and asked him to write a melody for them.

The song was written, I am quite sure, before this young man was born, which makes it unlikely that he should have known what occurred. The song was composed by Mr. Gooch, and White, Smith & Co. had it copyrighted with his name as the composer, thereby giving him credit for it and naturally their stamp of approval. If Mr. Gooch did not write the music and some one else did, why, then, should it have been copyrighted by them? I am convinced that they knew he wrote it at that time, that many copies have been sold and that it proved a pretty large source of revenue for the house. On all other songs and pieces that my father arranged at that time his name appears thus: "Arranged by William Gooch." On this particular piece one reads: "Music by William Gooch."

I am sure also that my father was the only person at that time who arranged music for the White, Smith Company, and not one of many, as the Mr. White's grandson asserts in his correspondence. Also I feel that the aforesaid grandfather did not Americanize the tune and have it "arranged" by Mr. Gooch, as the grandson contends, as it was really Mr. Gooch's own composition, which means that he wrote both the melody and the piano arrangement. The fact is that my father told me many times about writing this little song; that there was no occasion for his thus claiming the honor were it not so. This ought to be sufficient evidence of itself to establish the truth of the authorship.

Boston. CORA GOOCH BROOKS.

The fact remains that the tune to which the words, "Reuben and Rachel," are sung was heard before the date given by Mrs. Brooks, 1877. We heard it in "Kenilworth," brought to this country by Lydia Thompson and her company. Correspondents have written to The Herald, saying they had heard the tune even before that. The tune is undoubtedly of English origin.—Ed.

Feb 27 1921

PATTISON GIVES PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

Lee Pattison, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Bach, Prelude and Fugue, E-flat major (Well Tempered clavichord, Vol. II). Prelude and Fugue, C-minor (Well Tempered clavichord Vol. I); Beethoven So-

ma[illegible] op. 27 No. 1. Malpiero, Barlumi; Rachmaninoff, Prelude, E-flat major; Palmgren, Bird Song, Griffes, The White Peacock; Bax, Whirligig, Chopin, Fantasy, Mazurka in C-sharp minor; Etude in C-major, Scherzo in C-sharp minor.

It is a pleasure to hear Messrs. Maier and Pattison play together; it is a pleasure to hear each one of them alone. The two, apparently of widely opposite natures, play music for two pianos with remarkable unanimity of mechanism, spirit and understanding. One would say that while Mr. Maier is all nerves and enthusiasm, Mr. Pattison is of a cooler and more contemplative nature. Yet when the latter gives a recital there is no lack of dash and brilliance: witness his performance yesterday of Bax's amusing "Whirligig"; his playing of the Allegros in Beethoven's sonata and of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C-minor.

The fugue in E-flat major may be interpreted in a calm and prayer-like manner—for there are fugues in the "Well Tempered Clavichord" that breathe a devotional spirit, as the one in E-major of the second book—or it may be played majestically as on an organ with full-voiced diapasons. And so Boyer said long ago in France that Gluck's music for "I have lost my Eurydice" would as well fit the words "I have found my Eurydice," if the singer would thus accommodate herself. Mr. Pattison chose the quieter treatment of the fugue and read it beautifully.

Palmgren's "Bird Song" pleased the large audience greatly, so that it was repeated. Like Bax's "Whirligig," it is an amusing piece, but it hardly bears repetition, for the element of surprise enters into the enjoyment, and a hearer is not twice surprised by the same piece. Malpiero's "Barlumi" ("Gleams") were composed at Asolo in the spring of 1917. These five little pieces seem like casual and rhapsodic improvisations. M. Prunieres finds in them expressions of a complex state of soul, "accesses of tragic sadness, bursts of joy." Each piece is so short, so concise, one might add, such a scramble, that the hearer is hurried from one mood to another without retaining a definite impression. The pieces seemed to us without beauty as the word was understood by Couperin, Mozart and Debussy, or as it is understood today by the ultra-radicals. Nor did the strangeness of the expression hold the attention riveted. On the other hand the piece of Griffes is fascinating in every way, and it was played delightfully. Mr. Pattison is much more than a local pianist of repute; he is an accomplished artist.

The Scala orchestra, conducted by Arturo Toscanini, will give its farewell concert in Symphony Hall next Friday evening. The program will be as follows:

Mozart: Symphony in E flat major.
Beethoven. Leonora overture No. 3.
Pizetti: Suite from "La Pisanelle."
(a)—On the Mole at Famaguste.
(b)—Dance of the Falconet.
(c)—The Dance of Love and of the Perfumed Death.
Wagner: Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal."
Elgar: Symphonic Variations on an Original Theme.

Gabriele d'Annunzio's play, "The Woman of Pisa, or Perfumed Death" ("La Pisanelle ou la Mort Parfumee"), was written in French in 1913 for that extraordinary creature, Ida Rubinstein. It is in three acts with a prologue. The scene is the Isle of Cyprus, at the time when Huguet de Lusignan was the ruler. In the vast hall at a table he sits with the queen mother and his uncle, the Prince of Tyre. Bishops, oriental slaves, Bulgarian warriors are at the feast. Huguet is melancholy, nursing a secret sorrow, lost in a dream. The guests are violently disputing, lamenting the condition of the island, half Christian, half pagan, ravaged by famine, drought and disease. The tale is told of a certain Rinier, who put his wedding ring, as in Prosper Merimee's story, on the figure of a statue of Venus, and saw the following night the stone bride come to his bed and turn out the lawful wife. This story enlarges the melancholy of Huguet, who has refused to wed daughters of kings, princes, dukes and the doges. Whom does he await? The unknown. A mournful voice is heard in the garden. He sees a beggar maid and gives her bread, a rose and a ring. If the longed-for woman does not come he will remain the husband of Dame Poverty.

The harbor of Famaguste is seen. Sailors have brought in their booty. A fair captive, with indifferent eyes, sits, to be sold as a slave. The captain, Obert Embriac, with wounds still bleeding, demands her. He offers all his spoil for her, but he falls dead, vomiting insults on all that would dispute him. The Prince of Tyre would have her. She walks before him, while he examines her with greedy eyes. Huguet himself comes in, sees her, and is lost in love. She turns on him her radiant face. There is a shout of rejoicing; the wished-for wheat has arrived. Huguet attributes this to the miraculous intervention of the unknown. Wrapped in the royal mantle, mounted on a caparisoned palfrey, she is conducted to the Convent of Sainte-Claire. In her Huguet recognizes the divine wanderer sent to him. In her the Prince of Tyre finds the reincarnation of the ancient Venus. Thus, as M. Brisson remarks, in adoring her each one adores his illusion, the realization of his dream. "This is one of the symbols, the most beautiful and the most profound, of the drama."

Petted, loved, happy, clad in innocence, this wanderer has become the beatified. She smiles on the chatter of the nuns, who bring to her honey, fruits and cheese. Those Sisters of Francis d'Assisi are vowed to animals, to all things of sisterly sentiments. And here the wanderer would have remained happy, if the light-skirts at the prince's court had not denounced her and stripped her of her veil of sanctity. This revered saint, they say, is no other than a woman of evil life, a courtesan of Pisa, la Pisanelle. The lustful prince rushes towards her. Huguet snatches her from him. In the quarrel the nephew kills his uncle with a dagger-stroke. Huguet now knows love.

The queen-mother resolves to rid herself of this stranger with whom the young King is infatuated, for she dreads the woman's influence. Hypocritically courteous, she draws her to the palace, having taken counsel with the crossbowman and the keeper of the leopards; for if the Pisanelle does not succumb to poison, she will die by the bolt or be torn in pieces by the wild beasts. The Pisanelle arrives unsuspicious. She is flattered; she is given wine. She at last consents to dance, for the pleasure of the Queen, whose treachery she learns too late. Slaves surround her, and bury her under masses of roses—the "perfumed death."

This play was produced with music by Pizetti at the Chatelet Theatre, Paris, on June 12, 1913. La Pisanelle, Ida Rubinstein; La Reine, Suzanne Munte; the Prince de Tyr, de Max; Ober Embriac, Joube; Sire Huguet, Herve. Scenery was by Bakst. The orchestra and chorus were directed by D. E. Inghelbrecht. There were 12 performances that year.

Adolphe Brisson, in his review published in the Temps, said that the final scene was designed to put in the light the choreographic ability of Miss Rubinstein; that the first allowed her plastic attitudes, while the second showed her discreet and elegant in her convent garb, and so one came to the conclusion that the whole drama was arranged to please and flatter her, to serve as a pedestal, to prepare for her apotheosis. The piece was made to order, to satisfy the exigencies of the actress. This disquieted the spectator and should have humiliated the dramatist. Should one object to the incoherencies, to the obscurities, of the drama; to the vague character of the chief personage, the undetermined psychology? Did the Pisanelle love the young King, her protector and savior? Had she human feelings or was she a chimera, a shadow, a dream, a fluid figure having the semblance of life? D'Annunzio's mistake was to put his poem, for which there were a thousand reasons for admiration, on the stage. And then M. Brisson noted the gorgeous descriptions; he pointed out the voluptuous pleasure taken by the dramatist in enumerating the treasures on the quay in the palace, even the richness of the cookery, the velvety wines. And D'Annunzio enveloped his drama, in turn, with the heated atmosphere of the banquet, the brutal and bellicose atmosphere of the sea town, the calm and mystical atmosphere of the convent ("a rather equivocal convent in the manner of Catulle Mendes"), the voluptuous atmosphere of the maturing, yet always amorous, Queen. He found the right word, the right shade of meaning, the right phrase, for each character, and all this in French, a language not his own. He used purple and flaming adjectives; his metaphors were a perpetual surprise.

Yet in the performance this language was not melodious as spoken by Miss Rubinstein, whose voice was rough; her diction heavy, affected, graceless, pretentious. Her dance in the third act was only a vulgar operatic dance. "This intelligent and laborious actress is seen only to her advantage when she does not act. Immobility and silence are necessary to her." By the way, Mme. Eugenie Nau, not unknown in Boston, took the part of Onlour la Devine. M. Brisson spoke of her as "vehement."

Pizetti's Suite

The suite from Pizetti's music, which will be played here for the first time next Friday night, has been thus described:

The first number precedes the act in which the lovely courtesan of Pisa kindles the mad admiration of the merchants and corsairs dealing in grains and drugs, in stuffs and precious stones, in all commodities including slaves, on the slope of the mole of the port of Famagusta, beneath the hot run which blazes on the island of Venus. But in a short time Huguet, King of Cyprus, who sees in La Pisanelle Saint Aletha, deliverer, whom Photinus sang, appears and amid the chants of the clergy and of the people conducts the Magdalen to the convent of Santa Chiara.

In the third act of the tragedy the mother of Huguet, the "merciless queen," has spun a deadly snare for La Pisanelle; she shall enter the magnificent and mysterious castle (which boasts marvellous rose gardens, but terrible subterranean prisons, in which the fierce leopards of Palermo are kept as well), [illegible] yet she shall never leave it again and in the hour of her death she shall vainly call to her aid the young king who loves her.

In order to please the queen La Pisanelle dances. Yet now from the rose gardens which surround the castle, there enter the great chamber in which stands the King's throne, seven Nubian slaves, who bear in their arms great sheaves of purple roses. And these silent slaves (with emerald eyes and coral lips standing out against the gleaming ebony of their skin) little by little surround the dancer, and pushing her into a corner of the hall, force her to drop upon a mass of cushions, where they suffocate her beneath the masses of roses. She dies calling upon her distant beloved.

Pizetti of Parma

Ildebrando Pizetti was born at Parma in 1880. At the beginning of his career he showed his affection for his native city by signing several of his works "Ildebrando da Parma." He studied at the Parma Conservatory of that city until 1901. At the Conservatory his first work was "Extase," a symphonic poem. For two years he substituted as conductor for Cleofonte Campanini and Angelo Conti at Parma. He wrote interludes for "Edipo Re" and a prelude to "Oreste"; he also wrote music for the church. In 1908 he was teaching composition at the Parma Conservatory. He had not shown a decided personality in his compositions, nor attracted attention until his critical articles were published in the Rivista Musicale Italiana, and his incidental music to D'Annunzio's "Nave" and "Pisanelle" was heard. The "Nave" was produced in 1908, and again a courtesan, Basiliola, was the heroine. M. Jean Aubry does not think that this union of composer and dramatist was calculated to show individuality on the part of the former. "Even today, with that personality fully revealed, it differs in more than one respect from that of the author of 'Trionfo della Morte' or 'L'Innocente.' Even as the art of Gabriele d'Annunzio is complex, wavering, fleeting, a little perverse, So is that of Pizetti simple, pure and sane; but then these characteristics are also to be found in D'Annunzio's work, though not in that part of it that is the most famous or the best known abroad, but in that wherein he is more strongly guided by Italian tradition and where in he is less 'aesthetic' and more direct, as in certain descriptions of nature in his early novels, and above all, in some of his poems. Although Pizetti was born at Parma, one feels inclined, on studying his works, to believe that he is a native of Messina or Palermo, or even of somewhere near the traces of Syracuse. His work is not Italian in the sense of the modern Italian characteristics usually encountered; it suggests in some ways antique Sicily. It combines traces of Hellenic antiquity with Italian renaissance traditions, and it is not merely his use of old Greek modes that gives his music a peculiar color. Neither violence nor real technical innovations must be sought in Pizetti's work. His music is, on first acquaintance, a little cool; it does not penetrate; it compels. Where it is at its best, its effect is lasting, such is its simplicity; that rare simplicity which expresses just what is needed."

For some time Pizetti was the professor of composition at the Musical Institute of Florence. He is now the director. M. Jean Aubrey says that he is, perhaps, the only living Italian composer who "enjoys the privilege of being at once respected by both the defenders of the music of yesterday and of tomorrow."

The list of his works also includes "I Pastori" and four other lyrics (1908), an overture for a tragedy; music for Feo Belcari's "Abraham and Isaac"; the opera "Fedra" (La Scala, March 20, 1915; revived at the Regio in Parma, Jan. 27, 1920), "Debora e Jaele;" a biblical drama; a violin sonata; piano pieces.

"Debora e Jaele" was written in 1917, but it has been greatly revised. Speaking of it in the Chesterian of September, 1919, Guido M. Gatti said: "This great composer, who lives away from the commerce of art, absorbed by his noble dreams, has also shown to the old, aggressive partisans of the 'Verist' opera that it had greatly diminished and limited the possibilities of the music drama, and that nothing but a complete revolution in the creation of the purely dramatic values can infuse a new vitality into that form of art."

Descriptions of the violin sonata, which has excited great attention, have already been published in The Herald. It was begun in the fall of 1918; it was completed during the winter of 1919, "but," according to Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, "it had been budding in the composer's mind for a long time." It was performed at first by Ernesto Consolo and Mario Corti. Performed in London and Paris, it was played for the first time in the United States at New York on Jan. 10, 1921, by Alexander Bloch and his wife. The sonata was played again in New York by Kathleen Parlow and Howard Brockway on Jan. 28.

Humorous Mr. Holbrooke

Josef Holbrooke advertised in the London Times of Feb. 4 that he would play his Fantasie "Barrage," Suite Moderne and Piano Quintet in various English cities. The advertisement also contained the statement that his life by George Lowe could be obtained for 1s. 6d. net. Then came these "Press Opinions" of Mr. Holbrooke's "Dylan":

The Sunday Times says, "This composer's work is dead, dead beyond recall."

Truth says: "The boosting of Holbrooke must be killed somehow, and perhaps ridicule is the best way to set about the murder."

The Daily Mail says: "This composer's work is incoherent and too voluble."

Mr. Holbrooke, whatever may be thought of his music, surely has a sense of humor.

Bernhardt in a Music Hall

There was a time when London was startled by seeing all her best actors and actresses streaming to the music hall stage. It seemed as though the condition of the legitimate theatre had suddenly become bad enough to strike them with panic. The thing was not a success. The music hall audience cannot suddenly become a theatre audience for half an hour and then change back again. Now and again it does not mind doing so, but not to the extent which threatened to become the rule. The music hall entertainers also rather naturally objected.

In Paris the same thing has never happened to any serious degree. The music hall here has never been bitten with the notion of providing drama for patrons who prefer high kicks to high comedy. Therefore, when Sarah Bernhardt announced that she was going to play at the Alhambra a real sensation was caused. Accustomed to the Coliseum, she had nothing to learn about the music hall, and seems as much at home as though she had never played anywhere else. The audiences, large and enthusiastic, also seem to find her a natural phenomenon among trick cyclists and jugglers. I thought the orchestra seemed a little nervous; when her turn was becoming due they more than once started a tune of a light-hearted nature and left off, for fear of being irreverent. It made me think of the moments when the orchestra stops because somebody is going to do a particularly awful trapeze act. The recollection, perhaps, put me out of mood, but I have to make the appalling confession that I liked almost everything in the program except "Le Vitrail."

Sarah is wonderful, her voice is still moving, her energy is remarkable, and she is a glory to the French stage; but, although I detest most music-hall programmes, this one was particularly good, and when you are feeling in laughing mood, it is difficult to settle down for 15 minutes to serious poetry. Fauchois is not at his best either, in his poem of the woman watching for her husband to come back from the war. There are some telling lies, or at least they sound telling when Sarah Bernhardt speaks them, but, when the curtain falls, one feels as though one had not really seen the thing one came to see—that it was going on in the next room, or was going to take place next day, but had not really been there before one's eyes. And, although I was bitterly ashamed of myself, I did enjoy much more a comedian called Gardey, and some crazy cyclists. As an old English gentleman said years ago, after seeing some irresistible silly farce, "I laughed till I could have kicked myself for being such a fool."

That dismal piece, "Daniel," which is now being played in London, was first produced here, a few months ago, with Sarah Bernhardt in the title-role. Even she could not make so much morbid woe interesting to the public; but it is a prodigious woman who at 70 something can play a whip of a youth, and make him as convincing as the author will let her. In the intervals of her other enterprises she every now and then takes a breather, as it were, and just for the fun of the thing plays "Athalie," and does it with a zest which suggests that perhaps she also prefers some other things to "Le Vitrail."—London Times, Feb. 8.

Italian Courtesy, with Other

Notes About Music and Drama

On December 30 the Costanzi saw the first presentation of "Marouf," the new opera of Henri Rabaud, who came expressly from Paris to assist at its representation. The libretto, founded on one of the tales of the Arabian Nights, is from the pen of Lucien Nepoty. The opera, taken as a whole, reveals its composer as a musician of exceptional fineness and delicacy. It is to be regretted that the reception of the work at the Costanzi was not marked by that unanimity of applause which the opera in itself, and its "magnificent production" (the appreciation is Rabaud's own) undoubtedly merited. The real reason of this equivocal success has been admirably revealed and justly condemned by Signor Belli, of the Corriere d' Italia, who thus wrote in his long critique of "Maoruf" published the day following its premiere:

"If the French are unable to endure our music, which they classify as 'une chose pitoyable': if they call Mascagni's operas 'Les oeuvres les plus triviales et les plus basses qu'on connaît dans la musique entiere.' and if they call Puccini's works 'un peu plus raffinees en apparence, mais ils ne sont pas moins vulgaires en realite' [illegible] other words, if French [illegible] themselves thus di[illegible] just, that is [illegible]

follow them on the same road, for in this way not only should we show ourselves forgetful of 'les regles les plus elementaires de la courtoisie,' but also we should give them an excuse for thinking that our musical culture had made a halt at the productions of Ponchielli and Verdi." — The Musical Times.

Here the concert ought to have ended; in one sense it did end here, for there was no more music. But a "freak" work had been promised; a suite called 'In a Nutshell," by Percy Grainger, written to show off some American percussion instruments: "Deagan steel Marimba or Marimbaphone (a sort of bass glockenspiel); Deagan wooden Marimbaphone or Marimba-Xylophone (a sort of bass Xylophone); Deagan Swiss staff bells (similar to Swiss handbells in tune); and Deagan Nabimba (a five-octave instrument combining some of the characteristics of the South American Marimbas with a strongly marked clarinet and bass clarinet quality)." All these noises applied to tunes of the cheap and nasty kind did not deceive the audience, who having heard the thing out slipped away at the end with scarcely an attempt at applause.—London Times, Jan. 28.

Slowly, but none the less surely, English music is being brought to the cognizance of foreign European music lovers. Recently I have been able to give several noteworthy examples. Now, I hear that the Polish violinist, Bronislaw Hubermann, has been playing while on a continental tour John Ireland's first violin sonata at Turin, at The Hague, and at Amsterdam, and that he proposes to play it again in Wigmore Hall at his recital next Saturday afternoon. It is all the better, as I think that our music should be played abroad by foreign musicians, if only because foreign audiences at present are the more likely to listen to it. But, be this how it may, the fact is that, at the hands of Hubermann, John Ireland's sonata certainly met with success. The Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant speaks in high praise of the work as of the composer, "a modern yet not an extremist." Again, "the great success the work obtained was in every way deserved." Het Nieuws van den Dag says of the sonata and its composer, "though not so modern as his compatriot, Cyril Scott, we feel in every thing that he is a real child of his time. His harmonies are pithy and not affected; his melodic veln flows easily, and Ireland has a sense of humor, a fact we appreciate all the more because of its rarity in these days." All this is very satisfactory.—London Daily Telegraph.

When it is withdrawn, after its 4000th performance, on Saturday, Feb. 26, "Mary Rose" will have made the longest run on a first production of any of Barrie's plays, except "Walker, London," which ran for 511 nights at Toole's Theatre and "Quality Street," which had 459 performances at the Vaudeville. Other plays by the Scottish dramatist which have had a notable longevity are "What Every Woman Knows" (384), "The Admirable Crichton" (328), and "The Little Minister" (320). "Peter Pan," with 145 performances when first produced at the Duke of York's, has since then steadily continued—to grow up.—London Daily Telegraph.

Roland Hayes of Boston sang in Plymouth, Eng., at two concerts given by the Coleridge-Taylor Choral Society in aid of the mayor's unemployment fund. Gwendolen, the daughter of the dead Anglo-African composer, contributed musical monologues. Hiawatha, his only son, has been conducting orchestral music of his father's, at Croydon.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times writes:

"Maeterlinck's 'Betrothal' has not been seen here yet, but at one of the outlying theatres, in a mean and popular quarter, we have his 'Burgomaster of Stillemonde,' that poignant tragedy of the war which was welcomed by both England and America, but refused by the Comedie Francaise. It is true that the censor here at first refused to allow the appearance of any character representing a German officer in uniform to appear on the stage; but this prohibition was subsequently withdrawn, and in any case could have been met by dressing the German characters in civilian clothes—a measure which the audience, aware of the censor's odd little notions, would quite have understood. But, as a matter of fact, the real Spenlow to the censor's alleged Jorkins was a mean-spirited objection on the part of some members of the House of Molière to risk their reputation and their personal vanity by playing a German part, at a time when the public had not been educated into its present commerce-born tolerance. Now Rodolphe Darzens has profited by his stupidity and lack of generosity to produce his old friend's work, and Paris is eager to see it. Maeterlinck is said to be very much pleased with the way in which his tragedy has been mounted, and also with the effect of his farce, 'Le Miracle de St. Antoine,' which follows it. In spite of Bergson, we are very suspicious of laughter. It shocks us to find a poet enjoying himself and making mirth. The days are gone by when a man was at liberty to write 'Romeo and Juliet' one day and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' the next—if he could. It is true that the humor of the farce is a thought too Flemish for many people; but it is good fun, nevertheless, and its position at the end of the program shows that we are going back to the healthy taste of our forefathers."

On Feb. 12, the first performance of a "stage-poem" bearing the title "Omar Khayyam: an Oriental Fantasy in a Persian Garden," took place at the Philharmonic Hall, London. The producer explained that "the quatrians of the Rubalyat do not appear to have been arranged with a view to any literary sequence or continuity, but in this production an attempt has been made not only to convey the spirit of the more famous verses through the channels of music, song, dance, gesture, decoration, and the play of light and shade, but also to present an epitome of the Day's Journey from the poet's standpoint."

The first volume of a new edition of Shakespeare, edited by Sir A. Quiller-Couch and J. Dover Wilson, has been published by the Cambridge University Press. The plays are printed as a continuous whole, as they were written and originally published. Quiller-Couch supplies the introductions; Mr. Wilson the notes on the text and the punctuation.

"A Voice in the Street," by E. Thornley Dodge, has been produced in London (Jan. 27), at the Ambassador's Theatre: "An elderly invalid, who has lost his brother in the war, is expecting a friend to dine, but the friend disappoints him. He starts to eat a lonely dinner when he hears the voice of a woman singing in the street, and decides that she shall share his meal. She is frozen and starving, and gradually her kind-hearted host persuades her to tell him her life story. Then it leaks out that she is the wife of his dead brother, and that she has been compelled by poverty to earn her living in and in the streets, and the invalid at once decides that it is his duty to befriend her. But the woman feels that she is past redemption and rushes out into the street to resume her singing. She has only sung a few notes before there is a commotion and she is killed by a motor car. The man servant breaks the news to the invalid, who promptly dies of heart failure."

The receipts at the Palace Theatre, London, the second night of Harry Lauder's season amounted to nearly £600.

Moritz Rosenthal's Return

Mr. Moritz Rosenthal gave his recital at the Queen's Hall yesterday. What struck one first, and last, were two sharply contrasted styles, and their very distinctness is an element of expression. They were epitomized in Schumann's Carnaval, where they alternated. One is level, unyielding, imperturbable; the other vibrating, sentimental at times, passionate at others. It is rare to find these combined in one player and yet held apart, contrasted in the same movement, and even between the two hands; and it is piquant. The level style in excelsis was heard in Liadov's "Musical Box," played as an encore, after the Chopin, and relieved, intentionally, of course, only when a speck of dust got into the works and stopped the cylinder for just one moment, and when the spring began to run down toward the end. The vibrating style in all its glory was heard in the finale of the "Appassionata" and the "March of the Davidsbundler," where marks of rhythm and dynamics became "my obedient humble servants."

Secondly, there was throughout a sense of mission, a conscious purpose of teaching. All of us in an audience need and desire to be instructed, only we are all at different stages, and the question therefore is always how much instruction shall be given, and in what things. Quite broadly, one supposes that the ancients require it least and the moderns most (we refer to composers, not to listeners). This is why a didactic treatment of Beethoven always seems a little unnecessary, and though that element was slight it was there. On the other hand a "quodlibet" of Mr. Rosenthal's won composition which he played at the end was all the better for the neatly analytical way in which it was played, and his perspicuously clear "Papillons" for being entirely free from it.

A third point is his touch. Touch, the meeting point of technique and musicianship, is an extraordinarily rare bird, at any rate in these islands. We hear player after player who has all the other virtues but this one crowning mercy. No one can define it, but we all know when we hear it. It is a complete adapting of means to end; at once a prophecy and a fulfillment, a cause and an effect. It may be gentle or forcible; it may be a quick-change artist like the chameleon or a slow but deep thinker like the elephant. Without it a player's very virtues become vices; with it he may steal any number of horses, and we shall swear that he is not even looking over the hedge.

Mr. Rosenthal's playing has many sides, including a tendency to oversentimentalize upon occasion. At the worst it is extraordinarily capable; at the best it is full of exuberant life.—London Times, Feb. 8.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Marguerite d'Alvarez, contralto, and Mischa Levitzki, pianist. See special notice.

Convention Hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Orchestra of Boston, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Max Rosen, violinist, and Virginia Rea, soprano. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Helen Teschner Tass, violinist; Coenraad V. Bos, pianist. Tartini, Sonata, G minor; Mendelssohn, Concerto, E minor; Bach, Sonata, G minor (for violin alone); Tschaikowsky, Serenade Melancolique; Grasse, Scherzo; Kreisler, La Gitana; Wieniawski, Polonaise Brilliante.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Mary Tracy, soprano; Ralph Sordo, violinist.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert for the Harvard Infantile Paralysis Fund by Louise Homer, Jr., soprano, and E. Robert Schmitz, pianist. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third and last concert of the Hoffmann Quartet. Chadwick, Quartet, D minor, No. 5; Brahms, Trio for violin, horn and piano; Mozart, Quartet, E flat major. Ernest H. Hoffmann, piano; Max Hess, horn.

Home Gallery, Stuart street (Trinity Court building). Grace Leslie, mezzo-contralto; Everett Titcomb, composer-accompanist. Titcomb, Maytime Lament, Absence, The Sea-Child, The Changeling, Memory Land, Amaifi, Crowned, A Birthday; Massenet, Amoureuse; Debussy, Green, La Flute de Pan, Voici que le printemps; Bemberg, Il neige; Rousseau, Arpeges; Lenormand, Les Vautours; Handel, Care Selve; Donizetti, La Zingara.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Vasa Prihoda, violinist; Asta Doubraska, accompanist. Corelli, La Follia; Ernst, Concerto, F sharp minor; Bach, Air for G string; Suk-Murak, Minuet, G major; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Hymn to the Sun; Dvorak, Mazurka; Paganini, "Di tanti polpiti" variations.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Arthur Kraft, tenor; Frank La Forge, composer-accompanist. Give Me Thy Heart (attributed to Bach); Old English, Have You Seen but a White Lilla Grow; Bishop, Love Has Eyes; Rosa, Star Vicino; Veracini, Pastoral; Brahms, Nightingale, The Song of the Lark, The Message; Strauss, Vision, Serenade; Liszt, Comment disaient-ils; Debussy, Green; Massenet, La Reve ("Manon"); Hue, La Fille du roi de Chine; Fourdrain, Celle que je prefere; Rimsky-Korsakoff, The Nightingale and the Rose; Grieg, The Way of the World; La Forge, To a Violet, Song of the Open.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 17th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, La Scala Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Toscanini. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Mme. Caroline Hudson-Alexander, soprano; Huyman Buitekan, accompanist. A program of songs by American composers: Chadwick, Hark! A Voice from Yonder Manger, from "Noel"; MacDowell, A Bird Sings Light, and Long Ago; E. Nevin, Autumn Longings; Foote, Roses in Winter and The Wanderer to His Heart's Desire; H. Parker, Air of Cecilia, from "Morven and the Grail," and The Lark Now Leaves His Watery Nest; J. H. Rogers, Wild Geese; M. Bauer, Orientale; Rybner, Chinoiserie; Dett, A Thousand Years Ago; Cadman, Air from "Shanewis"; Fisher, I Heard a Cry; Mabel Daniels, The Waterfall (Ms); Seller, Long Ago; Densmore, I Know Where a Garden Grows; Hanson, Joy, Shipmate, Joy (Ms).

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Mme. D'Alvarez and Mischa Levitzki in Concert

The combination of Mme. D'Alvarez as contralto singer and Mischa Levitzki as pianist at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon was a bit unfortunate for Mme. D'Alvarez, for, though the audience was throughout enthusiastic in its applause for both musicians, Mr. Levitzki played so much better than Mme. D'Alvarez sang as to cast a shade over her performance.

The pianist is still a pianist in whatever hall he may play; the operatic singer may become something that she is not when she steps on the concert stage with a program that represents not only opera but lyric music as well. So Mme. D'Alvarez more than once seemed out of place without the exotic and colorful background of the operatic stage. And she more than once tried to make a simple bit of music parade as a dramatic exposition of passion.

Plays with Feeling

Mr. Levitzki, on the other hand, with a program which, if the encores be included, made unsparing demands of the performer, gave throughout a fine interpretation of his selections, with much of imagination, feeling, and poetry.

Purcell's "I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly" does not require that the bucket be forever lowered into the well for sighs and more sighs and torn passions. It is rather decorative and was not meant to purge with pity and terror. When, as with Mme. D'Alvarez, it was made to apear in fancy costume, it betrays its lack of being born to that manner. The composer came off much better with the "Thy Hand, Belinda," in which Mme. D'Alvarez retained the necessary simplicity and also gave enough dramatic appeal to make the aria moving. Except in this selection, she sang rather from without in than from within out. One even suspected that the emotion was determined instead of being felt.

The "Nebbie" of Respighi, with its direful message of horror, might, if sung by such a person as Povla Frijsch, raise one's hair. As Mme. D'Alvarez sang it melodrama was too apparent. Masefield's "Sea Fever" ought perhaps to be written for and sung by only a baritone, for it is an essentially simple burly song of an elementary nature. The setting by Ireland complicates the emotions more than the poem justifies and fails to make the single strong blow that Masefield deserves.

Combines Fervor and Beauty

Mr. Levitzki's interpretation of Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata was thrilling. It was the result of eloquent feeling, intelligently directed to discover and set forth all the passionate tumult of the composer's fiery period with all the beauty and poetry of his melodic strains. The dramatic futility which the broken song meets again and again warred in the fineness of Mr. Levitzki's playing with much fervor. Power was sustained throughout.

Chopin's music—the Nocturne in F sharp, the so-called "Butterfly" and "Black Keys" Etudes, and the Scherzo in C sharp minor—carried the audience, as well they might. The "Butterfly" Etude was repeated. Again and again, in the Nocturne and the Scherzo, waves of notes floated out as neatly, as serenely as the curves of a waving silk scarf.

Listening to the Paraphrase on themes of the Blue Danube Waltz by Strauss one is reminded of Samuel Johnson's remark about the dog that walked on its hind legs, that the walking was not so marvelous as the fact that the dog should care to walk in that manner. The selection was beautifully played, but why not let us have Strauss without frosting? Mr. Levitzki added encores in response to an imperious demand from his audience.

The program follows:

Aria from "Iphigenie en Aulide".....Gluck
"I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly".Purcell
(Song from "The Indian Queen")
"Thy Hand, Belinda" (from "Dido and Aeneas").....Purcell
Danza, Danza!.....Durante
Mme. d'Alvarez

Sonata, Appassionata, op. 57.....Beethoven
Mr. Levitzki

Nebbie.....Respighi
The Butterfly Is in Love with the Rose.....Cox
Sea Fever.....Ireland
All for You.....Martin
Mme. d'Alvarez

Nocturne in F sharp.....Chopin
Etude (Butterfly).....Chopin
Etude (Black Keys).....Chopin
Scherzo, C sharp minor.....Chopin
Troika.....Tschaikowsky
Paraphrase on themes of the "Blue Danube Waltz" by Strauss.....Schulz-Evler
Mr. Levitzki

La Flute de Pan.....Debussy
La Chevelure.....Debussy
De Reve.....Debussy
"Seguidilla" from "Carmen".....Bizet
Mme. d'Alvarez

VIRGINIA REA AND MAX ROSEN GIVE CONCERT

Violinist and Soprano Both Young Performers

Max Rosen, violinist, and Virginia Rea, soprano, gave a recital in Symphony Hall last evening, chiefly of short selections. A comparatively small audience asked for and received several encores. Both performers are young, though Mr. Rosen is hailed as a celebrated violinist. Both give pleasure in their music.

But both perform without the note of real authority that characterizes the finished artist. Though Mr. Rosen not infrequently played with real beauty, his playing was in general ragged—there were too many places in which the enunciation of his tones was not clear, too many passages which were blurred and sometimes there was a lack of sureness in the exact position of a tone.

He was under the necessity of contending against accompaniments that were consistently too loud and generally inclined toward crudity of touch. There was even, at times, a suggestion of the motion picture pianist in these accompaniments. Surely Mr. Rosen would have appeared to better advantage had he had better support.

Miss Rea has a small voice of not a large range of emotion. Within this range it is not unpleasant. She too, suffered from poor support at the piano, sometimes being almost lost in the sonority of the instrument as it was managed. In such a song as the famous "Lass with the Delicate Air," of Dr. Arne, her voice was both pleasing and interesting. In the "Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark," by Bishop, she was also pleasing, though one missed the depth of voice that would make the song richer. The voice is essentially one adapted best to decorative coloratura singing, where no great emotion and no special richness are required.

All-American Program Warmly Applauded Throughout

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its 11th concert in Convention Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

Gilbert, Henry F.—Comedy Overture on Negro Themes.

Hadley, Henry
1. Prelude to Act III from "Azora."
2. Intermezzo from "Cleopatra's Night." Flute solo by Mr. Packard.
3. Dance of the Desert Girls from "Cleopatra's Night."

Foote, Arthur—Two Character Pieces After the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

Chadwick, George W.—Symphonic Sketches; Suite for Orchestra
1. Noel.
2. Jubilee.

MacDowell, Edward—Suite No. 2 in E Minor "Indian," Op. 48.

Departing from the old masters, Mr. Mollenhauer presented an all-American program, the first of the season. The numbers were well selected, and the audience evidenced profound interest, bestowing especial applause on the Gilbert overture. Mr. Mollenhauer con-

trasted effectively the medieval themes with those symbolizing the weird and mysterious. This overture was played from the manuscript by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1911, has been frequently performed in this country, and has met with encomiums in Italy, France, England, Holland, Germany, Denmark and Russia. Hadley's colorful oriental pieces were also much enjoyed. M. E. Packard gave the flute solo with excellent phrasing.

Those intending to subscribe to maintain these concerts were reminded, when they opened their programs, that remittances are expected prior to April 1. The program for the 5th concert, next Sunday afternoon, comprises the Chaloff "Tragic" Overture; two movements from Tschaikowsky's Concerto for pianoforte, with Mr. Souvaine as assistant artist, and the Ampico; and Raff's "Im Walde" Symphony.

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We quoted recently from Mr. Clement Wood's article on "The Village Miltons," which was published in The Literary Review of the N. Y. Evening Post. We are tempted to purchase "The Last Love," a volume of poems by Mr. Lavender Deerfoot of New Paltz, N. Y., for he is the author of

UNDER THE ROUGE.

I saw her trip across the stage,
Before the footlights' glare,
And all the beauties of the age
Were twined around her hair.

The stage door man took her my card,
Tied to a red bouquet;
My heart was beating fast and hard—
I'd hear what she would say.

I saddened when I saw her there,
Her painted cheek and all—
And that thick, twining mass of hair
Was hanging on the wall.

My heart grew sick, my love song died,
My disappointment chilled,
'Twould then have pleased me much to hide
Where death all life has stilled.

Mr. Wood follows this with verses by Mr. John Rose, "from that village which the Indians called Shawmut, and the natives Boston." Mr. Wood says that the glamour of the "Stage Beauty" has turned neither the head nor the singing tongue of Mr. Rose:

Hast heard of a woman without a soul?
A mother without a heart?
Then read of this one that had left her home
And wantonly drifted apart. . . .

While her baby sleeps and her husband weeps—
For he loves her against his will—
She is reeking in wine like unholy swine,
No heart, but a stomach to fill.

A Bored Critic

Mr. A. B. Walkley of the London Times went to the Aldwych Theatre to see Miss Viola Tree's production of "The Tempest." He found the "ladies enchanting as they should be in an enchanted island." Louis Calvert mitigated Caliban, dwelling on the "pathetic and the jolly side of him" so that "Ban, Ban Ca-Caliban," might almost modulate into "For he's a jolly good fellow. And so say all of us." Nevertheless Mr. Walkley was bored. "Old Gonzalo bores his companions, and he bores us. He is one of the bores in fiction who bore in fact—like Miss Bates. Poetic justice, Shakespeare evidently thought, has to be strictly meted out to the wicked nobiemen; they must be well tormented before they are pardoned. . . And to make a clean breast of it, we find Prospero, so deadly in the printed page, a little bit of a bore on the stage. He always exhausts his subject, which is the surest way of exhausting his audience. . . . Prospero's wand, we cannot help feeling, is not only a magician's wand, but a lecturer's as well. We look round instinctively for the glass of water." Mr. Walkley found Miss Winifred Barnes a roguey-poguey of an Ariel, and said that she was at one moment on the verge of flirting with Prospero. It is a pity that Ariel is alluded to once in the play as a "he"; but this did not deter Mr. Walkley from his little joke.

"Communist's Jester"

Mr. Bernard Shaw talked recently and well at a public meeting organized by a branch of the Independent Labor party. "I say that as long as the country is in debt, no man, whether he is a capitalist or landlord or prince or duke or beggar, has a right to spend a single day without work. What you want in this country is compulsory labor for everybody." He said that if he were a dictator on the proletarian side he would deal more mercifully with some so-called crimes than the existing law. If a man were not punished for murder he did not believe he himself would do many murders; he imagined about half a dozen under existing circumstances would satisfy him. (A voice: "You will be retained as the communist jester.") To which Mr. Shaw answered: "I do not know what might happen to me if it suddenly occurred to the government that I was in earnest. In the future when the working people get the government of the country into their hands, and they have to make up their minds what is the crime which above all others they will not tolerate and which they will put down, I venture to say that that crime will be the crime of idleness."

"Pirateers"

As the World Wags:

I see by today's newspapers that a new declaration of principles by organized labor denounces "the unscrupulous pirateers of finance." Isn't that word "pirateers" a new one? I have never before heard the word or seen it in print, and think it must be a new coinage. Is that new word needed? What is the matter with "pirates"? Does "pirateers" convey any meaning which "pirates" does not convey? If not, I hope that it will not get beyond the stage of a nonce word, for the English vocabulary is already inflated to excessive proportions. INDAGATOR.

Brookline, Feb. 24.

We share your indignation. "Pirateers" was before this unknown. It is an unnecessary, foolish, abominable word. But the writer of the headline, "Abnoxious Taxes," to which our correspondent "L. R. R.," objects, is probably a laborious student of old English, for "abnoxious" for "obnoxious" was used in 1649 by Bishop Hall: "Of ill report, and abnoxious to various censures." Unfeeling lexicographers say that this form is incorrect.—Ed.

Musical London

Mr. Moritz Rosenthal, the pianist, has been giving recitals and playing with orchestra in London after an absence of six years. He played at one concert Chopin's concerto in F minor. The Daily Telegraph, in the course of its review, remarked:. "Incidentally, one could hardly agree with the management that the opening of the Larghetto was the exact dramatic moment at which to serve tea in the auditorium."

The Great Third Wave

As the World Wags:

Reference to the "great third wave" in your column today recalls to mind an experience with some of the Siwash Indians on the wild west coast of Vancouver Island, off the mainland of British Columbia, Canada.

These Indians live to themselves and few of them speak or understand English. Their jargon is called "Chinook." One morning, some years ago, I was to make a voyage with two of them in one of their dug-out canoes, fashioned with crude tools from a tree-trunk. A fair amount of sea was running in from the open Pacific and breaking on a sand beach. The Indians motioned me to get aboard and sit amidships. Then they waited, watching the waves closely; made one abortive attempt and pulled back, laughing at my getting splashed, and finally, with a running shove, shot the canoe out into deep water.

Some time later, puzzled by the performance, I asked a white trapper about it. He said: "They were waiting for the third wave. Every third wave's a big one. Those boys savvy more about seawater than any white man."

C. L. ARMSTRONG.

Chelmsford, Feb. 24.

MME. TESCHNER TAS

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Helen Teschner Tas, violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The accompanist was the excellent Mr. Conraad V. Bos. The program was as follows:

Tartini, Sonata, G minor; Mendelssohn, Concerto, E minor; Bach, Sonata, G minor (for violin alone); Tschaikowsky, Serenade Melancolique; Grasse, Scherzo; Kreisler, La Gitana; Wieniawski, Polonaise Brillante.

It was stated last week in New York, apropos of Mme. Teschner Tas's appearance there with an orchestra, that she had come before the public some years ago as a child prodigy. We do not remember her as a young violinist in Boston. Yesterday she made a pleasant impression, although one might say of her in plain speech that she was, first of all, an honest, straightforward fiddler.

If Lord Chesterfield were to hear her he would advise her to cultivate the graces. Take the familiar but still fresh concerto of Mendelssohn. Granted that the technic of a violinist is adequate, what is the next thing to be desired in the interpretation? Elegance. There is little call for a display of deep emotion. The music of the andante is tender in its sentiment, not profoundly emotional; but here as in the other movements there should be grace and elegance. The performance of Mme. Teschner Tas yesterday lacked these qualities. In the performance of the concerto, as in that of Tartini's sonata the results of patient study and a certain musical understanding were evident, but the performance remained a performance, interesting in some ways, partly through the personality of the violinist, but it was not an interpretation, in which the individuality of the player recreated the music. There was undeviating straightforwardness; there were few contrasting moods, few nuances. There was too often "digging into" the strings, when lightness was required.

VACHELL PLAY

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Jelf's," a comedy in four acts, by Horace Annesley Vachell. Produced at Wyndham's Theatre, London, on April 10, 1912. Performed for 130 times consecutively at that theatre. Richard Jelf, Gerald du Maurier; James Palliser, Cyril Keightley; Sir Jonathan Dunn, Alfred Bishop; Lady Fenella Mull, Rosalie Toller; the Countess of Skene and Skye, Vane Featherstone.

Charles Perkins.....Noel Leslie
Adam Winslow.....Charles Warburton
Fagge.....Morris Carnovsky
The Hon. Archibald Mull.....E. E. Clive
Richard Jelf.....E. F. Hast
Sir Jonathan Dunne.....H. Conway Wingfield
The Countess of Skene and Skye..Diana Storm
James Palliser.....Nicholas Joy
The Lady Fenella Mull.....Viola Roach
Gramshaw.....Paul Hansell
Maid.....Elma Royton
Dorothy Dunne.....May Ediss
Bulger.....Lyonel Watts
Tom Harkaway.....Walter Kingsford

"Jelf's" is Mr. Vachell's second play. He has written since 1912 over half a dozen comedies, of which "Mr. Jubilee Drax" has been seen in Boston.

"Jelf's," which, according to the program, was performed last night for the first time in this country, is a sentimental, almost saccharine, little comedy, a story of two bankers and a young woman who is too fond of "things" and does not know her own mind. Richard Jelf, returning from California, found himself at the head of a long-established family bank. His old friend, James Palliser, was at the head of another bank. Richard was the traditionally rough diamond. At Harrow he was nicknamed the Kangaroo. Was it because of his jumping restlessness, or because, as some thought, but unjustly, that he was a bounder? His clothes were not of fashionable cut; he used freely in speech American slang; but he was modest, ready to take advice concerning his dress, big-hearted, generous. Too generous, for he was a wild and reckless banker, lending money to the relatives of Lady Fenella, with whom he had fallen in love. No wonder that Winslow, the chief clerk, and Sir Jonathan were shocked by his disregard of sound banking principles. Sir Jonathan was an important person—the chairman of the Amalgamated Association of Bankers.

Lady Fenella had been betrothed to Palliser, who kept a racing stable and let his bank get into difficulties. She had accepted Richard, but she had neglected to tell him of her affair with Palliser. She asked Richard to help Palliser financially, to stop the run on the latter's bank. Richard promised and kept his promise, after he knew that Palliser still wished to wed Fenella; after Fenella had confessed that she once loved the frivolous, well dressed, selfish Palliser; that she still cared for "things," in other words. She was a bit selfish and might easily turn into a snob.

There was a run on Jelf's bank Richard was threatened with ruin; but a noisy bookmaker, a heavy depositor, admired Richard because he turned down a black-mailing editor, so he harangued the threatening crowd. Sir Jonathan followed by assuring the frightened depositors that the governor of the Bank of England, who was in a waiting room—would that we could have seen this magnificent personage!—would stand behind Jelf's. Hoarse cheers. Lady Fenella, who had previously been cold towards Richard, was in the bank during the panic; she suddenly made up her mind that Richard was the man for her, and as the curtain went down she asked him why he didn't kiss her.

The story is a thin one; absurd, if it is examined closely, but the dialogue is often amusing, and there is considerable skill shown in characterization. We meet the Hon. Archibald, who had inherited an indisposition to work; also the Countess of Skene and Skye, who is gouty, given to epigrams that seldom sparkle. There is a side love-story, that of the Hon. Archibald and Sir Jonathan's daughter, which admits of a scene that is farcical rather than conceived in a spirit of high comedy: the scene in which Archibald rehearses with his friend Richard the proposal to Sir Jonathan for his daughter's hand.

Richard and James are sharply contrasted, as are the good and idle apprentices in Hogarth's drawings, or as any two young men in an improving novel by T. S. Arthur. James wishes Lady Fenella to be his wife, so that they can hunt and shoot together, go yachting, visit Monte Carlo and lead a restaurant life. Richard wishes children, and shocks James by insisting on this point. The confidential talks between the two rivals, and also between Lady Fenella and each of her lovers in turn, are almost as incredible as Richard's management of the bank. Ten to one, a few years after the marriage, Jelf's bank went to smash, and Richard went back to his Californian ranch, where his wife was unhappy, thinking of James, restaurants, Monte Carlo; not consoled by her infant brood.

Miss Roach gave a definite idea of Fenella's character, or lack of character. The feeblest lines of the dramatist were made eloquent by the charm of her voice and the beauty of her diction. Mr. Hast over-acted the part of Richard, who was no doubt restless, but this restlessness need not have been so emphasized as to fret the nerves of the spectator. Mr. Wingfield's Sir Jonathan was a sound, sententious adviser in financial matters. We can think of the part as being played with quiet humor, especially in the first scene with Archibald. Mr. Clive hung another portrait in his large dramatic gallery, while Mr. Joy as Palliser was again Mr. Nicholas Joy. Mr. Kingsford, on the stage for only a few minutes, brought out in bold relief the bookmaker in all his vulgarity. A large audience evidently enjoyed the play and the performance.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Aphrodite," a play in three acts, by Pierre Frondaie and George C. Hazelton, with music by Henri Fevrier and Anselm Goetzel. The principals of the cast follow:

Timon, a Greek gallant ..... Frederick Macklyn
Phrasilas, a courtier.....W. Clay Inman
Horatius, a Roman poet ..... V. L. Granville
Naukratea, physician to the Queen ..... Alfred Hemming
Theoxenes, minister of state ..... William Betts
Berenike, Queen of Egypt ..... Patricia O'Connor
Demetrios, a Greek sculptor ..... McKay Morris
Bacchys, mistress to Naukrates ..... Maud Odell
Chrysis of Galilee.....Pauline Armitage
Aphrodite, the goddess of love ..... Mildred Walker
Chimeris, a Greek sybil ..... Adelaide Fitz Allen
Tounl, the high priestess.Blanche Bolzon
Aphrodasia, a dancing slave ..... Vera D'Artelle

"Aphrodite," which was presented here last night for the first time, varies but little in the essentials of its narrative, from the story of the opera, heard here last season with Mary Garden in the role of Chrysis. Demetrios, a sculptor of ancient Alexandria, is in love only with his statue of the goddess, Aphrodite. Resisting the advances of the Queen, he later falls under the spell of Chrysis, a notorious courtesan. To prove his love for her she demands that he commit three crimes. These accomplished, his desire for her vanishes, and Chrysis takes upon herself the punishment for the acts.

The stage settings and costumes are the last word in true artistry and beauty. We have never seen more exquisite coloring on the stage. As a picture, the production is nearly perfect. If the action of the play might proceed by pantomine, "Aphrodite" would be an unusually engrossing entertainment. But since this is not the case, it becomes, through its absurd lines, which are often vulgar, a tiresome performance. It is an amazing mixture of the original romance and Mr. Hazelton's ideas of "improving" upon the original; of Fevrier's uninteresting music, and Mr. Goetzl's Broadway jazz. For instance, half the characters speak in the measured phrases and sonorous accent of blank verse; the other half prattle in the tone of a present day musical comedy production. The audience is no sooner invited to gaze upon a spectacle of a street in an ancient pagan city than a minstrel steps before the footlights and sings a song so full of modern syncopation that the audience is tempted to join in. Indeed, there were a few last night who could not resist, and more or less tuneful whistling accompanied the stage singer. The result is a play which is so incongruous that it becomes at times ridiculous.

Furthermore, with the exception of Mr. Morris, as Demetrios, the principals of the company, both in voice and action, are hardly adequate in their respective roles. It is not possible to take Miss O'Connor, as the Queen, seriously, nor does Miss Armitage, in the important role of Chrysis, convince her audience for one moment. Her voice is so artificial as to be at times unintelligible. And it takes more than the hackneyed mannerisms, which are the Broadway idea of being alluring, to create the seductiveness of ancient Egypt. Some of the dancers were attractive in their youth and spontaneity, but there was more energy than grace in the dancing of the ballet.

Mr. Morris, however, by his subtly intelligent acting; his grasp, not alone of his own part, but of the original conception of the piece, makes up for all the rest. Not only does he fit perfectly into the picture; he, alone, creates a living character; all the rest are lay figures. His voice, clear and beautifully sympathetic, completed the part. He is the one consistent, impelling and deeply interesting personality in the whole production.

"The Old Homestead" Has Successful Revival—

After a long absence "The Old Homestead" was revived at the Globe Theatre last night and proved that the passin-

years have had little effect on the basic humors of the play. One has but to see "The Old Homestead" once to understand the reason why it has been such a successful vehicle for the genial acting of Denman Thompson and William Laurence. Beneath the well tried artifices of an earlier generation there is so much naive simplicity and homely wisdom that piece and player will always find a ready public. The second act, so full of the easy, obvious humors and burlesque farceries of a country hick in a city drawing room, found especial favor with last night's audience. Perhaps the marked success of the initial performance is due in no small part to the care with which the present production is staged. Many a subtle touch of local color is deftly and unostentatiously placed throughout the play. Now it is the old pump with real water and the comics of a "farm hand" washing up. Again it is the cackling laugh of the old rheumatic fellows who haunt the village store, or again it is the scandelmongering Anna Maria Murdock.

It has been said that a quartet can always "get away with murder." In this respect the present edition of "The Old Homestead" is noteworthy in that its double quartet is far above the average of those so often on display in vaudeville houses and the itinerant reproductions of such old-time plays as this.

In these days of heavy overacting or amateurish prating, when actors with a "type" are all the rage, it is refreshing to see the honest simplicity of a William Laurence. Charles Carter and Oscar Sidney as Cy Prime and Seth Perkins, respectively, won well deserved praise for their faithful representation of the kindly, squabbling old neighbors. Their handling of the "Yankee lingo" was noteworthy. Rene D'Arcy made a sweet and lovable Aunt Matilda, who fairly breathed the air of reality.

"The Old Homestead" as seen last night is a play of uniformly excellent acting, staged with more than passing care. Good stuff of the theatre that is not too commonly viewed of recent days.

B. F. KEITH'S

Nat Nazarro, Jr., assisted by Viola May and a sextet of instrumentalists, is the chief feature of the best bill in many weeks at B. F. Keith's Theatre. Last evening a good sized audience was deeply interested.

Young Mr. Nazarro, who has scarcely matured, dances himself to near exhaustion. He is the inventor of many steps, and this is saying much in an age of such spirited competition among his colleagues. Oftentimes he indulges in acrobats, but he is always interesting, and he takes his turn at the 'cello and affects a fine mellow tone. Miss May is hardly a secondary feature of the act, for she too has the spirit and enthusiasm of youth. As a high kicker she astounds with the elevation of her toes and the duration of her performance.

Other acts on the bill were Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler in a new sketch, a splendid act for the flippancies of Mr. Mason, one of the best farceurs of the vaudeville stage; Ray Fern and Marree in lively comedy and song; Lloyd and Good, as a pair of "bad" darkies, in an excellent act of bickering and dance; Emile and John Nathane, in an acrobatic number; Fink's Mules, in one of the big laugh getters of the bill; Bernard and Garry, a team of exceptionaly good singers and comedians; Evans and Perez in one of the most daring balancing acts of many seasons, and Julius Tannen in a monologue.

Mch 2 1921

LOUISE HOMER, JR., AND SCHMITZ GIVE CONCERT

Soprano and Pianist Well Received at Jordan Hall

An interesting concert was given last evening by Louise Homer, Jr., soprano, and Robert Schmitz, pianist, in Jordan Hall, for the benefit of the Harvard infantile pralysis fund.

The progrom consisted of songs by Rimski-Korsakoff, Zimballist, Schindler, Homer, Gans, Macyial, Walthew and Voci di Primavera, Strauss; piano numbers, Etude in B minor, Nocturne F major, Polonaise A flat major, by Chopin; Fantasie and Fugue, Bach-Liszt; Jeux d'Eaux, Ravel; L'Isle Joyeux, Debussy. So, Mr. Schmitz played two most interesting pieces from the ultra-modern school Rondi, Albert Roussel; Carillons de la baie, Louis Vuilkmin.

Mr. Schmitz's playing was character-[illegible] throughout by mastery of technique [illegible] artistry of performance. He well [illegible]ted his enthusiastic reception by the audience, playing for one of his encores an unusual piece, Sky Rockets, by Debussy.

Miss Homer has a sweet, light soprano voice, well adapted to concert work. Her singing of Voci di Primavera was exceptionally well done. In all her work she showed true artistic feeling and sense of musical values. A little more time in study and Miss Homer will win deserved and widespread popularity.

Fantasie and Fugue.....Bach-Liszt
Mr. Schmitz

The Rose Has Charmed the Nightingale, Rimski-Korsakoff
Song of the Shepherd Lehl....Rimski-Korsakoff
Two Folk Songs of Little Russia.....Zimbalist
The Three Cavaliers.....Schindler
Miss Homer

Nocturne in C minor.....Chopin
Etude in B minor.....Chopin
Nocturne in F major.....Chopin
Polonaise in A b major.....Chopin
Mr. Schmitz

Voci di Primavera.....Strauss
Miss Homer

Bourree.....Albert Roussel
Carillons dans la baie.....Louis Vuilleimin
Jeux d'Eaux.....Ravel
L'Isle Joyeux.....Debussy
Mr. Schmitz

Sing to Me, Sing.....Homer
The Angels Are Stooping.....Ganz
Twickenham Ferry.....Marzials
May Day.....Walthew
Miss Homer

Mch 3 1921

Last of Hoffmann Series

By PHILIP HALE

The Hoffmann Quartet (Messrs. Jacques and Ernest H. Hoffmann, Louis Artieres and Carl Barth) gave the third and last concert of its series last night in Jordan Hall. The program comprised Chadwick's Quartet in D minor, No. 5; Brahms's Trio for piano, violin and horn; and Mozart's Quartet in E flat major (K. 428). The trio was played by Mr. Jacques Hoffmann, violin, Mr. Ernest Hoffmann, piano, and Mr. Max Hess, horn.

Mr. Chadwick's quartet was first welcomed at the time when Dvorak's symphony and his chamber music in the so-called American manner (that is to say, the Bohemian's music supposedly based on negro themes, or at least rhythmed and melodically constructed in a certain exotic manner), were the subject of hot discussion. The years have passed and the discussion with it. Dvorak's symphony is now accepted as agreeablo and popular music without regard to national or racial color.

The quartet of Mr. Chadwick has not materially aged with the years. It still pleases by its frank melodious appeal, by the contrasting vivacity and gentleness, by the technical skill which is not obtrusively displayed. Furthermore this music has certain characteristics that one may justly describe as American, qualities of a folk nature that one may associate with the home life of the American people. We refer to the second theme of the first movement; the whole of the Andantino; the contrasting section in the Scherzo. It is not easy to imagine a man of another nation writing those pages, abounding in homely—we use the word in the good old English sense—yes, in homely sentiment. More than once in this quartet Mr. Chadwick caught the folk-song spirit.

The music was enjoyed by an audience of fair size and Mr. Chadwick bowed in response to the applause.

There are some fine moments in Brahms's Trio and there are some dreadful half hours, as Rossini is said to have remarked about Wagner's "Tannhaeuser." The biographers of Brahms roll their eyes in ecstasy over the Trio. Miss Florence May goes so far as to say it is perfection. She informs us that Brahms was inspired on one of his walks near Litchtenthal. He showed a Mr. Dietrich the precise spot where the opening theme of the first movement had occurred to him. "As I came to this spot the sun shone out and the subject immediately suggested itself." The sun went under a cloud and stayed there while Brahms thought of the two following movements. As the Trio was played last night the finale with its galloping rhythm was the most effective, and not merely because it brought the end.

The performance of the quartet was characterized by individual playing rather than by ensemble work, displaying an unerring sense of balance and proportion, and a regard for fine ensemble phrasing. This is not surprising, for this quartet, composed of sound musicians, who have recently come together, has not had time enough to gain finesse.

Some have been defending in newspapers the use of the phrase, "It's me," giving as a reason that the French say "C'est moi" and not "C'est je." They should have quoted that eminent grammarian, Mr. Squeers:

"Ah, it's me, and me's the first person singular, nominative case, agreeing with the verb it's, and governed by Squeers understood."

Yet in 1770 Robert Baker, publishing his "Remarks on the English Language . . . Being a Detection of Many Improper Expressions Used in Conversation, and of Many Others to Be found in Authors," included "It is me."

There is sense in this quotation from the Fowlers's "King's English": "The interrogative 'who' is often used for 'whom,' as, 'Who' did you see? A distinction should here be made between conversation, written or spoken, and formal writing. Many educated people feel that in saying, 'It is I,' 'Whom do you mean?' instead of 'It's me,' 'Who do you mean?' they will be talking like a book, and they justifiably prefer geniality to grammar. But in print, unless it is dialogue, the correct forms are advisable."

The purist might here object to the Fowlers writing "people" for "persons."

Let us all relax; let us talk and write in unbuttoned ease. Let us say "Be you?" or "Be yer" and "How?" without a blush. Even Harvard graduates sometimes say "those sort."

"But What" for "But That"

As the World Wags:

Webster's Dictionary and the Century Dictionary sanction the use of "but what" for "but that" in such expressions as Mark S. Dickey cites from Samuel Butler's "Note Book." In illustration of that use of "but what," Webster's Dictionary cites the two following examples: "Her needle is not so absolutely perfect in tent and cross-stitch but what my superintendence is advisable" (from Sir Walter Scott); "Never fear but what our kite shall fly as high" (from Lord Lytton); and in illustration of that use of "but what" the Century Dictionary cites the two following examples: "The abbot cannot be humbled but what the community must be humbled in his person" (from Sir Walter Scott); "Not a thing stolen but what the sea gave it up" (from Cardinal John Henry Newman). Such a use of "but what" for "but that" is generally condemned by grammarians, and it is also condemned by the Standard Dictionary, which dictionary gives the following illustration of the use of the expression: "I don't know but what I will."

Of that use of "but what" for "but that" I have noticed two instances in speeches which Lincoln made in the course of the seven joint debates which he had with Douglas in 1858. One of those instances is in his opening speech in the second of those joint debates (which was at Freeport on Aug. 27), and is as follows: "I did not know but what he was altogether 'conscientious' in that mattter"; and the other instance is in his opening speech in the sixth of those joint debates (which was at Quincy on Oct. 13) and is as follows: "I do not understand but what he impeachcs my honesty."

OCTOBER.

Brookline.

We quote from the Oxford Dictionary: " 'But what' often occurs for 'but that' in various senses and is still dial. and colloq. The illustrative quotations date from 1662 to 1884, and are from authors of comparatively little reputation or from newspapers. There is this note: "See many modern instances in F. Hall, 'Modern English 262'."—Ed.

Cheery-o!

Edwards—I am grown old: I am 65.

Johnson—I shall be 68 next birthday. Come, sir, drink water, and put in for a hundred.

In Dismal Dumps

Contrast this joyous outlook with these night thoughts of the once eagerly-road Edward Young, LL.D.

"O my coevals! remnants of yourselves!
Poor human ruins, tottering o'er the grave!
Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper their vile roots, and closer cling,
Still more enamoured of this wretched soil?"

We shouted these lines to Mr. Herkimer Johnson, whose birthday is approaching. "No, sir, my roots are not vile, nor do I find the soil of this earth wretched. I take great care of my feet and like to have both of them on the ground. No wonder that the gloomy Dr. Young could think of only two friends, when he came to make his will, his housekeeper and his hatter. I was disappointed in Washington; not at the result of my talk at the department of state concerning foreign affairs, but in the city itself: it is now so dirty, whereas it once was like Spotless Town. I think I shall go to Miami next week. A Bostonian, sojourning there, writes me that he has found a gin-well."

"Lager"

"Federal Judge Evans today permitted a Louisville brewery to use the word 'lager' on its cereal beverage labels. Thereby he upset a regulation of the internal revenue department."

This reminds us that 20 or more years ago a Bostonian was a candidate for admission to the Porphyry Club. An influential member of the elections committee objected to him, because he had heard him ask for "lager" instead of "beer," when he had been a guest at the club. The candidate was rejected. He and the objector are dead; let us hope that the two were among the elect and readily passed through St. Peter's gate. In our boyhood "beer" was ale; what was afterwards called beer in this country was "lager beer." With the Germans lager beer is beer brewed for storage, store beer, summer beer. The Porphyrian objected to "lager" with cut the "beer," as he objected to certain abbreviations: for an example, "to phone"; or the use of "wire" for "telegram." Hans Breitmann used "lager beer" and "lager" indiscriminately. Here is a verse from "Breitman in Maryland":

Mid shout and crash and sabre flash,
And vild husaren shout
De Dootchmen boorst de keller in,
Und rolled de leger out;
Und in the coorlin' powder ehmoke,
Vhile shtill de pullets sung,
Dere shtood der Breitmann, axe in hand,
A knockin' out do hoong.
Gling, glang, gloria!
Victoria! Encor'a!
De shpicket heats de boong.

But in the second preceding verse we read:

Ropp! Ropp! I shmell de pariey-prew!
Dere's somedings goot ish near.
Ropp! Ropp! I scent de kneiperei;
Ve've got to lager beer!
Gling, glang, gloria!
Ve've got to lager heer!

At the Butcher's

If the plainer among your tradesmen are the happier looking today, blame (or thank) Mrs. Corbett Ashby.

She was speaking at a luncheon at the National Liberal Club yesterday, and there uttered this important contribution to the study of the feminine mind:

"It may have been true that we have voted for the best-looking candidate, but we never choose the best-looking butcher. We are not sentimental in serious matters."

So now we are looking out for bills in the windows of the more enterprising of our shop-keepers: "Absolutely the ugliest butcher in the street. All our beauty has gone into the chops," or "Plain, but trustworthy. If you look at us you will prefer our cabbages." It adds a new thrill to shopping.—London Daily Chronicle.

Mch 4 1921

Arthur Kraft, Tenor,

RECITAL BY PRIHODA

By PHILIP HALE

Arthur Kraft, tenor, gave his first recital in Boston last night in Jordan Hall. Frank La Forge was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Give me thy heart (attributed to Bach); Old English, Have you seen but a White Lillie grow; Bishop. Love has eyes; Rosa, Star Vicino; Veracini, Pastoral; Brahms, Nightingale, The Song of the Lark, the Message; Strauss, Vision, Serenade; Liszt, Comment disaient-ils; Debussy, Green; Massenet, Le Reve from Manon"; Hue, La Fille du roi de Chine; Fourdrain, Celle que je prefere; Rimsky-Korsakoff, the Nightingale and the Rose; Grieg, The Way of the World; La Forge, To a Violet, Song of the Open.

Mr. Kraft has an agreeable, flexible voice which he employs skilfully. While it is of a rather light nature, it will respond to a passionate outburst, but the singer has the sense not to abuse tonal quality, and knowing that he is not of the heroic class of tenors, he chooses his songs shrewdly and does not attempt to strain after that which is beyond his natural force. His singing as singing would give pleasure in itself, but he commends himself to attention still more by the intelligence and taste shown in his interpretations. He is apparently well versed in the character and spirit of various schools; for neither the hearty and the tender sentiment of the older English, the intimate confession of the German Lied, nor the subtlety of the French was foreign to him last evening. His skill in differentiation of moods and sentiments is noteworthy: witness his interpretation of the old English song the "White Lillie," Brahms's "Song of the Lark," the "Vision" of Strauss, the exotic music of Hue and Fourdrain, in which the ingenious Frenchmen cunningly suggest the atmosphere and even the music of China and Japan without leaving the Occident in the search after phonographic realism. It should also be said that Mr. Kraft's enunciation was refreshingly clear. Mr. La Forge accompanied admirably, as is his wont. Mr. Kraft should visit Boston again.

Vasa Prihoda, violinist, played in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon for the first time in Boston. Asta Doubravska was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Corelli, Follies d'Espagne; Ernst, Concerto in F sharp minor; Bach, Air for the G string; Suk-Marak, Menuetto, G major; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Hymn to the Sun from "Coq d'Or"; Dvorak, Mazurek; Paganini, Variations on Rossini's "Di tanti palpiti." The program was illustrated with 12 pictures of the young violinist, so that there could be no mistake in identification when he came on the stage: Mr. Prihoda with his fiddle and without it; Mr. Prihoda fiddling and with his fiddle quiescent; Mr. Prihoda seated in a dignified attitude; Mr. Prihoda in deep thought with a hand under his chin. We had believed that this flaring sort of advertisement had gone out of fashion. Mr. Prihoda is, of course, not responsible for the insertion of these pictures or for the excerpts from commendatory reviews with which the program was plastered. He does not need such foolish puffery, for in certain ways he deserves

respectful consideration and dignified treatment. His performance yesterday was chiefly remarkable for a brilliant technical display, pure intonation and a large tone. His program was arranged to show, first of all, mechanical proficiency, but there were many times when his warmth of expression suggested the existence of a soul. At present he is all for fireworks. An exhibition of rockets, pinwheels, Bengal lights, flower pots, Roman candles and even set pieces soon fatigues the eye. Fiddle pyrotechnics soon weary the ear. It might be a pleasure to hear Mr. Prihoda play music that would test his musicianship and his aesthetic nature.

It is surprising that no one, to our knowledge, has commented on the pamphlet "Answered in Full," published by the Fifth Avenue Stage Company, a pamphlet designed to meet all possible complaints. Note the sweet resonableness of the following extract: "You would be surprised to learn the extent to which some women go in their efforts to annoy and irritate our conductors. . . . Is it any wonder that occasionally a conductor will lose his mental equilibrium? . . . Were it possible to eliminate the snob, the nagger, the constitutional grouch . . . our courtesy record would automatically go to 100 per cent." As regards ventilation: The conductor's instructions are to please the majority in the matter of open or shut windows. Is it true that whistling conductors are the "most agreeable" officials?

Overheard in a Book Shop

Customer—What sort of a novel is this one?

Clerk—Well, Miss, it's a bit sexy.

Two Howlers

As the World Wags:

A recent memorial inscription runs as follows:

"Erected to the glory of Almighty God, by his wife and children, in loving memory of John Smith."

A child's composition on Lincoln began in this way: "He was born in a plain log cabin which he had built with his own hands." R. M. W.

Heads or Tails

Ingenious problemists are hard at work estimating Mr. Douglas's chance of winning the toss at Adelaide. Some argue that three losses in succession increase the chance of a win on the fourth attempt; but this is a fallacy.

Luck never counts backward, in fact, never counts at all; but each single chance as it arises is even, although the odds seem to be in favor of a change at some time.—London Daily Chronicle.

Please Join in the Chorus

As the World Wags:

It would be sad if the sweet and touching words of the chorus of "Reuben and Rachel" were lost in the shuffle. As I remember hearing them they were as follows:

Skiddy iddy iddy, iddy iddy, iddy ido,
Skiddy iddy iddy iddy iddy iddy ay,
Skiddyiddy iddyiddy iddyiddy ido
Skiddyiddy iddyiddy ido day.

Augusta Me. P. S. M.

Is not the rhythm halting? Should there not be another "iddy" or "iddy-iddy" in the lines?—Ed.

As She Is Spelled

As the World Wags:

I read in The Herald of Feb. 26 the advertisement of a Boston firm:

SNOW SHOVELS AND
SIDEWALK SCRAPPERS

And this is cultured Boston! Years ago when John Simmons, founder of Simmons College, had completed his new house on Tremont street (adjoining St. Paul's Church), which at the time was considered the last word in a palatial residence, he invited a few personal friends to inspect it. My father was one of them. A placard in the front hallway bore this inscription:

"Please Wipe Your FEAT."

OLD BOSTONIAN.

How's This, Watson?"

(From the Royal Gazette and Colonial Daily, Hamilton, Bermuda, Feb. 18)

LOST—Between Pomander Gate and Col. Winter's house on Tuesday night, a pair of black evening Trousers. Finder please return to Bermuda Press Office and receive liberal reward.

Theatre Audiences

(William Archer in the N. Y. Evening Post)

The American public not only tolerates but flocks to witness and applaud entertainments which are indefensible, outrages, I will not say upon morality, but upon decent citizenship of any sort. I do not think that this is a sign of corruption; I would rather interpret it as arising from a sort of unawakened innocence in some, and in others from a fear of being thought prudish. Whatever its origin, this acquiescence in unscrupulous baseness is a very grave danger. It plays into the hands of Puritanism, and enormously strengthens the case for Blue Laws of every sort. If the theatrical public suffers the liberty of the stage to be abused, it must be prepared to see it abolished. There will always be questions as to what is and what is not decency, but there are also cases in which no such question arises—in which the purpose of indecency is flagrant and undisguised. Such enterprises conflict with common sense and public policy, and no civilized community can afford to wink at them. I do not think I am either a Puritan or a prude. In such witty and ingenious entertainments as, for instance, the Greenwich Village Follies I take the livellest pleasure. But when I see things a faire rougir des singes presented to and accepted by the American public, it is my love of America that moves me to protest.

"No Bird Ever Flew"

As the World Wags:

I have always supposed it was Raymond Hitchcock who sang "No Bird Flies So High That Doesn't Have to Light"(?) I am glad to hear that the song is not forgotten. I have hummed it frequently of late when Mr. Ponzi and other rockets came to my mind.

It seems to me the song of the "Three Bad Men" was also in Mr. Barnet's version of "The Babes in the Wood," produced at the Tremont Theatre. WILLIAM GILL.

Dorchester.

Mch 5 1921

17TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Mendelssohn, Symphony in A Minor, "Scotch"; Mozart, overture to "The Abduction from the Harem"; Gilbert, Indian Sketches (first performance). Miss Alice Nielsen sang "Deh vieni non tardar" from "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Batti, batti" from "Don Giovanni."

As the ultra-radical Alfredo Casella astonished his countrymen and others by praising the music of Rossini, so Darius Milhaud, a composer of ultra-modern tendencies, has surprised Frenchmen by stating that Mendelssohn was the greatest classic of the 19th century. The symphony played yesterday—Mr. Monteux and the superb orchestra gave an eloquent performance—is about 80 years old. Hearing it, one can grasp Milhaud's meaning; for Mendelssohn, a stickler for form, yet occasionally a romanticist, observed the orthodox conventions with constant attention to a beauty that had not the strangeness in its nature commended by Bacon in his essay. It was very seldom that Mendelssohn let himself go as he did in "The First Walpurgis Night." He seldom screamed, for screaming would not have been well-bred. He measured carefully his effects; he made his points neatly. Overpraised in his life-time, too long a petish in England, he has since been under-rated. He was the incarnation of musical orthodoxy. His radical feeling, if he had any, is not to be detected in his music. He never exulted in it as Mr. Bloch does today.

Yet, when all is said, this "Scotch" symphony contains beautiful and delightful pages. The work has not aged greatly; it is fresher than many orchestral works written a few years ago. Only in the sentimental Adagio does one find the weaker Mendelssohn, the composer of many "Songs Without Words." Without using Scottish tunes, he gave the symphony a Scottish character, for he had been impressed by his visit to Holyrood; by the story of Mary and Rizzio; by the melancholy surroundings. The melancholy is gentle, contemplative in his music; the composer was not in doleful dumps; and in the gay and exquisitely scored scherzo the Mendelssohn, constitutionally joyous—joyous always in gentlemanly fashion—is revealed. The performance without pauses, as the composer wished, was an exceedingly fine one. After the great performance of Brahms's symphony last Saturday night, after the performance of Mendelssohn's Symphony yesterday, the doubting Thomases, if there are still a few, who sigh for "a conductor that is in sympathy with German music" and speak disparagingly of the orchestra, which was never in a higher estate, should hold their peace.

Some years ago Mr. Gilbert of Cambridge transcribed for Mr. Curtis's elaborate work, "The North American Indian," melodies and tribal songs from phonographic cylinders. The character of the melodic fragments, their wildness and their rhythmic capriciousness, aroused his enthusiasm. In this Suite of six movements, using phrases as hints, he has endeavored to present various moods of Indian life. He has been eminently successful in portraying these moods and at the same time writing music that holds the attention and stirs the blood without purely ethnological consideration. Of the movements, the Prelude, the Invocation, and the Song of the Wolf, especially the latter two, are the most effective, though the Camp Dance will always probably make the most immediate appeal to audiences in general. The Nocturne has less decided character; it is more conventional in sentiment and expression. Mr. Gilbert has long been recognized as a composer of singular individuality. He does not belong to any school; he does not worship in any chapel. He might say proudly with Walt Whitman, "Solitary, singing in the West, I strike up for a New World." We find in these "Indian Sketches" an advance in the presentation of his musical ideas. His instrumentation is clearer and more varied; his contrasts, are more frequent and more effective; what seemed in former works a certain and needless brutality has turned into true virility. There are pages of the "Sketches" that are distinguished by what Henley said with reference to Hazlitt's open letter to Gifford, "splendid savagery." The subject chosen called for this.

The songs of Mozart sung by Miss Neilsen were introduced by an overture of Mozart that had not been played at these concerts since 1895. Miss Neilsen has long been known as an accomplished singer of Mozart's music. To sing this music, which "comes from the air and returns to it," is a singer's severest test. At first Miss Neilsen was apparently nervous, or not wholly "in voice"; but she recovered herself and sang the two songs with the requisite simplicity and smoothness; with an agreeable vocal quality. "Deh Vieni" admits for the sake of melodic continuity a little faster tempo than was taken; and we should have liked a more marked emotional contrast beginning with "Vieni, ben mio!"

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will comprise Weber's overture to "Euryanthe"; Haydn's Concerto in D major for violoncello (Mr. Bedetti); Liszt's Symphonic poem, "Orpheus"; Ravel's Valses Nobles et Sentimentales, and "Romeo Alone and Ball at Capulet's," from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony.

GREET TOSCANINI

By PHILIP HALE

The Scala orchestra of Milan, led by Mr. Toscanini, in Symphony Hall, gave its fourth and last concert last night. The program was as follows: Mozart, Symphony in E flat major; Beethoven, Leonora overture No. 3; Pizetti, Suite from "La Pisanelle" (first time here); Wagner, Good Friday Spell, from "Parsifal"; Elgar, Symphonic Variations on an original theme.

Pizetti's Suite is derived from the music he wrote for d'Annunzio's play, "La Pisanelle," produced in Paris with Ida Rubinstein as the heroine. The story of the play and the first performance was told at length in The Herald of last Sunday. Again the question arises: Is this music charming or engrossing when it is transferred from the theatre to the concert hall? The first movement is frankly decorative in character, with one sensuous strain that may or may not be typical of the heroine, or of the ruler awaiting the unknown beloved. Here, as in the two dances that follow, what interest there is lies in the instrumentation. As a work for the concert hall the Suite is disappointing, containing few musical ideas of any importance; it is not gorgeously rhetorical as is the play itself; and at the end the tragic note, which should be poignant, is not intense, but "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Again the hall was crowded, and Mr. Toscanini was enthusiastically applauded. His reading of the familiar works was interesting, vital, free from extravagance, always characterized by the singing of melodic phrases and by dramatic but legitimate effects. He is a great virtuoso conductor, who works wonders with an orchestra that is obedient but not of fine quality.

Artists should perk up. We read in the Royal Gazette and Colonial Daily of Hamilton, Bermuda, Feb. 18: "The fact that there is a practical side to real art will come as a revelation to many local people who are inclined to regard painting as an impecunious profession, and therefore unworthy to be followed by any real man."

We will now quote from the complete works of Mr. Artemus Ward:

"My daughter entered with a young man who was evijently from the city, and who wore long hair, and had a wild expression into his eye. In one hand he carried a portfolio, and his other paw claspt a bunch of small brushes. My daughter introduced him as Mr. Sweibier, the distinguished landscape painter from Philadelphy.

" 'He is an artist, papa. Here is one of his masterpieces—a young mother gazin admirinly upon her first-born, and my daughter showed me a really pretty picter, done in ile. 'Is it not beautiful, papa? He throws so much soul into his work.'

" 'Does he? does he?' said I. 'Well, I reckon I'd better hire him to whitewash our fence. It needs it. What will you charge, sir?' I continued, 'to throw some soul into my fence?' "

Nine in Celtic Sea Lore

As the World Wags:

Mr. Fenger of Cohasset who, in today's Herald, writes about the belief that the sea forms seven waves or surges on the coast of Martinique, may remember how, in "The Coming of Arthur," Tennyson describes Merlin and Bleys watching

"the great sea fall,
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last a ninth one, gathering half the deep,
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged."

It was on this, the ninth wave, that the baby King Arthur was borne, and "rode to Merlin's feet."

The belief that the ninth wave is the climacteric one is decidedly Celtic. It seems quite fitting to find it in the Idylls which are taken from Celtic legends. The number nine is found often in Irish lore of the sea. When the Milesians (according to the Bardic stories) invaded Ireland, the Dedanaans, in possession of the island, protested that they had been taken unawares—that the Milesians had played a mean trick on them by invading the country without giving them warning—and so, after a parley, it was decided that the newcomers should embark again on their ships and retire nine waves from the shore. If, after that, they could make good their landing, the country should be given up to them. But no sooner had the ship got nine waves out than the Dedanaans by magical spells raised a storm which wrecked most of the fleet. However, the Milesians landed—such of them as survived—and conquered the country.

In historic times the belief appears to have been held that disease could not travel over sea farther than nine waves. And we are told that if a man brought in a valuable article floating on the sea, nine waves or more out of land, he had a right to it, no matter to whom it originally belonged. But if it were less than nine waves out, the original owner might recover.

The number 3 is also found. The Three Waves of Erin are much celebrated in Irish romantic literature. Dr. P. W. Joyce, who has written much and learnedly on Ireland's past, gives them as Tun Tooha (I am spelling phonetically) outside the mouth of the Bann in Derry; Tun Cleena in Glandore harbor in Cork and Tun Rury in Dundrum Bay, off the county Down. In stormy weather when the wind blows in certain directions, the sea at these places, as it tumbles over the sandbanks or among the caves and fissures of the rocks, utters an unusually loud and solemn roar which excited the imagination of the people. They believed these sounds gave warning of deadly danger, or foreboded the approaching death of kings or chieftains. Sometimes when a king was sore pressed in battle and in deadly peril, the Three Waves roared in response to the moan of his shield—for it was also believed that a warrior's shield moaned when he was menaced by death.

The Welsh people, who are akin to the Irish, had a similar belief, and it is recorded that when the young Welsh hero, Dylan, was killed, he was "lamented by the Wave of Erin, the Wave of Man, the Wave of the North, and the Wave of Britain."

The Irish sea god was Manannan MacLir, whose name still subsists in the name of the Isle of Man. The foam-crested waves of the stormy sea were to the early Celts the manes of the horses of this god. According to a tradition in the Isle of Man, this god had three legs on which he rolled along on land, wheel-like, always surrounded by a magic mist, and this is said to be the origin of the Manx coat-of-arms.

DENIS A. McCARTHY.

Feb. 24, 1921.

Another word about the number seven. The Arabs described the seven ages of womankind, and Burton translated the lines after a well-known (Irish) model:

From ten years to twenty—
Of beauty there's plenty.
From twenty to thirty—
Fat, fair, and alert t'ye.
From thirty to forty—
Lads and lasses she bore t'ye
From forty to fifty—
An old 'un and shifty.
From fifty to sixty—
A sorrow that sticks t'ye.
From sixty to seventy—
A curse of God sent t'ye.

Zumurrud, the Smaragdina, could repeat the glorious Koran according to the seven readings, and write the seven modes of handwriting. Prince Habib, who met with surprising adventures, in the course of which he saw "one of the seven mains," could write "the seven caligraphs and he could recite traditions and he could improvise poetry, most intelligent and penetrating and knowing among the sons of men." All this, no doubt, was true; he must have been a bit of a bore. Zumurrud, the Smaragdine, slave girl, would have been a more joyous companion. And is not man's age divided into seven parts, governed by seven planets?—Ed.

An Appreciation

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a concert in Brockton on Feb. 20, in spite of the storm. The Brockton Times of the 21st voiced the delight of the audience. "The last number was Enesco, Roumanian Rhapsody, in A major, Op. 11, No. 1, and its last melodious chords mingled softly with sighs of regret from the listeners, who for more than two hours had drifted happily on the sea of soul-stirring music." Mr. Richard Burgin was the soloist. He "exhibited rare skill as the sweet voice of his violin roso and fell in charming interpretations of dreamy, passionate and vivacious phases" (sic). The symphony was Dvorak's "From the New World." "All who understood the technique and sympathetic understanding necessary for successful intonations were impressed with the faultless blending of the violins, violas, flutes, trumpets and other instruments which make up the ensemble of the perfect melody producers."

mch

Direct reports have come from Paris of the unfortunate condition of Gabriel Faure. He is sick, in acute financial distress and threatened with blindness. Admirers of his inimitable songs are earnestly asked for subscriptions of any amount, which may be sent to Edward B. Hill, Harvard Music building, Cambridge. These will be acknowledged and forwarded promptly.

Louis N. Parker read a paper in London last month on "The Pageantry of Shakespeare." The published report makes one envy Mr. Parker's audience:

"He conjured up a vision of Shakespeare returned to life, and his copyrights with him. Imagine, he said, the flutter in the manaerial dovecote if his plays could no longer be performed for nothing. Think of the revolt of the actors; for who would play Shakespeare if he could no longer give his own reading? Think of the fury of the professors and commentators, who, through long generations, had been wasting the midnight oil in twisting his words into meanings remote from the plain ones; think of the disgust of producers who had to produce Shakespeare according to Shakespeare—and then the consternation in the world of critics. Would not the adulation which was now lavished on his lightest word gradually and insidiously give place to doubts, to reservations, and, step by step, to destructive analysis of his plots, of his geographical and historical knowledge, of his humor, until the youngest critic of all gave him the coup de grace by calling him the 'Leader of the Old Gang'? To come to life would, indeed, be the worst day's work Shakespeare had ever done, for he had a horrible suspicion that after he had been banqueted and toasted a few times he would, little by little, find himself shunned. He could even see him carrying a manuscript from stage door to stage door and being told everywhere that the manager had just gone to Paris. He might at last place his play on condition that additional lyrics and comic business were allowed to be added by other people, and when all was done he would be told he had stolen the whole thing from Bacon.

"A great part of the very legitimate opposition to realism in the theatre was due, Mr. Parker proceeded, to the fact that we were beginning to see the inadequacy of our English stages. Modern engineering science seemed to stop at the stage door. With rare exceptions our stages were exactly as they were 200 years ago. No member of the audience should ever, by any means, catch the faintest glimpse of any of the stage mechanism and know how one figure was picked out and lighted a little more strikingly than the others. With few exceptions our stages were apparently constructed with the deliberate intention of hampering the playwright and the producer at every turn. So, also, were the auditoriums, and from every part of the house some aspect of the stage was visible which ought to be hidden from view. Interiors could be managed, but as soon as we got into the open air—! There were hard flat doors, improbable trees, with the sky hanging in straight lines within a few feet of people's heads. The same sky was the only portion of the picture which did not give forth light; on the other hand, the earth gave forth a dazzling glare. Indeed, he did not wonder at the revolt against our present system of scenery and lighting. The reform would be brought about, not by hanging the scene painters and shooting the electricians, but by building our stages and our auditoriums on an entirely new principle. He wished it would occur to architect that the auditorium should be a place from which one could see everything; and that the stage should be a place where everything could be shown. All his life he had dreamt of a model theatre."

This reminds us that Miss Lilian Winstanley in "Hamlet and the Scottish Succession," published by the Cambridge University Press, attempts to show that "Hamlet" was really a leaf or two from Scottish history, and that Denmark was a name used merely to cloak the place wherein the dramatic incidents of the life of the Scot named Hamlet were enacted.

J. Thomas Looney publishes, through Cecil Palmer, the "Poems of Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford." "Some months ago Mr. Looney wrote a big book to prove that Shakespeare was only a pseudonym for De Vere, the real author of the plays. So this must be considered a supplementary volume of Shakespeare's works by those who can be found to agree with Mr. Looney's theory." This author is rightly named.

The production of a new symphony by Sibelius is an event in the musical world. We quote from the London Times of Feb. 14:

"Queen's Hall was crowded on Saturday afternoon for the first performance of Sibelius's new symphony (No. 5 in E flat), and the composer was greeted with the most cordial applause when he came forward to conduct it. Indeed, a comparison of the reception given to the man beforehand and to the work afterward suggested that the latter left the audience a little puzzled.

"It is true that this symphony is designed on broader lines than its predecessor; it contains more positive statement of its ideas, many of which are of the simplest melodic kind, that the coloring is richer and fuller with more use of the effects of orchestral masses. Yet the fact that its manner places it more in line with accepted standards of symphonic development is apt to raise expectations which are not fulfilled. There is a severity about the ideas which is chilling on their first presentation, and each movement closes abruptly just at the moment when the mind has become persuaded of their earnestness.

"The first two movements are closely linked together by a four-note motto theme which pervades the greater part of the subject-matter of both; they are distinguished by a contrast of mood. The first, tempo molto moderato, is a dreaming fantasy in which many motives and forces contend; the second unifies them in a more closely knit scherzo rhythm. Through both of them the strings supply an uneasy background of shimmering sound, while the voices of the wind instruments are more clearly articulated. The third movement is andante quasi allegretto. The rather dry rhythmic pattern of the chief theme is discussed among the instruments in a way which is strangely Mozart-like and marks more definitely Sibelius's abstracted devotion to pure beauty of design.

"The finale launches out into a franker expression of feeling. Its second subject makes an almost passionate appeal on its first arrival, and this appeal is intensified in the long development of it, which leads to the coda. Yet somehow this ending left the feeling that the composer had not allowed himself to say all that he meant, or the thing which he meant most of all. This may have been partly in the playing, for Sibelius is a difficult conductor to follow. If only he could have given his ideas to Sir Henry Wood and let the latter carry them out for him, the first impression of this symphony might have been far more satisfactory than it actually was. But that, probably, would have been impossible. Sibelius both as composer and conductor stands apart, a lonely figure seeking with difficulty to bring the ideals which are intensely real to him into touch with other minds. Possibly it is his struggle for expression which sometimes recalls Beethoven as one listens to him. Certainly the Beethoven violin concerto, which Miss Jelly D'Aranyi played finely immediately after, seemed the right thing to follow this strenuous symphony. Novak's symphonic poem, 'In the Tatra,' with its fluent and conventional scene painting, seemed misplaced, altogether a thing too effectively written and too easily comprehended. We must hope that Sir Henry Wood will give us the second performance of the Sibelius symphony soon, for, whatever may be the impression of the first, it is certainly not a thing to put aside after a single hearing."

The Daily Telegraph said of this new symphony: "Whenever the distinguished Finnish composer, Sibelius, visits England, or is delivered of a new composition that reaches even into London—or Bournemouth—the announcement goes forth that he is the composer of the Valse Triste or of 'Finlandia,' yet he has composed five symphonies. As well judge our own Elgar by his early indiscretion 'Salut d'Amour' and 'Froissart.' Whether Sibelius will come to stand on the top in virtue of his symphonies as Elgar will is another story which cannot yet be told. Curiously enough, his music appears to be so simple that it is almost baffling. Whether it means more to him than to us, whether it has a deeper meaning at all than would appear, it is not easy to say. But it is quite plain that no other composer of the day could have written the fifth symphony which the Queen's Hall orchestra played for the first time here on Saturday afternoon, the composer himself conducting. (In passing, let it be said that we are inclined to regard this as an error, in that Sibelius is by no means so accomplished a conductor as Sir Henry Wood, who conducted the remainder of the program.) Sibelius's music shows hardly a trace of the influence of any other composer or any school in particular. It is terribly cold and gray, austere yet sad, with scarcely a ray of joyousness throughout the four movements. It was, apparently, composed before the war, so that the war cannot account for the perpetual sadness. Perhaps this is a national characteristic. Let us leave it at that, for speculation helps not either here or in the fact that the composer desires his work to be regarded as absolute music having no direct poetic basis. A great merit of the music, however, is its reticence and its conciseness, and its quite remarkable economy of means. But also economy is applied to the melodic and the rhythmic parts of the structure, so that there is a certain lack of contrast save in the final Allegro, which at a first hearing is the most striking of the four, the first two of which are played without break.

"At the close of the concert Novak's symphonic poem, 'In the Tatra,' was given its first hearing here, and made an instantaneous success, for here is far more obviousness and plain sailing in the scheme and in its working out. Who was the first composer to describe the gloom before a mountain storm, the breaking of the storm, its passing away to the sound of village bells? Novak has done his work well, but its 'poetic basis' is just a little trite."

Sibelius in England

(London Times Feb. 12.)

Sibelius's position in this country has been peculiar. His "Finlandia" served to introduce him as a "national poet" at a time when, after the revelation of the Russian nationalists, it was the fashion to gloat over the souls of strange peoples expressed in their music without knowing very much about them. A good deal of Sibelius's music was played and a good deal of it forgotten. "Valse Triste" attained the sort of popularity which for a time made it almost impossible to get through one's soup at a restaurant without hearing it. Then Sibelius himself came and conducted his Symphony in A minor at a Birmingham festival a couple of years before the war, and every one realized that previous conceptions of him, either as the national poet or the assistant of restaurateurs, were inadequate. One might as well speak of Elgar as the composer of "Salut d'Amour" as call Sibelius the composer of "Valse Triste." Not that the symphony did anything to advance Sibelius's popularity. The only occasion when it has been played in London was last year, when Sir Henry Wood managed to place it in a programme the public for which was secured by the presence of a famous singer. What a pity that famous singers are not used more often in this way. They might be made so useful as a means of entertaining the many while really interesting music is given for the few who want it.

It has always been a moot point how far the suggestion that a work is for the few rather than the many casts a stigma on the work itself. Certainly the types of modern music which flourish on the enthusiasms of small coteries of admirers are frequently short-lived. On the other hand, many of the greatest things, such as the chamber music of Brahms and, dare we add, the choral works of Parry, have had to endure long periods in which only a few appreciated their outstanding significance. Such works are always those which most contradict the fashions of their times. Sibelius's A minor symphony does not so much contradict a current fashion as show him completely oblivious of all fashion. Listening to this work it is quite impossible to refer it to any known symphonic standard. One many compare Elgar with Cesar Franck, Scriabin with Listz, Mahler with Bruckner and Berlioz, while almost all the minor symphonists of whatever country stand somewhere on Brahms's ladder, though many rungs below him. Sibelius does not tell his hearers what his symphony is about, nor make up for his reserve by filling the ears with luscious melody and exuberant harmony. He does not pile up terrific climaxes, nor return triumphantly to his initial ideas with a "Finally, my brethren." The symphony in A minor emerges from the mist and returns there again, which just allows us to ask whether there is a possible analogy between it and that "London Symphony" which we have heard several times lately. But Sibelius and Vaughan Williams do not seem to meet in anything but just this one characteristic and the fact, which after all is the justification of all artists, that each has seen a vision.

What gives us faith in Sibelius's vision is the wonderful directness of the lines in which he has drawn his presentation of it. It is so clear to him that he has no need to search for terms of expression, no temptation to reinforce it with persuasive argument. One tune, like that which the violoncello propounds in the first movement may ignore keys and defy harmonic analysis; another like that of the oboe in the Scherzo be severely diatonic. At one moment he seems wholly devoted to the expansion of a theme, at another a few swift flashes, a blaze of brass, a pungent chord on stopped horns breaks through the continuity, like the sudden confidence of an aloof and reserved nature. He is, indeed, very little concerned with method, yet the result is a symphony because the details find ultimate relevance to ears which refer him to no standard but his own. It is the unique individuality of this symphony which makes us look forward with peculiar interest to the new one to be heard today. It has been hinted by these who know i' ha

E flat is very different from its predecessor. We hope so, and indeed shoul expect it to be so, for one of the fas cinations of the A minor is its suggestion that the composer could say so much more if he would. Perhaps, too, as has also been hinted, the E flat symphony will appeal more immediately to a wide public, and that may be good or bad news. We await the event.

H. G. Wells, Playwright

"The Wonderful Visit," a play by H. G. Wells and St. John Ervine, was produced at St. Martin's, London, on Feb. 10. We quote the review in the Times:

The worst of these visitors from other spheres—messengers from Mars, angels from heaven, or whatever—is that we have become used to them. They have lost all supernatural prestige. They remind us of Coleridge's ghosts: "He had seen too many of them to believe in them."

But you are to suppose it to be for precisely the opposite reason that the parishioners of Siddermorton do not believe in the angel who visits them. He is too strange. The curate's wife takes him for a young lady because he wears short skirts. The local great lady makes a better guess at his sex (though not on the same grounds as the lady in La Revolte des Anges), and bids him wear trousers. The curate regards him as an impostor, because angels are only for Sundays. The squire suggests he is a "by-blow" of the bachelor vicar's. The doctor takes him for an interesting pathological "case." A village yokel takes him for a big white-bird, and shoots him. Only the vicar believes that he is the angel he declares he is. The vicar's housemaid (with "war baby") believes and disbelieves; believes when he befriends her, disbelieves when h "dusts the jacket" of the squire.

In about a week—it seems quick work—he becomes de-angelized, loses his wings, and dwindles into a man. But his awkward questions, while he was still in the angel stage, his indignation at the spectacle of man's inhumanity to man, his general "superiority," have so exasperated the parishioners that they insist on his being ejected from the parish.

Then the vicarage catches fire. The visitor and the housemaid are burned to death in trying to rescue the war-baby. The visitor becomes an angel once more—and lo! when the lights are turned up on the vicar's garden, it was all a dream. (By the way, the vicar should tell his gardener that a knife, not shears, is the proper tool for trimming large-leaved evergreens, and that rhododendrons should not be trimmed by any tool when they are in full flower.) It was rather a lengthy dream, and a wordy. Angels, however argumentative ought not to be prolix.

Mr. Harold French makes a beautiful angel to look at, if you are not tired of the Christmas card variety. Miss Moyna Macgill is a pretty and prettily pathetic fille-mere. Mr. J. H. Roberts and Mr. Lawrence Hanray are the clergymen, good and bad. Miss Compton (bating some lapses of memory) is as amusingly Miss Compton as ever

Strictly Personal

(From the London Journals.)

Sir Walter Parratt, the organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, who was receiving congratulations on his 80th birthday yesterday, began his professional career at a Huddersfield church 69 years ago, when he was 11 years of age. For 10 years he presided over the organ at Magdalen College, Oxford, and began his long connection with the music of St. George's Chapel 39 years ago. His predecessor, Sir George Elvey, held the Windsor post just three years short of half a century; so that the two between them have scored 86 years. This is not, however, a record. That belongs to Westminster Abbey, where Sir Frederick Bridge, who retired in 1919, after holding the post of organist 44 years, succeeded James Turle, who retired in 1875 with 56 years of service to his credit, 99 years being the record of the two organists.

Cathleen Nesbitt played Cleopatra in Shakespeare's tragedy early last month at a performance given by the Oxford University Dramatic Society.

The musical villain is not a hackneyed figure in fiction, though one recalls that Wilkie Collins's Count Fosco had singing habits. Mr. St. John Lucas, in "The Plunge," his new novel just published by Blackwood's, has drawn for us a young man who is a wonderful singer, but a most unpleasant person—conceited, snobbish, lying and cruel. How he contrives to disown his father and break the heart of the girl whose love he has won goes to make up a story that lives and moves. It propounds the story, "Is selfishness essential to art in music?" Musicians, as well as all other novel readers, will find much to discuss—and possibly to disagree with—here, but they will all concede that it is a careful, if bitter, character study.

Moritz Rosenthal, the Polish pianist now visiting London for the first time for several years, is keenly interested in literature and has graduated M. A. His memory is so good that if you start him with a line of Heine's poems he can usually finish the whole poem. Dr. Richter introduced him to his orchestra in London 25 years ago thus:

"Gentlemen, this is the king of pianists." Rosenthal was devoted to Liszt and traveled much with him, and has written delightfully of Liszt. He has been playing in public for 45 years.—London Daily Chronicle.

The death of George Formby removes from the variety stage one who was a prince among broad comedians. He was "The Man from Lancashire," whose adroit employment of his native dialect and wit, combined with a good "hall" voice, won laurels everywhere. His countrymen, as well as theatrical London, were proud of him, and, in the words of the former, "'E were a lad," though it required a Lancashire point of view to perceive the subtle suggestion of so simple a phrase, just as it needed the Lancastrian smack of tongue to provide the right rendering of "lad." None but himself could have achieved so great a success as did George Formby with his catch-patter: "John Willie—come on!"—London Daily Chronicle.

All his public life Mr. Plunket Greene has been an innovator, and even now, when his appearances are not so frequent as once they were, he yet continues to go ahead. He has a song recital at Aeolian Hall next Tuesday evening, at which he invites all who care to do so to smoke to their hearts' content." Why not? Yet it is a novel idea, though why it should be so, having regard to the fact that today every possible inducement must be offered to the public to persuade them to turn out o' nights is not clear. Concerts now are as uncomfortable as they were 50 years ago. Why?

M. Sliotl tells me that Glazounoff is not at all dead, as has been somewhat circumstantially stated. As a fact, Glazounoff obtained six weeks' leave from the Bolsheviks to go to Reval. There he was to conduct two orchestral concerts. It will be recalled that Sliotl was himself reported dead several times ere he left Russia and a similar "fate" seems to dog the footsteps of his friend Glazounoff. Truly man dies many times before his death. Glazounoff is sure of a hearty welcome when he arrives in London, where he is shortly due. He has visited us more than once before the war, and as a fact, I think, he conducted a concert on one occasion at the Royal College of Music.

"The Enraged Musician"

To the Editor of The Herald:

I was much interested in the article in Sunday's Herald from the London Times on the question of jazz music. I own a copy of the painting the writer refers to, "The Enraged Musician." Some years ago it was at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston and in cleaning the initials of the copyist and date 1747 came to light. I have owned the picture about 30 years. It came from Southampton, Eng., 20 or more years earlier. It may have been copied from the original by some pupil of Hogarth's as the artist lived in Southampton for some time, so the books say. It is not for sale nor is it valuable only as a historical relic. The church in the background (St. Martin's in the Fields, I think) flies the national ensign from the spire and in this case the flag is not red, but blue, crossed by the white cross of St. George. The play bill on the musician's house is a bill of "The Beggars Opera." Under a glass the name of Peg Woffington can be read, so friends tell me, but I could not distinguish the name myself. I did not know "Sweet Peggy" was ever an opera singer nor do I think 1747 would synchronize as to the dates. S. H.

Westminster.

P. S.—Was not Peg Woffington the original "Lass of Richmond Hill"?

A Strange "Omar Khayyam"

There was produced at the Philharmonic Hall on Saturday night, Feb. 12, an entertainment which was described variously on the program as a "spectacle" and an "Oriental fantasy." As a matter of fact, it was neither. It was simply a badly arranged series of tableaux, songs, and dances based on the poem. The producers condescended to make use of Fitzgerald's version, but they apparently thought they could better the order in which the verses stand, and they altered the position of some of them with surprising effect. The idea seemed to be that Mr. Fisher White should recite selected passages, while other verses were sung by a corps of four singers. When the interest of this kind of entertainment flagged some meagrely clad dancers performed evolutions in front of the audience. This idea was good, but the execution left a good deal to seek.

Mr. White was excellent as Omar. He recited his lines with a fine sonority and gave the performance a note of dignity of which it was sadly in need. The singers were loudly applauded, indeed, so much applause did they obtain that the audience on Saturday night had the privilege of seeing the performance practically twice over. It is rather unwise to give quite so many encores, and on Saturday there was very little discrimination. The dancers were the Achilles' heel of the production. They were Oriental in their costumes, it must be admitted, but their method of conveying the various emotions they were called on to depict was rather ungainly. Altogether it was not a very inspiriting production, but it did contain the germ of a good idea, and Mr. Fisher White's performance was an excellent feat of elocution.—London Times.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Mr. Rachmaninoff, pianist, with a program of music by Russian composers. See special notice.

Convention Hall, St. Botolph street, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M., 250th concert of the Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Anna Pavlowa and Ballet Russe company, with orchestra led by Theodore Stier. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Marie Magdeleine du Carp, pianist. Couperin, Le Moucheron, La Fleurie; Rameau, Les Tourbillons; Bach, Sarabande and passepied; Scarlatti, Allegro; Mozart, Pastorale variee—these pieces to be played without pause; Schumann Carnaval; Pierne, Etude Symphonique; Ravel Jeux d'eau; Philipp, Phalenes; Schubert-Liszt Hark, Hark the Lark; Liszt, Napoli (Tarantella).

Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Anna Pavlowa and Ballet Russe. Mr. Stier, conductor. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Anna Pavlowa and Ballet Russe. Mr. Stier, conductor. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third and last concert of the Flonzaley Quartet. Haydn, Quartet, D major, op. 64, No. 5; Vreuls, Two Movements from Quartet in D minor; Schumann, Quartet in A major, op. 41, No. 3.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Riccardo Stracciari, baritone.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Joseph Hislop, tenor, of the Chicago Opera Society. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Gertrude Tingley, mezzo-contralto; Mrs. Dudley Fitts, accompanist. Paradies, Quel Ruscelletto; Sgambati, Oblio; Rontani-Floridia, Or ch' io non seguo pin; 15th century song arr. by Tiersot, L'Amour de Moi; Marais, Si j'etais petit Oiseau; Debussy, The Letter from "Pelleas and Melisande"; Paladilhe, Lamento Provencale; Millot, Le Temps a laisse son Manteau; Franck, Le Vase brise; Missa, Serenade lunaire; Lenormand, Le petit gardeur de Chevres; Szulc, Dansons la gigue; Cyril Scott, The Unforseen, Tyrolese Evensong; Ireland, Adoration; J. Spencer, A Gally Dressed Damsel, and Do I Love Thee; Kramer, The Last Hour; Somervell, When Spring Returns.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Monteux, conductor.

APOLLO CLUB'S 250TH

On Tuesday, March 8, at 8 o'clock, in Jordan Hall, the Apollo Club will give its 250th concert. This will mark the completion of 50 years of untiring, conscientious and successful effort to give Boston an excellent musical organization, one that has become world-renowned and upheld a high place in the history and traditions of musical Boston. During these years it has searched the libraries of the world for the best compositions in the male voice field and presented them. The Apollo Club today, as in years past, keeps its standard of performance up to the most critical demands. The concert next Tuesday night has been specially prepared for the occasion. Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, soprano, is the soloist. D. W. Hanscom, tenor, and W. M. Parks, baritone, members of the club, will sing incidental solos. The program will be as follows:

Hail! Land of Liberty.....Denghausen
The Trumpeter.....Dix, arr. by Salter
Miller's Song (sung at first concert 1872).Zoellner
Non mi dir ("Don Giovanni").....Mozart
Mrs. Williams
In the Wood.....Spielter
Laudate Dominum.....Converse
With Trumpets, Trombones and Organ
Silent Recollection.....Pache
The Night-Wind.....Farley
By a Lonely Forest Pathway.....Griffes
Forest-Song.....Whelpley
A Little Song.....Voorhis
Mrs. Williams
Old Folks at Home.Foster, arr Van der Stucken
With baritone solo, Dr. W. M. Parks
Musical Trust (written for the Club)...Hadley
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.....Nevin
With two pianos.
Obbligato by Mrs. Williams
Slumber Song.....John C. Warren
The Rose and the Gardener.Laurislon L. Scaife
With tenor obbligato by Dean W. Hanscom (Mr. Scaife, active tenor 1872-1883, and now a retired active).
The Soldiers' Chorus, "Faust".....Gounod
With Trumpets, Trombones and Organ

Mrs. Hudson-Alexander is

There was no question that Mrs. Hudson-Alexander's audience was pleased with her concert in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon; nor was there doubt of the singer's own enjoyment. She faced a somewhat difficult task when she chose an entire program from American songs, perhaps, for some of the music was not really inspired.

Mrs. Hudson-Alexander is one of the singers who do their best only under pressure, in her case the pressure of response from the audience. So in every case when she repeated a song she sang it better. This repetition occurred several times as the audience showed its desire.

Again and again the singer proved that emotion in singing does not depend wholly on the quantity of tone produced, for she showed frequently a fine reticence on high notes where a crude singer would have forced the voice—though she did not spare a full voiced note when occasion demanded. Often these high notes were beautiful in texture and quality.

The program was constructed with neatness. The second section, after the opening "Hark! A Voice from Yonder Manger," by George W. Chadwick, represented the lighter vein of sentiment and gusto in life, with MacDowell's "A Maid Sings Light," and "Long Ago," Nevin's "'Twas April"—which was sung with fine fervor and beauty—Arthur Foote's "The Wanderer to His Heart's Desire," and "Roses in Winter," and Horatio Parker's "The Lark Now Leaves His Watery Nest." The second song by Mr. Foote was repeated, as well as the "'Twas April."

The third section was rather dull so far as the music itself was concerned, either too conventional for special notice or original without easily discerned motive. One wondered why the melody, the harmony was written in that way instead of in any one of a dozen other ways. The music lacked anything like finality, unless one expect the "A Thousand Years Ago or More." The "Orientale" of Marion Bauer was repeated.

The fourth section was an air from Mr. Cadman's opera, "Shanewis," Mrs. Alexander sang it well, but one could understand why people do not seem to care for American operas.

The fifth section began with Mr. William Arms Fisher's setting for Sara Teasdale's poem "I Heard a Cry," a thrilling and dramatic bit of beauty. "I Know Where a Garden Grows" by John H. Dinsmore, with its lilting measures, was repeated by request. After this section Mrs. Hudson-Alexander sang her "Big Brown Bear," to the general delight.

A thoroughly pleasing concert.

Mr. Mitch ka Ditch of Brookton writes to The Herald quoting this paragraph, clipped from a newspaper:

"Not much prospect this year for the old-time six weeks' sledding in March."

Mr. Ditch says: "Forty or more years ago I used to hear the above, and it made my boy's mind inquisitive. I asked the older people how March could have six weeks of sledding. I was gravely informed by a person nearly 90 years old that 'it was the name of a man; thus one could see Weeks sledding in March.' Did you ever hear of it in your boyhood, and is it the cause of the statement?"

We knew in our boyhood a man named Quartus Dickerman. Perhaps there was a Sextus Weeks, familiarly known as "Six" Weeks. We have supposed that the phrase "Six weeks in March" was a slur on the month itself, as an especially disagreeable month, apparently longer than the time allotted in the calendar. In the folk lore of more than one country March is said to borrow a few days from either February or April.

Mr. Simmons's Humor

As the World Wags:

Is it quite like an "Old Bostonian" to ridicule a host—or—as in this case—his father's host?

Referring to the article "As She Is Spelled" in today's Herald, I think John Simmons, my uncle, undoubtedly authorized the spelling of that sign, "Please Wipe Your Feat," in his front hallway.

Mr. Simmons always had a sense of humor, and it is possible that the father of this man who signs himself "Old Bostonian" had, at some earlier visit, made it imperative that a playfulness of this kind was necessary!

THORNTON H. SIMMONS.

Boston, March 4.

The New Woman

As the World Wags:

An imprisoned London suffragette was asked by sympathetic "visitresse":

"Do you pray to God?"

"I do," replied the "martyresse."

"Continue doing so," said the friend, "and She will help you."

Beverly. GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

O Isle of Yap

As the World Wags:

To the student of language there is nothing particularly funny in words of languages other than his own, and he does not enjoy the jokes of the less sophisticated. A few years ago the agent of the French line in New York, M. Forget, was prominently before the public, which, in ignorance of the pronunciation of his name, advised him to forget it, and we were all pleased at the pronunciation of the name Ypres by the Tommies as Wipers. My curly brown pup Foch, who boarded last summer with a lady who evidently did not know whether to rhyme him with the Scotch loch or with clock, and who had never heard of the word boche, was renamed Marshall by her, to his intense disgust. I have indeed heard a line of German students moved to laughter by hearing the name "Sauerhaering" called out, but we know how the Jews were insulted in the middle ages in the matter of names.

I am ignorant of the languages of India, and I do not know the pronunciation of the place-name Swat, but either your encyclopaedic brain or that of Mr. Herkimer Johnson will be able to quote those famous lines on the death of the Ahkoond of Swat beginning:

"What, what, what,
What's the news from Swat?"

Digging in the tailings of this literary mine I have unearthed this gem of purest ray serene, which I permit you to expose in your vitrine (the rhyme is unintentional). It seems to me to have been written not by a minor, but by a minimal poet:

Yap, Yap, Yap!
O Isle of Yap,
Not on the map,
Our friend, the Jap,
In quest of pap,
Ahead a lap,
May cause mishap
Or cable gap
If Colby nap,
His banner flap
And mandate clap
On Isle of Yap.
Care I a rap,
No, verbum sap,
There's too much Yap.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Worcester, March 2.

The Ahkoond of Swat died on Jan. 22, 1876. Mr. Webster quotes from the famous poem of George T. Lanigan. Does he know the verses of Edward Lear, inspired by the death of the Ahkoond, or, as Lear spells the word, Akond? Lear found over 20 rhymes for Swat. He began:

"Who, or why, or which, or what,
Is the Akond of Swat?
"Is he tall or short, or dark or fair?
Does he sit on a stool or a sofa or chair,
Or Squat?
The Akond of Swat?"

We wish there was space for the whole poem. There is room for only one other verse and the ending.

"Does he wear a white tie when he dines
with friends,
And tie it neat in a bow with ends,
Or a Knot?
The Akond of Swat?"
"Someone, or nobody, knows I wot
Who or which or why or what
Is the Akond of Swat?"

But it was reserved for Lanigan to write:

"Your great Ahkoond is dead!
That Swats the matter!"

"Leprosarium"

As the World Wags:

A special dispatch from New Bedford in The Herald of this morning makes use of the word "leprosarium." Isn't that word a new one? I think that it must be, for I have never before heard it or seen it in print. Is the word needed? What is the matter with the word "lazaretto"? Does "leprosarium" convey any meaning different from that of "lazaretto"? If not, I hope that the word died aborning instead of becoming a permanent accretion to the English vocabulary, which is already bewilderingly large. Many new words are coined because those who coin them are ignorant of the existence of old words which have the meaning that the new words are intended to convey, and I more than half suspect that the coiner of that new word "leprosarium" coined it because of his ignorance of the existence of the word "lazaretto." That's the most plausible explanation that I can think of for the coinage of the new word. TIMON.

March 3.

Concerning the Theatre

(By Charles Baudelaire.)

I have always thought since my childhood that the finest thing in the theatre is the chandelier—a beautiful object, luminous, crystalline, complicated, circular, symmetrical. However, I do not absolutely deny the value of dramatic literature. I wish, however, that the comedians stood on very high clogs, wore masks that were more expressive than the human face, and used speaking trumpets; and that the roles for women were played by men. After all, the chandelier has always seemed to me the principal actor, whether it is seen through the big or the little end of an opera-glass.

RACHMANINOFF

For his farewell concert of the season in Boston, Mr. Rachmaninoff played an entirely Russian program at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. This music affects different people in widely variant ways; to some at least there seemed yesterday a lack of solidity in it that kept

am from attaining the dig-
Mr. Rachmaninoff's former
s.

Russian music is often retarded
a full effect by its very lack of
rticulateness; one cannot help feel-
g that the emotion would be much
reater with the listener if only the
composer had more of the pangs of
creation when he writes.

Audience Grew Restive

Though Mr. Rachmaninoff played with his usual fineness and dexterity, the audience showed much more restiveness than usual. This seemed due to the character of the music itself.

The emotions of this music do not run back to any reasoned background; they fling themselves out in violent protest against they hardly know what, or they roll in sentimentality. The listener often sees no cause for their expression, and fails to discover that they reach any conclusion.

The first number was Mr. Rachmaninoff's own Sonata No. 2 (opus 36), which was well but not enthusiastically received. For all its brilliance one found less of significance than he might have hoped. The second group contained selections from Rubenstein, Tschaikowsky, and Moussorgsky, all in light or jocular vein. The Etude, opus 81, of Rubenstein, fluttered neatly over the keys, and the Valse, opus 40, of Tschaikowsky, sang its unimportant song. The Gopak, of Moussorgsky, which was repeated in response to vigorous applause, had in it some of the seeds of relationship to American ragtime and, with its stirring rhythm and sudden kicks of emotions, apparently was understood.

Scriabine's sonata No. 5, the third number, passed in contrasting sweetness and storm, without much impression. Of the two Novelles, opus 17, of Medtner, the contrast in mood and quantity of tone was marked, and the first had considerable beauty. For the fifth group Mr. Rachmaninoff's own music served, two Etudes Tableaux, in modo Antico and Allegro Molto. The first has a quaint feeling in it, with a strong reminiscence of modern French piano music. Finally two pieces by Scriabine, a poeme and an etude, the latter of which, in its rush and fire stirred the audience to such applause as received generous encores.

Mr. Rachmanioff's touch was beautiful, his realization of what the music had to say was always adequate. One merely wondered if he might not have done his powers greater credit with a different program.

Sonata No. 2 (opus 36).....Rachmaninoff
Etude, opus 81.....Rubinstein
Valse, opus 40.....Tschaikowsky
Gopak.....Moussorgsky
Sonata No. 5 (opus 53).....Scriabin
Two Novelles (opus 17).....Medtner
Two Etudes Tableaux (opus 39)...Rachmaninoff
In modo antico.
Allegro molto.
Poeme (opus 32).....Scriabin
Etude (opus 8).....Scriabin

SUNDAY SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer conductor, gave its 15th concert in Convention Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was:

Chaloff "Tragic" Overture; Tschaikowski, Two Movements from Concerto for Pianoforte No. 1, Op. 23, Mr. Souvaine and the Ampico; Raff, Symphony No. 3 "Im Walde."

missed much for the Chaloff piece is very interesting. Boston may claim the composer, for he was born here, of Russian parents in 1892, and won the first Mason and Hamlin prize for piano forte playing in 1910. The "Tragic" Overture" was written in 1911, and first performed in 1912 by the Philharmonic Orchestra of Goerlitz, Germany, the composer conducting. It was first performed in this country at a Boston Symphony "Pop" concert, July 2, 1915, and has been played here twice since.

Mch 8 1921

Greenwich Village Follies'

By PHILIP HALE

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Greenwich Village Follies of 1920," devised and staged by John Murray Anderson, dialogue by Thomas J. Gray, lyrics by J. M. Anderson and Arthur Swanstrom, music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Musical director, Ira Jacobs. Costumes and settings designed by Robert E. Locher.

The dialogue and the lyrics are negligible. The chief comedians were Messrs. Meyers and Hanford, whose Arkansas ditty was very amusing. Wordsworth found music in a bleak stone wall; Mr. Meyers extracted it from a sandsaw. All this was good fooling, and the seriousness of the performers added greatly to the fun. Messrs. Savoy and Brennan indulged themselves in broad jesting. Mr. Savoy was at times funny; he was often vulgar; and there were times when his vulgarity was witless and dull. Then there were Messrs. Collins and Hart, with a remarkable parrot. The two without this knowing bird revived the good old acrobatic act with the invisible wire. Miss Constance Farber sang, or rather recited songs, that were hardly suitable for a vestry entertainment. Miss Venita Gould gave "imitations" which were enjoyed hugely by those who had never seen the stage people whom she mimicked.

The show is chiefly conspicuous for the singular beauty and effectiveness of the stage settings, the taste displayed in the selection of costumes for these settings, the exquisite or gorgeous effects of color and lighting, and the dancing. Chief among the many beautiful or striking scenes were the Russian and the Persian, but the simplest setting was a pleasure to the eye.

There was excellent dancing. Miss Margaret Severn was graceful and exciting in the oriental dance to interpolated music, and in her dances when she wore the masks prepared by Mr. W. T. Benda she showed uncommon versatility, suiting her movements and gestures to the mask worn at the moment. Baudelaire wished that all actors and actresses would be masked, that their faces might thus show greater intelligence. Long after him Anatole France wished that all tragedies and comedies could be played by marionettes, who would be more emotional and more impressive than the artists at the Comedie Francaise. Unmasked Miss Severn has a charming and expressive face; yet masked she was even more effective in terpsichorean delineation of character. Her dance of the silly girl was especially striking.

Ivan Bankoff and his partner, Mlle Phebe, were also excellent. Motionless statuesque for a time in the Valentin scene, they then showed a skill in posturing and gesturing, an astonishing flexibility, an abandon that in dancer of less intelligence would have been purely acrobatic. The dexterity of Mr. Bankoff and the grace of Mlle. Phebe turned the scene into an artistic revelation. And in the Russian scene they danced frenetically, with steps of the hopak.

James Clemons contributed an extraordinary dance of an acrobatic nature, reminding one of Artemus Ward's description of Heber C. Kimball in Salt Lake City: "I am told he is a loose and reckless dancer." Mr. Hanford also showed agility in this field.

The show is well worth seeing for the stage settings and the costumes alone. Mr. Sloane's music served its purpose, for it did not distract the attention from the stage, and no one was annoyed on leaving the theatre by hearing any one of the tunes whistled or hummed. A very large audience laughed and applauded. A pleasant feature of the entertainment was the absence of tiresome repetitions; scene succeeded scene without delay. When the comedians disappointed, there was always a pleasure for the eye: The sight of the costumes and the scenery.

'FRECKLES' OPENS

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Freckles," a dramatization of Gene Stratton Porter's book of that name.

The Arlington Players gave a satisfactory production of this romantic play. William Shelly Sullivan had the principal part and played it with appreciation of its opportunities.

Frances Anderson is at her best in an Irish character, and as Angel her sprightly talents appeared to the best advantage.

Edward Varney as Black Jack, the timber thief and all around villain, aroused the displeasure of the audience, which was allayed only in the final act, when he meets his deserts at the hands of his partner in crime.

One might criticise the costume of the head teamster as rather incongruous and the dialect of Wessner, the cook, as a patois, a mixture of Jewish, Dutch and negro dialect, but these were minor defects which detracted little from enjoyment of the performance.

W. J. Brady as the boss of the lumber camp was a strong character, and Duncan and Mrs. Duncan shared the comedy with Ashton Newton.

The fine playing of the orchestra added much to the pleasure of the evening.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"Earthbound," a film drama by Basil King. First presentation in Boston. The cast:

Richard Desborough.....Wyndham Standing
Caroline Desborough.....Naomi Childers
Connie Desborough.....Billie Cotton
Jim Rittenshaw.....Mahlon Hamilton
Daisy Rittenshaw.....Flora Revalles
Dr. Roger Galloway.....Alec. B. Francis
Harvey Breck.....W. Lawson Butt
Fanny De Windt.....Kate Lester

—If Basil King really thinks it necessary to provide semi-religious material for the screen, he should at least get his ideas straight before he begins. He should make up his mind whether he believes in the theories of the spiritualist, or whether he will stick to the dogma of the Episcopal Church. The two will not mix. "Earthbound" is proof of this; it is an extremely dull attempt to cloak an ordinary plot in "highfalutin," pretentious nonsense. Nothing is so irritating, whether it be in novel or play, as to find the author pompously uttering well-worn platitudes, or simple truths, as if he had just discovered them. Mr. King does this in "Earthbound." Furthermore, last night's audience, since it gathered in a theatre, presumably was there to be entertained. And yet all it got for entertainment, so far as the piece-de-resistance is concerned, was a sort of third-rate sermon, in the form of a picture. If those present had had to listen to that sort of thing in a church, their intelligence would have been insulted. And we still maintain that the theatre is no place for sermons, good or bad.

The plot, stripped of its verbiage, tells the story of "Dick" Desborough and his wife, Caroline, and their friends, Jim Rittenshaw and his wife, Daisy. The two men, in their college days, had agreed there was no sin, no God, and that the only rule of life was "the survival of the fittest." Dick proceeds to live up to this belief by having an affair with his friend's wife, Daisy. Jim murders Dick; Dick's spirit, because it is "earthbound" through wrong, wanders around and makes everyone uncomfortable, until Daisy, by testifying in Jim's behalf, makes things come out right; Caroline forgives the spirit of her dead husband, and his last appearance on the screen shows him walking up the California mountains toward heaven. Here again Mr. King is hopelessly muddled; Episcopal clergymen no longer insist on picturing heaven as a material place beyond the skies; certainly the spiritualists do not. What, then, does Mr. King mean by it? And why should we have to worry our poor heads over it in the theatre?

The oompany, which includes Flora Revalles, once a dancer with the Russian Ballet, produces an effect of unmitigated gloom. Perhaps, however, this was the intention of author and producer. A marvellous dog, a Russian borzoi, is the one lifelike, interesting creature in the picture.

Since "Earthbound" does not go on the screen until 10 minutes past 9, two shorter pictures, "Edgar's Feast Day" and "Nature's Jewels," serve to appease the expectant audience.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"Gertie's Garter," farce in three acts by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood. First performance in Boston. The cast:

Pattie Walrick.....Dorothy Mackaye
Billy Felton.....Lorin Raker
Nanette.....Adele Rolland
Gertie Darling.....Hazel Dawn
Allen.....Walter Jones
Ken Walrick.....Donald MacDonald
Teddy Darling.....Louis Kimball
Barbara Felton.....Eleanor Dawn
Alsy Riggs.....Raymond Walburn

Last night's performance at the Plymouth was new in appearance only. In material and story "Gertie's Garter," follows with meticulous exactitude the long practised, sophisticated style so cherished and so developed by the artful Mr. Woods. Even the actors were remembered by an appreciative audience as the guileless farceurs who have amused in previous but similar productions. It made little difference to last night's overflowing house whether the action was "Up in Mabel's Room" or in and around the Darling bungalow. Hazel Dawn and Walter Jones, seasoned purveyors of the spicy drama, would of a surety furnish some two hours more or less in humors of a simple and not too subtle nature. Again what need of worry whether the means be chemise or garter, so long as it was guaranteed to be feminine.

The plot, though hectic and many times disfigured by the long arm of circumstance, is easily reducible to a comprehensible summary. It would seem that the action takes place on the wedding day of Gertie and Freddy Darling. To enjoy a quiet honeymoon they steal away to the Darling bungalow, which, be it know, it to let or for sale. Were they as wise in the Woodsian manner as we, they might have known this to be fatal. But, being blissful children of the theatre, they came, not knowing that Pattie Walrick and Billy Felton, their wedding guests, had preceded them. And, of course, this latter pair being married, it was but to be expected that their respective husband and wife should quickly follow.

To make certain of no misfire in the evening's entertainment Gertie made desperate attempt to return a diamond studded garter Ken. Welrick had given her. Such garters, with a photograph of the young lover attached, you know, were all the rage in Paris last year.

Thus premised, thus motivated the story told of the futile attempts of one and all to evade the eagle eye of wife or husband, while all the time the sumptuous garter swiftly made the rounds, to be duly inspected and passed on. And it is necessary to add that as the minute hand pushed its relentless way toward 11, the authors with deft and seeming casual stroke of the pen untangled the knots and sent three happy couples to their respective bedrooms.

Mr. Comson and Mr. Hopwood are to be congratulated on their ingenious powers of invention, as when the genial butler, Allen, saw sheeted ghost and grandfather's clock walk out the window. Or again when he saw trains and ribbons of many colored hue slip mysteriously through closed doors. Or yet again when he sought to lift a weighty trunk, made doubly heavy by the concealed form of Pattie, and turning away for a bit of alcoholic stimulus, resumed his efforts on a trunk left suddenly empty. Walter Jones, the well groomed, very experienced Allen, found in this trunk facile humors that one almost suspects were formerly used with less elaborate effect in "lightnin'." And then to form contrast he found ready laughs in the well-tried comics of the telephone.

One and all the actors worked with a will, though never once were they put to a test that taxed their powers. Hazel Dawn and Walter Jones appeared as stars and through consequence reaped a full harvest from their bountiful supply of "fad" lines. But the others deserve no less of credit.

"Gertie's Garter" is good in kind, and, for the not exacting patron of the sophisticated drama, an excellent evening's amusement.

DOOLEY BROTHERS

"Two Vagrants," with William and Gordon Dooley assisted by Arthur Hartley, Helen Patterson, William Foran and a sextet of pretty girls, is the headline act at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week.

It is not too much to say that this act is one of the best in vaudeville. It is long, but interest is maintained. There is an unusually opulent hand evidenced in the investiture of the act; there is ever changing variety; a group of girls who, besides being attractive, dance and sing uncommonly well; but above all are the Dooley brothers, versatile to an unusual degree.

First as the vagrants in the court room scene, then as the "union" electricians and finally as men and women of the harem, they offer their unique style of comedy, keeping the audience in an uproar with their perilous falls, their excellent pantomime, their screaming burlesque.

Other acts on the bill are Ruby Norton, in an excellent act of song; Alan Coogan and Mary Casey, two convincing comedians, in a new act of interesting comedy and dance; Equilli Bothers, equilibrists; Bert Levy, cartoonist; Sully and Houghton, in song, chatter and dance; Russell and Devitt, comedians and dancers, and Margaret Taylor, performing on the wire.

Although Mr. Herkimer Johnson is a careless dresser, he cuts out all newspaper articles pertaining to male and female dress, arrangements of hair, whiskerage, etc., as material for his colossal work, as yet unpublished, on "Man as a Social and Political Beast" (Elephant folio; sold only by subscription). He is impressed by the theory that women's fashions move in cycles: men's clothing "tends to become stereotyped to the age to which it belongs." Cave drawings by men of the reindeer age discovered in Spain and France show that the women toward the close of the glacial period wore very short skirts. Mr. Johnson also informs us that London swells no longer grease their hair. The "clotted kokernut" is no longer fashionable. The epidemic while it lasted was also known as "the butcher boy's head." If Mr. Johnson is to be believed, the young gentlemen of Harvard in the matter of hairdressing copy the youths resplendent in street-car and magazine advertisements of collars.

Mr. Johnson showed us a clipping from the New York Evening Post, a highly respectable journal once edited by William Cullen Bryant: "Now that trousers are cut full and straight and turn-ups are abolished for all but avowedly sporting kits, suspenders are almost imperative to uphold's one's dignity. . . . It is not known to every man that suspenders of finest silk webbing may be procured in beautiful and variegated patterns to match almost any color scheme." Mr. Johnson read this to us with a tremulous voice, and then said: "But who will see these beautiful and variegated gallowses? I am told that it is not the thing to remove one's coat and waistcoat in the playhouse or at the formal dinners of our best people, to use the haberdasher's pot phrase."

The Big Wave

As the World Wags:

The phenomenon of the periodic recurrence of the big wave, which has been discussed in your columns, is by no means unknown to scientific men. It is due to what is called the interference of two trains of waves of different wave-lengths or distances between crests, the two trains existing at the same place. Thus when two crests of the individual waves come together we have a high wave, and where the crest of one and the trough of another we have a low wave. The same effect in optics produces the interference so wonderfully utilized by Michelson to measure

the diameter of a star, and in sound it produces the beats of periodic re-enforcement of the sound which is known to most people, including musicians.

It is by no means true that the ninth or the third wave, as variously claimed in your columns, is always the big one—let us say the nth, to be general. The reason for the occurrence of waves of different lengths at the same place is that water waves of different lengths travel with different velocities, so that one train may catch up with another, just at the beach. If you think that all day the ninth wave, or any other, will always be a big one, you are much mistaken, as would be easily shown by a wave recorder, which could be easily made, although I am not aware of its having been done. It is true that a Siwash Indian, or an unwashed white, may be capable of as good an observation as Sir Isaac Newton, but I notice that he seldom deduces from it a law of gravitation or a principle of relativity, and I make bold to doubt whether they "savvy more about sea-water than any white man." I make bold to doubt whether the Indians ever observed that there were tides on the Big-Sea-Water, but there are. At any rate, when your Indian has observed your big wave, your physicist comes along and gives the explanation. How many people do you think can correctly describe the form of a wave-profile, or tell you what is the sharpest angle a wave-crest can have without breaking?

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.
Worcester.

In the Playhouse

(Leigh Hunt)

A bad actor may be defined as an animal who utters a certain number of sounds to exercise the patience of a certain number of people.

For These Times

(Francis Bacon)

"The corrupter sort of mere politiques that have not their thoughts established by learning in the love and apprehension of duty, nor never look abroad into universality do refer all things to themselves and thrust themselves into the centre of the world, as if all times should meet in them and their fortunes, never caring in all tempests what becomes of the ship of estates, so they may save themselves in the cock-boat of their own fortune, whereas men that feel the weight of duty and know the limits of self-love, use to make good their places and duties, though with peril."

"Politic" or "politique," meaning a politician, has long been disused. Meaning a "temporizer," or an indifferentist in matters of religion, "politique" was derived from the word designating the opportunist and moderate party "which arose in France about 1573 during the Huguenot wars and regarded peace and political reform as more urgent than the decision by arms of the religious quarrel"; opprobriously, a temporizer or indifferentist.

Mlle. Priscilla Moulin

As the World Wags:

In this morning's Herald I find an interesting paragraph about my countrywoman, Priscilla, correcting a statement made by me a few days ago in this column. I am glad that Mr. Brainerd, the writer, admits that Priscilla was Huguenot; that her father came from Lyons, France, which is exactly what I wrote. He only adds, Priscilla's father did not come directly to this country from Lyons, but was for a time a resident of Dorking, county Surrey, England. That may be, but I don't see why that fact prevents him from being a Frenchman born in Lyons and having been a silk weaver by trade in that most French of French towns, or his daughter Priscilla from being a Frenchwoman. Who said anything about Priscilla having a drop of Irish blood in her veins? I said nothing of the kind. I said Priscilla was as French as I am. I have not the pretension to pass myself off for Irish; I am simply a French woman with French ancestors on both sides of the house for generations. How could Mr. Brainerd take me for Irish? The only possible way I can account for his mistake is that he must have been posing as an Irish gentleman and following the conscientious methods of Miss Peggy O'Day, he was still thinking Irish at the time he did me the honor of reading my little bit. That is the only way I can account for his reading "Irish" instead of "French." After all, Priscilla and her father remain French, born in Lyons, coming to this glorious country via England instead of by some other way.

EMELIE ALEXANDER-MARIUS.
Boston, Feb. 26.

In the Skiddy Way

As the World Wags:

Lucille and Helen Western used to sing "Skiddy, iddy, iddy, iddy, iddy, ido," in "The Three Fast Men" at the old National Theatre, at the corner of Portland and Traverse streets, while their stepfather, William B. English, the author of the play mentioned, was its manager. The elder sister, Lucille, was a crude dramatic genius, but the younger could not act and traveled on her shape, as the saying goes. Of their passing, "the rest is silence."

BAIZE.

Mch 9 1921

PAVLOWA AGAIN

At Symphony Hall last night, Anna Pavlowa and her company gave the first of a series of three performances. The program follows:

Flora's Awakening—Drigo with Mme. Pavlowa, Mr. Volinine and company.
Divertissements—Mazurka, Glinka; Pas de Trois, Zibulka; Czardas, Grossman; Whispering of the Flowers, Blon; Indo-Chinese Dance, Kreisler and Gavotte Ancienne, Marinuzzi, with Mme. Pavlowa, Mr. Volinine and company.
Divertissements—Valse Sentimental, Schubert; Swan, Saint-Saens, with Mme. Pavlowa; Holland Dance, Grieg; Scene Dansante; Boccherini; Greek Dance, Saint-Saens, with Mme. Pavlowa; Syrian Dance, Saint-Saens, with Mme. Pavlowa and Mm. Stowitts, Barte, Kunovich, Allen.

Last night's audience amply demonstrated that Mme. Pavlowa can always return to this city and find a welcome. Last fall her company gave performances far below the standard of excellence we had come to expect of Pavlowa; the orchestra was inadequate; the costumes somewhat shabby. Many in her audience were disappointed. Yet the hall was crowded last night, with many standing in the aisles.

This time, however, Pavlowa lives up to her earlier reputation. Last night the orchestra did justice to the music; the costumes were brilliant and satisfying to the eye; her supporting company well trained and the young women attractive. Furthermore, in the first ballet, "Flora's Awakening," and in the more elaborate of the divertissements, one found again the meticulous attention to ensemble effects; the clock-like precision which so distinguished the Russian ballet's performances. Although handicapped by the size of the stage and the absence of stage settings, Pavlowa and her company brought back a good deal of the color and verve, the excitement of the original Russian ballet.

Particularly is this true of her final number, the Syrian Dance. Here was the play of light on fabrics, drenched in color; eloquent miming; swift action in the dancing. M. Stowitts, Pavlowa's partner in many numbers, has gone ahead, literally, by leaps and bounds since he was seen here last fall. A graceful dancer then, beautiful in his muscular strength, he lacked a little in ease. He has gained all this and more; he is a fitting partner for Pavlowa.

The "Czardas," danced by Mlle. Saxova and M. Zalewski, was particularly well liked. Mme. Pavlowa's famous Gavotte and her "Swan" were, as always, the most popular numbers on the program. Time does not dim their loveliness; Pavlowa, last night, might have been dancing them for the first time, so much eagerness and gayety was in the former; so much pathos in the "Swan." The Holland dance was omitted.

There will be a matinee this afternoon at 2:30 and a performance this evening at 8:15.

MISS RUTH DRAPER

Miss Ruth Draper returned yesterday afternoon to the Wilbur Theatre, with an entirely new program.

Seeing Miss Draper for the second time, one is impressed anew with her remarkable ability to hold the interest of her audience through a fairly long program. It is no small undertaking alone and unaided by theatrical effects to entertain a matinee crowd, and yet Miss Draper carries it off with marked success. Perhaps it is because she perfectly creates the illusion of other characters on the stage; through her facial expressions, the intonations of her flexible voice, she is able to sustain as much dramatic action as any well trained cast of three or four.

She is particularly happy in such a character as "A Debutante" or as the chairman at "A Board of Managers' Meeting." In the former, she neatly caricatures the debutante we all know, the girl who likes to be considered a "highbrow"; a shade above the other girls in intellect and soul, but who finds it a little difficult to express her soulful thoughts. To such a girl, a man who can "understand" her is a rare find.

Through Miss Draper's gift for creating characters out of thin air, her audience could visualize the man as well as the girl; a man with a genius for putting in the right word at the right moment. But even while she laughs at her character, Miss Draper is also kind; she knows that for all her ridiculous mannerism and lofty talk, the average debutante is a pretty good sort. Miss Draper's hands and feet, by the way, are nearly as expressive as her face and her voice.

Her characterization of "A German Governess" is enough to bring back the terrors of a forgotten school room, when the lesson proceeded between the treacle of Germanic sentiment, and bursts of Teutonic wrath. It is very funny. "On the Porch in a Maine Coast Town" shows the village gossip, serenely enthroned in her rocking chair, going over the day's news with a neighbor. "A Scotch Immigrant," with which the program closed, is particularly apt. The one encore was "An English Lady Showing Her Garden," which she gave at her previous performance.

APOLLO CLUB GIVES ITS 250TH CONCERT

Mrs. Grace Bonnie Williams, Soprano, Assists

The Apollo Club of Boston gave its 250th concert last evening in Jordan Hall. The club was assisted by Mrs. Grace Bonnie Williams, soprano. The hall was filled with a highly enthusiastic audience.

Mrs. Williams sang Non mir dir, Mozart, and numbers by Farley, Griffes, Whelpley, Voorhis. Mrs. Williams, as usual, charmed her audience and was called upon for encores. In addition she sang Wynken, Blynken, and Nod, Nevin, with the club.

The club sang "Hail, Land of Liberty," Denghauser; The Trumpeter, Dix; Miller's Song, Zoelner; In the Wood, Spielter; Laudate Dominum, Silent Recollection, Pache; Old Folks at Home, arranged by Stucken; The Musical Locust, Hadley; Slumber Song, Warren; The Rose and the Gardener, Scaifi; Soldiers' Chorus, Gounod. The club's work throughout was marked by harmony of work and artistic tone shading. Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor, held the chorus always under his control.

Mch 10 1921

MME. DU CARP IN SECOND RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Marie Magdeline Du Carp, pianist, gave her second recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Couperin, Le Moucheron, La Fleurie; Rameau, Les Tourbillons; Bach, Sarabande et Passepied; Scarlatti, Allegro; Mozart, Pastorale Variee; Schumann, Carnaval; Pierne, Etude Symphonique; Ravel, Jeux d'Eau; Philipp, Phalenes; Schubert-Liszt, Hark, hark the lark; Liszt, Napoli (Tarantella).

As Mme. Du Carp was greatly annoyed at her first recital by persons who seated themselves after it had begun—a nuisance that has been observed throughout this season, even in Symphony Hall—she announced that the pieces composing the first group would be played without pause. She also showed courage by refusing to "paper" the ball. The result was that only about 50 were on the floor and about 20 in the gallery. Some may say that it was unwise to give a recital on an afternoon when Anna Pavlowa was dancing. Even if the Russian dancer had not been here, it is doubtful whether the excellent pianist would have attracted a large audience, for Bostonians this season have shown a singular disinclination to pay for the pleasure of hearing music. There are a few box-office magnets: Mme. Galli-Curci and others who need not frequent advertising or puffery; but many singers, pianists, violoinists, who richly deserved large audiences, have been shamefully neglected this season in Boston.

Mme. Du Carp again gave great pleasure. The music by the old masters is not so old as are many compositions for the piano written during the last 25 years. Couperin, Rameau, Scarlatti and Bach of the Suites and the Well Tempered Clavichord, are still contemporaries of Debussy and Ravel. Mme. Du Carp interpreted this ancient music delightfully and gave an interesting reading of Schumann's capricious little pieces for which he invented titles after he had dreamed the music and put in in notation. While "Carnival" was playing yesterday, we saw the Russian Ballet dancing at this fantastical ball and again we sympathized with Pierrot. In this instance the music did not suffer from the transference to the theatre; it was otherwise with Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade."

PAVLOWA AT SYMPHONY HALL

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Pavlowa and her company, Theodore Stier, conductor, gave entertainments in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon and evening. There were very large audiences. The program of last night was as follows:

The Enchanted Lake, Schubert—The Misses Stuart, Barte and company.
Chopiniana, orchestrated by Glazonoff—Mme. Pavlowa, Mr. Volinine and the company.
Divertissements—Mazurka, Glinka; Dragonfly, Kreisler, with Mme. Pavlowa; Pastorale, Strauss; Holland Dance, Grieg; Aultra's Dance, Grieg; Scene Dansante, Boccherini; Dance of the Hours, Ponchielli, with Mme. Pavlowa.

The music for "The Enchanted Lake" was a curious medley of Schubert's compositions. An orchestral arrangement of "Erl King," in which a vociferous trumpet represented the supposedly seductive voice of the tempter, served as an overture.

Miss Pavlowa again delighted her many admirers and enchanted those who had not seen her under more favorable conditions. She was ably supported by her dancing mate of several seasons, Mr. Volinine. The Misses Stuart, Courtney, Oleneva, Butsova, and Messrs. Vajinski, Stowitts and Vestoff

Mch 11 1921

BY FLONZALEYS

By PHILIP HALE

The Flonzaley Quartet gave its third and last concert of the season last night in Jordan Hall. There was a very large audience. The program was as follows: Haydn, Quartet, D major, op. 64, No. 5; Vreuls, Two movements from the Quartet in F minor; Schumann, Quartet, A major, op. 41, No. 3.

Victor Vreuls, whose name is comparatively unknown here, was born at Verviers in 1876. He studied music there and at Liege, later with Vincent d'Indy at Paris, where he teaches harmony at the Schola Cantorum. Of the two quartet movements played last night the first is an adagio of "restrained emotion." In accordance with this description the music is of a subdued nature, contemplative rather than suggestive of a soul almost ready to cry out in woe or in passion. It is closely written, but its complexity is not baffling, nor can this music be called cerebral; there is a mild warmth to it; nor is it necessary, hearing it, to cry out: "Man, have a heart!" It is music that would probably endure several hearings before admiration for its technical features would turn into affection for the sentiment of its contents. The other movement, "in an animated manner and gaily" is of a gaiety far removed from that of Haydn, whose frank jollity was expressed in the quartet that preceded. It is as if we heard Vreuls saying: "I have been thoughtful; now it is my business to be gay." Here the word "restrained" would be appropriate. The movement is agreeable enough, but it has little true distinction. It sounds and is quickly forgotten, while the persistent rhythms of Haydn and Schumann accompany one leaving the hall and going bedward.

Admirable, thrice admirable as the playing of the Flonzaley Quartet was throughout the concert, the great feature was the performance of Schumann's beautiful Adagio, and with this the concert might have ended, for the finale, with the exception of the rhythmic devices shows the worse side of Schumann, his lack of technical skill. In the Adagio he is lyrical in the manner peculiar to him, a manner unknown to composers before and after him. Here we again find the dreamer, remembering shyly his dreams of beauty, then breaking through his timidity and singing with as full a throat as that of the hermit thrush heard by Walt Whitman when lilacs bloomed in the dooryard and there was the thought of the martyred Lincoln: Music strangely emotional, wholly devoid of sensuousness, expressing that which cannot be told in words, which cannot be attained or realized in this sorry world; yet there is no taint of hopelessness; stiff [illegible] of whining pessimism.

The Flonzaley Quartet is not heard here frequently, some admirer may say. Yet custom stales even in things of perfect beauty. It is better to regret the ending of this quartet's season and to look forward eagerly to the concerts of next season, which will be on Jan. 19, Feb. 16 and March 9 of 1922. The program stated that Stravinsky's Concertino will be played at the first of these concerts. Thus fair warning is given to those who are perplexed and perturbed by the fantastical music of this composer.

RICCARDO STRACCIARI AT SYMPHONY HALL

First Appearance of Former Chicago Opera Star in Concert

Riccardo Stracciari, formerly of the Chicago Opera Company, made his first appearance on the Boston concert platform last night at Symphony Hall before an audience that more than made up for its lack of size by its enthusiasm. Mr. Stracciari's powerfully resonant and very flexible voice and his excellent technique make a combination well adapted to the needs of a concert program. He showed himself a master of his art, whether in the rollicking folk-songs of his native country or the more serious, impassioned love songs that were a feature of the evening.

His rendition of the familiar "la Paloma" achieved individuality without too great a departure from tradition, while his final selection, the aria, "Largo al factotum," from Rossini's "Barber of Seville," was a triumph in artistic execution. As he sang, the bare concert platform transformed itself into a colorful, peopled opera stage.

The rest of the program was as follows: Aria, "O casto fior mio sospir" (from "Rol de Lahore"), Massenet; Villanelle Vezzosette, Falconeri; Mattinata, Tosti; Aprile, Tosti; Un Doux Lien, Delbruck; Just As My Own, Perkins; Manella Mia, Valente; Parlatemi d'Amour, E. DeCurtis; Tu Sola, E. DeCurtis.

Stuart Ross showed himself a sympathetic accompanist and also a pianist in his own right of no mean ability by his performance of the following: Prelude E Minor, Mendelssohn; Waltz A Major, Brahms; Prelude G Minor, Rachmaninoff.

Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is,—
I hate all your Frenchified fuss:
Your silly entrees and made dishes
Were never intended for us.
No footman in lace and in ruffles
Need dangle behind my arm-chair;
And never mind seeking for truffles,
Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I pritthee get ready at three:
Have it smoking, and tender and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?
And when it has feasted the master,
'Twill amply suffice for the maid;
Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,
And tipple my ale in the shade.

Around a Horatian Ode

The allusion of "Siccus" to "Persian Apparatus" led us to the putting Thackeray's imitation of Horace's "Pesicos odi" at the head of this column. Never but once have we been tempted to steal a book. It was at Senator Evarts's house in Windsor, Vt. He was dozing in his library, with Lecky's "History of European Morals" in his lap. With the curiosity of a boy we tip-toed to a table and looked at the books adorning it. There was a beautiful little illustrated volume of Horace's Odes, published by Didot of Paris. On a fly leaf was Thackeray's inscription to a friend and the friend's to Mr. Evarts. Thackeray had annotated the book; also in the margins were little pen-drawings by him.

It is said that Voltaire did not like this ode of Horace's. The excellent editor, Arthur John Macleane, says that Voltaire, for his disrespect, was well punished by the illustrious Schmid; he adds that the ode is probably only a good imitation of Anacreon and was a song for which there was music. It appears that the "allaborare" was coined by Horace.

Xenophon in his "Cyropaedia" gives us an idea of what was considered luxurious—"Persieos apparatus"—in his time: "They are not content with soft sheets and rugs for their beds, they must have carpets laid under the bed-posts to prevent any jarring from the floor. They have given up none of the cooked dishes invented in former days; on the contrary, they are always devising new ones, and condiments to hoot; in fact, they keep men for that very purpose. In the winter it is not enough to have the body covered, and the head and the feet, they must have warm sleeves as well and gloves for the hands. . . . To have an endless array of cups and goblets is their special pride, and if these are come by unjustly, and all the world knows it, why, there is nothing to blush for in that: injustice has grown too common among them. . . . The Persian grandees have manufactured a new type of cavalry, who earn their pay as butlers and cooks and confectioners and cupbearers and bathmen and flunkeys to serve at table or remove the dishes, and serving-men to put their lords to bed and help them to rise, and perfumers to anoint them and rub them and make them beautiful." Heraclides informs us that 300 women constituted the King's guard; they slept all day that they might pass the whole night in singing and playing with lights burning. Another gossiping ancient remarked that since novelty has a great effect in making a pleasure appear greater, we must not despise it, but rather pay attention to it. "And on this account it is that many different kinds of dishes have been invented, and many sorts of sweetmeats"; and he maintained that the Persian King was the happiest man alive. Not a word about porcelain bathtubs, or, in fact, about sanitary plumbing. But we are keeping "Siccus" at the door.

The Days Beyond Recall

As the World Wags:

Mr. Herkimer Johnson's contempt for Persian apparatus finds expression in his attitude as to gaudy silk suspenders. Perhaps he will be glad to hear of cheap and lasting articles of the kind warranted to guarantee modest men from embarrassing accidents upon the public streets. I always buy my suspenders of a huckster in Hanover street, near Blackstone. My visits to Hanover street were not specifically for the purchase of suspenders, but on a more agreeable errand to a delightful bar-room now, alas, no more. Upon my last visit to that resort I was accompanied by a member of the Porphyry, an ardent admirer of Mr. Johnson, and I believe the only subscriber to his great work who has paid in full and in advance. As we came out of the bar-room, warmed by a few Ward Eights and Continental Punches, I found my friend of the suspenders in his usual place at the curb, and knowing that my visits to Hanover street would thereafter be few, I priced the articles. They had advanced from 25 cents to 35, and my companion sought to dissuade me from the purchase as a piece of extravagance. I persisted, however, and I think it was upon this occasion that I bought also a pair of diving shoes, such as are used by those who explore the depths of the ocean for sunken treasure, believing them to be merely extra-heavy galoshes. I have four pairs of those invaluable suspenders, and these I hope will last me until the drought now upon this once happy land has given way to wholesome moisture. As to the diving shoes, I make a vain search of my garret for them every few days, for I know what the spring of Boston demands in the way of protection against the only kind of dampness now known to this unhappy community. SICCUS.

Brookline.

All up for the Siwash

As the World Wags:

If you have not erected a sea wall against further discussion of the great wave, may I have another half-stick of space?

A gentleman from Worcester who, I surmise, is in the way of being a scientist, rather pokes fun at Lo the poor Siwash and his reputed knowledge of sea-water. He is at some pains (or, at least, at some length) to set up the superiority of scientifically educated white men (who must be "washed") to the Siwash. I disclaim any brief for the latter, but I have no hesitation in saying that I believe they would admit the force of the gentleman's contention.

In this connection it may be of interest to note that many years ago, when the first white adventurers, chiefly American and British, visited the Siwashes, the Indians designated the former "Boston-men" and the latter "King-George-men." No doubt among these adventurers there were men who could describe, correctly, the form of a wave-profile and tell the sharpest angle a wave-crest can have without breaking; but, history records that they made a fearful mess of handling Siwash dugouts in sea-water—an art that offers no difficulties to the Siwash nor to his klootchman (his better two-eights).

Cheimsford. C. L. ARMSTRONG.

As the World Wags:

This is what I know about six weeks' sledding in March. A dear old Universalist minister, the Rev. George W. Bailey, said to me, that once upon a time there lived a farmer whose name was Weeks. He had five sons. One day when they were all sledding, a neighbor, driving by, remarked: "This is the first time I ever saw six weeks sledding in March." G. W.

Springfield.

"On to the Banquet We Press"

As the World Wags:

Suggestion for the menu of the Luther banquet on April 17 prox: Spaghetti (Diet of Worms). THE OLD 'UN.

Boston.

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18TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe"; Haydn, Concerto, D major, for violoncello (Mr. Bedetti, violoncellist); Liszt, Symphonic Poem, No. 4 "Orpheus"; Ravel, Valses Nobles et Sentimentales (first time in Boston); Berlioz, "Romeo alone; Grand Fête at the Capulets," from the "Romeo and Juliet" symphony.

Ravel wrote his waltzes for the piano and they were played. He then orchestrated them for a ballet, "Adelaide: or the Language of Flowers," which was performed. Mr. Monteux was the first to bring out in Paris (Feb. 15, 1914,) the waltzes as a concert piece, four years after the piano waltzes were composed, two years after the ballet was performed. It is not necessary to discuss the question whether this music suffers by transference from the theatre to the stage; yet it is possible that Ravel thought vaguely of a ballet in the future, as today his "Valse" for orchestra brought out as a concert piece is turned into a ballet for Vienna. Dancers are still "interpreting" music that was never intended for the ballet, and seems singularly inappropriate. Not long ago a daring young woman danced a "Philosophical Ballet," to Cesar Franck's prelude, Choral and Fugue; Debussy's "Nocturnes," Wagner's "Parsifal" and "Tristan" have been "illustrated" by scantily clad maidens skipping about in Paris. It would not be surprising if Miss Duncan's pupils should soon dance to the music of Bach's Passion according to Matthew, sacred dances, of course, yet with the customary prancing and bounding and tossing arms aloft.

When Ravel's "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales" were first played on a piano at a concert where the names of the composers were not announced, the program gave the motto chosen by Ravel, a saying of Henri de Regnier: "The delightful and always novel pleasure of a useless occupation." M. Cornet then inquired whether this "useless occupation" was in hearing the waltzes or in composing them; a merry quip that probably was not appreciated by M. Ravel. Mr. Rosenfeld speaks of the waltzes as "a slightly ironical and disillusioned, if smiling and graceful and delicate commentary, to the season of love." This sentence may be taken by some as a subtle description; but can music be of itself, without any program or suggestive title, ironical? If one points to the last movement of Berlioz's "Fantastic" Symphony or the Mephistopheles section in Liszt's "Faust," the answer is: Berlioz wroto an elaborate program; Goethe's Mephistopheles was justly celebrated for his irony.

Let us take Ravel's music, as music, without gloss or commentary. Some of the pages are charming, but does not the charm consist chiefly in dexterous instrumentation, in fleeting harmonic moments, not in substantial, or even emotional musical ideas? Is there not a monotony induced by constant piquancy and continual surprises? To some of us the music has the artificiality of the ballroom, though there are suggestions, as in life, of sentimental couples, of amorous words hastily exchanged, of encircling arms for a moment after the music has died away.

The Waltzes were played with the requisite euphony—modern euphony calls for elbowing harmonies and prickling dissonances; they were played with the necessary delicacy and finesse. We have never heard a more eloquent performance of Weber's overture than the one of yesterday: there was grandiose and fiery treatment; there was the stirring expression of Weber's chivalric vein; while the reading of the free fantasia section after the unearthly pianissimo measures—and there was a pianissimo of a nature seldom heard before Mr. Monteux came to us—was singularly impressive. Even the fugato measures, which as a rule seem out of place, if not boresome, were yesterday significant. Brilliant, too, was the performance of the excerpt from Berlioz's symphony, so brilliant that the ball music no longer seemed common; while the oboe, played by Mr. Longy with his accustomed skill, was the very voice of the love-smitten Romeo.

Liszt's "Orpheus" had not been heard at these concerts for 15 years. The neglect is unaccountable, for it is free from the bombast, hifalutin, sawdust pomp that disfigure the more familiar "Tasso" and even portions of too familiar "Preludes." In "Orpheus" Liszt is more truly poetical. One should not read his preface; reading it, one might be disinclined to hear his music. The performance was effective; the different solo passages were beautifully played.

Mr. Bedetti gave a remarkable performance of Haydn's concerto; a performance distinguished for its elegance and taste; for its unostentatious brilliance. The adagio was played with a simplicity and a tenderness of expression that came from the heart of the violoncellist and touched the heart of the hearer.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program of March 25-26 is as follows: Beethoven, "Pastoral" Symphony; Loeffler, "La Bonne Chanson" (after Verlaine); Wagner, Transformation Music and Closing Scene from Act I of "Parsifal." The orchestra will be assisted by the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Club, which have been trained by Dr. Davison.

JOSEPH HISLOP IS

Joseph Hislop, tenor of the Chicago Opera Company, assisted by Oscar Nicastro, violoncellist, and Alberto Sciaretti, pianist, gave a concert last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Hislop's selections were as follows: Puccini, Air from "La Boheme"; Borowski, Love and Memory; Quilter, O Mistress Mine; Coleridge Taylor, Eleanore; Craxton, Come Yon, Mary; Berger, Jungfrun Under Lind; Sjoegren, Evigt dig till Hjartat Trycka; Grieg, En Svano and En Droem; Verdi, "Celeste Aida"; Cilea, Lamento di Federico from "L'Arlesiana"; Bemberg, Aime-moi; Nelson, Mary of Argyle; Songs of the Hebrides, The Island Herd Maid and Heart of Fire-Love. Mr. Nicastro played these pieces: Goenz, Elegie; Popper, Dewlish Butterfly; Nicastro, Chanson Hongrois; Sarasate, Zapateado.

There was a rather small but applausive audience, which insisted on Mr. Hislop adding to the program. He has a voice of excellent quality. His command of breath is commendable; his intonation is sure. As an interpreter he was curiously uneven. He sang "Celeste Aida" as though Radames were leading his troops to battle.

The first group of songs, which were of little or no importance in themselves, he sang in the conventional manner of the popular English ballad singer, nor did he at any time show finesse, except in his rendering of Grieg's "Swan." The air from "L'Arlesiana" was sung emotionally. However compelling he may be in opera, as a concert singer he has much to learn. Mr. Nicastro was also warmly applauded. Mr. Sciaretti was a sympathetic accompanist.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson has just returned from a visit in New York. "I stopped with an old friend of mine, a fellow-student in Berlin years ago when William the First was on the throne, and no German had a good word for the Hohenzollern now ingloriously in exile. Well, this friend, being blessed (or cursed) with this world's goods, had devoloped a taste for fine furniture which he had gratified. He showed me with pride his Adam room. To me it looked severely chaste, cold, uninviting. No chair beckoned to me. Unable to say flattering words, I hazarded a mild jest. 'Is this a John Adams or a Samuel Adams room?' I'm blowed if he didn't answer: 'I think tho name came from John Adams; perhaps from a room he fitted up in Quincy.' I did not have the heart to correct him: to say that the Englishman was named Adam, not Adams."

We handed Mr. Johnson a clipping from a recent issue of the London Daily Chronicle: "A well-dressed woman went into one of the largest furnishing shops in London, the other day and explained that she wanted a small bedside table to match her bed. 'Yes, madam,' said the assistant, 'and of what wood is the bed made?' 'Sheraton wood,' she replied sweetly. Then, as the assistant looked rather blank, she added: 'Dark reddish brown, you know, with bright yellow edges!' "

The Daily Chronicle had this to say: "If nearly three centuries' use is not sufficient to make the names of mahogany and satinwood familiar, how long will the fine new Indian woods, such as silver grey wood, gurjun and laurel wood, take to establish themselves?"

But when did "gurjun" come into use for furniture? This East Indian and Philippine Island tree has been known in the West for 70 years chiefly for its balsamic liquid, described in 1858 as a thin balsam or wood oil used as a varnish and medicinally. We quote from a letter in the Tablet (1889): "The gurjun oil which I brought is making a manifest difference in his (Father Damien's) face and hands." By the way, Napoleon's Sheraton furniture at St. Helena was recently in a London auction room.

First Class in Natural History

As the World Wags:

A critic disposes of a tiny "Shadow Song" of Jeannette Marks's in a current magazine as "the Ultima Thule of modern poetry that is not poetry." To me Miss Marks's fantastic little verses appear quite otherwise—keeping close to loving observation of nature, as well as to rhyme and metre, even if eccentric (though understandable) in vocabulary. The child in Miss Mark's poem warns a toad against its deadly foes.

Shoo, Rose Toada, shoo!
Jewelled red eye for you.
Shoo, Rose Toada, shoo!

Hoosh, Rose Toada, hoosh!
Little green snake in the bush.
Hoosh, Rose Toada, hoosh!

Bizz, Rose Toada, buzz!
Gold on its wings and fuzz.
Bizz, Rose Toada, buzz!

Lives there a creature more honest, more "sousy", more lovable in its small way than a rosy-gray toad? One more harmless, except to flies and "bugs"? Any one who can discern in this shadow-song only nonsense never witnessed the tragedy, no doubt common, once thrust upon me. From my grandfather's house some 40 years ago, a small boy who has been strangely transformed into me, sauntered, one summer afternoon, towards the post-office. On the way to the village (Still River), just beyond Mr. Atherton's, a broad grass walk began, continuing up the slope to the schoolhouse. Turning into the soft green walk from the dusty road, the boy caught sight, directly in front of him, of a toad (reminiscent abasement feels sure that 'twas a lady toad) squatted motionless and facing a small, striped snake. The boy had an atavistic horror of all snakes—a horror which still abides—and halted, transfixed, and just then the monster advanced his cruel head, striking full in the forehead the toad, which forthwith toppled over, with a dying quiver of her tiny body. As for the boy—I'm afraid he doesn't figure heroically in the story; but the whole thing happened in a few seconds.

That is all, except that I would like to convey through you a message to Miss—or it may be Mrs.—Marks: Dear lady, I like your little poem very much, and if I am right in considering it a child-song as well as a shadow-song,

not even "Toads" irritates me.

J. C. L. C.

We urge J. C. L. C. to read carefully Edward Topsell's description of the toad in his "History of Serpents," published at London in 1658. Mr. Topsell begins by characterizing the toad as "the most noble kind of frog, most venomous and remarkable for courage and strength." He inquires through the whole of a folio page into the belief that there is a precious stone in the head of a toad. The toad, it seems, uses a certain herb to preserve the sight and resist the poison of spiders. When an asp has eaten a toad, the snake's poison is incurable; and if a toad's spittle fall upon a man it causeth all his hair to fall off from his head. The toad has two livers; one of them full of poison; the other to resist poison. Those afflicted with gout should prepare this remedy against it: "Take six pound of the roots of Wilde Cucumber, six pound of sweet Oyl; of the marrow of Harts, Turpentine and Wax, of either six ounces, and six toads alive, the which toad's must be bored through the foot, and hanged by a thread in the Oyl until they grow yellow, then take them out of the Oyl by the threds, and put into the said Oyl the sliced root of a Cucumber, and there let it seethe until al the vertue be left in the Oyl. Afterwards melt the Wax and the Turpentine, and then put them all together in a glasse, so use them morning and evening against the Gowt, Sciatica, and pains of the sinews, and it hath been seen that they which have lyen long sick, have been cured thereof, and grown perfectly well and able to walk. Some have added to this medicine Oyl of Saffron, Opobalsamum, bloud of Tortoises, Oyl of Sabine, Swines grease, Quicksilver and Oyl of Bays." Frederick the Duke of Saxony had ever a toad pierced through with a piece of wood, "which Toad was dryed in the smoak or shadow, this he rowled in a linnen cloth; and when he came to a man bleeding at the nose, he caused him to hold it fast in his hand until it waxed hot, and then would the bloud be stayed."—Ed.

For Bright-Eyed Boys

Here is a puzzle propounded by a London journal:

"Two cyclists, A and B, decide to ride towards each other. They start from two points 20 miles apart. Each cyclist travels at a uniform speed of 10 miles per hour. Now, at the moment of the start a fly is upon A's nose; and the fly flies just as A starts. The fly, however, travels at a uniform speed of 15 miles per hour towards B. Immediately upon reaching B, the fly turns and flies towards A, turning again to meet B, and so on, flying all the time.

"By the time A and B meet, how far has the fly flown?"

Gertrude Tingley, Mezzo-

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Gertrude Tingley, mezzo-contralto, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Mrs. Dudley Fitts was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Paradies, Quel Ruscellie to; Sgambati, Oblio; Rontasi-Floridia, Or ch io non seguo pli; Old French, L'Amour de moi; Marais, si j'etais petit oi seau; Debussy, The Letter (from "Pelleas and Melisande"); Faladil tre, Lamento Provencale; Millot, Le Temps a laisse son Manteau; Franck, Le Vase brise; Missa, Serenade Lunaire; Lenormand, Le petit Gardeur de Chevres; Szuic, Dansons la Gigue; Scott, The Unforseen and Tyrolese Evensong; Ireland, Adoration; Spencer, A gaily dressed Damsel and Do I love thee; Kramer, The Last Hour; Somervell, When Spring Returns.

The interesting program bore names unknown to many frequenters of song recitals. Rontani was a Florentine musician in the service of a Medici, who was a natural son of Francesco and the famous Bianca Capello. A volume of Rontani's vocal pieces was published in 1614. The Parisian Marais, although he wrote operas, was celebrated as a player of the viol and the father of 19 children, nearly all of whom cultivated music.

Cesar Franck's "Vase Brise," words by Sully-Prudhomme, was written when Franck was nearly 60 years old. His first song "L'Emir de Bengador" was written when he was 20. Verlaine's "Danson la Gigue" has moved others, among them Mr. Loeffler, besides Szulc, to invent music for it. Arthur Somervell has composed better songs than the one of yesterday. It is strange that no one sings his "Once at the Angelus."

Noteworthy of the less familiar songs on the program were those by Sgambati, Lenormand, Ireland and Spencer. The letter from "Pelleas and Milisande" is not for concert use. Its effect depends wholly on the scene in the opera.

Miss Tingley had given recitals here before yesterday. Her gain in the art of interpretation is marked nor was the result yesterday due merely to careful instruction. There was no suggestion of painful attention to what had been told her. The range of expression was a generous one; from light-hearted, spontaneous gaiety to deep emotion; from "Le petit Gardeur de Chevres" to Sgambati's "Oblio" sombre yet passionate in its beauty; from the lilt of the song by Millot and Spencer's "Gay Dressed Damsel" to the tragic note of the "Lamento" and the intensity of Ireland's "Adoration." The voice yielded itself easily to the expression of these various sentiments and emotions. Occasionally there was undue emphasis on unimportant words, even on syllables, which affected the beauty of a melodic line. This was especially noticeable in the last group.

Mrs. Fitts played musically helpful accompaniments, catching, as did the singer, the spirit and the mood of poet and composer.

The best preparation for seeing "The Beggar's Opera," which will be performed by the Amateurs at Jordan Hall tomorrow night for the benefit of the Copley Society's Building Fund, is to read Hazlitt's article in his "View of the English Stage" apropos of a performance in 1815. "We are glad of everything that facilitates the frequent representation of that inimitable play, 'The Beggar's Opera,' which unites those two good things, sense and sound, in a higher degree than any other performance on the English or (as far as we know) on any other stage. It is to us the best proof of the good sense as well as real delicacy of the British public, to see the most beautiful women in the boxes and the most veteran critics in the pit whenever it is acted. All sense of humanity must be lost before 'The Beggar's Opera' can cease to fill the mind with delight and admiration." Admiring the face and figure of Miss Nash, the Polly of the performance, finding that her low notes had a deep, mellow richness—"the sound is like the murmuring of bees"—he thought her action wanted ease and spirit; she reminded him of a beautiful alabaster figure which had been taught to sing. Hazlitt did not know of any actor then on the stage who was "enough of a fine gentleman" to play Macbeth. Munden spoiled Peachum by lowering the character into a farce. "Peachum is an old rogue, but not a buffoon."

The article apropos of a performance in 1813 should also be read. Hazlitt thought the merits of the opera peculiarly its own. "It not only delights, but instructs us, without our knowing how, and though it is at first view equally offensive to good taste and common decency. The materials, indeed, of which it is composed, the scenes, characters, and incidents, are in general of the lowest and most disgusting kind; but the author, by the sentiments and reflections which he has put into the mouths of highwaymen, turnkeys, their wives and daughters, has converted the motley group into a set of fine gentlemen and ladies, satirists, and philosophers. What is still more extraordinary, he has effected this transformation without once violating probability, or 'oversteping the modesty of nature!' . . . Every line of this sterling comedy sparkles with wit and is fraught with the keenest and bitterest invective. . . . It may be said that the moral of the piece (which some respectable critics have been at a loss to discover) is to show the vulgarity of vice; or that the sophisms with which the great and powerful palliate their violation of integrity and decorum, are, in fact, common to them with the vilest, most abandoned and contemptible of the species. What can be more galling than the arguments used by these would-be politicians, to prove that in hypocrisy, selfishness, and treachery, they are far behind some of their betters? The exclamation of Mrs. Peachum, when her daughter marries Macheath, 'hussey, hussey, you will be as ill used and as much neglected as if you had married a lord,' is worth all Miss Hannah More's labored invectives on the laxity of the manners of high life." At this performance Miss Stephens was the Polly. "There is a severity of feeling, and a plaintive sadness, both in the words and music of the songs in this opera, on which too much stress cannot be laid.

Hazlitt was never tired of praising "The Beggar's Opera." In his essay "On Patronage and Puffing" he tells how he came to write the article from which we have just quoted. "I have reason to remember that article; it was almost the last I ever wrote with pleasure to myself." The essay "On the Beggar's Opera" in his "Round Table" begins: "We have begun this essay on a very coarse sheet of damaged foolscap, and we find that we are going to write it, whether for the sake of contrast, or from having a very fine pen, in a remarkably nice hand. Something of a similar process seems to have taken place in Gay's mind when he composed his 'Beggar's Opera.' He chose a very unpromising ground to work upon, and he has prided himself in adorning it with all the graces, the precision and brilliancy of style. It is a vulgar error to call this a vulgar play. So far from it, that we do not scruple to declare our opinion that it is one of the most refined productions in the language. The elegance of the composition is in exact proportion to the coarseness of the materials; by 'happy alchemy of mind' the author has extracted an essence of refinement from the dregs of human life, and turns its very dross into gold."

"Beggar's Opera" in America

We have quoted freely from Hazlitt, on account of a remark made by him in 1820 in an article about Edmund Kean at Drury Lane. It was there announced that Kean was to leave London for America. Hazlitt gave him advice, urging him not to offend by extraordinary efforts, or dazzling eccentricities. "Remember that they hiss 'The Beggar's Opera' in America. If they do not spare Captain Macheath, do you think they will spare you? Play off no pranks in the United States. Do not think to redeem great vices by great virtues. They are inexorable to the one, and insensible to the other. Reserve all works of supererogation till you come back, and have safely run the gauntlet of New York, of Philadelphia, of Baltimore, and Boston."

Elsewhere in this article Hazlitt says: "We also fear that the critical soil of America is slippery ground. Jonathan is inclined to the safe side of things, even in matters of taste and fancy. They are a little formal and commonplace in those parts. They do not like liberties in morals, nor excuse poetical licenses. They do not tolerate the privileges of birth, or readily sanction those of genius. A very little excess above the water-mark of mediocrity is with them quite enough."

No wonder that Robert Louis Stevenson declared: "We are mighty fine fellows, but we cannot write like William Hazlitt."

But when and where was "The Beggar's Opera" hissed in this country? The London Times of Dec. 10, 1817, quoted from New York newspapers dated Oct. 27, an account of the refusal of a New York audience to hear this opera.

The opera was performed at the Park Theatre, New York, in October, 1917. Charles Incledon, the famous English tenor, was then singing here for the first time. According to the account given by Col. T. Allston Brown, "he did not command the applause that had been anticipated, and on the night that 'The Beggar's Opera' was given, great dissatisfaction was expressed with the piece. The song of 'Black-Eyed Susan' was called for, and a disturbance ensued in consequence of Mr. Incledon's declining to sing it." It was from Incledon that Col. Newcome learned to sing "Wapping Old Stairs" with flourishes and roulades in the Cave of Harmony, when Capt. Costigan grievously offended him by his ribald ditty. "I learnt it from Incledon," the colonel said to Clivo; "I used to slip out from Grey Friars to hear him, heaven bless me, 40 years ago; and I used to be flogged afterwards, and served me right, too. Lord! Lord! how the time passes!"

But "The Beggar's Opera" had been given at the John Street Theatre in New York in the season of 1773-74 and at the First Nassau Street Theatre on Jan. 14, 1751, and there had been no protestation. At the Nassau Street Theatre the performance was for the benefit of Thomas Kean. "Miss in Her Teens" was on the bill; Mr. Kean sang songs from an oratorio, the bill read: "As an additional attraction a harlequin dance, a Clown dance, and a drunken peasant, all by a gentleman recently from London." This gentleman performed between the acts.

Mr. O. G. Sonneck in his authoritative volume, "Early Opera in America," says that "The Beggar's Opera" was performed at the "theatre in Nassau street" on Dec. 3, 16, 1750, and on Jan. 14, Feb. 18, May 13, 1751. On Sept. 14, 1752, at the request of the Ancient and Honorable Society of Free and Accepted Masons in the new theatre at Upper Marlborough, Maryland, there was a performance of the opera, "with instrumental music to each air, given by a set of private gentlemen." Mr. Sonneck adds: "Tempi passati! And perhaps we should feel thankful, or can the gentle reader imagine Salome being entrusted to a set of private gentlemen?" These strolling players headed by Kean and Murray had given a performance of the opera at Annapolis on June 22, 1752, "the best drawing card of that age." "We have to look to Upper Marlborough for the place where, for the first time in the history of opera in America, the employment of an orchestra is recorded." There were many early performances in New York. At one on Nov. 19, 1753, by a London Company of Comedians the full opera cast was printed; that of "Damon and Phillida" (Sept. 13, 1753) was presumably the first ever printed in America.

In Philadelphia in 1766 the plays and operas, among them the subject of our story, were not acted, but "read," with "all the songs sung accompanied by instrumental music." At Williamsburgh, Va., in 1768, "the musick of the opera (was) to be conducted by Mr. Pelham and others." Charleston, S. C., saw the opera in 1774.

On March 23, 1769, "the Beggar's Opera" seems to have made its appearance in Boston "in very much the same manner as the amazingly clever Leopoldo Fregoli nowadays renders grand opera" (Mr. Sonneck was writing his volume in 1907-08). "(The Person who has read and sung in most of the great towns in America' announced that 'the songs (of which there are 69) will be sung' and further that 'he personates all the characters and enters into the different humours, or passions, as they change from one to another throughout the opera.' This person was Mr. Joan, whom I believe to be identical with the American would-be Stradivari, James Juhan; and John Rowe, the genial merchant-prince of Boston, who was among the 'upwards one-hundred people,' noted in his diary that Mr. Joan 'read but indifferently, but sung in taste.'" The opera was performed at the Federal Street Theatre, Boston, on Jan. 6, 1796. Monsieur Trille Labarre, later Mr. Van Hagen, was "the leader and purveyor of ready-made arrangements."

Providence, R. I., saw it on April 13, 1795; Newport, R. I., saw it on July 19 of the year before; Richmond, Va., in 1787; Norfolk, Va., in 1796.

Mr. Sonneck says: "It should be remembered that by this time (1739) 'The Beggar's Opera,' 'The Devil to Pay,' 'Flora' and a host of other ballad-operas had come to light abroad; and, as the intercourse between London and the Colonies was regular, as moreover the comedians probably had drifted to America with the tide of immigration, and as a pantomime was given which necessarily called for music, there is nothing to prevent us from assuming that such ballad operas were performed at New York from 1732 on. On the contrary, it is probable, for why should operas not have been given in those days at New York, if they were performed about the same time at Charleston, S. C.?"

Incledon visited Boston in the season of 1817-18. He made his first appearance on Dec. 31, 1817. He did not sing here in "The Beggar's Opera."

"The Beggar's Opera" was revived at the Boston Theatre in December, 1854, when William Harrison took the part of Macheath and Louisa Pyne that of Polly. This company returned to the Boston Theatre in April 1855 when "The Beggar's Opera' was again in its repertory.

Gay and Pepusch

The story of the origin of "The Beggar's Opera" has often been told. Swift wrote to Pope in 1716 that a set of Quaker pastorals might succeed, if our friend Gay could fancy it . . . or what think you of a Newgate pastoral?" Pope is reported by Spence as saying that Gay was inclined "to try at such a thing for some time, but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This is what gave rise to 'The Beggar's Opera.' He began on it; and when first he mentioned it to Swift the doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on he showed what he wrote to both of us, and we now and then gave a correction, or a word or two of advice, but it was wholly of his own writing. When it was done neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve, who, after reading it over, said, 'It would either take greatly, or be damned confoundly.' We were all at the first night of it in great uncertainty of the event, till we were very much encouraged by overhearing the Duke of Argyle, who sat in the next box to us, say, 'It will do—it must do. I see it in the eyes of them.' . . . He was quite right in this, as usual; the good nature of the audience appeared stronger and stronger every act and ended in a clamor of applause." Pope wrote to Swift before the performance: "Whether it succeeds or not, it will make a great noise; but whether of claps or hisses I know not."

Colley Cibber rejected the opera for Drury Lane Theatre, but John Rich accepted it and brought it out at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre on Jan. 29. Its success was great. It ran for 62 nights that season, and 32 nights were in succession. The total sum realized by these 32 performances was £5351, of which Gay obtained £693, 13s. 6d. for his four "author's nights." It was revived the next season; in the provinces it was played in many places for the 30th and 40th time; at Bath and Bristol, 50 times. It was carried into Wales, Scotland and Ireland. A company took it to Jamaica, where it took in about $1450 at the door the first night. The climate was "so insalubrious that within the space of two months they buried their third Polly, and two of their men. The ladies carried the favorite songs in fans. Houses were furnished with it in screens. The first Polly, Lavinia Fenton, otherwise Mrs. Beswick, married the third Duke of Bolton, by whom she had had three sons before marriage. Dr. Warton sat at table with her, "when her conversation was much admired by the first characters of the age" and he said that the air "that saved the opera" is said irresistibly to have conquered the lover who afterwards married her." Warton accompanied the duke and his mistress in a continental tour, "that he might be ready to marry them the moment the breath was out of the body of the duchess, who was left dying in England." Lavinia's pictures were engraved and sold in great numbers; books of letters and verses to her were published; pamphlets were made of her sayings and jests. "The Life of L. Beswick, alias Fenton, alias Polly Peachum," was published at London in 1728. Hogarth published an engraving representing a scene. Lavinia

had first appeared as an actress in 172[illegible] as Monimia in Otway's "Orphan." She withdrew from the stage after her success as Polly to live with the duke, to whom she was married at Aix-les Bains in 1751. She was a widow in 1754. She died in 1760. Peace to her ashes!

Italian opera was neglected in London on account of Gay's triumph, although the statement that he planned "The Beggar's Opera" in mockery of the Italian is erroneous. He wrote: "The outlandish (as they now call it) opera has been so thin of late that some have called that 'The Beggar's Opera.'" Mrs. Delany wrote in 1729: "The opera (one of Handel's) is too good for the vile taste of the town; it is condemned never more to appear. 'The Beggar's Opera' and 'Hurlothrumbo' are only worthy of applause."

"The Beggar's Opera" has been said to mark "the beginning of that species of dramatic satire which reached its climax in Henry Fielding and the Licensing Act." The Craftsman assailed it as "the most venemous allegorical libel against the Government that hath appeared for many years . . . The satirical strokes upon Ministers, Courtiers, and great Men, in general, abound in every Part of this most insolent Performance." Gay's second part, "Polly," was prohibited by the lord chamberlain from being presented, after it had been rehearsed. Sermons were preached against "The Beggar's Opera" as paving the way to thievery and outlawry by Arthur Bedford at St. Butolph's, Aldgate. Dr. Herring, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, censured it as encouraging to vice and crimes by making a highwayman the hero and dismissing him unpunished. He said that gangs of robbers had been multiplied; that "several street robbers confessed in Newgate that they raised their courage at the Playhouse by the songs of Macheath." On the other hand, Swift attacked a court chaplain who had preached against the opera, "which will probably do more good than a thousand sermons of so stupid, so injudicious and so prostitute a divine." Even as late as 1773, when 15 prisoners at the Old Bailey were on one day sentenced to death, 40 to transportation and 8 to a whipping, "Sir John Fielding informed the Bench of Justices that he had last year written to Mr. Garrick concerning the impropriety of performing 'The Beggar's Opera,' which never was represented with [illegible] creating an additional number of real thieves," and Sir John Hawkins, chairman of the Middlesex Bench of Justices, wrote in 1776: "Rapine and violence have been gradually increasing ever since its first representation."

On the other hand Dr. Johnson wrote: "The play, like many others, was plainly written only to divert, without any moral purpose, and is, therefore, not likely to do good; nor can it be conceived, without more speculation than life requires or admits, to be productive of much evil. Highwaymen and housebreakers seldom frequent the playhouse or mingle in any elegant diversion; nor is it possible for any one to imagine that he may rob with safety because he sees Macheath reprieved upon the stage." He said in conversation: "I do not believe that any man was ever made a rogue by being present at its representation. At the same time I do not deny that it may have some influence by making the character of a rogue familiar and in some degree pleasing." It would seem that the strongest objection was based on political reasons. Croker says in a note to Lord Hervey's "Memoirs": "Masheath, Lucy and Polly reminded the public of Walpole, his lady, and 'Molly Skerett'" (his mistress, afterwards his wife).

The Duchess of Queensberry told Dr. Warton that Gay could play on the flute, and that this enabled him to adapt happily some airs. The music for "The Beggar's Opera" was arranged by Dr. John Christopher Pepusch (1667-1752), a Berliner by birth, who left his appointment at the Prussian court when he was 30 years old because he saw "an act of savage ferocity on the part of the King—the decapitation, [illegible] out trial, of an officer who had ut[illegible]d some words at which the barbar[illegible]s despot took offence." He arrived [illegible] England about 1700. He married in [illegible] the famous singer Margarita de [illegible]tine, who brought him a fortune of [illegible]00. For "The Beggar's Opera" he [illegible]anged and scored, selecting with [illegible]t judgment, 69 tunes, and he com[illegible]d the overture.

"H[illegible] "alteration" of the opera by Capt. [illegible]pson was produced at Covent [illegible]en in October, 1777. A translation [illegible] French by A. Hallam, "L'Opera du [illegible]hix," was played in Paris. There [illegible]era revival at the Lyceum, London, [illegible] July 7, 1821.

[illegible]kien the opera was revived by [illegible]m Playfair and Arnold Bennett at [illegible] Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, June [illegible], the "savor and gusto" of the ori[illegible] version were retained. Frederic [illegible]en has provided new settings [illegible]e songs, the versions taken from [illegible]mporary 18th century editions. [illegible] tunes that had been omitted in [illegible] Times were restored. Eugene [illegible]ns conducted a small band of women players: a harpsichord, a viola da gamba, a viola d'amore, flute, oboe, and string quartet strengthened by a double bass. Mr. Austen played Beachum; Sylvia Nelis, Polly; Violet Marquesita, Lucy; Frederic Ranalow, Macheath.

The old comedy was revived in New York by Arthur Hopkins at the Greenwich Village Theatre on Dec. 29, 1920, when the chief parts were taken by Messrs. Heming, Wynn, and Mmes. Nelis, Rosell and Maitland.

It is said that there were performances by a comic opera company directed by Fred Lyster at Wood's Museum, New York, on Nov. 29, and Dec. 5, 1870.

The Amateurs gave performances at Whitney Hall, Brookline, on Dec. 16, 17, 1920.

Mr. A. B. Walkley's Account of the Hammersmith Revival

One of Boswell's projected works was a history of the controversy over "The Beggar's Opera." The best known of the works he actually did write contains several references to this controversy. Reynolds said it afforded a proof how strangely people will differ in opinion about a literary performance. Burke thought it had no merit. Johnson thought very much the opposite, but said characteristically: "There is in it such a labefactation of all principles as may be injurious to morality." Gibbon suggested that it might refine the manners of highwaymen, "making them less ferocious, more polite—in short, more like gentlemen." It is noteworthy that the work was half a century old when these observations were made about it. It had become a classic. And later generations treated it as a classic—that is to say, kept on refashioning it to the taste of their own time. The version, for instance, that Hazlitt was so fond of writing about (in the second decade of the last century) was a sad mangling of the original. Even so, it represented for Hazlitt the high-water mark of theatrical enjoyment, just as the original did for Boswell, who said: "No performance which the theatre exhibits delights me more." You cannot take up a volume of Swift's correspondence or Horace Walpole's or Arbuthnot's without mention of "The Beggar's Opera." It even got into Grimm. It was the "H. M. S. Pinafore" of the time.

And that reminds me. As I sat the other night at the Hammersmith Lyric listening to the dialogue between Peachum and Mrs. Peachum on the question whether Polly was Macheath's wife or his mistress, the thing seemed strangely modern, and not only modern but Gilbertian. (I am speaking, of course, of the tone, not of the sentiment—Gilbert was a very Victorian of propriety.) Peachum is Gilbertian. "Do you think your mother and I should have liv'd comfortably so long together if ever we had been married? Baggage!" Mrs. Peachum is Gilbertian. "If you must be married, could you introduce nobody into our family but a highwayman? Why, thou foolish jade, thou wilt be as ill-used and as much neglected as if thou hadst married a lord!" Again. "If she had had only an intrigue with the fellow, why the very best families have excus'd and huddled up a frailty of that sort. 'Tis marriage, husband, that makes it a blemish." Once more. "Love him! Worse and worse! I thought the girl had been better bred." Polly herself is Gilbertian.

"Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand! I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity! What volleys of sighs are sent from the windows of Holborn, that so comely a youth should be brought to disgrace! I see him at the tree! The whole circle are in tears! Even butchers weep!" Lucy is Gilbertian. When Macheath is at the "tree," her comment is, "There is nothing moves one so much as a great man in distress." And not only the tone but the very principle of the play is Gilbertian. Gilbert took some typical figure of the social hierarchy—a lord chancellor, a first lord of the admiralty—and set the chancellor capering and the first lord singing about the handle of the big front door. He put a familiar figure in unfamiliar postures. Gay took a typical figure of his own time—the highwayman—and showed him, not at work on the highway, but enjoying an elegant leisure, behaving like a Chesterfield or one of Congreve's fine gentlemen. It was the realism, the actuality of the subject combined with the burlesque of the treatment, that delighted the London of 1728 as it delighted the London of a century and a half later. At each date it was a new experiment in opera libretto. Boswell specified the attraction of Gay's realism—"the real pictures of London life." Johnson singles out the "novelty" of the treatment.

But it is time that I said something about Mr. Nigel Playfair's present revival. The original production ran continuously, I think, for just over two months. The revival has been running for five, or thereabouts, and when I was present the other night, notwithstanding the coal strike, the house was full. This is a remarkable success, from every point of view. For the original attraction of realism is, of course, no longer there. We have to take it all historically. And the [illegible] surprising [illegible] should soon dance to the music [illegible] revival has been particularly careful of historical accuracy. Just as Gay's dialogue prompts you to say "Gilbert," so Mr. Lovat Fraser's scenery and costumes prompt you to exclaim "Hogarth!" By the way, on one of Hazlitt's visits he records the exclamation of an old gentleman in the pit, after the scuffle between Peachum and Lockit, "Hogarth, by G[illegible]!" This was, no doubt, a tribute to the grim, ugly squalor of that particular scene. But the whole decor and atmosphere of the present affair are Hogarthian—the stiff, flattened hoops of the women, the tatterdemalion aspect of Macheath's rabble, Peachum's dressing-gown (which, I suppose, is "documentary"), Macheath's scarlet coat and flowing wig. And the dresses are accurately simple. The women wear plain stuffs; Polly alone is allowed a little finery. Indeed, there is an almost austere simplicity about the whole affair. One scene, with just the alteration of a few accessories, serves for Peachum's house, for a tavern, and for Newgate. There is an orchestra of five strings, a flute, an oboe, and a harpsichord. It seems to me that their playing has the delicate charm of chamber music rather than the power and color of orchestral—but I must not stray out of my province.

Hazlitt indulged in raptures over Miss Stephens, the first Polly he heard, and never failed to contrast with her her less pleasing successors. He had evidently lost his heart to her—a somewhat susceptible heart, if you think of the "Liber Amoris." I have no Miss Stephens to compare Miss Arkandy with, and can only say the songstress is quite sweet enough for my taste and the actress a charming little doll. Miss Marquesita, the Lucy, is a good contrast, a voluptuous termagant. Boswell says of Walker, the original Macheath, that he "acquired great celebrity by his grave yet animated performance of it." Mr. Ranalow's Macheath is decidedly more grave than animated, is in fact a little solemn—long before he gets to the Condemn'd Hold. There is an almost oriental impassiveness about him, something of the jaded sultan—which, after all is not an inappropriate suggestion, surrounded as the poor man is by his seraglio of town ladies.

Miss Elsie French bravely makes a thorough hag of Mrs. Peachum; the Peachum and Lockit of Mr. Wynne and Mr. Rawson are properly, Hogarthianly, crapulous; and Mr. Scott Russell makes a good, vociferous Filch, leading with a will the fine drinking song "Woman and Wine" and the still finer "Let us take the road" (to the tune of Handel's march in "Rinaldo"). Altogether a delicious entertainment; gay, despite the solemn deportment of Macheath, and dainty, despite the sordid crapule of Newgate. Yes, my final impression of the affair is one of daintiness. Even the women of the town are dainty. They might almost be Dresden china shepherdesses (which would be bearing out the original suggestion of a Newgate "pastoral" very literally). For the sordid milieu is so remote from us as to have become fantastically unreal; the Peachums and the Lockits are no longer ugly men, but have been turned into grotesque gargoyles; the rabble round Tyburn Tree has lived to see a Russian ballet and learnt to move in its elegant arabesques. It is a Hogarth retouched by a Shepperson—or rather, to speak by the card, by a Lovat Fraser.—London Times, Nov. 10, 1920.

English Theatre Notes

The London Daily Telegraph said of "The Hour and the Man," by H. A. Vachell and J. C. Snaith, produced at the Globe Theatre: "If this play bore the name of an unknown author it would not have stood a dog's chance of acceptance. It is bombastic and insincere."

The London Times said of "Mis' Nell o' New Orleans"—in which Irene Vanbrugh at the Duke of York's played Mrs. Fiske's part: "This is a play of atmosphere, and the players know it—and see that you don't forget it. They are liquidly and mellifluously Creole. Their Creole idioms seem to melt in the mouth. The dishes on the table, they tell you, are carefully prepared a la Creole. They have colored people to wait on them, and colored people to sing them 'off.' The scene is laid in an old garden 'on' St. Charles street in New Orleans. You hear of 'bayous.' So you are fully persuaded to be in Louisiana, where, it appears, anything may happen." The critic spoke of many details in "this odd story, but we need not trouble about them because in Louisiana anything may happen; and our main interest is in the atmosphere and the liquid, lisping Creole idiom. At least that would be our main interest if it were not that Aunt Nelly is played by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and played with an attraction that far surpasses that of any atmosphere and the liquid, lisping Creole idiom."

Mr. Walkley of the London Times, seeing a performance of "Antony and Cleopatra" at Oxford by the Oxford University Dramatic Society, assisted by Cathleen Nesbitt, said she was a good, not a great, Cleopatra. "It is only fair to add that I have never seen a great Cleopatra—even the Duse's was a comparative failure—and I am beginning to suspect that, like Mrs. Harris, 'there ain't no such a person.'" (For this misquotation, Mr. Walkley was taken to task by the newspapers). "Miss Nesbitt struck me as not imperious enough. Her rage with the messenger was not a wild, dishevelled frenzy; a breeze, not a whirlwind of passion. One hopes to be rather terrified by Cleopatra, and Miss Nesbitt was too consistently charming to be ever terrible. She was charming, and she was romantic—if Pater was right in defining romance as strangeness with beauty. Cleopatra's death scene is the very top of romance, and Miss Nesbitt was here at her best." We have never seen a good Cleopatra. We missed Mrs. James Brown Potter's, which, it is said, was very funny. According to tradition, Rose Etyinge played the part effectively.

On Feb. 17 "The Garden of Allah" celebrated its 300th performance, "thus establishing a record never before equalled in the entire history of Drury Lane Theatre."

No one could call Mr. H. G. Wells an indramatic writer; but he has no sense of the stage, like Barrie, and admits it. At least (writes L. G.-T.), he admitted it to me at the Vaudeville years ago, with reference to the late James Welch's production of the novelist's "Kipps."

"Because you find me here at rehearsal, that does not mean that I am directing it, or interfering in any way with the stage side of the affairs; I am simply an interested spectator of the book's transformation into a play," was his modest confession to me. Then he added, with delightful frankness, "I'm no dramatist." The above note provides, we think, a pretty sufficient reply to many people who have been wondering why Mr. Wells has needed a collaborator in his dramatization of his book "The Wonderful Visit."—London Daily Chronicle.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Mme. Galli-Curci. See special notice.

Convention Hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Mr. Kreisler, violinist; Carl Lamson, pianist. Beethoven, Kreutzer Sonata; Bach, Chaconne; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Hymn to the Sun; Debussy-Hartmann, La Fille au cheveux de Lin; Brahms-Hochstein, Valse, A major; Granados, Spanish Dance; Grainger, arranger, Molly on the Shore.

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An article on the abomination of short skirts and an article glorifying the "moral gown" led us to read again Thomas Hood's biographical sketch in verse of Miss Kilmansegg, her strange adventures, her sad ending. It may be remembered that the femoral bone of her dexter leg met with a compound fracture when she was thrown from her horse. Amputation followed. Her father, Sir Jacob, in his pride supplied an artificial leg of gold. She appeared at a fancy ball.

And lo! the heiress, Miss Kilmansegg,
With her splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,
In the garb of a goddess olden—
Like chaste Diana going to hunt,
With a golden spear—which, of course, was blunt,
And a tunic looped up to a gem in front
To show the Leg that was Golden!

When she went to the church for her wedding there was a crush outside to see her alighting from her carriage.

From the golden ankle up to the knee
There it was for the mob to see!
A shocking act had it chanced to be
A crooked leg or skinny;
But although a magnificent veil she wore,
Such as never was seen before,
In case of blushes, she blushed no more
Than George the First on a guinea!

While we were reading this delightful poem the postman brought this letter from a valued contributor:

That "Moral Gown"

As the World Wags:

A Sunday edition of The Herald was made significant of the waggishness of this world of ours by the picturing of the interdenominational, non-diaphanous "Moral Gown" recently designed by 15 clergymen in Philadelphia, presumably with the charms of the Quaker maids and the temptations of St. Anthony in mind.

Fifteen men and a young girl's gown,
Yo-ho-ho, and a paper of pins,
They heaved it up and they heaved it down,
Yo-ho-ho, and a paper of pins.

It apears to be the resultant of the thought of the 15 reverend men as they looked back on their own personal experiences, and reactions and seems to leave nothing to be desired. It is stated that the hem of the skirt is 7½ inches from the ground as the established danger line. This would seem to denote a Christian spirit of compromise between the radical Left confident of ability to resist the allure of the even 8 inches of ankle, and the weaker spirit of the Right clinging to the greater security reposing in the lesser curve of seven.

And yet with all the ponderings and weighings of their powers of resistance, how much more normal the philosophy of the London busman to whom legs had become no treat. To him in his day's work all things had become known, all mystery had departed. He knew that even the Queen of Spain must have legs. No worshipper of the silken calf was he. The bovine white

[illegible] did he at any time sl[illegible]

cottoned frocks of the fishwife plodded down his ladder in democratic equality with the flashing ankles of the Gaiety girl. He had come to harbor and was at rest.

One cannot follow such a master to such heights, nor may one say of such things that familiarity breeds contempt. But one does not have to conduct a London bus to learn that it is that which is beyond the hill to the eye unseen which leads to unrest in the imaginative and adventurous.

My recent reference to the Gaiety girl leads to reminiscence on this text. Once upon a time a certain one of these, Letty Lind by name, came dancing across the Atlantic into the hearts of the youth of that period whom Harvard College was seeking to educate. With her arrival it was all off. When she danced she wore ankle-length skirts, covering foaming billows of lace petticoats, against which gleamed the most graceful black silken ankles the world has ever gazed upon before or since. After the first night's performance there was just one thing which Harvard College as an institution wished to learn: Did she or did she not wear a jewelled garter above her left knee? Even to this day there are two schools of opinion as to this question.

After her departure, the college having mourned, betook itself to what might offer in the accustomed Amazons and "Assolutas," and with all knowledge set before it remained indifferent after the Harvard and human manner.

So did the young men of that day learn of Letty something which all the professors and the visiting clergy could not have taught them.

As an offset to the Moral Gown, the Sunday editor of The Herald displayed with diabolical purpose the fur-trimmed bathing suit of a most pleasing young person at Palm Beach. At first glance one wondered if there were hickory limbs among the palms of that resort. Her name was Hull, sparred like a clipper but so lightly rigged as to be wholly visible to the naked eye.

ABEL ADAMS,

Amherst, N. H.

There was no questioning in the case of Miss Kilmansegg at the ball.—Ed.

And her jewelled garter? O sin! O shame!
Let Pride and Vanity bear the blame.
That brings such blots on female fame!
But to be a true recorder,
Besides its thin, transparent stuff
The tunic was looped quite high enough
To give a glimpse of the Order.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY GIVES 16TH CONCERT

Program Provided by Director Mollenhauer Wins Warm Plaudits

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its 16th concert yesterday afternoon, in Convention Hall. Gullym Miles, baritone, was the assisting artist. The program was as follows:

Verdi, overture "La Forza del Destino." Leoncavallo, prologue "I Pagliacci," Mr. Miles. Tschaikowsky, "Italian Caprice," op. 45. Buzzi-Peccia, "Gloria a Te," Mr. Miles. Rossini, overture, "William Tell."

Mr. Mollenhauer again evidenced the catholicity of his taste as a programmaker, this time presenting the music of the theatre. It was the day of the brasses, particularly, and royally they rose to it. Among the horns, Mr. De Yeso, and Mr. Rosenbaum, especially, and in the trumpet division Mr. Brown by his solo for cornet a piston, in the Tschaikowsky number, demonstrated thoroughly musicianly qualities. However other audiences may have treated the "Italian Caprice," yesterday's applauded insistently, until the orchestra rose and acknowledged the compliment.

Mr. Miles is more at home in oratorio than in opera and although the audience compelled an encore to the "Pagliacci" prologue, Mr. Miles singing the familiar "Mother o' Mine" of Tours, it was in the Buzzi-Peccia number, which he sang in English, and the Beethoven "Creation," given as a second encore, that he distinguished himself. His breadth of tone and his articulation were alike worthy of praise.

For the 17th concert, next Sunday afternoon, Carl Webster, violoncellist, will be the assisting artist, and the program will comprise Schubert's "Rosamunde" overture, Saint-Saens's concerto for 'cello, and Beethoven's symphony No. 7. Only four more concerts are to be given.

MME. GALLI-CURCI IN SYMPHONY HALL

Audience Fills Seats, Platform and Standing Room

Mme. Galli-Curci gave a concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon before an audience that filled the seats, the platform and all available standing room. She was assisted by Manuel Berenguer, flutist, and Homer Samuels, pianist.

Mme. Galli-Curci seemed to have a little difficulty with her highest notes, and this slightly marred the usual perfection of her singing. The program, apparently, did not as a whole appeal to the audience, and the applause was perfunctory rather than spontaneous after many of the numbers. "The Wren," by Benedict, with flute obbligato, which was the third number, was the first to receive an encore.

Mr. Berenguer played two solos, the second, "Autumn Leaves Awhirl," by Samuels, being received by the audience with enthusiasm. It was a charming and rollicking bit of harmony, with an underlying tenderness.

In the last part of the program Mme. Galli-Curci sang from 18th century pieces and the mad scene from "Lucia," accompanied by Mr. Berenguer. The singer added "Homo, Sweet Home," at the close of the program.

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By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Call the Doctor," a comedy in three acts by Jean Archibald.

This comedy was produced in Toronto on August 11, 1919 by Edward H. Robins' stock company. It was said at the time that Mr. Belasco wished to see the play. He saw it, accepted it, and brought it out at the Savoy Theatre, Asbury Park, N. J., on August 16, 1920. New York saw the play at the Empire Theatre on August 31. The cast has been the same since the performance at Asbury Park:

Dudley Townsend.....Philip Merivale
Howard Mowbray.....William Morris
Judge Thomas.....John Amory
Joan Deering.....Janet Beecher
Catherine Mowbray.....Charlotte Walker
Balog-Mari.....Fania Marinoff
Alice Spencer.....Jane Houston
Isabel Thomas.....Mrs. Tom Wise
Harriet Lane.....Barbara Milton
Nellie.....Rea Martin

It would be interesting to know how much the play was doctored by Mr. Belasco, who, it he was not summoned to give vitality, certainly took a professional interest in the comedy, diagnosed the case and nursed the patient for a year until it was thought there could safely be an appearance before an American public. The old material is freshly worked. The older the fish, the piquanter the sauce; the more attentive and persuasive the host and the waiters. Mr. Belasco provided charming settings, looked carefully after the lighting and selected an excellent company.

A wife thinks that her husband is neglecting her. She loves him in her sentimental way; but she expects him to be as fervent in his courtship, although she does not dress herself so enticingly as in the days when she consciously or unconsciously appealed to the male. She invites to her house an attractive woman who has advertised herself as a doctor that treats domestic misunderstandings. This doctor is introduced as an M. D., an old schoolmate. It is easy to imagine the complicatfons that arise; calls from the sick in the neighborhood; misunderstandings through which the woman's native wit serves her. A young lawyer falls in love with her. Meanwhile the husband is found to be philandering with the heart-breaking Miss Spencer. The doctor finally advises the wife to leave her home for a joyous sojourn in New York. There is talk of a divorce; that is, the husband engages the young lawyer to attend to the matter. Reading accounts of her goings on, accounts furnished the newspapers by the doctor, who reminds one of the "Agent of Efficiency," the husband is jealous. It is easy to see the ending, for the motive and the situations are all familiar. Other characters are introduced: the wife of Judge Thomas; a Hungarian artist, who is tricked into exposing Mowbray's interest in Miss Spencer, and the maid Nellie, who is wholly superfluous, and with her telephone and unseen lover consumes valuable time.

The comedians act in comedy spirit a play that is a thinly disguised farce; all except Miss Walker, who, appreciating the nature of the piece, suggests it adroitly without undue emphasis. Only in the last act does she frankly act farcically, where the play is as frankly a farce. The gradual change from a rather foolish, weeping wife into a woman that, under the doctor's guilance, begins to understand men and how they can be held in subjection, and finally makes herself irresistible and indispensable, was skilfully portrayed. It was a thoughtfully conceived, admirably contrived performance, one that was carried out plausibly and with Gallic finesse.

Miss Beecher has a less complex part; one that almost plays itself, if the actress has the gift of freighting the lines with meaning. Miss Beecher delivered the lines incisively; her momentary confusion when herprofession was mistaken, her quick recovery, her parry and thrust in the scenes with Townsend the lawyer, her facial play, all gave interest and life to the part.

The other comedians joined in putting flesh on the old, dry bones of the play. Mr. Morris gave a capital portrayal of the easy-going husband, flattered by Miss Spencer, but enamored again of his wife as soon as she was dressed alluringly. Mr. Merivale was the ardent, hesitating, confused lawyer, rather angular in manner. The part of the fiery little portrait painter was played with gusto and abandon by Miss Marinoff, singularly attractive in exotic way. One of the best scenes in the comedy is that in which the doctor and her patient outwit Miss Spencer, and here Miss Houston shone with her comates. Miss Wise was funny in an old-fashioned part. An audience which filled the theatre in every part was greatly amused.

Fritzi Scheff has been divorced for the third time; Maggie Teyte, having been divorced, has married again. There are always transfers and promotions in the world of art; say rather, there's a constant moving up one seat, as in a round game at a village party.

Our Literachure

As the World Wags:

I read in a story by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott in the Ladies Home Journal that the hero "toasted his eyes on the wood embers"; a delicious languor resulted. Isnt' this a new dish?

This reminds me. A friend of mine was given a story to illustrate by a superintendent of illustration. The marked passage was: "She threw her eyes on the floor." He went to the superintendent and asked: "Say, do you want those eyes rolling around on the floor, or up against the mopboard?"

Boston. EDMUND H. GARRETT.

War and Peace

As the World Wags:

Those who found their faith on the sentiments of the axiom of Wendell Phillips: "Place if possible, but justice always," and believe in the gage of battle as a necessary occasional resort, as well as those who do not accept the need of any such ultimatum are alike bound to envisage the condition which must accompany war between great nations today. With aerial and chemical attack, one or both contending powers could be overwhelmed in a few days or have its great cities reduced to piles of wreckage, their inhabitants exterminated, and wide productive areas converted to a wilderness. In the name of God, let the insensate vociferation for a new war be silenced!

Boston. ERVING WINSLOW.

The Medicinal Toad

Mr. Herkimer Johnson has kindly furnished us with further information about the toad, sending us notes taken by him for the section, "Man, a Gardener," of his colossal work: "Man as a Political and Social Beast." (Elephant folio; sold only by subscription.)

Dried toads worn under the armpits are amulets against plague and poison. Query: Would they be efficacious in cases of sleeping sickness or poisoning by home-brews? In the 17th and 18th centuries, when the plague raged, prudent men and women carried about them the powder of a toad, or a live toad in a box. A toad in a little bag hung about the neck of a horse will cure him of the farcy. George Thomson, M. D., who wrote several learned treatises in the 17th century, was stricken with the plague in 1665. He hung a big dried toad about his neck: it became too tumified, distended "as it were blown up" with the poison it extracted from his, Thomson's, body, "that it was an object of wonder to those that beheld it." Thomson experimented in various ways with the toad: "It is observed that the Bufo is a Creature as extreamly fearful, that if you take the advantage to look upon it with a firmly fixed intentive eye for a quarter of an hour, there being no avoidance of your countenance, it will shortly dye with very terrour, as I have tryed." See Thomson's "Lolmotomia, or the Pest Anatomized," which should be in every public library, within reach of all.

It has been known for centuries that a toad buried in a new earthern vessel in the middle of a field will keep storms from damaging the crops. Arabian women wishing to become mothers have worn necklaces of silver toads. Perhaps it is not commonly known that the toad and the lark exchanged eyes.

Vulgar Errors

Mr. Johnson's notes include many references to the association of the toad with poisonings, witchcraft and Satan-worship. There are the expected quotations from Shakespeare and Milton; the poem of Lovelace describing a duel between a toad and a spider; Juvenal's picture of the Roman matron mingling toad's poison with the mellow wine of Cales for her thirsty husband; and in another satire Juvenal saying that Clytemnestras grew in every street of Rome, but they did not wield a blunt ...ngling axe with both hands: "Now ...e feat is done by the subtle lungs of ...red toad."

...he Italians wishing to harm one, ...a black cat, skin it, rub the skin ...a fine powder, then mix with it pul...ized horse-scrapings and pepper ...h earth over which a toad has ...ssed. While they take this earth ...m under the toad they say:

"Toad, all poison from thy birth!
...shed thy poison on this earth!
...ive me of thy poison some,
...hat I may bear it to my home."

They put the mess in a small bag, and, ...xing it, chant a horrid cu... ...s drunk...

also obtain hairs of the hated one, tie them to the left leg of a toad and put him into a covered pot. As it suffers, the man will suffer; when it dies, he will die.

Sometimes a beautiful princess is transformed into a huge toad that can talk. If a man has the courage to propose marriage, the toad is changed forthwith into a woman of wondrous beauty and their life is one of the utmost felicity. Nor is it necessarily true that all toads are servants of Satan. Some are, no doubt, sinners undergoing penance for evil deeds done in their human form or men and women who, having vowed to go on pilgrimages, died with the vows unfulfilled.

On the evenings before feast days in the Church of Saint Michael at Schwatz, when no one was present, a huge toad crawled before the altar, knelt and prayed, weeping bitterly. This was before the great war.

Plain "Mr."

As the World Wags:

Mr. Archibald Henderson has the enclosed cryptograph in his book on Shaw. It strikes me as very ingenious, and not as well known as it should be. I thought perhaps you could use it in your column sometime when the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy was at the front. My solution of it is that Shakespeare was a theosophist—I believe some have identified themselves as historic personages in previous incarnations? Shakespeare went them one better and put himself on record, knowing who he was to be in a future incarnation.

If you will permit a criticism: The other day you had occasion to add a note to a contribution from Arthur Gordon Webster, and referred to him as Mr. Webster. Now this gentleman has mentioned himself in your column as the possessor of numerous honorific titles; furthermore, I have been a guest on two or three occasions at meetings of a society to which he is a fellow. I have heard him speak, I have been much impressed. I wish to ask if it is good form in speaking of a man of his importance as plain "mister"?

G. S. W. K.

There is no title so dignified as "Mr." There is Mr. Herkimer Johnson, for example. Learned and scientific societies, colleges and universities in Europe Airope and Orope have bestowed on him all manner of honorary degrees and riboned gewgaws, but he prefers to be known as "Mr." and scorns the foolish "Esq."

A Cryptograph

The conclusive cryptographic proof that Bernard Shaw wrote the plays usually attributed to Shakespeare—discovered by Mr. S. T. James of Leeds

Mac.....Bell
Oth.....Elle
Comedy of Er.....Rors
Merchant of Ve.....Nice
Coriol.....Anus
Midsummer Night's D.....Ream
Merry Wives of Win.....Dsor
Measure for Mea.....Sure
Much Ado About Not.....Hing
Antony and Cleop.....Atra
All's Well That Ends.....Well

BEGGAR'S OPERA

Though the Anglo-Saxon spirit may be cursed with an unfailing determination to find a moral, as its critics have so often said, Hazlitt himself, for all that he once found a moral in the Beggar's Opera, might well have merely enjoyed, and let morals fly round with the whirling leaves of fall, had he attended the performance in Jordan Hall last evening, given by The Amateurs for the benefit of the Copley Society Building fund.

For here was the delight in life, the passing of time in kissing, as Diana Trapes recommended. Here was the exquisite rhythm of the older modes of dancing, the fine pattern of pirouetting figures, the feeling, through the whole opera, of English blithe good humor and heartiness. One can understand, after listening to this opera, why the English have held such sway in the world these many centuries. For the whole spirit of the piece has much bottom, believes in good strong ale, and yet is filled with the delight of spring sunshine under English oaks.

Haunting Sadness of Music

All the original political innuendo of the opera is of course lost on modern ears, even if these sections are not entirely cut. That the opera may have been an attempt to ridicule Italian opera might easily not occur to a listener, and, if it occurred, he might disbelieve that Gay more than used the form to create added fun and ardor for his work.

To any ear of today the opera must seem marvelously economical of means, used as we are to the gorgeous extravagance and unlimited devices of our musical comedies. Surely at last evening's performance the setting, so skillfully made by the members of the School of the Museum of Fine Arts

added large charm in its simplicity and easy adjustment that relieved the audience of the desert wastes of many plays. One wonders why the piece should send him out into the evening so filled with delight and the desire to sing gaily, when much of the music is filled with a haunting sadness, an exquisite melancholy. He perhaps finds his reply in the fundamentally pastoral blithness of the opera. It seems almost as if over the score of a lovely pastoral a grimy stained hand had smudged with much fleshy heartiness and good cheer, hanging on a plot with epithets of vulgarity, but without dimming the beauty and the grace beneath sufficiently to obsure it.

And why, oh why, did Hazlitt feel obliged to find a moral? One can imagine small boys of Gay's time, if they saw the opera, being led to start on lives of desperate means such as the moving pictures lure to today. But what person, come to years of even slight discretion, could do more than enjoy?

Last evening's performance was quite delightful. Capt. Macheath, the villain and hero, sang and acted with distinction in the person of Mr. Hugh Towne. Miss Elsie Winsor Bird as Mrs. Peachum was delightful, especially when slightly stage-tipsy. Polly Peachum's sad plight as one of several wives of Macheath, pathetically and charmingly unrolled as Mrs. Edward Massey, sang and spoke her desires and her regrets. So Lucy Lockit gave another view of feminine plight as interpreted with spirit by Mrs. G. Loring Tobey, Jr.

The scene in which the members of Macheath's gang sing of taking to the road would have fired the brain of the most home-loving youth. The three-cornered dialogue, snuff taking, and conspiracy held by Peachum, Lockit and Diana Trapes that resolved itself into dance and song and finally into triumph for Diana on the one hand, sparklingly played by Miss Emily Hale, and into equal triumph for Peachum and Lockit, played by Mr. E. Irving Locke and Mr. Edward Massey, respectively, must have moved the most unresponsive. The final scene of dance and solution left the audience pleased and thrilled. Surely the Copley Society's building fund is here in good hands.

GLOBE THEATRE—"Twin Beds," farce in three acts by Margaret Mayo and Salisbury Fields. The cast:

Harry Hawkins	Joseph Crehan
Blanche Hawkins	Zaina Curzon
Signor Monti	R. M. D'Angelo
Andrew Larkin	Bennett Finn
Amanda Davis	Callie Van Vliet
Signora Monti	Antoinette Rochte
Norah	Bess Stafford

The fad for bedroom farces has happily come and gone. And yet it is perhaps opportune that the farce, which did more to propagate such fancy, should return for a brief engagement. For thus alone can it remind an all too forgetful public that much innocent fun may be had in a bedroom. "Twin Beds" indeed is quite remarkable in the manner in which it draws a rich harvest of laughs, with never a suspicion of salacious wit. At last night's performance a patient audience waited while the authors planted and prepared seeds which were to rise full grown in a hilarious third act. Indeed, Miss Mayo and Mr. Salisbury come near to taxing the most willing listener by the obvious, necessary preparations, not always artfully concealed beneath the surface. Through two acts of fleeting light comedy, good in itself, yet of seeming slightness, one feels the action is suspended, still to come. And then follows a pleasurable third act in which good situation follows good situation with lightning rapidity and exactitude. Always the audience is one pace ahead of play and player, and with seeming zest joins into the game of blind man's buff, finding joy in its own cleverness.

For those who may forget, the story tells of Harry and Blanche Hawkins, young married couple of no long standing. One night it becomes necessary for Harry to journey down to his club. As evening hours pass, by author's cleverness or design, Signor Monti and Andrew Larkin, that neighbors from above and below, stray into the unguarded bedroom of the not too sophisticated Blanche. Needless to add, the jealous knowing wives follow with eagle eye and furrowed brow their wayward husbands. And "then the fun begins." The efficient and affable maid, Norah by name, adds much to the easily found, more easily enjoyed, farceries that follow.

Last night's audience discovered ready cause for long continued laughs and gave accordingly. But one wonders if they saw and liked the quiet humors of Joseph Crehan, who played the part of the weary Mr. Hawkins. It was pleased by the demure Blanche as portrayed by Zaina Curzon. But it welcomed the facile drolleries of Signora Monti (Antoinette Rochte) and Nora (Bess Stafford). Maid and lady were of the sophisticated, hard-boiled type, yet Norah made a more notable hit, perhaps because Miss Rochte tended to overplay her part. R. M. D'Angelo made an amusing if somewhat pugilistic appearing Signor Monti.

"Twin Beds" as seen last night is good [illegible] of the theatre.

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of George White's "Scandals of 1920," a musical revue in two acts and 19 scenes. Book by Andy Rice and George White; music by George Gershwin; lyrics by Arthur Jackson. Alfred Newman conducted.

The performers appeared now in this, now in that scene. The principals pals were George White, Ann Pennington, La Sylphe, Estel Delmar, Frances Arms, Christine Welford, Myra Cullen, Vera Colburn, Sascha Beaumont, Anna Green, Ruth Grey, Lou Holtz, Lester Allen, George Bickel, George Rockwell, Lloyd Garrett, James Miller, Sam Ledner, Al Fox and White's De Luxe band.

There is little that is commonplace and much that is uproariously funny. There are several burlesques that had the big audience in an uproar; there are dancing features that win deserved applause; the scenery and investiture often arrest the eye by the beauty of the color scheme.

The first scene promises well, for the opening of Pandora's box discloses an unusual collection of pretty girls, as when Vera Colburn, in the allegorical role of Costumes, gracefully sweeps down the incline, followed by others of varying degrees of physical charm.

One of the chief features of the performance was the presidential convention, in which George Bickel presided as William Jennings Bryan. This was a modern amplification of the Roman forum, and each orator was destined to be shot in his turn. This gave each an opportunity for some excellent burlesque.

Another scene that gave pleasure was the Palisade Buff apartments. In this scene the old device of the collapsible stairs was employed, but otherwise the treatment was ingenious. There was the ice man and his microscopic piece of ice, the husband returning to find the lover with his wife, and the accommodating revolving door. Then there was the unforgettable game of poker.

Mr. White is modest. He did not appear until the last scene, and then gave pleasure with his versatility in the dance and with his impressions of other dancing celebritics.

Ann Pennington appeared in several scenes, and danced in her individualistic style. Perhaps her most interesting number was that of the mechanical doll.

The principal comedy roles were in the hands of Lou Holtz. There is no denying that Mr. Holtz is funny, but he is often at his best when he is "raw." And this was the case in nearly every song he affected.

COPLEY THEATRE—"When Knights Were Bold," a farce in three acts, by Charles Marlowe. The cast:—

Isaac Isaacson	Walter Kingsford
Peter Pottlebury, D. D.	H. Conway Wingfield
Hon. Charles Wildicombe	Nicholas Joy
Sir Bryan Ballymote	E. F. Hast
Miss Isaacson	Ingrid Dillon
Wittle	Paul Hansell
Sir Guy de Vere	E. E. Clive
Millicent Eggington	May Ediss
Marjorie Eggington	Dorothy Wellver
Kate Pottlebury	Phyllis Cleveland
Barker	Charles Warburton
Alice Barker	Viola Roach
Lady Rowena Eggington	Pamela Gaythorne
Hon. Mrs. Waldegrave	Margaret Pitt
Gladys Lightfoot	Marion Jenkins
Herald	Clifford Turner

The Jewett Players gave this farce with great success last April. Owing to changes in the company the present cast is substantially different. Mr. Clive plays his original part of Sir Guy de Vere; Miss Roach appears again as the serving maid, Alice Barker; Mr. Wingfield plays Mr. Pottlebury, and Mr. Joy and Miss Ediss once more play the parts of court jesters.

This play is capital fun. It tells the story of a young English lord, who, sickening of his cousin's sighing for "the good old days," falls asleep after many whiskies and sodas and dreams that he is back in the reign of Richard III.

The various members of his house party appear in the dream. Mr. Clive's playing of the part is one of the best things he has done. In the second act the whole burden of the comedy falls on his capable shoulders, and he carries it along at top pitch. In this act Mr. Joy and Miss Ediss blossomed forth last year in song and dance. They were very funny at that time, and last night repeated their amusing antics.

Miss Pamela Gaythorne, in the part of Lady Rowena, made her first appearance with the company. It is a thankless part; it places an actress somewhat at a disadvantage. Miss Gaythorne, however, brought to it charm and intelligence; she did not try to "work it up." She is very attractive. We look forward to seeing her in parts where she will have a greater opportunity.

The other members of the company entered into the spirit of the piece. A large audience enjoyed it hugely.

"Ten Nights in a Bar Room" Seen for First Time Since Prohibition

"Ten Nights in a Bar Room," dramatized from T. S. Arthur's famous novel, opened a one week's engagement last evening at the Arlington Theatre. An appreciative audience greeted this presentation by the Arlington Players with as great an enthusiasm as was in evidence at the recent revival of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

This is the first time since the advent of prohibition that the famous old play has been given in a Boston theatre. The audience appeared to be greatly interested in this sermon on the evils of intemperance.

The play was well cast, each of the players well fitted to his or her particular role. "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" will be played only seven nights in the Arlington Theatre, and last night was one of the precious few.

Beverly Bayne and Francis Bushman head the bill at Keith's this week. They were well received. Their one-act playlet has far greater possibilities than they bring out, as neither has a good stage voice. Inasmuch as there is not a love scene in the playlet, the usual fade-out is missed. Possibly they felt such a scene would not be in good taste. However, Bushman made a little curtain speech of thanks for his reception, which the audience deserved, as the applause must have been a welcome change from the reception they received in other cities.

Aside from them the bill was unusually good. Ray Hulling opened with a trained seal, which showed unusual intelligence. Jack Joyce who lost a leg in France told a few war stories, sang a song or two without much success, but stopped the show by his one-legged dance.

Lou and Jean Archer have a sketch which includes some striking costumes, a song or two and a bit of dancing. The audience liked them. Mae and Rose Wilton in a sister act proved tunefully harmonious. Their vocal duets were better than their instrumental attempts. To prove they were sisters, they pulled a woman, presumably their mother, to the stage to share their last curtain calls. Joe Morris and Flo Campbell make much fun out of nothing in particular, Morris being deft in his handling of "nut" comedy. Vernon Stiles, a tenor, was enjoyed. Schichtl's royal wonderettes closed the bill.

Mch 19 1921

Sex Libris

(From the New York Evening Post.)

Hail to our party of new Literati!
Reading's no longer considered a pose;
All of the locals so recently yokels
Now are conversant with Classical Prose.

Young Cognoscenti in batches of twenty
Discourse on Juvenal, Ovid and Swift;
And many a vulture for Physical Culture
Buys Contes Drolatiques for his girl, as a gift.

Flappers can babble a fragment from Rabelais,
Clinking the spoons in their sundaes the while;
Then turn the grammar on like the Decameron,
But with a charmingly intimate style.

Helens and Sonias gurgle Petronius,
Shun Snappy Stories, and movies avoid;
If they are jealous read Havelock Ellis,
Or else a convenient translation of Freud.

When little Mary Ann asks the Librarian
For a new author, she questions if he
Isn't a lewder man than Hermann Sudermann,
Otherwise she wouldn't read him you see.

MORTON HOYT.

Eggs and the Moon

The Strafford correspondent of the Rochester (N. H.) Courier writes: "Our hen men and women will be interested in the fact that experiments have shown that more eggs will hatch if the hen is set when the moon is new or very close to that period, and that the young chicks hatched will be stronger and more vigorous and grow more rapidly. On the other hand, chicks hatched when there is no moon are often more weakly and do not make such strong and vigorous fowls, nor are they such good egg layers. The above advice is worth following, as it incurs no extra expense and a trial may convince one as to its correctness. We certainly want the best results from our henneries."

What a pleasure it is to observe the survival of old beliefs! Call them not superstitions. Not without reason did Addison exclaim:

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale."

The influence of the moon on men and things has long been known in New England. Mothers cut their children's hair in the increase of the moon that the hair might grow the thicker. Bushes were mowed down and killed in the time of the old moon. Farmers went a-pig-sticking in the time of the waxing moon, so that the pork might swell in the barrel. Firefod was cut at a certain quarter of the moon to prevent snapping. Dr. Samuel Deane, pastor at Portland, Me., a man renowned for learning, godliness and sarity, wrote in his diary in 1767: "May 4. I planted kidney beans, sowed cauliflower and apple seeds, being increase of the moon. I planted corn and potatoes, increase of the moon." He gathered apples about noon "on the day of the full of the moon," and wrote in his "New England Farmer" (1790), "As we know both animals and vegetables are influenced by the moon in some cases, why may we not suppose a greater quantity of spirit is sent up into the fruit when the attraction of the heavenly bodies is greatest?" Vegetables, etc., supposed to be peculiarly under lunar influence were beans, cabbages, cucumbers, lettuce, mandrakes (justly valued for witches), pumpkins, watercresses, fruit trees, radishes, turnips, lilies, leeks, horseradish, saffron; they increase during the moon's fulness; onions are larger, better nourished during the waning. We find old Thomas Tussel writing:

"Sowe peason and beanes, in the wane of the moone,
Who soweth them sooner, he soweth too soone,
That they with the planet may rest and arise
And flourish, with bearing most plentiful wise."

In England mushrooms were pulled at the full of the moon. In Devonshire apples "shrump up" if picked when the moon is waning. The ancients, Pliny, Vitruvius, Columella, Cato, had their theories about cutting timber at certain ages of the moon. Plutarch says that corn laid up at the full of the moon, "by reason of the softnesse and over-much molsture, of all other, doth most cracke and burst." Not without reason do the gypsies believe that a child born in full moonshine will make a happy marriage. A feather bed should be stuffed while the moon wanes; linen should then be washed, so that the dirt will disappear with the dwindling light. Let not the beautcous Miss Eustachia don a new dress when the moon is in her decline. We regret to say that St. Augustine declared it to be a great offence for any man to observe the time and course of the moon for planting trees or sowing corn; he said "none puts any trust in them but they that worship them"—truly a narrow view. And there are always sceptical persons, as Butler, satirizing a visionary, who—

"With the moon was more familiar
Than e'er was almanac well-willer;
Her secrets understood so clear
That some believed he had been there;
Knew when she was in fittest mood
For cutting corns, or letting blood;
Whether the wane be, or increase,
Best to set garlick, or sow pease;
Who first found out the man i' th' moon,
That to the ancients was unknown."—Ed.

As the World Wags:

In some desultory reading of the classics, I have found that the commentators on Greek and Latin authors alluded to a certain commentator by the pet name of Aul. Gell. I was unacquainted with this author until Mr. Herkimer Johnson most generously presented me with a very valuable edition of Aullus Gellius, printed in Paris, in the 16th century. He had probably frequently consulted it in the preparation of his "magnum opus," and, as such, the volume is very precious to me.

On perusal, I find the book, which is entitled "Noctes Atticae," is a delightful and desultory discussion of ancient Greek and Latin literature, and that in commenting, often on grammar and etymology, "Aul. Gell." has preserved to us some charming fragments of ancient poets, but for him for the most part unknown. He was not, however, a mere grammarian, he tells delightful stories and points out for our interest the beauties of many lovely passages in the old poets, and quaint opinions of the philosophers. He tells a story of one Julius Florus, who, at a villa near the city (Rome?), was a guest at a dinner at which were present many scholars, both Greek and Romans. The entertainment was delightful, and, after the boys and girls had come in to dance and play the flute, a supercilious Greek remarked that the Roman poets were rather clumsy fellows, and had not written any love poems which could compare in charm and grace with the Greek writers such as Anacreon. Whereupon this Julius Florus, who was a rhetorician, stated that Valerius Aedituus, Quintus Catullus and Porcus Licinius had written love verses as charming, terse and graceful as any Greek, which we all know to be true of Catullus. To prove his statement he quoted some verses of Valerius Aedituus, who "flornit" circa 150 B. C. They are charming and interesting, and so much so that I have tried to render them into English so that even the small class of your readers, who have not graduated with honors in the classics may get some faint idea of them. They might be given the title of "The Torch of Love" or "One Does Not Need a Lantern When Seeing Nellie Home."

(If you do not care to publish this, I wish you would kindly show it to Mr. Johnson so that he may get some idea how much I am enjoying his gift.) The verses follow

B. L. F.

Why bearest thou a torch, dear,
For us who need no light?
We'll go on as we are, dear,
My heart's fire shineth bright
Enough. That torch of thine, dear,
A wind gust, or the rain
That pelteth down from heaven
Might put it out again.
But ah! the torch of Love, dear,
That shineth in my breast
No power on earth but Love herself
Can put that flame to rest!

Mch 20 1917

Strange to say, in the many appreciative articles about the literary work of James Huneker, which appeared in the newspapers, there has been no reference to his brilliant columns published in the Musical Courier of New York; there has been no allusion to his connection as associate editor with Mile. New York. One would think from the comments of fellow-critics and reviewers that Hune-

ker was first known and valued as the music critic of the Recorder in New York, in the early nineties.

Before Huneker joined the staff of the Recorder he was known to musicians and readers about music throughout the land by his columns signed "Raconteur" in the Musical Courier. He also contributed editorial matter and special articles to that weekly, in which his critical acumen, his multifarious reading, his fancy, wit and humor, were a delight to lovers of music and of literature. In the Musical Courier appeared many columns that afterward served as a foundation for more elaborate essays in his published books, or were incorporated in them.

It was through the Musical Courier that I became acquainted personally with Jim. I was then writing a weekly letter about music in Boston for the periodical. Thus began a close friendship that was broken only by his death. We were in those days enthusiastic, perhaps extravagant, in praise and blame; under the influence of French writers who were then little known in this country or regarded by the conservative as wildly radical. Jules Laforgue was one of our idols. He remained so till the end. We translated, adapted, perhaps stole from the men that we admired. Whether Huneker was discussing a technical or aesthetic subject seriously, or indulging himself in some fantastical flight; now writing sonorously in the manner of Sir Thomas Browne; now polishing his sentences and seeking after rhythms in prose with Walter Pater in mind; now rollicking in unbuttoned case in Rabelaisian spirit, he was incomparable.

Mlle. New York was a fortnightly that first appeared in August, 1895. Vance Thompson was the editor. Thomas Fleming and T. Powers were the illustrators. Among the contributors to the first number were Edward W. Townsend ("Chimmie Fadden"), who wrote a cruel story of low life in New York; Charles Eugene Hamlin, with an article, "Black Music," in which he dreamed of an opera, "Dred," by Dvorak, performed by negroes at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1995. There was an interview with Knut Hamsun, who is now being discovered by New York literary critics; Hamsun, whose "Hunger" we had read in German years ago. There were poems, short stories, a long and bitter article, "The Doomed Republic," which was not signed, and was practically an attack on the influence of the Jews. The illustrations were unusual; some of them were daring.

Huneker contributed to the second number, Aug. 23, 1895, a characteristic page, "Venus Victrix," which may have been suggested by one of Villiers de l'Isle Adam's tales, "Les Amants de Tolede." Was "White Music and—Jewish" by Huneker? It was whimsical enough for him. Other articles signed with his name were "The Dream of a Decadent" (No. 3) (Was not "The Double-Headed Nightingale" of his invention?) On the illustrated cover of No. 5 (October, 1895) Huneker's name appeared as associate editor. Articles signed by him in this number and later were "Entbehren sollst du," "Frustrate," "A Brahmsody," "Nosophilia: A Nordau Heroine," "Gynolatry," "A Brunhilda of the Bowery" (a tribute to Maggie Cline; "The Shofar Blew at Sunset," "Santuzza's Child," "Ineluctable," "Improvisation: Mad Mulielbrity; the Recurring Staircase," "The Diary of a Degenerate." The last number, No. 11, of this series, was dated "The first fortnight in April, 1896." These 11 numbers were published by the Mlle. New York Pub. Co. or the Mlle. New York Corporation.

Mlle. New York was revived in November, 1898: Vance Thompson, editor; T. Fleming, art director; James Gibbons Huneker, associate editor. Four numbers appeared before the magazine drew its positively last breath and was coffined. No. 2 was dated "Last fortnight in Nov., 1898." Nos. 3 and 4 were not dated. The four numbers were published by the Blumenberg Press.

Articles signed by Huneker were "A Martyr to Art, Being a Phantasy of the St. Botolph Club," a most amusing sketch, in which several Bostonians were named; "Nuptials Royal," "Love's Renascence," "The Mirror of Unfaith," "Where the Black Mass Was Heard," "A Prose Master of France," being a study of Flaubert. "The Sleep of the Shadow," "The City of Vague Alarms," "A Weaver of Souls," "How to Become a Musical Boswell," comprising anecdotes in burlesque manner. Bach and the Boehm Flute, Brahms's Hatred of Cats, How I Met Richard Wagner, Liszt's Clever Retort: "Fog."

Some of these articles were published almost verbatim in the volumes of Huneker's essays that appeared later. For example, "Fog" is "Grindstones," published in his "Bedouins" (1920).

As Huneker shone in the Musical Courier, so he shone in Mlle. New York. There was no public at that time for the latter magazine; yet, looking over the 15 numbers, one cannot help thinking that there should have been enough lovers of the fanciful, grotesque, reckless in literature; enough of those curious about the contemporary European literature, to support well the magazine. There were perhaps a dozen contributors besides the editors during its life. I doubt if any one of us ever received money enough to pay for the postage that carried the contributions to the office. Where was this office, by the way? Probably in Vance Thompson's hat.

Immediately after Huneker's death the laudatory obituaries and editorial articles praised his criticism as "constructive." I admired and loved the man, but he was anything but "constructive." He belonged to the school of Anatole France, rather than that of Ferdinand Brunetiere. He was a recorder and transmitter of vivid impressions. Analysis was, fortunately, not his forte. There are here and there analytical touches, as in the second part of his "Chopin." Opening the book, probably the one on which his fame will be securely based, one finds him writing about Chopin's F major, prelude: "An E flat in the bass of the third group of sixteenths, etc."; this is only for a moment. Huneker goes on: "This prelude, the 23d, is fashioned out of the most volatile stuff. Aerial, imponderable, and like a sun-shot spider web oscillating in the breeze of summer, its hues change at every puff. It is in extended harmonics and must be delivered with spirituality. The horny hand of the toilsome pianist would shatter the delicate, swinging fantasy of the poet." That is what really interested Huneker in the prelude, not the "audacious feat in harmony." Perhaps he was "constructive" in a subtle way: in awakening the soul of an apparently soulless pianist by a glittering rhapsody to a sense and appreciation of beauty that had hitherto escaped him.

Huneker's "Liszt" should have been his magnum opus. The subject fascinated him; the character of the man himself; the various influences that shaped him and the ones that he escaped; his amorous life; sketches of the times in which he lived and moved; a study that should have been of a sociological, philosophical, religious nature. There was a wealth of material, if only in Liszt's voluminous correspondence. Huneker had talked with me about the book; how he was planning it; for, although he seldom visited Boston, he did not shrink from writing letters, letters that were as amusing and stimulating, sometimes as extravagant and desultory, as his talk. It was his purpose to write Liszt's life in two volumes. The publisher could not agree to this. Then Huneker, to use his own words, "got cold feet." How could he compress his material into one volume? The result was a biographical section, with pages of undigested notes, some of little or no importance, pitchforked together. He himself said that the book was a failure.

For Huneker had no illusions about his own work. In a letter dated Oct. 7, 1920, he wrote with reference to his "Steeplejack": "Vol. I. is the better of the two." Into the second volume he had thrown pages that had already been published in newspapers and even in volumes of his tales and essays. Accounting for a reference to a singer as living, who was dead, he said that "Steeplejack" was written in 1918, and "the matter had been electrotyped a year because of the printers' strike in 1919; I didn't have a chance to alter a line since August, 1919, when I had proof."

He was happy in the choice of titles for his book, although in some instances they perplexed the honest bourgeois, who would ask timidly: "What is the pathos of distance"? "Ivory, Apes and Peacocks" mystified some who were unacquainted with the Old Testament: "For the King (Solomon) had at sea a navy of Tarshish, with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory and apes, and peacocks." Huneker's book thus entitled was published in 1915, but the same title was chosen by "Israfel" for a volume published in 1899, a volume containing some essays on musical subjects with sketches of travel in the east, among them a remarkable study of Tschaikowsky, curiously entitled "In a Turnip Field (St. Martin's Summer)."

It would be better for Huneker's enduring reputation if he had revised carefully his newspaper articles before he published them in book form. The labor of the file and the task of elimination were irksome to him. Hence repetitions, even contradictions in some of his later volumes. At times, like Hazlitt, he indulged himself too freely in quotation, so that some of his pages remind one of the annotated catalogue of a dealer in European literature; but, unlike Hazlitt, he quoted correctly. Is it not ironical that De Quincey, who censured Hazlitt for his frequent quotations and expatiated on this literary offence, was also given to quotation, and at times quoted incorrectly?

Of joyous, buoyant nature Huneker found joy in work. He wrote with gusto, whatever the subject. He had a genius for appreciation while others were questioning and doubting. He was unlike Schumann; his swans seldom turned out to be geese. Sometimes wildly enthusiastic in praise, so that even those who knew him well, wondered at his dithyrambic prose, he was never small or malicious in his disapproval. If he dismissed a singer or pianist with a jest, the subject of the witticism was not grievously wounded by the shaft of wit; he laughed with the rest. Honest in love of the arts; never a poseur; never trimming his sails for windy applause; he was honest in his praise and blame; sometimes rhapsodical to the verge of bifalutin; often gorgeously eloquent.

ourish ague."
rch has April weather, April
March weather.

There is no one to succeed him. A staunch friend, a delightful companion, he is sorely missed by many of us.

Death has been busy of late; perhaps not unusually; perhaps he is not working overtime: for many of us are now on the firing line. New York has been more fortunate than Boston. Huneker's confreres, Krehbiel, Henderson, Finck, are alive and writing as vigorously as in the years when he was on the Recorder. Here in Boston, my early companions, Woolf, Apthorp, Elson, Ticknor, Capen are no more. And Huneker now has further opportunities for his inexhaustible curiosity. Whom did he first seek out for companionship and talk about the arts? Flaubert or Chopin? Poe or Brahms? One likes to think of him with Raphael Josefty, with whom he was long associated, whom he loved.

"The Beggar's Opera"

We saw "The Beggar's Opera" Wednesday night and enjoyed it greatly. That the young women of the Amateurs entered so gally into the scene where the cajoling women of the town deliver Macheath into the clutches of the law show that the horizon here has broadened; that art soars above the conventionalities. But why was Filch played by a woman? Miss Webling was pleasing to the eye, but Filch is a male part. As a lover of Gay's opera wrote over a hundred years ago: "Filch is a serious, contemplative, conscientious character. This Simmons perfectly understands. He sings the song 'Tis Woman That Seduces All Mankind,' as if he had a pretty girl in one eye and the gallows in the other."

Macheath is not an easy part to play. Speaking of Horn in this character, Hazlitt wrote: "He sung the songs well, with a little too much ornament for the profession of the captain: and his air and manner, though they did not fall into the common error of vulgarity, were rather too precise and finical. Macheath should be a fine man and a gentleman, but he should be one of God Almighty's gentlemen, not a gentleman of the black rod. His gallantry and good-breeding should arise from impulse, not from rule; not from the trammels of education, but from a soul generous, courageous, good natured, aspiring, amorous. The class of the character is very difficult to hit. It is something between gusto and slang, like port wine and brandy mixed. It is not the mere gentleman that should be represented, but the blackguard sublimated into the gentleman." Mme. Vestris, the famous Mme. Vestris, took the part of Macheath in 1820. "She played the part very prettily, with great vivacity and an agreeable swagger, cocking her hat, throwing back her shoulders and making a free use of a rattan cane, like Little Pickle, but she did not look like the hero or the highwayman, if this was desirable in the case. If, however, she turned Macheath into a petit-maitre, she did not play it like Mr. Incledon or Mr. Cooke, or Mr. Braham, or Mr. Young, or anyone else we have seen in it, which is no small commendation." If a woman were to play Macheath today, who should she be? Henrietta Crosman could have acted the hero. Could she have sung the airs?

(Incledon. We spoke last Sunday of his playing Macheath in New York and the row that ensued. Hazlitt said of him: "He is a true old English singer, and there is nobody who goes through a drinking song, a hunting song or a sailor's song like him. He makes a very loud and agreeable noise without any meaning. At present he both speaks and sings as if he had a lozenge or a slice of marmalade in his mouth. If he could go to America and leave his voice behind him, it would be a great benefit—to the parent country.")

Speaking of Cooke, Hazlitt wrote that he did not know any actor on the stage who was enough of the fine gentleman to play Macheath. "Perhaps the elder Kemble might, but then he is no singer! It would be an experiment for Mr. Kean: but we don't think he could do it. This is a paradox; but we will explain. As close a resemblance, then, as the dress of the ladies in the private boxes bears to that of the ladies in the boxes which are not private, so nearly should the manners of Gay's Macheath resemble those of the fine gentleman."

Other remarks made by Hazlitt on the characters in "The Beggar's Opera" may interest the audiences of last week. Polly: "One of the most interesting characters on the stage, for we hardly know any character more artless and amiable than Gay's Polly, except perhaps Shakespeare's Imogen. And Polly has the advantage on the stage, for she may be sung, but Imogen cannot be acted." In another review, Hazlitt describes Polly as "artless and elegant."

Mrs. Charles Kemble as Lucy: "She has no 'compunctious visitings' of delicacy, but her mind seems hardened against the walls that enclose it. She is Lockit's daughter, the child of a prison; the true virago, that is to be the foil to the gentle spirit of Polly. The air with which she throws the rat to the cat in the song has a gusto worthy of one of Michael Angelo's Sybils; a box on the ear from her right hand is no jesting matter. Her rage and sullenness are of the true unmitigated stamp, and her affected civilities to her fair rival are a parody (as the author intended) on the friendships of courts."

Of the amateurs in the performance last Wednesday, Mr. Locke as Peachum and Mr. Massey as Lockit gave excellent impersonations, nor should Mr. Hay, the leader of Macheath's gay gang of highwaymen and blackguards, be forgotten. Peachum and Lockit were admirably contrasted in their knavery; the one burly, a ruffian at heart; Lockit, snaky, oily, perhaps the greater scoundrel by his slyness. Among the women Mmes. Tobey, Hale and Bird entered fully into the spirit of Gay, and there was something appealing in Mrs. Massey's Polly.

The songs were charming in their sweet simplicity. Unfortunately the enunciation of the chief singers was so faulty that the words of Gay were seldom distinctly heard. Freest from fault in this respect were Miss Bird and Mrs. Tobey. Even in the dialogue lines were missed through indistinct enunciation. It was a pity that full justice was not done to Gay's lyrics. Thackeray said of Gay, that like the tenor Rubini, there were tears in his voice. "In almost every ballad of his, however slight, in 'The Beggar's Opera' . . . there is a peculiar, hinted, pathetic sweetness and melody. It charms and melts you. It's indefinable, but it exists; and is the property of John Gay's and Oliver Goldsmith's best verse, as fragrance is of a violet, or freshness of a rose." And Hazlitt, writing long before Thackeray, said: "There is a severity of feeling and a plaintive sadness, both in the words and music of the songs in this opera, on which too much stress cannot be laid."

But what was "A Friar of Orders Gray" doing in Mrs. Peachum's mouth? Why this incongruous interpolation?"

The little orchestra, conducted by Mr. Weston, contributed in no small degree to the success of the performance. The stage management was brisk; the waits were short.

Were Gay's satirical lines fully appreciated by the audience last Wednesday night? We doubt it; for some of the wittiest passed almost unnoticed; nor was this due to imperfect delivery.

We should like to hear "The Beggar's Opera" as Gay wrote it. Even in Hazlitt's day certain scenes were omitted. Perhaps Bostonians would shrink from the frankness of expression; yet they rush to theatres where vulgarity is rampant, they encourage comedians dealing in cheap and coarse innuendo; they purchase and discuss novels that are recommended to them at bookshops as "very sexy."

Let us be thankful, however, to the Amateurs for their production of this delightful operetta now nearly 200 years old, fresher today than the operettas and musical comedies of this century. It was in 1815 that Hazlitt wrote: "All sense of humanity must be lost before 'The Beggar's Opera' can cease to fill the mind with delight and admiration."

Notes About Music

In most countries the orchestra only has things thrown at it if it plays badly, but apparently in Italy it may also suffer if it plays well.

During the performance at Cremona of the opera, "The Prodigal Son," composed by a local musician, Ponchielli, the audience, rendered enthusiastic by the orchestra's excellent rendering of one passage, demanded an encore. The orchestra, however, refused, for which it was driven out of the theatre by the orange peel, lemons and other missiles which were hurled at it by the indignant public. Only when it consented to accept the honor implied by the applause and to give the desired encore was it allowed to return. Altogether, theatres seem to be exciting places in Italy nowadays. During a performance of Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" at Empoli, a group of men in the audience began to shout revolutionary songs. The conductor of the orchestra, who had already had to complain of other interruptions, turned round and told the disturbers in very plain language what he thought of them. There followed an absolute pandemonium, beginning with insults hurled from the gallery to the boxes, and vice versa, and ending with the exchange of several revolver shots. Panic ensued, and, although no injuries were reported, the performance had to be abandoned.—Roman correspondent of the London Times.

Some Debussy which followed was a little no sy; he, like all the Frenchmen, uses exactly the right word, and shouting it does not make it any more right. —London Times.

Apropos of a concert by the Chamber Music Players (Messrs. Sammons, Tertis, Salmond and Murdoch), in London, the Times remarked: "That is the beauty of listening to really good players. We do not ask whether the work is ancient or modern, of this idiom or that, of one country or another, but only listen to the ideas in it and become absorbed in their development. Neither is it with good players a matter of fine tone here, of firm rhythm there, or of fixing the attention on any one thing. It would be quite easy to characterize closely the playing of all of the four, but it would quite miss the mark. What distinguishes them from other similar bodies of players is that they have [illegible] drunkenness to [illegible]

real rehearsals, perhaps numerous but certainly purposeful, and that they could not have done this without acknowledging a leading spirit among them. We do not know who this is, and like to think that they do not know either, nor care, so long as it is a real delight to them, as it clearly is, to play these things. Monday night was the first night for a long time that we caught the unmistakable sound of real applause. Such applause never comes from the hedgerows and highways which fill most of our halls, but only from those who know what music can be, and what it is like when you have got it. The perfectly straightforward, adventurous, unostentatious playing of these four young men, and the sincere applause, neither sporadic nor noisy, nor hesitating, have been the most cheering thing in the musical world this year."

"What grand thing it would be for the school of English pianists if all the pedals of all the pianos could be unscrewed and lost for a year!"

Bertram Binyon brought out in London on Feb. 16 three works for voice and string quartet by Eugene Goossens, performed for the first time. The Daily Telegraph said of them: "Oddly enough, Mr. Goossens has gone to old writers for his texts, in spite of his open championing the ultra-modern in music. To be consistent he ought to have gone for inspiration to 'Le Monoplane du Pape,' or, at the very least, to the most original creations of Walt Whitman, and not to Sir Thomas Wyatt, John Fletcher and Richard Barnefield. And it is not merely consistency of doctrine that is in question. A song cannot be convincing if the music is out of tune with the words—unless, of course, the words are used merely as a peg for the music, in which case it matters little or nothing where they come from or what their meaning is. But Mr. Goossens is too conscientious an artist to treat good poetry in such an offhand fashion. His singer repeats the word with just accent, it is only the commentary of the accompanying quartet that is rather too heavy and elaborate for the exquisitely slight fabric of the poet. In his own way, however, the music reproduces admirably the atmosphere of the poems. Of the three—'Appeal,' 'Melancholy,' 'Philomel'—it is the second that shows best the good qualities and hides best the discrepancy in the work. It will be said, perhaps, that this melancholy is the melancholy of the iconoclast, that it is too pungent, too ornate, to fit the 'sweetest' melancholy of Fletcher. But the mood is expressed with telling eloquence, and it is an eloquence that never loses for a moment vigor and charm. Both 'Melancholy' and 'Philomel' were encored, and the composer, who sat amongst the audience, had to bow his acknowledgments."

The Chesterian (London) of February contains an appreciation of Carl Engel, the composer and the musical editor of the Boston Music Company, by Norman Peterkin.

Paul de Malcingrean's "Symphonie de la Passion" has been produced at Brussels, where he was recently appointed assistant professor of organ playing at the Conservatory. The symphony is said to suggest powerfully "the very spirit of the drama of Golgotha and its atmosphere of tragic beauty."

Ravel's "Valse," choregraphic poem for orchestra, will be produced in Vienna as a ballet.

Jean Nougues has written music for Alfred Mortier's mimodrama, "L' Ombre rouge," brought out at the Nouveau Theatre, Paris, with Severin, known in Boston, as the murderer, Tom.

New music in Paris: orchestral: "La Matinée de Printemps," by Ch. Planchet (Lamoureux concert), unfavorably reviewed, Marcel Bertrand's lyric poems, Le Recueillement and L'Elevation (Baudelaire) Jeanne Raunay, singer (Lamoureux concert) unfavorably reviewed; At the Golschmann concerts; works submitted for the Verley prize of 1500. Four were presented to the audience as judges. Prize awarded to Arthur Honegger's "Pastorale d'Ete" (361 votes out of 752) which was praised. Jean Cras's "Ames d' Enfants," oscillates between d'Indy and Debussy. Preludes by Miss Andree Vaurabourg; "Montluçon," by Roger Desormiere. Chamber music; Trio for flute, oboe and clarinet, Marcel Gennaro. Violin sonata by Miss Soulage.

Franz Schrecker writes dismally in the Berliner Tageblatt about students affected by the economic conditions. They are obliged to gain a living by playing in restaurants, film theatres and dancing halls. One student neglecting his studies to compose dances at 1500 marks a piece was given a choice by Schrecker between the fox-trot and the fugue.

A new symphony by Georges Enesco was performed at Colonne Concerts in Paris, Feb. 26, 27. Although there was no 'program,' M. de Lapommeraye, through his sensations, found that the symphony was inspired by the war: The first movement depicting the world tortured by passion, yet giving itself to pleasure with feverish anxiety; the second, the image of the war itself, soldiers marching joyously in their ignorance towards death; the third is peace, not an exultant peace, but peace shrouded in mourning, in prayerful spirit, with grateful remembrance of those who had sacrificed the elect with hope in divine pity. He found that Enesco had failed in the development of his ideas; he had not disciplined his facility; he was lacking in self-criticism; treating even insignificant themes in a tempestuous, grandiloquent manner. He employed a huge orchestra, six trumpets, "and I don't know how many bugles and trombones," organ, piano and chorus.

A Plea for Air

To the Editor of The Herald:

The reeking, overpowering air of most moving picture theatres is decidedly a fertile subject for comment, after regiments of spectators, one relay following another, have breathed it over and over and over again; adding and subtracting, yes, multiplying the various odors incident to the human species, and—but words fail us!

"Go see what we have seen! Go feel what we have felt!
Go pay your quarter or fifty cents, and smell what we have smelt."

Stay it out! Watch the departure of each stupified, half-poisoned audience filing out to make room for the next lot to buy tickets and pack themselves into these modernized Black Holes of Calcutta; all set to breathe the foul, sickening mess over and over, in their turn. Why? The pictures aim to be exciting; they are the cheapest amusement offered; the place is kept warm—with a good strong stomach a healthy person may try to forget or to combat the horrid reek that he is trying to breathe into his lungs.

It is true that when the outside doors have to be opened, a few quarts of clean air get in, although several employes of the house usually rush to stop it and prevent such a calamity as a draft.

Electric fans, too, sometimes blow the thick, fetid clouds of germs, garlic, tuberculosis, sweat, musk perfumes, influenza, fried food scents, and so on, gently from place to place, so that no patron of the screen need ever complain that he has missed anything there is going.

Ventilating systems are understood to exist, but if so, they do not appreciably modify the results of trying to keep the same roomful of air in use indefinitely—results not only disgusting, but extremely dangerous to the community.

Censors-at-law are from time to time observed having a public conniption over some screen play that is slightly more successful than the rest in making vice attractive. They might well resolve themselves, first of all, into a committee of vigilantes to protest against the enticing of children and other human beings into inclosures so criminally unventilated as to menace the health of thousands.

Obscene air also is depressing to the public morale.

To those directly responsible for the existing conditions, and making a daily profit from them, only one argument is likely to appeal, so we offer the money question for consideration. Any picture show that advertises and provides clean out-of-door ventilation for its audiences to breathe is going to command a higher price of admission just as soon as its enjoyable fragrance becomes known. Amusement seekers will gravitate toward it from miles around and fight to get in, and thankfully pay the price, when they realize that they have actually spent a couple of hours at a picture show, and emerged clear-headed and refreshed.

Meanwhile, as the atmosphere of the picture theatres gets thicker and thicker, we hear from the direction of Los Angeles, where the stars and the plot-mongers and the scenario fanciers most do congregate, a chorus of bitter and despairing howls for "stronger plays." Well—we won't say it—what's the use?

But rumor hath it that the country-wide audience of the shows is not quite such an easily satified mark as it was at first.

The reason is not far to seek. The victims are so doped with contaminated air that it takes plays more and more heavily loaded with cayenne to sting them alive, let alone awake. Any tired business man being rapidly strangled with carbon dioxide and sinking into coma, will yet arouse himself and come to long enough to find out whether a half naked Duchesse is going to stab all of her husbands or only the one that she truly loves; also how many clothes can be depended upon to cling to her, while engaged in this thrilling domestic coup de grace.

No, gentlemen of Los Angeles, your difficulties are all in the air: have the air surrounding your plays strained a few times, and disinfected, since it is necessary to use it over and over until it is entirely worn out—the plays themselves are really no worse than they have been right from the start. M. D.

New Bedford.

Plays for Amateurs

To the Editor of The Herald:

In these days when the "movies" have to a large extent supplanted the legitimate drama; when the only sort of stage production which bears any guarantee of success is the sort which advertises itself as "Girls, legs, dancing and color"; when Boston has found out that it can no longer support opera, and gives poor enough backing to notable Shakespearian productions, the optimist may find encouragement in the increasing interest in amateur acting, particularly in high schools and in young people's organizations. To be sure, many of these amateur productions, in fact, the most pretentious of them, are musical shows, generally advertised under some such name as "Let 'er Rip!" But dramatic clubs exist, and are coming into existence, where love of good plays can be fostered where a serious study of dramatic literature may be attempted, where a real appreciation of capable acting may be produced in a generation whose tastes might easily be misled into the paths of custard pie comedy and jazz shows. Even the schools in many cities are devoting more or less time to dramatics, and it is a praiseworthy and wonderful thing that frequently student theatricals receive not only the nod of consent but even the active support of the school authorities. Who knows but the time may come when those churches which now refuse membership to the theatrical profession may emerge from their 17th century darkness?

It is unfortunate that there are so few good plays available for amateur production. Even a cast of raw, youthful actors will give a surprisingly creditable performance, granted a suitable play and about six weeks' training under a competent coach. The difficulty lies in the fact that there aren't any too many suitable plays and there are mighty few competent coaches. There are scenes from Shakespeare, but fragments are unsatisfactory and the whole plays are too long and difficult. There are Sheridan and Goldsmith and the early comedies of Pinero, but the great mass of plays today may be roughly grouped in two classes: those which are too difficult or which require the payment of too high a royalty for the average amateurs, and those which are too crude and silly in every way to be worth while. Most theatrical publishing houses put out an appalling amount of the latter sort. If it sells, it is only for want of something better. Several years ago the Drama League sent out a catalogue of plays for amateur use. The idea was excellent, but inasmuch as they recommended such plays as Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" and Ibsen's "Doll's House," I failed to see wherein the lists could prove to be of much value to the average dramatic club. The organization which has resources for staging Maeterlinck, or actors equal to Ibsen, in all probabality needs little help in selecting its plays.

There is one other point worthy of consideration. If theatricals are to be encouraged, especially in our high schools, we ought to provide halls and stages fit for such use. Most high school stages are almost useless from the standpoint of the stage director. Building laws are strict, I know, with regard to stage construction; but they do not prohibit the erection of much better stages than most schools now have. I have had occasion to look over the plans of practically all of the larger high school and preparatory school buildings designed for New England in the past few years, and I am safe in saying that hardly one assembly hall in ten is at all adaptable for dramatics. If high school theatricals are to be encouraged as an aid to the study of dramatic literature, is it not worth while to attempt to convince school authorities that, in so far as future construction is concerned, they will find it no more difficult and no more expensive to build workable stages than the kind most schools now possess—good enough for Memorial day exercises and football mass meetings, but not for acting.

Malden. PHINEAS PHIPPS.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Benno Moiseiwitsch, pianist. See special notice.
Convention Hall, St. Botolph street. People's Symphony Orchestra. See special notice.
TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Harrison Potter, pianist. Debussy, Prelude (Suite Bergamasque); Bach, Sarabande, D minor; Chopin, Ballade, F minor; Schumann, Novelette, F sharp minor; Palmgren, Isle of Shadows; Prokofieff, Vision Fugitive; De Falla, Andaluisa; Ravel, Ondine; Leschetitzky, Arabesque; MacDowell, By Smouldering Embers; Saint-Saens, Toccata, F major.
WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third concert of the Boston Musical Association, George Longy, conductor. See special notice.
FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 19th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.
SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

KREISLER CONCERT DELIGHTS AUDIENCE

Opens Symphony Hall Recital with Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata"

Mr. Kreisler began his program yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall with Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," which he played with eloquent dignity and with a largeness of utterance and a passionate insight into the heart of the music. Mr. Carl Lamson, Mr. Kreisler's usual accompanist, performed the by no means easy piano part of this sonata in a most delicate and elastic manner.

The second part of the program opened with Bach's "Chaconne" for violin alone, in which Mr. Kreisler's perfect command of his technique shone brilliantly. Then followed Mozart's Rondo in G major, with the exquisite tripping lightness that Mozart so well knew how to express. Needless to say, the audience was pleased.

The third section of the program was composed of various brief and popular selections, of which Debussy's "La Fille aux cheveux lin," played with muted strings, ought to have made the finest appeal, but didn't, yielding to Brahms's "Valse in A major," which was repeated. Percy Grainger's arrangement of "Molly on the Shore" brought the appointed program to a happy close, after which the audience would not be satisfied except with encores. Mr. Kreisler was throughout the artist, as usual.

Mch 21, 1921

Moiseiwitsch Displays His Ability to Interpret Wide Range of Thought

By PHILIP HALE

Benno Moiseiwitsch, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. His program was as follows: Handel-Brahms, Variations; Chopin, sonata in B minor, op. 58; Ravel, Jeux d'eaux; Debussy, La Cathedrale engloutie; Palmgren, Karelian Dance and Finlandish Dance; Scott, Russian Dance; Chopin-Liszt, Chant Polonais; Liszt, La Campanella.

Some pianists are known as thoughtful players of Beethoven's music, while the poetry of Chopin escapes them, and the brilliance and elegance necessary to the interpretation of Liszt's music are foreign to them. Some, powerful preachers of the gospel, according to Johannes Brahms, are lost when they are called on to play the music of Debussy and Ravel. Few, very few, are pianists of many periods and of many schools. It was already known by his recital last year and by his poetic reading of Schumann's concerto this season that Mr. Moiseiwitsch is not a specialist; his command of tonal gradations and the perfection of his polished mechanism were already recognized, also his musical feeling, intelligence and taste; but yesterday his ability to enter into the spirit of composers differing widely in musical thought, idiom and expression, was fully and indisputably displayed.

For once the hearing of Brahms's Variations was not an ordeal, so potent was the spell worked by the pianist in his marvellous differentiation of colors and dynamic effects. Even Mr. Moiseiwitsch could not redeem the Largo in Chopin's Sonata from the reproach of weakness. Some day a bold man, wishing to play the sonata for the sake of the other movements, will either omit the Largo or subsitute a nocturne for it. Brahms and Ravel—could any two composers be more antipodal? Yet it would be hard to say whether Mr. Moiseiwitsch was more successful in expressing the relentless, granitic musical thoughts, of Brahms or the aqueous beauty of Ravel's. Effective, too, was his imaginative interpretation of Debussy's music inspired by the old legend of Is to which Renan refers at the beginning of his "Souvenirs."

The dances of Palmgren and Scott delighted an audience of good size; the pretty little Finlandish dance was repeated in answer to the imperative demand. A brilliant performance of Liszt's Campanella in which the pianist did not attempt to create a sensation by extravagant speed brought an end to a recital that must be numbered among the chief events of this season.

We read that prices of food are so high in Paris that at some meat shops joints of foxes and polecats are on sale. We never heard of anyone in England eating polecat. In the "Hortus Sanitatis"—there were five dated editions between 1490 and 1517—it is stated that this animal, "like the badger has short legs on the left side, and longer ones on the right," but Mr. Topsell said in 1658, "this is found untrue by daily experience." They keep, continued the excellent Mr. Topsell, "in the tops of houses and secret corners, delighting to kill and eat hens and chickens, whose craft in devouring his prey is singular; for to the intent that the silly creatures to be devoured may not bewray them to the housekeepers, the first part that they lay hold upon with their mouths is the head of the hen and chicken, and by that means stayeth his crying by cropping off his head."

Now as to the fox for table food. "His flesh is in all things like a dog's, and although Galen, Mnesimachus and Silvius affirm that in the autumn or latter part of the year some men use to eat the flesh of foxes (especially being cubs) that is young, tender, and not smelling; but Aetius and Rasis affirm (and that with great reason) that their flesh and the flesh of hedgehogs and hares is not agreeable to the nature of man."

Tempora, O Mores, A. D. 1921

Arms and the man I sing," in old Rome
wrote Virgil the poet.
Legs of the women I sing, as seen on the
streets of Chicago.

Visible clear to the knee, f... all skirts are left to conjecture,
Shaped as the oak tree sturdy or bent in bow like a cowboy's.
Startling in flesh tinted hose when the mercury's flirting with zero,
Clad in silk stockings of gauze, though weighted with fur pelts, the shoulders,
Legs, legs, legs omnipresent, but muffled in fur are the faces.
Faces hewn out of granite and lurid with futurist colors,
"Incessu patuit dea" ne'er on the streets of Chicago.

Brookline. MARION STREETER.

Chief Caupolican

As the World Wags:

A New York dispatch widely published this week began: "The chasm between unmelodious warwhoops and the smooth strains of operatic singing was bridged tonight when Chief Caupolican, a native Araucanian Indian, made his debut with the Metropolitan Opera Company in the leading role in 'The Bells.'"

I dislike to remove romance from press agency (or, better, agentry), but the name by which Chief Caupolican was known 20 years ago, when he sang at Mountain Park Casino, Mt. Tom, Northampton, Mass., was Emile Barrangon. I have heard him sing the Tit Willow song in the "Mikado" with such effect that on one memorable occasion an important part of his clothing, poorly suspended, nearly fell off. He is known in Northampton also as at one time manager and director of the Bijou Opera company of Northampton singers, which performed with good effect in the western part of the state. In 1902 he married Miss Lucy Lord, then and now a teacher in the art department of Smith College. Two small Barrangons, 18 and 13 years of age, respectively, live in Northampton with their mother, and the chief comes up when professional duties permit. I want to put in a claim in behalf of Northampton as the place where the chasm above mentioned was bridged. New York always did make me sick for thinking that it discovers genius which has long since ceased blushing, and which, in this instance at least, has been neither unseen nor unheard.

Boston, March 16. W. L. S.

Hogarth and Polly

Mention was made in The Herald (March 13) of Hogarth painting a scene in "The Beggar's Opera." He painted in 1729 for Rich, the manager of Covent Garden, a picture of the prison scene in which Lucy and Polly wrangle over Macheath. Afterward several replicas in oil, some slightly varied, as well as engravings, were executed. Portraits of many great persons of the day were introduced in open boxes on the stage. Macheath was a portrait of the comedian Walker. Polly, of course, was the enchanting Lavinia Fenton, afterward the Duchess of Bolton. "Hogarth painted a beautiful separate portrait of her—a loving, trustful face, and such lips—which has been engraved in mezzo tint." We quote from George Augustus Sala's "William Hogarth: Painter, Engraver and Philosopher," a most readable book, indispensable to any one who wishes to know the life and manners of the period in which Hogarth worked.

Discriminating and Ingenious

As the World wags:

The rat that infests our wharves is discriminating anyway. Recently in an office on the waterfront a lady attendant left overnight an elegant bunch of carnations. Next morning all that remained of them was scattered over the floor. Had a sort of "pink tea," as it were. I remembered at once that a correspondent of the New York Sun claimed to catch the rodent readily by the lure of the carnation. That was long ago, but I have noticed that many peculiarities seem born in the flesh. Only the other day I met some one who had seen a rat steal eggs by the method of clutching an egg, turning on his back and having his mate sled him off with his prize by the tail.

WILLIAM GILL.

Dorchester.

We remember seeing in our little village years ago a child's book in which rats were pictured stealing cheese in the manner described by Mr. Gill.—Ed.

Her Hired Man

A wife is worthy of her hire, says the secretary of the Women's Freedom League. But is she the hired party?

When you extricate your spouse
From a velvet jumper blouse,
Not included in the vows—

When you mend and oil the locks,
Edge the garden walk with box,
Keep the house supplied with chocs—

When you give her shoes a shine,
Brush her tresses into line,
Trim the privet, nail the vine—

When you fetch her from the choir,
When you light the copper fire,
Is it she, or you, on hire?

—A. W. in the London Daily Chronicle.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY GIVES 17TH CONCERT

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer conductor, gave its 17th concert yesterday afternoon, in Convention Hall, with C... Webster, violoncellist, as assisting artist. The program was as follows:

Schubert — Overture "Rosamunde;" Saint-Saens—Concerto for 'cello; Beethoven—Symphony No. 7.

In a program of classically romantic music, Mr. Mollenhauer excels, and yesterday's audience testified lustily to its delight. The Schubert number was played especially well, the conductor bringing out all its vivacity and brilliance. Custom never stales this perennially popular overture.

Mr. Webster gave the Saint-Saens concerto with elegance, offering as an encore Piatti's "Caprice." As Mr. Mollenhauer is also the conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society, and many members of the People's Symphony Orchestra are to take part in the "Hora Novissima" performance in Symphony Hall next Sunday, the 18th concert of the orchestra will take place April 3, when Mozart's Symphony in E flat, Bizet's Suite "L'Arlesienne," and Elgar's overture: "Cockaigne," will make up the program.

BERT LESTON TAYLOR DEAD.

Chicago Tribune's Humorist a Victim of Pneumonia at 54.

Special to The New York Times.

CHICAGO, March 19.—Bert Leston Taylor (B. L. T.), editor of "A Line o' Type or Two," in The Tribune for nearly fifteen years, died early this morning of pneumonia at his home at 195 East Chestnut Street. He had been ill for two weeks. Bronchial trouble was the original cause of his illness, but he continued at work until the danger of pneumonia developed.

The news of the humorist's death came as a shock to thousands who had read his colmun daily. Its announcement was followed by hundreds of telephone calls to The Tribune for confirmation.

Mr. Taylor was born in Goshen, Mass., on Nov. 13, 1866, and was educated at the College of the City of New York.

Conducting "The Line" was only a part of Mr. Taylor's literary labors. He contributed verse and articles, particularly concerning golf, his favorite recreation, to many magazines. In addition he was the author of several books, including "The Well in the Wood," published in 1906; "The Charlatan," 1906; "A Line o' Verse or Two," 1911; "The Pipe Smoke Carry," 1912, and "Motley Measures," 1913.

Mr. Taylor's home was in Glencoe. There survive besides the widow, two daughters, Alva Theits Taylor, 24 years old, and Barbara Leston Taylor, 5 years old. His 'Bab Ballads' were written for Barbara.

N. Y. Tribune Mch 21

The Conning Tower

B. L. T. is dead.

His column in The Chicago Tribune, "A Line-o'-Type or Two," was so immeasurably the best newspaper column ever written that the rest of us are nowhere.

Grief at his going is not expressible. It will take his death, we think, to make obvious the fact that here was the ablest satirist, the best writer of light verse, and the wittiest paragrapher in this country. His column, running daily for many years, was so uncompromisingly high in its standards and so unfailing in its fine achievements that it was taken almost for granted.

Bert Taylor was the most inspiriting friend we ever had. From the first thing we ever wrote, which he printed in 1900, to the latest, his encouragement was our most cherished prize. And a world without his friendship is a thing hardly to be borne.

mch 22 1921

"March, many weathers," is an old saying. Let us consult the wisdom of the ancients.

When it thunders in March, it brings sorrow.

Thunder in March betokens a fruitful year.

When it thunders in March, we may cry "Alas!"

March grass never did any good.

March was so angry with an old woman for thinking he was a summer month, that he borrowed a day from his brother February, and froze her and her flocks to death.

When flies swarm in March, it brings death to sheep.

The March sun wounds.

Hotspur in "Henry IV"—"No more, no more: worse than the sun in March, this praise doth nourish agues."

When March has April weather, April will have March weather.

N. Y. Eve Post Mch 19

The Bowling Green

B. L. T.

The Chicago *Tribune* no longer has any excuse for calling itself "the greatest newspaper in the world." Old Bert Leston Taylor—he was only fifty-four, but all columnists, for some inscrutable reason, enjoy the courtesy title "old"—has gone over The Pipesmoke Carry—the title of one of his books. Richard Le Gallienne's "The Happy Smoking Ground" comes to mind:

When that last pipe is smoked at last
And pouch and pipe put by,
And smoked and smoker both alike
In dust and ashes lie,
What of the smoker? Whither passed?
Ah, will he smoke no more?
And will there be no golden cloud
Upon the golden shore?

If any bookseller can dig up a copy of "The Pipesmoke Carry" we would like to buy it in his memory. B. L. T. was the dean of the guild, and every linotype machine in the country feels his loss.

B. L. T.

"B. L. T.," who will long be mourned by thousands, was more than an irresistible humorist; more than a man of fine taste in literature; he was a human being who sympathizing with his fellow mortals, abhorred the cant of sentimentalists. He would have said with General Lambert, but not in Swiftian vein, "The best of men are but men at best." "B. L. T." knew life and manners in the city, and in that richer field for humorous observation, the village. "Richer," for the village is the microcosm of what is pompously described as the great wirld. To the people in the sky the chronicling of social events in the small town is no more ludicrous than are the illustrated pages devoted by metropolitan newspapers to the doings and misdoings of our "best people." As was justly said of James Huneker, so it may be said of "B L. T.," there is no one to take his place. Aroused to indignation by some sham, vexed by the crooked politician or the tripe-faced, sour-minded masquerading as heaven-inspired reformers, he could be bitingly ironical, as he could be humorously grotesque without vulgarity. Where another would have been frankly Rabelaisian, his suggestion of Gallic flavor was delicate and subtle. Even in his wildest joy he did not show himself to the reader as one having donned the professionally comic mask. Those who had the pleasure of knowing him in private found him a delightful companion, never conscious of his reputation as a humorist, never uneasy for recognition. There are writers who rehearse their quips and jests at the club or in the drawing room, weighing the probability of future success in print by the degree or absence of laughter. "B. L. T." was not one of them. Nor like the average actor away from the stage did he proclaim or even hint at his profession.

Lincoln and a Piano

As "Abraham Lincoln" is still playing at the Hollis Street Theatre, the following extract from Mrs. J. Martin Johns's "Memoirs of Decatur" has a peculiar interest. We are indebted to Mr. Truman H. Bartlett of Jamaica Plain for the quotation. When Mrs. Johns first knew Lincoln at Decatur he was 40 years old. Court week was held there. Judge Davis presided. Lincoln was among the lawyers. "The Macon House was an oasis in the wilderness of miserable inns at which they were usually compelled to 'put in.' It was in Court Week that my piano"—the first ever seen in Decatur—"after a long journey by steamer down the Ohio and up the Wabash to Crawfordsville, Ind., and thence by wagon, arrived in Decatur." Then follows, Mr. Bartlett writes, "a description of how the piano was got into the hotel. Lincoln, as might be expected, was the principal man to get it done." Now let Mrs. Johns tell the story: "A tall gentleman stepped forward and throwing off a big gray Scotch shawl, exclaimed, 'Come on, Swett, you are the next biggest man.' That was my first meeting with Abraham Lincoln. After dinner Mr. Lincoln superintended the setting up of the piano, even to seeing that it stood squarely in the centre of the wall space allotted to it, and then received my thanks with a polite bow and asked: 'Are you expecting to follow the court and give concerts?' The immense relief expressed on his countenance when he was assured that he would not be called upon to repeat the performance was very laughable. 'Then may we have one tune before we go?' he asked, and I played 'Rosin the Bow' with variation." Mrs. Johns gave her first and only concert on the circuit in the evening, "the piano was a Gilbert, made in Boston, and its fame extended far and wide. It was visited by people all over the state, the stage coach passengers frequently 'holding the stage' to see and hear the novel instrument." A crowd attended the recital. Mrs. Johns played about every show piece, comic songs, topping off with "Old Dan Tucker." These were followed by more serious music in which Mrs. Johns was assisted by several singers, in songs like "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." 'As a finale, I sang 'He doeth all things well,' after which Mr. Lincoln, in a very grave manner, thanked me for the evening's entertainment, and said: 'Don't let us spoil that song by any other music tonight.' Many times afterwards I sang that song for Mr. Lincoln, to whom it was a favorite."

Fashion Note

Barthelmi de Chasseneux said in his "Catalogus gloriae Mundi" (1529) that he had seen at Milan a woman who had 365 changes of apparel, one for each day in the year. This earnest student of sociology made a gallant defence of rats and died from a poisoned bouquet of flowers. We regret to say that Andre Tiraqueau, a learned man of the 16th century, accused Chasseneux of plagiarism; said that he had stolen from him more than 600 pages for his Magnum Opus and had not changed a word; but Chasseneux had said that Tiraqueau had stolen from Caelius Rhodiginus, whose folio is not now among the "best sellers." This Tiraqueau was reputed to have begotten 45 children and written 45 books, and it was reported that if he had drunk wine instead of water his bodily and mental progeny would have been greater. The justly celebrated Mr. Pierre Bayle wrote amusingly in refutation of this statement, which had found its way into epigrams.

Homoeopathic

A poker-backed conservative, reading that music is played in Chicago to the inmates of the Dunning Asylum for the Insane, remarked: "If the music is of the new-fangled, ultra-modern sort, it's a case of similia similibus curantur."

Elastic March

As the World Wags:

In your column I noticed there was some argument as to the origin of the expression "Six weeks sledding in March." If the gentleman who raised the question lived in eastern Maine he would find that there is very little mystery about it. I have often looked out my window and seen the lumbermen busily engaged getting in those two extry weeks. When we have snow in March the farmers and lumbermen plan to drive their teams all night during the two weeks in which the moon is bright, if necessary.

H. O. WORTHLEY.

East Machias, Me.

BEN-AMI AT THE WILBUR

By PHILIP HALE

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Samson and Delilah," a play in three acts by Sven Lange of Copenhagen; translated into English by Samuel S. Grossman; produced by Arthur Hopkins.

Peter Krumback	Ben-Ami
Dagmar Krumback	Pauline Lord
Sophus Meyers	Robert T. Haines
Laura	Marie Bruce
Munson	Thomas Meegan
The Director	Edward G. Robinson
Kristensen	Samuel Jaffe
Dukar	Robert Harrison
Pila	Stella Larrimore
Milka	Olga Olonova
Lundberg	Manart Kippen
Nagel	Alexis M. Polianov
Olson	Jacob Kingsberry

We should like to see Mr. Ben-Ami in a better play. Not that the subject of ... is so old; the treatment of it is not ... drunk...ful to atone for ...

real theatrics of the theme. The really effective scenes are purely theatrical; the dialogue is for the most part commonplace, and even Krumback, the poetical dramatist, speaks, as a rule, prosaically.

This Krumback is wedded to an actress, who holds him through the sensual side of his nature. He is an idealist, unpractical, negligent in matters of dress. She is shallow, selfish, and also sensual. They continually bicker, they as continually kiss and make up; but she is attracted by a pompous and materialistic furniture-man, Sophus Meyers, who can supply her with fine clothes. Krumback begins to suspect the couple. His play "Samson and Delilah" is to be put in rehearsal. He insists that his wife should play the woman of Sorek. Samson represents the poet; Delilah the commercial theatre that robs the poet of his strength; the Philistines are the actors, the critics, the public.

The first act is in the nature of a long-drawn out exposition. With the frequent pauses in the dialogue, with repetitions or variants of the speeches, it almost creeps its way to the second act which shows a rehearsal of the play. This act is the most interesting, the most effective; nor is it devoid of humor that emphasizes the tragic ending; nor is it free from pointed satire. Disgusted with the inefficiency of the actor cast for Samson, the poet plays the seduction scene with his wife, when, realizing that she is really wooing in speech and with glances the furniture man who has come upon the stage, Krumback leaps like a tiger on him. This is the great moment of the play. The rehearsal is at an end. The good-natured director of the theatre moralizes shrewdly; the curtain falls.

Krumback, having wandered about, returns half-crazed, or wholly mad, to his house. There he waits for the wife. She comes in with Meyers. As they are exchanging amorous words, a noise is heard in Krumback's room. The couple start, the door is locked; suddenly Krumback appears, fantastically clad, pistol in hand. The wife and her paramour cower in terror. But Krumback cannot slay them. Exclaiming that the Philistines have triumphed, he kills himself.

As is well known, Mr. Ben-Ami, until recently in foreign cities and New York in Yiddish theatres. It will seem from his performance last night that he had not been trained in a rigorous school. The performance is not free in the quiet moments from over-emphasis and superfluity of gesture. On the other hand, he is master of irony and sarcasm, his facial expression is often significant, at times exaggerated. Even in the most melodramatic moments he has a certain authority; and in the second scene he rises to a tragic height. The performance is interesting throughout; that is when the dramatist allows this. It should be remembered that having learned English within a half year, vocal extravagences may be due to his desire to be wholly intelligible. He is a singular apparition; too demonstrative throughout in the first act; powerful in the second; impressive in his scene with the maid Laura at the beginning of the third, disappointing in the final tragedy, where he is almost grotesque until the death scene.

The supporting company is, on the whole, of mediocre ability, except for Mr. Robinson, who gave a capital performance of the theatre director, one replete with dry humor, very human in its sincere expression of sympathy. The Laura of Miss Bruce is also excellent. Miss Lord, plausible in the first act, made no sensuous appeal at the rehearsal of the play, not even to her furniture man. She and Mr. Haines were at their best as the "guilty couple" after they found that Krumback was in the adjoining room. Before that Mr. Haines gave no excuse for Dagmar's infatuation.

There was a large audience. Mr. Ben Ami was loudly applauded. Some of the spectators, perhaps thinking that the drama was a farce comedy, giggled, after the manner of many Bostonians, during the most serious scenes and laughed when Krumbach shot himself. On account of this habit of snickering, managers may well dread to bring dramas to Boston that have excited admiration and discussion, and have had long and prosperous runs in cities boasting less of "culture", as New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and even Chicago.

'ST. ELMO' AT

Those pessimists who do not believe the world has progressed during the last 20 years ought to go to the Arlington Theatre to see "St. Elmo," a dramatization of Mrs. Augusta Evans's famous novel, which the Arlington Players put on last night. For the world has at least progressed beyond the days when characters roamed around the stage, pouring out their inmost thoughts in tense soliloquies, for the benefit of the bewildered audience. It has also progressed beyond the days when novelists wrote about life, as they thought it ought to be, instead of as it is. Mrs. Evans was always a star at that sort of thing. We remember reading, at an early age, the novel "St. Elmo," and flying into a youthful rage because the heroine was such a prig. Now, seeing the play, we are convinced that the flappers of "This side of Paradise," and other masterpieces of modern fiction, are to be preferred, infinitely, to the lachrymose heroine of Mrs. Evans.

It is hardly necessary at this late date to tell the story of "St. Elmo." The older generation knows it; the younger generation would not care about it. Last night's production adhered faithfully to the costumes and furniture of the '80's. In the drawing room of St. Elmo's home there is a round seat in the middle of the room. Such a monstrosity could have existed only in the period when antimacassars, "tidies" on the backs of chairs and funeral wreaths in frames were tolerated. Members of the company, when it became necessary to sit on the monstrosity, perched themselves thereupon gingerly. Miss Frances Anderson alone carried off the feat with aplomb and grace.

Miss Anderson, by the way, is a young woman with a keen sense of humor. She alone of the company seemed to sense the absurdity of the play, and without a trace of burlesque, entered into the spirit of the part. Her Edna Earl is as saccharine, as impossibly noble a maiden as the author ever imagined in her fondest dreams. Mr. Sullivan, as St. Elmo, ground his teeth and hissed as a true villain should. He missed, we think, the profound melancholy which, as we remember, often surrounded the St. Elmo of the book. If he had been the sort of young man which Mr. Sullivan made him he could not have blustered through the work for 10 minutes without getting his nose punched. The other members of the company put up a valiant struggle against great odds.

MARIE NORDSTROM PLEASES KEITH'S

But William Rock, Leading Bill, Is Rather Disappointing

William Rock and seven dancing girls lead the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Besides this act are several that are new to Boston audiences.

Mr. Rock on occasions has done better work. The sketch gives the impression of having been hastily patched for an emergency. Most of the dances by Mr. Rock and his coryphees are amplifications of the ballroom style.

Very pleasing, however, was Marie Nordstrom (in private life Mrs. Henry E. Dixey) returned in Frances Nordstrom's delightful sketch, "Tick Tock." This proved an excellent vehicle for Miss Nordstrom's many-sided talent. Altogether one of the daintiest bits of the vaudeville stage.

Among other offerings were those of Fred and Daisy Rial, of Jim McWilliams, an agreeable comedian of the "nut" genre; of George Watts and Belle Hawley, also comedians, and of Tim and Kitty O'Meara, in one of the best dancing acts of the season. Wilbur Swetman and company, jazz instrumentalists, and Kara, eccentric juggler, completed the bill.

mch 19 1921

POTTER GIVES PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

Harrison Potter, pianist, gave a recital last night in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Debussy, Prelude (Suite Bergamasque); Bach, Sarabande, D minor; Chopin, Ballade, F minor. Schumann, Novelette, F sharp minor. Palmgren, Isle of Shadows; Prokofieff, Vision Fugitive; De Falla, Andalusa; Ravel, Ondine; Leschetitzky, Arabesque; MacDowell, By Smouldering Embers; Saint-Saens, Toccata, F major.

Mr. Potter, amiably disposed, did not inflict a long-winded sonata on his audience. Possibly he considered Schumann's Novelette with its capricious fancifulness and its characteristically dreamy pages a more than satisfactory substitute. The program was well arranged, interesting and not too long. Would that some other pianists would follow Mr. Potter's example.

Nor should one be surprised to find Debussy, the Bach of the French and English suites, and Chopin close together, in the most friendly relationship. In the true meaning of the word, they are contemporaries, in beauty of thought and expression. Palmgren's "Isle of Shadows" does not belie its title, nor is it an affected improvisation, as are so many little pieces of ultra-modern impressionism. Prokofieff is pictured as a wild-eyed radical, with horns, hoofs and a forked tail, but his "Vision Fugitive" is a pleasing fancy, without the slightest odor of brimstone. De Falla's "Andalusa" did not impress us, it was disappointing. Spain is better known to us musically by the music of Frenchmen imagining that country: Chabrier, Debussy, Ravel.

Mr. Potter, in his modest way, gave more pleasure by his playing than many pianists with resounding names and flaming reputations, who attack viciously a naturally inoffensive, uncomplaining instrument. Mr. Potter respects the limitations of the piano; he knows how to coax and caress it so that in gratitude it sings for him. He has an agreeable touch, a nice perception of values, musical taste. His technic is adequate for what he undertakes. A pianist is often known at once by his treatment of little compositions. After Mr. Potter had played Bach's "Sarabande," one was persuaded that it would not be imprudent to hear him interpret the pieces that were to follow. Mr. Potter, by his delicacy and fine feeling, his brilliance when brilliance was required not metallic or wall-shaking brilliance—gave no cause to the hearer for regret.

mch 24 1921

Boston Musical Association Presents Program Unusually Long

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Musical Association, Georges Longy, conductor, gave the third concert of its second season last night. The program, devoted to chamber music, was far too long, nor in justice to Pizzetti, should his violin sonata, played here for the first time, have been put at the end of the program.

The concert began with a performance of Daniel Gregory Mason's clarinet sonata played by Mr. Mimart and Miss Susan Williams: amiable music that flows along in accepted form, pleases moderately at the time, and leaves no definite impression. Miss Eva Gauthier then sang with the accompaniment of a string quartet (Miss Durrell, Mr. Beale, Miss Golden and Mr. Miquelle). "Il Tramonto," a translation of a poem by Shelley to which Respighi set music. The first portion of the work, "Sunset," is not striking; the narration for the singer is matter-of-fact, not enriched by the accompaniment, but the moment tragedy enters the music grows dramatic. While Respighi is modern in his intensity, he has the old Italian sense of melodic beauty and does not fall into the spasmodic vulgarity of the Puccini of the later operas. Miss Mildred Ridley with Miss Elizabeth Siedhoff, pianist, played three violoncello solos: Fitzenhagen's piquant Menuetto op. 45, Glazounoff's Chant du Menestrel, a foolish and sugary piece, and the Finale from Boellmann's Sonata op. 40, in which there were suggestions of Saint-Saens having lost his mind and trying to remember some of his own music. With all due respect to Miss Ridley and Miss Siedhoff, the menuetto would have been enough. The concert would not have lasted till a quarter past ten, nor would the audience have wept over the omission.

Miss Gauthier, excellent singer, greatly dared: she sang Cyril Scott's "Idyllic Fantasy" on the stage, while an oboe played by Mr. Speyer and a violoncello played by Mr. Miquelle made all sorts of distracting sounds off stage. Miss Gauthier thus showed musicianship, but the effect of the combination was not beautiful. It was a relief to hear either the voice or the oboe alone. When all three were diligently at work, it was as if the hearer was passing by a lodging house of the New England Conservatory inhabited by diligent pupils. On the other hand "Benares" and "Lahore," from Maurice Delage's "Four Hindu Poems," were worth a journey. The singer was accompanied by the string quartet, oboe, English horn, flutes, clarinets and harp. Exquisite music, these songs by the young pupil of Ravel, and the verses were exquisitely sung. The instrumental effects were unusual, yet not extravagant, not tainted by affectation in the desire to be exotic. Music that at once wove a spell, and will long haunt the memory.

Stravinsky's "Three Japanese Lyrics" followed, written for voice, string quartet, piano, flutes and clarinets. These songs, if songs they can be called, may be regarded as Stravinsky's little jokes, stupid jokes, hideous jokes. After all, men and brethren, music is one of the arts, not to be smirched and debased by restlessly ingenious composers. The little Japanese poems are far from being grotesque; they deserve better treatment; nor can Stravinsky plead the excuse that he endeavored to be Japanese in music.

Pizzetti's Sonata was played by Messrs. Keller and Gebhard. It has excited more than ordinary attention in European cities; it has been played twice in New York this season; it has been praised extravagantly. One would think from reading the London journals that Pizzetti had portrayed in tones the passions and the tumult of the great war with the aid of a fiddle and a piano. No doubt the music was inspired by the war; but not in the spirit of "The Battle of Prague" played so effectively by our maiden Aunt Ellen, on a square piano years ago in our little village. The sonata is, indeed, a highly colored, dramatic, not theatrical work; full of stirring passages, with pages of true pathos, genuine emotion. A sonata that will bear many hearings, and cause Pizzetti to be held in high respect and admiration.

The fourth and last concert will be on Wednesday evening, April 27, when the Harvard Glee Club will assist. The program is an interesting one, including orchestral music by Ippolitoff-Ivanoff and Bingham: Storey Smith's charming song, "A Caravan from China Comes," with orchestra; Bordes's Biscayan Rhapsody for piano and orchestra, and Florent Schmitt's "Chant de Guerre."

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The Woman's Club of Fall River introduced Mr. Zimbalist, the violinist, to the citizens and citizenesses about a week ago. The Fall River Globe, like Clara in the story, was simply delighted.

"The music was not febrile, or that which showed exhaustion. It displayed simple ennui, a surfeit of emotion and a blase opportunism. Mr. Zimbalist's playing was truly remarkable. His tone qualities were not muddy and fairly rang through the spacious auditorium, ending in sweet tonal strains. He possesses a brilliant and dependable technique which is important in the basic virtue of a violinist.

Throughout his numbers he played with feeling, another quality which adds to a great violinist's success. Mozart's concerto in A-major fairly made the heart leap for the sweet strains gave beauty and grandeur to the common walls."

Mr. Zimbalist is, indeed, an able and eloquent fiddler.

Too Modest

As the World Wags.

Since I sent you a note about Aulus Gellius, the entertaining old gossip about literature, with my translation of a little poem by Valerius Aedituus, I have come across a translation of the same poem which is better than mine if not so literal. It is by the Rev. William Beloe, whose translation of the "Attic Nights" was published in London in 1795.

Put out the torch; we need no other light,
Within whose hearts love's flames are ever bright;
Those flames which can alike defy the pow'r
Of desolating wind, or headlong shower;
Those flames which still shall unextinguish'd blaze,
Which Venus only can allay, or raise.

B. L. F.

Boston.

This reverend gentleman, who also translated Herodotus, Alciphron's Epistles, "The Rape of Helen," the Arabian Nights (from the French), published his memoirs, "The Sexagenarian," which contained anecdotes about his literary contemporaries so amusing that Lowndes wrote: "These volumes for presumption, misstatement and malignity have rarely been exceeded, or even equalled." We must obtain these volumes for pleasant bed companions. In 1804 Mr. Beloe was appointed an assistant librarian to the British Museum. He lost this position. "A man was introduced at the Museum, with the sanction of the most respectable commendation. I mention not his name—the wounds of his own conscience must be so severe a punishment that I shall not increase his suffering. . . . He proved to be dishonest; he purloined valuable property which was in my custody, and it was thought that the good government of the institution required my dismissal."

Literary Foes

The borrower is too often as bad as the thief. Nearly 200 years ago M. Toinard said that the reason why books lent were seldom returned was because it was easier to keep them than to retain their contents. Otherwise respectable persons will borrow a book and not only not return it, but deny the borrowing, with the smug speech, "You know I am very careful with books." Sometimes, if the book is especially valuable, they press it upon a friend, saying, "I wish you would tell me what you really think of it." What one of us could not draw up a list of books that have thus left him forever? Among departed friends we mourn an early edition of "Jude the Obscure," the first edition of "Evelyn Innes," the second volume of Leon Seche's "Sainte Beuve," the more interesting of the two, the one relating with laborious detail the critic's love affairs. Charles Louis Phillipe's "Perdrix" and "Marie Donadieu"; three volumes of Cunninghame Graham's stories—we suspect the man who told us recently with pride that he now owns everything that Cunninghame Graham has written; Villiers de l'Isle Adam's "Tribulat Bonbomet," the first edition the reprint of 1914 does not console us for the loss, we are sure of the guilt borrower, whose denial is accompanied with a pained, offended look. Reprints in general are poor substitutes for the first editions. W. B. B. of South Boston writes to us that there is a new edition of "Moby Dick" in the market. There was a reprint some years ago but the table of contents was omitted.

...e publisher no ... thought ... Hell & Sons ... print of Athenae... originally in the ... library, the preface is missing.

Platform Attractions

As the World Wags:

The scene is this. A large audience room, seats all taken, even the platform filled with chairs. A noted singer drew the crowd. His art was so perfect, one became oblivious of surroundings. At intervals he withdrew. Then one was forced to see this inartistic spectacle: Seated conspicuously in the centre of the front platform was a girl, wearing a vividly colored, scanty costume, abbreviated far beyond the demands of the most extreme fashion. An audience of civilized beings does not enjoy the spectacle of 22 inches of white gauze silk stockings more or less. Nor does the audience consider the posture of the wearer of that costume sufficiently graceful to be in so conspicuous a position. When one goes to listen to beautiful music, it is distinctly, distressingly annoying to be forced to see such an unpleasant object. An audience has its rights. I would suggest that an inspector be appointed and that he, or she, should decide whether the persons occupying seats facing the audience are not unsightly. Perhaps it would be a more effective revelation to those who sit in high places if a mirror about two feet were placed entirely across the front edge of the platform so that a glimpse of their lower extremities could thus be secured and so the proverb have a practical illustration: "See themselves as others see them."

AN IRRITATED WOMAN.

We hasten to add that this distressing incident did not occur in Boston, if the postmark on the envelope is proof. But was the object on the platform "unpleasant"? Was the young woman sculptural"? Was it Baudelaire discussing painting who remarked: "The landscape is in the eye of the beholder"? Did not the girl on the platform relieve the tedium of waiting for the singer's re-appearance? One might say with Hamlet: "I would I had been there." Ed.

Class in Natural History

Mr. Ernest G. White, lecturing in London, said that the giraffe is absolutely dumb; that in spite of the length of his wind pipe, he cannot make a sound of any sort. On the other hand squirrels are the most loquacious of so-called "dumb animals," and the range of their vocabulary is wonderfully wide.

Perhaps the giraffe, because, according to Topsell (1658) he is a solitary beast, is therefore reticent, although "his tongue is near three foot long and with that he will so speedily gather in his meat that the eyes of a man will fail to behold his haste." Mr. Herkimer Johnson tells us that at Clamport on the Cape it is a question whether the squirrel or the blue-jay is the greater chatterer. In an evil hour Mr. Johnson tried to make friends with squirrels. As a result they made themselves at home in his cottage, laid in stores for the winter and on rainy days exercised violently in wall-spaces. He agrees with old Topsell: "They are very harmful, and will eat all manner of woolen garments, and if it were not for that discommodity, they were sweet, sportful beasts, and are very pleasant playfellows in a house." The squirrel can shine in an argument as when Emerson heard him putting a mountain to confusion by his **reasoning.**

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In one issue of the New York Evening Post we find the headline, "How to Burglarize the Cocoanut," and the word "lineage," referring to an increase in advertisements. The wonder is that the ghost of William Cullen Bryant, pale and terrible, does not confront the editorial force and turn their knees to water. The list of words prohibited by Bryant when he was in control of the Evening Post is now before us. It goes without saying that he forbade artiste for artist, residence for house, casket for coffin, donate, gents, in our midst, lady for wife, over his signature, pants, resident for inhabitant, Rev. for the Rev., decease as a verb. It is not easy to see why he insisted that autumn should be used for fall, or objected to bogus, humbug, taboo, loafer, rowdies. There is still dispute, especially in England, over "talented."

Bryant did not wish his young men to write "start" for begin or establish. Mr. Rossiter Johnson, in a letter published in the New York Herald this month, also objects to "start." Examining a dictionary he "discovered" the words "prepare," "attempt," "begin," "make ready," "set out."

"I give you my solemn assurance," writes Mr. Johnson—Rossiter, not Herkimer—"that these are all there, all good English, all waiting patiently to be recognized, and you are at liberty to use them. I know this is news to you because you habitually make 'start' do duty on all occasions for every one of them. You do not say that Maj. Putnam attempted to speak before a prejudiced and ill-mannered audience. You say he 'started to speak.' You do not say the tenant prepared to move. You say he 'started to move.' You never say the merchant has begun to reduce his prices. You say he 'has started reducing prices.' You never say that Uncle John set out for Mexico. You say he 'started for Mexico.' Some months ago, when one of our great papers was about to publish an interesting serial story, we were confronted by a great poster on which a conspicuous line advised us to 'start reading it next Sunday.' Some persons 'start in' to do a thing while others 'start out' to do the same thing. And in a certain tale when the hero 'started to find fault' the heroine 'started to sob,' while in a new novel the lady 'started walking rapidly.'"

Yet men of repute writing for a living, some even God-fearing men, have used "start" with the meanings disapproved by Mr. Rossiter Johnson: Sir Walter Scott, Carlyle, Macaulay, Tyndall, John Henry Newman. No doubt the world is overworked today.

We Regret

Mr. Eddie Daggy of Melrose asks us to reprint the poem beginning:

"Two Irishmen, out of employ, and out at the elbows as astly,
Adrift in a grocery store were sitting and inking it lazily."
"I have known these opening lines for years, but have not access to the works of 'Orpheus C. Kerr.'"

Mr. Daggy will no doubt find Robert H. Newell's poems in the Boston Public Library; also the volumes signed "Orpheus C. Kerr." We lent our copy of Newell's verses to Mr. Herkimer Johnson something like 10 years ago. He told us yesterday that he had not had time to read the book; nor did he say anything about returning it.

Sic Itur ad Astra

As the World Wags:

Don't tell me that "Chief Caupolican" is a certain former resident of Northampton, Mass., where his charming and industrious wife still presides over a small art gallery that contains Whistler's picture of a female with a pair of amazing eyes! I remember seeing the "chief" at Waldron's Casino, Boston, in 1911—I believe it was with the "Kutest Kittens"—in the part of a Frenchman, and at the time I could detect neither Chilean nor Indian in his accent. It was excellent English, as all the New York papers are agreed. From the Casino to the Metropolitan Opera House—how are the lowly risen! Now I wonder whether I should not join the "Gaiety Gadflies"? I am going to ask my singing teacher.

Boston. SAMMY DAMME QUAVER.

Apprehension

Should fashion urge that shorter skirts retail,
And lower bodices with them compete,
Whichever in the contest may prevail,
Well—let us pray extremes won't meet.

Boston. R. H. GORHAM.

A Soul Above "Pants"

As the World Wags:

I may as well be frank. I am a tailor. It would take at least nine of me to make a man, and even at that I might be rather a poor specimen. But I've other thoughts in my head besides chalk and patterns and the high cost of shoddy. My shop smells of gas and steaming cloth being pressed, but my heart's out of it half the time. Words fit themselves into patterns in my brain when I'm fitting waist-seam suits to elegant young hod-carriers, and when I ought to be making out my bills I scribble verses and tear them up; for a would-be literary tailor seems too ridiculous. Shoemakers, it's true, have been esteemed since St. Crispin's time; there have been poets and philosophers among them, but if tailors have a patron saint (or nine of them) I am in ignorance of the fact. Of course, there was Melchisedec Harrington in George Meredith's novel, but he was scarcely a saint; the great Mel, that gorgeous snob; and Evan managed to look romantic even when dangerously intimate with the hot goose; but I'm not in their class—only a good, honest workman at a dull trade. And yet it's spring, when even a tailor gets up from his power machine (we don't sit cross-legged as much as we did), leans against the door and soaks up the spring scents and sounds. And if he's foolish enough to rhyme about it, at least it's a harmless pastime and breaks no bones.

Yes, it is spring in the city—
No need to look overhead.
Here on the pavement one sees it
Written in yellow and red;
Hop-scotch and "Billy, I love you,"
Marbles, balloon-men call.
Yes, it is spring in the city—
No need to doubt it at all.

The hurdy-gurdy loves to sing
Its strident, plaintive song of spring.
And though we listen now, as then,
Our spring can never come again.

Yes, and it's spring in the country—
No need to look at our feet.
Blossoms adrift in the tree-tops—
Ivory, fragile and sweet;
Scent of new earth in the cornfield,
Hear how the robins call.
Yes, it is spring in the country—
No need to doubt it at all.

That small brown sparrow loves to sing
His clear, ecstatic song of spring
And though we listen now, as then,
Our spring can never come again

And it is spring when I touch you—
No need to look in your face.
Pulses close under my fingers
Flicker and flutter and race.
Dear, it's the end, and I leave you,
Deaf to the sense's call;
For it's not spring in our country—
No need to fear it at all.

Remember how you used to sing
A wistful, joyous song of spring?
I cannot listen now, as then
Our spring can never come again.

By the way, in case you want anything neat in spring suitings, we have a new lot of fancy tweeds just in from Scotland. I could easily let you know my real name and address. For the present, I am yours respectfully.

ANDREW LEWIS.

COLLEGE CHORUS AID IN "PARSIFAL"

By PHILIP HALE

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, "Pastoral" Symphony; Loeffler, Poem, "La Bonne Chanson" (after Verlaine); Wagner, Transformation Music and Closing Scene from Act I of "Parsifal." The orchestra was assisted in the performance of Wagner's music by the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, which had been well trained by Dr. Archibald T. Davison.

There was a remarkably fine performance of the Symphony; the most beautiful, the most appealing we have ever heard. As a rule, this symphony is anticipated with dread: Many conductors take it too seriously, laboriously, lead it with a heavy hand; they are often unfortunate in the choice of tempi, and so the hearer is bored, not yawning visibly out of respect to Beethoven or fearing lest a neighbor may frown on him, regarding him coldly, counting him disrespectful, irreverent, no doubt a dissolute person. But yesterday the Symphony was indeed pastoral, light hearted, something more than a fearsome length relieved only by the little ornithological passage in which nightingale, quail, and cuckoo are neatly imitated; at least, it is fair to suppose this: we have never heard the nightingale sing. Jean Cocteau, in his amusing little book, full of aphorisms, designed to make the bourgeois sit up, says that the nightingale sings badly. So we must not be unduly prejudiced by praise of the bird coming from Milton, Matthew Arnold and other poetical enthusiasts. Yesterday there was a thunderstorm, a tempest to use the good country term that has come down from Shakespeare and before him. How admirably Mr. Monteux interpreted this section of the Symphony, which is often a laughable little shower, hardly warranting a spread umbrella or a flight to shelter. How charming the first two movements as played yesterday by the superb orchestra! To borrow the Host's characterization of Master Fenton, the Symphony yesterday smelt April and May.

Singularly euphonious and also eloquent was the performance of Mr. Loeffler's poem, which is truly a poem, whereas certain musical compositions so entitled might be described as vers libre—too free—or as pedestrian prose. It is based, as all know, on a charming little lyric of Varlaines. There is genuine lyrical spirit in Mr. Loeffler's work, there is warmth, there is passion, an abiding sense of beauty; needless to say, mastery of technic is displayed throughout. While the music is generally lyrical there are moments when the composer in his rhapsodic plight leads one to forget the simplicity, the naivete of Varlaine's verse. If there is any adverse criticism to be made, one might say that there is at times over-elaboration; over-conscientiousness in the treatment of details. The audience was fully appreciative of the music and the performance. Mr. Loeffler acknowledged the long-continued applause.

The performance of Wagner's music impressed the audience. To some "Parsifal" is a "sacred" work on account of the communion scene and the Good Friday Spell. As a matter of fact, the communion scene depends largely for its effect on the stage setting, the stage management and theatrical devices, such as putting the choir of boys aloft, so that their voices come as from high above—celestial voices. In the year of the production at Bayreuth, 1882, this scene was memorable, and so for some years afterward until the Widow Cosima and the ambitious young Siegfried made up their minds that they knew how "Parsifal" should be performed better than the spouse and father. The music itself suffers necessarily when it is taken from Bayreuth and performed in an ordinary opera house. It suffers still more when it is performed in a concert hall. As a concert performance that of yesterday was creditable. At Bayreuth in 1882 we heard bells out-of-tune, if not jangled, nor was the intonation of the boys in the dome invariably pure.

... They print everything what I do.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Chadwick, "Melpomene" overture; Sibelius, Symphony No. 3 (first time in Boston); Beethoven, Piano Concerto in G major, No. 4 (Arthur Rubinstein, pianist).

Mch 27 '2?

That delightful comedy, "A Kiss for Cinderella," has been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, as an addition to the uniform and attractive edition of Barrie's plays. The comedy is good reading even for those who have not seen it and laughed at the king hanging to a strap and offering each of his courtiers "a paper bag containing two sandwiches, buttered on both sides; a piece of cake, a hard-boiled egg and an orange or a banana." Notice the word "or." Would that we could see again Lord Times, but the admirable impersonator of that amusing autocrat in Boston is dead, and who is there to take his place? The dialogue between Mr. Bodie and the policeman is an abiding joy.

"Enter Madame," by Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. There is an introduction by Mr. Alexander Woolcott, who tells of the Varesi family, for Elena Varesi, the singer and the mother of Gilda, was the daughter of the great Varesi, Verdi's baritone in the fifties, and the granddaughter of Luiga Boccabadotti, over whom Chateaubriand raved. There is also a picture of Gilda from a drawing by W. T. Benda, the Benda of the now famous masks. "Enter Madame," produced in New York last August, has so prospered in New York that it will, no doubt, be long in arriving here; meanwhile reading the comedy will whet curiosity to see it. This story of operatic life and the caprices of the prima donna will entertain even those who have had the privilege of knowing opera singers off stage and are fairly well acquainted with their ways. The play should be seen alternately with "The Concert," in which Mr. Ditrichstein portrayed admirably the male prima donna, for is not a petted pianist a prima donna? There are four illustrations of scenes in "Enter Madame"; also the original cast.

Arthur Symons's three plays—"Cesare Borgia," "Iseult of Brittany" and "The Toy Cart"—are published in one volume by Brentano's of New York. "Cesare Borgia," a tragedy in one act and in blank verse, will probably be compared by some with Swinburne's "Duke of Gandia." Swinburne's tragedy, also in one act, performed in London by the Stage Society in May, 1919, is conspicuous for its biting irony, which many might term blasphemous. In the two tragedies, the murder of Giovanni Borgia by his brother Caesar is the theme. Vannozza, the Pope's mistress, Pope Alexander VI., Lucrezia Borgia, and Michelotto, figure in both plays. Mr. Symons's characters have the speech of the Elizabethan drama. The spirit of the Borgia period is finely caught. The passionate speeches of Sancia and Lucrezia are in the key. At times, there is the suggestion of Marston if not of Webster, as in Michelotto's entrance with two assassins:

...he hour is after midnight, not ...ath's hour
Sounds yet, and there are ghosts that mope in Hell,
And Satan stalks in Rome and goblins laugh
From the house-tops.

This whole scene, with Giovanni leaving the house with the white balconies, and the arms of Imperia, "a Lamia, a strange snake-woman," only to be murdered, is exceedingly powerful, as is Lucrezia's frenzy after she has seen Giovanni in a vision.

"Iseult of Brittany" is only a poetic fragment. "The Toy Cart" founded on the "Mrichchhakatā" of Sudraker, could well be put on the stage—and then an audience should be carefully chosen; perhaps—yet would not the charm of the story and the beauty of the language appeal to many?" The direction concerning the costumes of the women might allure some: "Waist decorated with tinkling bells: anklets of silver, large ear-rings set with pearls, bodice buttoned below the waist with gems; forehead stained with saffron, silver chains on the feet, on the forehead a mark brighter than the new moon; dress embroidered with the buds of the lotus; saffron-dyed vest: string of cowries round the neck, lips ruddy with betel; forehead marked with a saffron crescent."

While Mr. Symons does not attempt to be more eastern in phraseology than the orientals, there are passages that remind one of the Old Testament, as when Vasantasena exclaims: "Will you put out the perpetual fire? Many waters cannot put it out. Will you give me forgetfulness? Many bowls of sleep cannot drink down memory. Will you bring back the scent into dead roses, and bring back the honey to the honeycomb, and the grapes to the vineyard where they have been plucked and trodden in the wine press and the feet of men are red with them, and their ...s drunken? I have been th...

of the garden, and the honey in the honeycomb, and the grapes in the vineyard." See also Charadutta's speech after Vasantasena had danced. One of the most beautiful scenes in the play is the scene between Vasantasena and the child Rohasena.

"The Orchestra and How to Listen to It," published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, is by M. Montagu-Nathan, already known by his volumes treating of Russian composers and their works. In "The Orchestra" he writes pleasantly about the various instruments. He looks upon the Violin Party, emotionally flexible, as the Extreme Left, or Radical; the Drum Party, with its rhythmic precision, as the Extreme Right or Conservative; the Wood and Brass Party as the Moderates. Unfortunately in modern compositions the brass is not always moderate. Instead of the term "Strings" he would have "Bows" for "Strings" include harps and piano. Some of the statements might be disputed. Debussy was not the first to discover that the flute has a lovely tone in its middle and lower register. Lalo and others had employed these tones before him, nor was their quality unknown to Gluck. Few will agree with the author in saying that the harp in an orchestra contributes little that is really essential: this statement is too sweeping. Is Dvorak's employment of the English horn in his "New World" symphony really more noteworthy than Wagner's in the prelude to the third act of "Tristan"? We are sorry to find Mr. Montagu-Nathan apparently approving the practice of attaching a plate of the cymbals to the bass drum for convenience. "They are frequently used apart." Yes, indeed. The quality of sound is then far more brilliant. In the other case the sound is generally vulgar. The book contains pictures of the instruments and pages of musical notation showing the use of the instruments by composers, ancient and modern. There is an index.

A New Boarding House Play; with Other Notes of the Theatre

In a boarding-house comedy, "At Mrs. Beame's" by C. K. Munro, produced at the Kingsway Theatre, London, an adventurer folsts his mistress as his wife on a boarding house. They are discovered and they are ejected; but before they leave, the man harangues the boarders against marriage while the woman leaves with the boarders' jewelry and other portable property. The play is chiefly dialogue; the characters are disagreeable, but true to life. Mr. Walkley describes them: "There is the comfortable, matronly bore. There is her son, the hobbledehoy bore, with gramophone. There is the middle-aged male bore with irrelevant anecdotes. They are so like the real article that they almost risk boring the audience. But there is one bore who is magnificent, triumphant, as imposing as a public monument. This is an elderly spinster, full of useful information, from facts about Mr. Lloyd George's cousin and namesake to the shape of Paraguay on the map, bursting with curiosity about her fellow-boarders and ready to weave romances about them on the frailest evidence. Thus she weaves a romance about the adventurer. His luggage bears the Paris label, and she decides he must be the great French wife-murderer. It is she who worms out the secret that the mistress is a mistress only and not a wife. It is she who interrupts the kissing scenes and the beating scenes. Whatever is hidden in the darkest corner her keen nose scents out. Her tongue never ceases. It devastates the bridge table. It drowns the gramophone. And throughout she smiles her little society smile and tells little lies and never lets go her little false theories."

The governors of the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon have again made arrangements with the Shakespeare joint committee for the annual birthday festival to be undertaken by the New Shakespeare Company under the direction of Mr. W. Bridges-Adams. "Antony and Cleopatra" has been selected as the birthday play and the program will also include "King Richard III.," "A Midsummer Night' Dream," "As You Like It," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Macbeth" and "The School for Scandal." The festival will last for four weeks, the first performance being given on Shakespeare' birthday, Saturday, April 23.

In "Love?" a comedy by M. A. Arabian (Playhouse, London, March 4), the chief character is Layham, a young novelist, who has just published a romance of a "peculiarly amatory character": "In the first act he makes violent overtures to a flapperish maiden Rotha Twinstead, whose advanced notions enable her to accept them with something more than cold indifference. In the second he flies for sympathy to her cousin Barbara, a young lady of purely intellectual attractions; in the third, after being scouted by both for inconstancy, he hurries off to Mrs. Merrion, a society butterfly of doubtful reputation, in whose company he spends the ensuing fortnight; in the fourth he returns to Barbara, who, having meanwhile discovered that man has an animal as well as a spiritual side to his nature, has decked herself out in alluring raiment, and after a little persuasion falls incontinently into his arms."

For 25 years the Socialists of the Austrian Parliament have been endeavoring to frame a theatre law regulating the position of actors and managers. The Social-Democratic deputies have at last framed a bill which is now in print and will be discussed in the National Assembly. Among the provisions are the following: Every member of the stage must sign a stage contract. Every member incapacitated by illness, or by an accident in the exercise of his profession through no fault of his own, is to receive full pay; also every actress about to become a mother. The entire cost of the wardrobe is to fall on the managers. Members of the stage are to receive their salaries on the 1st, 10th and 20th of each month, with at least four weeks' vacation annually, rising by two days for each contract up to a maximum of six weeks, and an eight-hour day.

A Japanese entertainer recently caused something of a sensation in London by performing five different operations at the same time, but Mr. Hubert Leslie, who is appearing at St. George's Hall, goes a step farther. At a private demonstration of his powers on Monday he showed that it is possible to do six things at once, by memorizing, listening, writing, drawing, working out arithmetical problems, and playing a musical instrument.

His method is to ask his audience to supply him with sets of figures which he writes on a blackboard and also to select a number of tunes for him to render on a mouth organ. With these preliminaries accomplished he settles down to his task. A member of the audience is invited to read out any proverb he likes, which he may alter as he wishes, and at the same time Mr. Leslie works out his sum, plays his tunes on the mouth organ, listens to the reading of the proverbs, and instead of writing them on the board in the usual way he entwines them into a drawing of a particularly ferocious elephant. He can sketch very cleverly from ideas suggested by his audience, and tell capital yarns in the odd moments when he is not mind-concentrating. — London Times.

Norman McKinnel will bring out at the Comedy Theatre in London a comedy by Arnold Bennett "dealing with an old theme in a new way;" also an "extremely powerful" play by Joseph Conrad, based on one of his stories.

A burlesque, "Faust on Toast," will be produced at the Gaiety, London, soon after today. The scenes are Table d'Hotvill, Blitzerland, Marguerite's Garden, Cinemapolis and A Walpurgis Night Out.

Congreve's "Love for Love" has been revived in London by the Phoenix Society.

"The Charm School," prospering in London, neglected in Boston, has moved from the Comedy to the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

The Follies led by Dan Everard, one of the few members of the original company, have been at the Collseum. In "The Grand Gurgle," a burlesque of the Grand Guignol Theatre, the stage is dominated by an immense bed, the pillows of which are stained in gore, and before which the members of the company are either murdered or commit suicide, while the chief conspirator cheerfully bathes his hands in blood.

The "Oresteia" of Aeschylus, condensed into a single performance, was performed successfully on March 1 at Cambridge University, England. Music by Armstrong Gibbs "breathes the emotional atmosphere of the play and gives dignity and charm where, to the average audience, with no knowledge of Greek, boredom and oppression might otherwise steal in."

George Meredith's "Rhoda Fleming" has been turned into a play by A. Phillipson.

Another Lincoln Play

We are indebted to Mr. Truman H. Bartlett of Jamaica Plain for the bill of a play performed at the DeWitt Clinton high school on Feb. 18, 1921, at 11 o'clock, by the Senior Dramatic Society and Il Circolo Italiano. The play, "Up at Abe Lincoln's," is by John A. Shedd, former president Young Men's Lincoln Club of Little Italy: "Being the specially interesting and faithful record of an evening spent in February, 1827 (being the fifty-first year of the Independence of these United States) at the log cabin of one Thomas Lincoln in Pigeon Creek, State of Indiana, in which the following personagess admirably acquit themselves."

CHARACTERS

John Adams, Esq., of Boston, Massachusetts, a traveler, well educated, but always learning.....Samuel Feller
Abe Lincoln, "the life of the party," ferryman, wood-chopper, wrestler, story-teller, debater, plough-boy, every day student, Julius Lanert
Nancy Lincoln, Abe's sister and friend, spinner, weaver, singer, home-keeper, Bertram Birkhahn
Little Red Feather, Cherokee Indian boy, Isidor Styler
Sambo, runaway slave from Kentucky, Arthur Lamanda
Andrew Crawford, traveling school teacher, extremely polite .....Henry N. Rapaport
Dennis Hanks, Abe's cousin, knows every thing about Abe and wants to tell it all .....Joseph Ginsberg
[illegible], one of the neighbor's boys, a great admirer of Nancy .Hyman Goldberg
John Anderson, a mountain white boy, slow and tired.....Fred Kraut
Old Uncle Zeke, a ballad singer from the mountains, poor and blind.....Samuel Cibolsky

There was a chorus composed of Messrs. Wiltsek, Applebaum, Shapiro, Altholz, Weinstein, Beller and Grieme. There were three tableaux: 1. Lincoln's Inaugural. 2. Lincoln Freeing the Slaves. 3. Lincoln and the Blue and Gray.

Not a young man or boy in the play or in the chorus bears an English name. The bill neglects to state the city in which this school is thus practically encouraging "Americanization." The DeWitt Clinton High School: is it in New York? Mr. Bartlett writes: "This little play is having a very large private run."

Sibelius and Other Musicians in London and Elsewhere

"The Oceanides" of Jan Sibelius was performed in England for the first time on Feb. 27 at Queen's Hall, London. Sibelius conducted. The Daily Telegraph said: "It is a moody work in one continuous movement, and, with the exception of a few long drawn-out bars at the end, in a tempo that never changes. The authors of the program notes would try to persuade us that it contains numerous contrasts of color and design, but some of us felt that it was as full of color as a wash drawing, and that the contrasts in design existed chiefly in the imagination of the eminent authors referred to. During its performance one had the unusual feeling that more could have been made of it than the composer himself was making; that rhythmically it had more in it than he was conveying; and that possibly a born conductor would have brought color to passages that were as drab as could be. Certainly it excited the Queen's Hall audience to no great enthusiasm. Later the composer conducted his early and very Tristanesque Elegy from the suite King Christian II and the new Valse Lyrique, recently played at a Chappell Ballad Concert." When "the Oceanides" was performed here in 1917 it made comparatively little impression.

Ethel Frank of Boston gave a concert with the London Symphony Orchestra in London on March 9. Albert Coates conducted. George Copeland, pianist, formerly of Boston, gave a recital in London on the afternoon of the same day. These concerts were announced in the Times of March 7. It will be interesting to learn how the singer and pianist were received.

The new operetta, "Blossom Time," book and lyrics by Dorothy Donnelly, music by Sigmund Romberg, to be produced by the Messrs. Shubert, deals with an incident in the life of Franz Schubert. "He is shown in life with a young woman, composing one of his famous pieces of music in her honor. In it he tells his love. Modest, he is unable to sing it to her as he had planned, so he asks his friend Baron Franz Schober to sing in his stead. Schober is a natural lady killer; he sings so acceptably and makes love so well that he wins the girl's affection."

Mr. Romberg has used compositions of Schubert, "Unfinished Symphony," "The Serenade," "Two Waltzes," "The Brook," "Why," Quintet for Strings, "Ave Maria" and The Rosamund Overture. Beethoven, Chopin, Haydn have been portrayed on the stage. Why should Schubert escape?

Busoni and Mozart: Last Saturday's symphony concert at Queen's Hall was unusually attractive. There were, in the first place, Mr. Busoni's performances of Mozart's concerto No. 22 in E-flat K 482, and of his own "Indian Fantasy," which could only be adequately described by a specialist in paradoxes. There were times when his playing had the severity and the coldness, the austerity and the aloofness of the ascetic. The performer at the piano looked as if he were passing judgment. Then a sudden impetuous energy gave an eerie impression of flames bursting out of marble. These were the more common features of his playing. In Mozart he showed also on occasion a sort of impish delight in upsetting all traditional notions of what such music should be. Mr. Busoni is, in music, the counterpart of certain thinkers and literary experts. They prove that whenever we say one thing we mean another. He demonstrates the fallacies of accepted theories in regard to general characteristics. Mozart is usually looked upon as something dainty and graceful, almost feminine in its tenderness. Mr. Busoni makes him harder and stronger, a chiseller in granite rather than soft metal. The usual objections—that this is not Mozart, the "real" Mozart—are sure to be raised by Mr. Busoni's method. But if we grant that this is not the usual Mozart, it must be conceded that it is singularly fascinating. Moreover, just as great writings and great sayings admit of different interpretations, great music—such as that of Mozart—can be viewed from more than one angle. If Mr. Pougno made capital of its simplicity and refined charm, Mr. Busoni shows us its virginal purity and the unsuspected strength of the apparently slender construction.—London Daily Telegraph, Feb. 28.

Having heard M. Sibelius conduct three of his symphonies in the last fortnight, the fifth and fourth in London, and the third at Birmingham, we can have no hesitation in saying that No. 4 in A minor is incomparably the finest. It stands out from its companions in its absolute directness of movements and simplicity of lines. Its very simplicity is baffling.—London Times.

Rosenthal in London: In this wide world he has no superior in technic, and his skill is almost incredible; yet it is never parade, and you think less of the way a thing is done then by the thing done. A finesse that is never finicking, phrasing that is polished without irritating you with its perfection, gentleness, grace, brilliance, power, intellect, and a swiftness that never seems to say, "See how clever I am," these are Rosenthal the pianist. Thus the Daily Telegraph. Moritz, "My darling, what wouldst thou have more?"

The new "Valse lyrique" of Sibelius was played for the first time in London on Feb. 19 under the composer's direction. "The novelty was as successful and as well received as the Valse triste and the Karelia suite used to be when they were new to us. Indeed, there is no technical difference between them all. They are as clear as daylight, straightforward, simple music, as devoid of complexity as of the stimulus of modern music, the Valse lyrique is even less ambitious than the Valse triste, for it has no program, and although a tastefully scored, it lacks the two or three touches which raise the Valse triste above the common level. This is not the music by which M. Sibelius will be known to posterity.

The question of the subsidization of public music is perennial both here and elsewhere. Paris just now is in sore straits, they tell me, because it is found impossible to obtain a greater subsidy for the opera than before. Here we have never had a state-aided opera, or even concert, and I doubt very much if we want either. I imagine that in Germany and Austria, where music is just now more abundant than ever, the subsidy of former days has fallen away. But look at what little Holland is doing! At the famous Conteertgebouw at Amsterdam, where Mengelberg conducts, the subsidy is 60,000 florins, and at the Opera National 10,000; at The Hague the Residence Orchestra and the Opera National each receives 15,000; the municipal orchestra at Utrecht receives 72,600 florins, at Arnheim 25,000, at Groningen 20,000, with an additional 30,000 at the end of the year. Look on this picture and on that of the present state of orchestras and opera in this country! Something of a contrast, is it not?—London Daily Telegraph.

A dinner to celebrate the 300 performances of "The Beggar's Opera" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, took place at the Cecil Hoke on Feb. 27. Sir F. Cowen replying to the toast "Music" said that within his own lifetime enormous strides had been made in music in this country, and we were now in the proud position of being able to compare favorably with all other countries, and, in many respects, to surpass them. Our orchestras were as fine as any to be found elsewhere, and in respect of technique and training they were still finer. We had the best choirs to be found in the world, and we had so developed our gifts of composition and conducting that there had resulted a harvest of talent, where not many years ago there was almost a famine. But great as was the talent we possessed in the marked individuality of some of our composers, there was still something wanting in this connection, and that was not individual individuality, but national individuality. So far our music had been, to a very large extent, based on the ideas of other nations. What we wanted was to develop a school of our own. So England has the finest orchestras and the best choruses in the world. Hear! Hear! England Ueber Alles.

Mr. Ansermet, known here as a conductor of the Russian Ballet, has been conducting works of Ernest Block at Geneva; "Hiver-Printemps" and "Sheloma."

Symphonic Variations for orchestra by Ezio Clarabella have met with success at Rome.

New music in Paris: Symphonic Prelude by E. Goupil (Colonne, March 5); "L'Astre Rouge" and "Le Nenuphar" by Ch. Koechlin, for voice and orchestra (Colonne, March 6); Suite Breve in six movements for flute, viola d'amore, and harp by Rohozinski. Suite in five movements and a sonata by Gomez Anda. "Ikdar," an opera by Guido Glueck, has been produced at Dresden, where the city council has granted a subsidy of 75,000 marks for the production in Easter tide of Bach's Passion according to Matthew, Beethoven's 9th Symphony, Mahler's 8th Symphony, "Parsiful" and an opera by Mozart.

"A welcome correspondent asks the pertinent question, "Does the pianist of the day realize the resonance of the modern concert grand pianoforte, especially when accompanying song?" He adds that while there is apparently no limit to the power of the former, there are decided limits to the human voice. Yet the pianist far too often fails entirely to realize this fact. Of course,

... has been ... [illegible] ... But ... much to ... that one of the first ... When the true accompanist ... not stop to mention any one ... and the pseudo accompanist is the art of moderating his transports to those of the singer. My correspondent is of another mind, to some extent, and suggests that the former has for motto, "go mea—and the devil take the singer!" We know many of that type certainly, but they are the inferior order."

Paul de Malengreau's "Symphonie de la Passion" has been produced at Brussels, where he was recently appointed assistant professor of organ playing at the Conservatory. The symphony is said to suggest powerfully "the very spirit of the drama of Golgotha and its atmosphere of tragic beauty."

The Holland correspondent of the Chesterian makes this surprising statement: "Among the singers, Mme. Olga Samaroff gave a traditional drawing-room program."

Ravel's "Valse," choregraphic poem for orchestra, will be produced in Vienna as a ballet.

The first performance of Gabriel Dupont's posthumous opera, "Antar," was to take place at the Paris Opera on March 11. It was completed in 1913, and if the war had not broken out it would have been performed at the Opera in October, 1914, with Yvonne Gail and Muratore. Dupont died on Aug. 3, 1914, after a sickness of several years. He is known in Boston chiefly by his orchestral "Heures Dolentes," played at a Boston Opera Company concert.

Busoni wrote the libretto for Othmar Schoeck's opera, "The Picture."

Korngold is now conductor at the Hamburg Opera.

All of Bruckner's symphonies will be played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra at the Salzburg festival. We see the music critics of New York already engaging passage.

Jean Chantavoine's "De Couperin a Debussy" (Felix Alcan, Paris, 7fr. 50c), describes certain general characteristics of French musical art.

Jaques-Dalcroze's "Rhythmes de Danse" for orchestra, produced at a Lamoureux concert, Paris, on Feb. 13, is said to be very interesting for rhythmic instruction.

A Jutland Film

With the help of the cinematograph an attempt is to be made to explain to the public the whole course of the battle of Jutland. The picture will be issued by Ideal Films, Limited, and will take from half an hour to 45 minutes to show.

The story of the battle is being told by Maj.-Gen. Sir George Aston, late of the Royal Marine Artillery, lecturer on naval and military affairs at the University of London, and late professor of the Naval College, Greenwich, and the Staff College, Camberley. He has spent nearly two years in the investigation and collation of materials from both British and German sources. He will be able to show the movements of the British ships from the British track charts and those of the enemy fleet from similar German information, and to make the film as accurate as possible the whole has been checked and verified by the personal narratives of officers on both sides who fought in the engagement.

It is intended that the picture shall follow every stage of the battle from the time when the British vessels went out to meet the Germans, through the battle on the afternoon of the next day and during the night. How the German fleet managed to escape from the clutches of the British vessels will also be shown. The story is worked out with models in order that the spectator may obtain a complete bird's-eye view of the struggle as he would if witnessing the battle from an airship. It is claimed by the producers that the film will not only decide once and for all the question with whom rest the laurels of Jutland, but that it will also give valuable information which may help a judgment to be formed on the vexed question of the use of a battleship. The picture, it is hoped, will furnish a considerable contribution to history as well as a striking entertainment which may help to open up a new and very important field for the moving picture.—London Times, March 2.

The "Feis Ceoil"

Ireland, despite her preoccupation with political and domestic troubles, never forgets her songs. The national folk music of ancient tradition and modern art-music are cultivated side by side at her competition festivals and the syllabus of the next (25th) "Feis Ceoil," to be held in Dublin in the first week of May shows no artistic diminuendo. Under conditions that are far from being felicitous, the executive committee of this national but non-political association are able to carry on the admirable work begun a quarter of a century ago in Dublin. A direct result of that work has been the foundation of a similar festival in Belfast—a very sturdy organization, too—of which reports have appeared from time to time on this music page. The Northern festival makes a less conspicuous effort to preserve the national music. Dublin is naturally keener on this point, and the syllabus, as usual, provides for competitions in all the branches of traditional or pseudo-traditional art. Thus there are classes for solo singing (unaccompanied) in Irish, choral singing, vocal quartets and trio in Irish, and various grades of instrumental playing small Irish harp, Irish pipes, and Irish fiddle. In the last named class a special note appears warning competitors that "traditional playing only will be accepted"—a style of playing more highly organized than at first appears to those who have only had academic training. The system of "fiddlers' keys" is an elaborate and interesting one. The visiting adjudicators for the coming festival are Sir Ivor Atkins, Sig. Denza, Mr. Spencer Dyke, Mr. Frederick Dawson and Mr. J. Ord Hume; for unpublished Irish airs and performances of country music, Mr. A. W. Darley and Prof. R. O'Dwyer, and for the Irish language Mr. Eamonn O'Neil—London Daily Telegraph.

From the Daily Chronicle

There is a pretty touch of sentiment associated with the migration of Miss Ellen Terry from her old Georgian house in Chelsea to a flat in St. Martin's lane, which was decorated for the great actress as a birthday gift. For in the evening of her days she takes her rest within easy hail of the scene of her greatest triumphs, the old Lyceum Theatre, and, as she opens her window to the life and color of London, she looks out upon the statue put up by an admiring throng to the great actor with whom so many of her greatest successes were achieved—Sir Henry Irving.

The house which for more than a century and a half has been known as Garrick's Villa is in the market. Garrick bought it in the heyday of his fame in 1754. It was then known as Hampton House, and the actor made many alterations and additions from the designs of Adam. Everybody who has passed Hampton by water is familiar with the villa and its tall central portico. Its grounds are divided from the river by the road, under which Garrick had a tunnel made to connect the lawn with the summer house enshrining the bust of Shakespeare.

Mrs. Garrick occupied the villa until her death, at the age of 98, in 1822. It has since had several owners, who have altered it, but some at least of the rooms are much in the same condition as they were during Garrick's life.

It is more than a quarter of a century since Mr. Edward Lloyd—76 today (March 7)—has carried away a great assembly on the wings of song. Like Caruso, he did not astonish the world at a bound. His voice never went through the ordinary "breaking" process, but gradually deepened in tone. He made serious efforts to add more strings to his youthful bow by learning the piano and violin, but neither instrument inspired him as did the use of his voice, which he developed without the assistance of a "maestro."

One of his proudest boasts is that he never but once arrived late for an engagement, or missed one except through severe illness.

Is London lacking in musical taste? Mr. T. Lester Jones, who has piloted the London musical competition festival through the whole 16 years of its career, denies the impeachment. "Our first festival brought us," he said in the course of a chat yesterday, "296 entries; for the present competition we have 8320. Counting members of choirs as units, there are 10,000. More than once we have raised our standard to keep certificates from getting too cheap!" Mr. Jones is a business man, who makes the musical education of Young London his hobby, carrying the ever increasing burden without fee or reward. There are 21 professional adjudicators this year, including Dr. Vaughan Williams and Dan Godfrey, and the programs are all British. It is the biggest festival of the kind of England.

"We were talking to the author of a play produced with great success last week, and what he had to say about the public taste in theatrical shows was distinctly encouraging.

"In spite of all the hard things said about the public and the kind of plays they like," he told us, "I am pretty sure that year by year audiences want something better than the preceding seasons have provided. Very many years ago I tried to give the public what I thought was a superior type of melodrama, but the time was not then ripe. Of course, it may have been a bad play from any point of view. Anyhow, it hung fire, and after a rather mixed reception of the first act a voice was heard in the gallery shouting, "'Urry up, guv'nor, 'urry up, 9 o'clock and not one blinking murder yet!' "

We used to be told as children that if you walked out into the world and went on and on for goodness knows how far and how long, you would in time return to the spot whence you started. In his professional capacity, this is just what Mr. Hayden Coffin will have accomplished in a week or two, for he made his first stage appearance at the Empire Theatre in 1885, and after a "constitutional" lasting for 36 years is about to return to that theatre for a leading part in Mr. Robert Courtneidge's new musical production, "The Rebel Maid."

Thus Mr. Coffin is associated with the theatre's first light operatic season and its last if "The Rebel Maid" really is to be the last musical piece here.

In the announcement that Mr. Rudolf Besier's new play for the Comedy opens with a scene in the Bloomsbury money-lender's office, the experienced playgoer will be likely to scent something of the element of old melodramatic days at the Adelphi and Drury Lane—especially the latter.

It is not often that our "Money Advanced" merchants get an advertisement like this on the stage, though it is not very long ago that a light opera libretto contained the lyric lines:

> Money lent on note of hand alone,
> Call or write or telegraph or 'phone.
> No inquiries made,
> Everybody paid
> Punctually, on note of hand alone.

Why has the clarinet gone out of fashion? Out of 10,000 competitors for the London Competition Festival, beginning today at Westminster, only three clarinet players were found willing to enter the lists.

It would not have been thus in the latter part of last century, when Mr. Henry Holiday tells us in his reminiscences how a great musician said to him, "Everybody plays the clarinet; if you were to throw stones out of this window, every second man hit would be a clarinet player."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. "Hora Novissima," performed by the Handel and Haydn. See special notice. Boston Opera House, 3:15 P. M. Last concert of the Steinert series. Miss Ponselle, dramatic soprano; Mr. Vidas, violinist. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Elizabeth Sise Feeley, soprano; Falconieri, Occhietti Amati; Peri, Invocazione di Orfeo; Horn, Cherry Ripe; Haydn, She Never Told Her Love; Schumann, The Sandman; Balakireff, Vien pres de moi; Chabrier, Villanelle de petits canards; Rachmaninoff, To the Children; Arensky, Revery; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Song of the Shepherd Lehl; Moussorgsky, Ah, Not with God's Thunder; Storey-Smith, Caravan; MacDowell, The Yellow Daisy; Haile, In the Moonlight; Rogers, Wind and Lyre; Carpenter, To a Young Gentleman.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Esther Dale, soprano; John Doane, pianist. Three Spanish Folk Songs, arranged by Kurt Schindler; Schubert, Des Fischers Liebesglueck; Schumann, Marzveilchen; Brahms, Verzagen and der Schmied; Debussy, Nuit d'Etoiles; Fourdrain, Gai Papillon; G. Faure, Clair de Lune; Lalo, Marine; Bloch, Psalm 137; Sibelius, My Bird is Long in Homing; Stutzman, Vainkas Song; Branscombe, Serenade; Crist, The Dark King's Daughter; Rogers, Wild Geese.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third of Mme. Helen Hopekirk's "popular priced" recitals. Chopin, Scherzo, B flat minor, and Nocturne in F; Repper, Buddha of the Lotus Pond; Engel, New Mown Hay; Harrison, Worcestershire Suite; Schumann, Traeumerei and Fantaisie in C major.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Mme. Guiomar Novaes, pianist. Bach-Moor, Prelude and Fugue in D major; Scarlatti, Pastorale and Caprice; Franck-Bauer, Prelude Fugue and Variations; Chopin, Barcarolle, Mazurka, Etude; Blanchet, Two Preludes, op. 10, Nos. 3 and 14. H. S. Vallon, Prelude, "Arlequin"; Stojowski, Chant d'Amour; Philipp, Caprice; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 13.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony Concert. Mr. Monteux, conductor.

mch 28, 1921

Dr. Lowell, president of Harvard University, says that Dr. Davison can make any one sing. "I dare say he could take a troupe of cats and teach them to sing Palestrina." Not Palestrina, President Lowell; but Stravinsky, whose music is more in the cat's vocal register.

Ultra-Modern Music

Speaking of cats. When Philip II of Spain went to Brussels in 1549 to visit his father, the Emperor Charles V, he was entertained by a street organ in a procession. The pipes were 20 boxes, each one of which held a cat. The tails of the cats protruded, and were fastened by strings to a key-board. The cats were so arranged as to form a scale, if the learned chronicler, Juan Christoval Calvete, is to be believed. •

"B. L. T.'s Explorers"

As the World Wags:

Every one seems to have forgotten the musical comedy written by "B. L. T." about 20 years ago. Richard Carle had the leading part and the show was called "The Explorers," with Knox Wilson and the inevitable accordion. William Rock and his eccentric dancing rounded off the cast. Rock was particularly funny as a crabbed old man in the lobby of a hotel. Like Wilson's accordion, the play was elongated or condensed at the whim of the producer, but I think it finally settled down to two acts. I have forgotten who did the music, which was rather catchy. The following is a sample of the "B. L. T." libretto:

> Oh, I'm an explorer
> And I'm an adorer
> Of everything novel and new,
> And all of the papers
> Are full of my capers
> They print everything what I do.

I don't know now the script read, but the rendering was unmistakably "what I do."
H. C.

Boston.

Strange to say, in the biographical sketches of Mr. Carle, "The Explorers" is not mentioned.—Ed.

Farm Hand Wanted

(Belfast, Me., Journal.)

Knowledge of farm work not essential. In fact, applicants will not be expected to know how to perform any of the operations pertaining to conducting a farm. No chores to do. Hours of labor will be such to suit the hired man's convenience. He will be furnished steam heated room with bath. Should he have been out the night before and feel "rocky" in the morning, breakfast will be served in his room. Should he not be feeling in fine fettle by 1 P. M., he will be given an automobile ride to brace him up. Should he object to doing manual labor, he may maintain a general oversight of the business and I will do the work. Monthly wages to be left wholly to option of applicants.

A. B. STANTIAL, Belfast, Me.

Natural History Class

As the World Wags:

One of your correspondents wrote about the flesh of polecats and foxes for the table in Paris. The European polecat is not the same animal as the American skunk; it is somewhat similar and as unsavory. The carcass of the skunk is rarely eaten, though the flesh does not look at all bad. As Joe Battisse says: "You take a nice young and fat skunk, skin him, and parboil him, then bake him with plenty hunyun 'bout him, and I'd soon heat spring lam as him, most enytime."

As for foxes, I do not know anything that will eat a fox carcass. It is a common custom for fox hunters to hang a carcass on the branch of a tree. It will usually stay there from November till April. Crows will not eat it. Skunks will not touch one, though a skunk carcass is good bait for other skunks. The only animal I know that will eat a fox is the red squirrel, and he apparently gnaws at the flesh only for the salt in it. After the weather has disintegrated the flesh, the wood mice soon cut up the bones.

The red squirrel is a nuisance: impudent, and as noisy as the jay; a destroyer of small birds' eggs and nests; a thief of small fruits, notably strawberries; terribly destructve of white pine seed, now that the chestnuts are practically destroyed by the blight.

Westminster. S. H.

Ford's Mechanical Cow

"WANTED—Single man, to milk and drive Ford truck, to deliver 100 quarts of milk; board and room furnished; state wages. CEDARCREST FARM, Trapelo road, Waltham."

Health Notes

(Seal Harbor Correspondent of the Bangor Daily News.)

Mr. Stebbings, the real estate agent of our summer colony, was here all the way from Indiana, where he has been for his wife's benefit, on account of her health.

The health of our people is good, which is fortunate, as the community nurse that has been expected so long, has failed to show up, and as the past two winters have been very sickly we are fortunate indeed.

Another Crack at Burleson

As the World Wags:

Now that the postoffice department is under the Republicans, why doesn't Mr. Will Hays replace the messenger boy riding the prehistoric bicycle, as shown on special-delivery stamps, with a more up-to-date motorcycle? The former may have justly characterized the Burleson administration, but one looks for better things nowadays.

Boston. CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

English Humor

James James's "Guide Book to Women" has been published in London. The reviewers find it "amusing and audacious." These paragraphs are printed as specimens of Mr. James's boldness and irresistible humor. They do not seem to us so funny as to make a man laugh alone in the woods, by himself, no one with him, as Hannibal of Yale, used to say.

"All her life woman is dogged by the destiny of a double chin.

"If you want to see woman as she would like to be, glance at the fashion advertisements.

"Every woman has a new face for every occasion; but none is quite so charming as the face she wears the ... first time under a new hat." ... enthusi-

Concerning Applause

(The London Times)

Painters when they are speechless, have a way of waving their thumb in front of a picture, tracing an imaginary Hogarth's line of beauty. We ought to have something analogous in a concert—something like the hum after a Covenanter's sermon—instead of that inexpressive hand-clapping. The connoisseurs say "Bravvo!" and the new importations from the music halls say "Ow! Ow!"; but neither of these seems quite to meet the case.

'HORA NOVISSIMA'

One magnificent feature of the Easter observance in Boston yesterday afternoon was the performance by the Handel and Haydn Society in Symphony Hall of Horatio W. Parker's oratorio, "Hora Novissima," based on the twelfth century Latin hymn by St. Bernard of Cluny. It was the society's sixth performance of the work and its last concert of this season.

Emil Mollenhauer was conductor and H. G. Tucker, organist. The instrumentalists were the Boston Festival Orchestra, John W. Crowley, principal. Singers of the solo parts were Mrs. Caroline Hudson-Alexander, soprano; Sophie Braslau, alto; George Meader, tenor, and Fred Patton, bass.

That the solo singers, orchestra and chorus were thoroughly in sympathy with the splendid glorification of heaven and the triumphs of the redeemed that are the chief themes of the sonorous and lofty Latin measures of the hymn and were inspired by Mr. Parker's appropriately varied, animated and beautiful music was abundantly evidenced by the spirited and wholly gratifying manner in which the whole work was performed. Seldom have the Handel and Haydn forces combined to produce a more inspiring production with the proper proportions of sonorous power, delicate shadings of expression and unity of artistic effort.

In this the solo artists played an important part. Mrs. Hudson-Alexander's remarkably clear and mellow tones were heard with pleasure throughout the performance and she was specially effective in the soprano solo "O Bona Patria," with its exquisite accompaniment, to which the harp lends particular beauty.

Miss Braslau roused her hearers to unusual enthusiasm by her singing of the alto solo, "Gens duce splendida," and was compelled to acknowledge the continuing applause again and again.

Mr. Meader, a young tenor, who was heard here for the first time, was heartily greeted after he sang the "Urbs Syon Aurea" solo.

Mr. Patton, bass solo, also was welcomed with warm approval.

GIVES LAST CONCERT OF STEINERT SERIES

The sixth and last of the Steinert concerts at the Boston Opera House this season took place yesterday afternoon. The concert was given by Rosa Ponselle, dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, and Raoul Vidas, violinist. Miss Ponselle's selections were Verdi's "Pace, pace, mio Dio," the "Suicide" aria from "Gioconda," the Bolero from "The Sicilian Vespers," and these songs: Higgins, "My Lovely Celia"; Grieg, "Eres"; La Forge, "To a Messenger"; Parelli, "Odorava d'April"; Paladilhe, "Psyche." Mr. Vida's numbers were Corelli's "La Folia," Saint-Saen's Concerto in A major; Vidas, Oriental Melody and Canzonetta; Dimitresco's "Village Dance" and Pugnani's "Cadence."

Miss Ponselle has sung here in club concerts; Mr. Vidas played here for the first time on Nov. 24, 1918, at a Symphony Hall Sunday afternoon concert.

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Mme Galli-Curci, singer, having been divorced from Mr. Galli-Curci, artist and singing teacher, married Mr. Samuels, a pianist. Mr. Galli-Curci, artist and singing teacher, now weds Miss Tirindelli, daughter of a violinist. Nothing could be fairer than that. Miss Tirindelli had received "temping offers" from motion picture producers. All for art, in the joyous and glittering world of art. All hands round, ladies' chain. Next couple forward and back. On with the dance.

Modest Mr. Mengelberg

Mr Josef Willem Mengelberg, the conductor of orchestras, as he was leaving New York, to return next season, patted this country on the head. "I look on America as a musical land of promise for which a golden era is in store." This being interpreted means that Mr. Mengelberg, as conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra, will lead us into the land of music, hitherto unknown to Americans, in consideration of a very high salary. "Without generous patrons, [illegible] cannot exist." In other words, Mr. [illegible]rg will teach New Yorkers how to be musical by listening to his interpretations, if New Yorkers will make it an object for him to enlighten them, sitters in darkness as they have been for many years. Mr. Mengelberg comes from Holland, where the cheeses come from. It would seem from his remarks that he is THE cheese. Another instance of "a certain condescension on the part of foreigners."

Around the stove; not too far from the cheese and crackers.

The two stores that are open this winter are great loafing places, as there is not much else but to talk it over and smoke, and as the wood piles are being worked up slowly, there will be a long time before the spring work begins.—Seal Harbor Correspondent of the Bangor Daily News.

Raisins in 1669

Mr. Christopher Morley has obtained a copy Sir Kenelm Dighy's "Closet Opened," which contains invaluable recipes. Here is one, quoted lovingly, thirstfully, by Mr. Morley, which should cheer many despondent households:

To Make Ale Drink Quick

WHEN small Ale hath wrought sufficently, draw into bottles; but first put into every bottle twelve good raisins of the Sun split and stoned. Then stop up the bottle close, and set it in sand (gravel) or a cold dry Cellar. After a while this will drink exceedingly quick and pleasant. Likewise take six Wheatcorns, and bruise them, and put into a bottle of Ale; it will make it exceeding quick and stronger.

An English Mr. Ha-zard

A story of the new rich tells of a family named Stubbs, which became very rich during the war, and in consequence purchased a stately home in one of the counties of England.

It happened that some one who had known them in less prosperous days was in the neighborhood, and thought he would call. He did so, and asked for "Mr. Stubbs." The butler regarded him with a perfectly straight face. "There must be some mistake, sir," he said. "This is the house of Mr. St. Ubbs."—London Daily Chronicle.

With an "E"

L. S. in a letter to The Herald makes much of the Springfield Republican for spelling "ambassador," "embassador." We cannot join in his merriment: first, because in our little village years ago—

"Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur Anni."

We were brought up on the Springfield Republican, the Bible, Watts' and Select Hymn and the "Boy's Own Book." In the second place "embassador" was the spelling, for several centuries in England, and as the great Oxford dictionary remarks is preferred in the United States, as it is recommended by the analogy of "embassy."

Whenever we see a live embassador or read about him, we recall Sir Henry Wotton's definition: "An embassador is a man of virtue sent abroad to tell lies for the advantage of his country." Dr. Johnson quoted this definition in the "Idler," and added in a burst of spleen: "A newswriter is a man without virtue, who writes lies at home for his own profit."

Why Wild?

The danger of eating wild carrots has been lamentably shown. The ancients knew the root, but said nothing about any poisonous qualities, though Diphilus, described the table carrot as "harsh, indigestible diuretic, tolerably nutritious and moderately good for the stomach": a statement, worthy by its contradictory clauses, of any modern dietetic sharp. As a love philtre the wild carrot was preferred by herbalists and sorcerers to the garden variety. But why is the carrot at times wild? The reason for the wildness of the wild cat is known to all schoolboys as well as naturalists, but it does not explain the wildness of the carrot.

Yours for English

As the World Wags:

The Herald's recent editorial on Esperanto moves me to the following:

We are promised a sort of universal harmony by a ready-made medium. Express trains, telephones and wireless devices are going to make us all big brothers and little sisters on account of their speed. Esperanto is going to jump right in and make this large family a pleasant one, because everyone will understand each other. Scientific juggling is to calm with an easy hand the cares and distresses that right thought and Christianity have failed to aid.

I can't help thinking of the Tower of Babel story. Those good people who read the Bible with earnestness tell me that poor progress was made from a too perfect understanding. I don't stop to wonder why. I merely suggest it as pertinent.

Again, if I may mention a sore subject with irrelevance to any other phase than the one before me, England and Ireland surely lack no convenient means of intercourse.

Like instances may be readily quoted of hostile nations who do not speak the same language. So, on the whole, one might be excused for thinking that something a bit different—and, perhaps deeper—than the mother tongue carries the weight in such situations.

We might consider the general fraternizing of the world by means of rapid transit and quick communication in a similar manner. What could be more facile than stepping over the line—or shouting across it—between France and Germany? A Frenchman and German could comfortably shake hands with each other and still remain on their respective side of the line. But strangely enough, they won't.

If our scientific friends have their way, M. Clemenceau will soon be able to call up Herr Hohenzollern on the wireless phone and bid him a cheerful Esperanto "Good morning." But would he say the correct words? I fear he would tender a sizzling Esperanto anathema, that is, if the new lexicographers do not forget to include suitable idioms for cursing with. And from the few Esperantish words I have seen in print, one of these made-to-order invectives ought to be a dreadful thing.

JOHN F. McNAMARA.

Arlington.

'THE STORM' IS

By PHILIP HALE

GLOBE THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Storm," a melodrama in four acts, by Langton McCormick. Produced at Atlantic City, July 7, 1919. Brought out in New York at the 48th Street Theatre, Oct. 2, 1919. Presented by George Broadhurst.

Burr Winton	Edward Arnold
David Stewart	Robert Rendel
Manitockwa	Charles T. Lewis
Jacques Fachard	Max Mitzel
Manette Fachard	Helen MacKellar

"The Storm" is a melodrama planned to introduce a blizzard and a singularly realistic forest fire. It is a pity that these two scenes are not introduced in the first act, so that spectators gladly acknowledging that they had had their money's worth, could leave the theatre if so disposed, or, interested in Miss MacKellar, see the remaining acts reversed.

For while the two scenes are indeed worth seeing, the melodrama cannot be justly described as a "howling" one, except for the wind trying to enter Manette's bedroom. (Try as one will, one cannot escape the bedroom play.)

There are melodramas in which the villain is industrious throughout four or five acts. We remember with pleasure the one in which the hero is tied to a railroad track; another in which, bound tightly, he is riding on a log toward a buzz-saw; and who can ever forget "The Span of Life," which at the very beginning shows the villain poisoning grapes on a trellis with a hypodermic syringe, so that the young heir will be out of his way.

But in "The Storm," the villain is a villain only toward the end, and before the final curtain he repents and says that the William Farnumesque hero is one of the noblest works of God. Many a true word is spoken from the chest.

The story is simple and long spun out: much talk and little action. "Guns" are drawn, fists are clenched, arms are raised, and then there is talk. When there is a lull for a moment Manette happens to think of something her poor dead father told her, and the conversation begins again.

Burr Winton, a strapping fellow, in the woods, presumably somewhere near the Canadian line out West, is afraid of women. An Englishman, Stewart, out there for some unexplained reason, makes up his mind to spend the winter with him. They are happy together until one day a Canadian smuggler, shot by the mounted police, makes his way with his daughter Manette to Winton's cabin. Fachard dies soon after his arrival. He leaves Manette in Winton's care, for Winton had once saved him from drowning and Fachard trusts him.

The two men, of course, soon fall in love with the girl. Hate kills their friendship. We hasten to add that there is a happy ending, also a sententious Indian.

Miss MacKellar is charming as the girl of the woods, simple, ever primitive, saddened by the thought that the two men are quarreling over her. Their jealousy is first disclosed in lines and situations of comedy. Later it takes a tragic turn. The innocence of the girl as portrayed by Miss MacKellar is not artificial, sophisticated; her inherent goodness is not tiresome, her girlish gaiety is spontaneous. In a word her whole performance is fresh in spite of the fact that she has been playing the part from the beginning. Mr. Arnold was not too rough as the unpolished hero of the backwoods; he was manly in his wooing and his jealousy; while Mr. Rendel gave a well-considered performance of an outwardly smooth but inherently caddish young Englishman.

A very large audience was greatly pleased. A pleasant feature of the performance is that curtain calls are not allowed until the end of the play.

"KERRY GOW" AT THE ARLINGTON THEATRE

Theatre last night by the Arlington Players and greatly enjoyed. The drama has not been seen in Boston for many seasons. The players did full justice to it, including the Wicklow piper, Shaun O'Nolan, especially engaged for the revival. New members of the company were in the cast. Miss Frances Grayson, a niece of Rear Admiral Grayson, engaged as leading lady, made her first appearance and won the applause of the audience. Miss Beatrice Whitney, who has joined the stock company, was also seen for the first time.

ETHEL LEVEY IS AT B. F. KEITH'S

Appears in Program of Songs Dances and Readings

Ethel Levey, comedienne, dancer and singer, is the feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience was deeply interested. The comedienne's program consisted of a group of comedy songs and a reading with incidental music.

It was a pleasure to hear "That Dixie Melody" rendered with the textual significance imparted by Miss Levey. Nor was this all, for there was also the unusual combination of a comedienne with a voice of tonal beauty. Many were surprised at the agility and grace of the actress in the dance.

Other acts on the bill were Elsa Ryan supported by Rodney Ranous, in a comedy sketch that was an entertaining outlet for the delightful brogue of Miss Ryan; Van and Emerson, athletes; Rome and Gaut, comedians and dancers; Billy Glason, comedian; Weaver Brothers, comedy instrumentalists; Bobby McLean in a skating act; Greenlee and Dayton, dancers; and Lynch and Zellar, hat manipulators.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"Honeydew," musical comedy in two acts; score by Efrem Zimbalist, book and lyrics by Joseph Herbert; staged by Hassard Short; first time in Boston:

Henry Honeydew	Hal Forde
Sylvester Adams	John Park
Howard Taylor	Sam Ash
Captain Dick	John Dunsmure
Jack	Guy Kendall
Pedro	Frank Gill
Chauser	Fred Manatt
Mrs. Vanoni	Theresa Maxwell Conover
Lenore	Dorothy Follis
Muriel	Ethelind Terry
Penelope	Marie Hall
Conchita	Mlle. Marguerite
Daisy	Helen Robinson
Sing Loo	Sy Far Lung
Lang Yuen	Sang Far Lee
Mai Far	Bow Lin Lee
Yeah Seang	Bow Lang Lee

New York, all too frequently holds out on Boston when a particularly impressive play or an unusually joyful musical comedy comes on the horizon. We hear about its wonderful success, perhaps we hear snatches of the music, but we don't always see and hear the piece itself, until New York flings it to us. Therefore, Boston theatre-goers might offer a vote of thanks to Joe Weber, no mean little impresario, for bringing "Honeydew" to our shores direct from its long sojourn at the Casino, with everything intact from cast to curtain.

This curtain, incidentally, is only one of many novelties. There is the practical winding stairway, dramatically utilized in the grim, colorful Chinese Phantasy; the interior within an exterior in the second act, where the spectator looks on and through a room in a Larchmont home, past massive columns to the cool blue sound beyond; the four little Chinese maids, quaint in speech, apt in stage action. They give the neatest of tags to the first curtain fall, with their unexpected "Drop us a line," through the tiny ropes; they stir human hearts as they shake their coktail strainers, to "It's Time to take a drink." The fiery one who spits "go-to-hell" at her persecutor when he calls her a yellow heathen, might well be the Duse or the Bernhardt of the Chinese theatre.

These are mere details of one of the most evenly enjoyable entertainments ever submitted to a Boston audience. For months Zimbalist's score had been awaited eagerly, and it was good. Not too musicianly as to be over the heads of those who frequent the theatre; real melodies, with substance and variety, a rollicking hornpipe, a bit of Chinese inventiveness, a Spanish dance, for Mlle. Marguerite, waltzes in noble rhythm, even a quartet number for male voices. If, last evening the brasses were inclined to bray overloudly, doubtless Mr. Hirshfeld will remedy that with promptness. That, however, seems a trivial blemish in an instrumentation so progressively fine and finished.

Mr. Herbert, a comedian of excellent qualities in his day, has instilled actual humor into his book and his verses. He has handled cleverly the various entanglements created by Henry Honeydew's two marriages and it is to his added credit that he has avoided frequent pitfalls which could easily develop risque lines. Innocent children may hear "Honeydew" and be not defiled.

The cast was worthy of the production. Mr. Forde, as the composer whose lowly 'Bug' song won him his second wife in so far as it aided the wiles of his father-in-law's famous bug powder, played in good form and taste throughout. Miss Maxwell Conover, as a scheming mother with a fondness for olives, accompanied by liquor, reminded us of Marie Pates in her methods. She is a rarely capable exponent of comic character. Mr. Park and Mr. Dunsmure, both old favorites here, were excellent. Miss Follis and Miss Terry as the first and second Honeydew wives, did full justice to the Zimballist tunes. Miss Terry proving herself a delightful actress as well. Mr. Ash's tenor voice was never more robust. Mlle. Marguerite and Mr. Gill and Miss Hall and Mr. Kendall proved a quartet of exceptionally talented dancers. The ladies of the chorus made it evident that the spring mode is a return to plumpness. There wasn't a scrawny back in the group.

COPLEY THEATRE—"The Rivals," comedy in three acts by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The cast:

Fag. . . . . Nicholas Joy
Thomas . . . . . Clifford Turner
Lydia Languish. . . . . Pamela Gaythorne
Lucy. . . . . Jill Willis
Julia . . . . . Katherine Standing
Mrs. Malaprop . . . . . Viola Roach
Sir Anthony Absolute. . . Walter Kingsford
Sir Lucius O'Trigger . . . . . E. E. Clive
Capt. Jack Absolute. . . Charles Warburton
Faulkland . . . . . E. F. Hast
Bob Acres. . . . . H. Conway Wingfield
David. . . . . Paul Hansell
Maid. . . . . May Ediss

A seasoned cast at the Copley last night revived Sheridan's well rounded comedy, "The Rivals." The present production, very generous in both scenes and lines by rapid and continuous driving, has reduced the necessary cutting to the minimum. "The Rivals," written before Sheridan reached his primo, and so lacking the neatly compiled epigrams of "A School for Scandal," is a curious mixture of the rough and tumble old English acting, and the more subtle character sketching of the present day. In both the company scored last night with good effect. And rare it was when the rollicking humors or occasional deft epigram were not put across with a charming precision.

Last night's performance clearly demonstrated that the play with the big appeal, whether present day sophisticated drama or old English comedy, will always be a dramatic notation of the experiences of one's self and one's friends. Just as "Enter Madame" is Jilda Varesis 20 years' observations of theatrical and musical people, so "The Rivals" is a portrayal of Bath and the society of Sheridan's own day.

An appreciative audience responded with knowing laughs at the eccentric and garbled language of Mrs. Malaprop. Likewise it overlooked the old devices, of soliloquy and confidential talk across the footlights; devices made very plausible by understanding, sympathetic acting. Indeed Mr. Jewett is to be congratulated upon a company which can secure full effect by phrase, by gesture, and by pace. Particularly good in this respect were Viola Roach, Walter Kingsford, E. E. Clive and Charles Warburton, in their respective parts.

The rough and tumble comedy, the dash and spirit which is the very key of this old-time play, were interspersed with rare good judgment by Viola Roach and H. Conway Wingfield. If Miss Roach would refrain from over-emphasis of her make-up she would leave nothing to be desired. The part of David, though minor, drew undue attention to itself by very distinct overplaying. Indeed, if memory serves right, Paul Hansell overplayed a similar part in like manner some weeks ago in "She Stoops to Conquer." Last night he was a perfect burlesque, even to the putty nose. The part of David is the one distracting feature of an otherwise well balanced production, and seems entirely needless, for Mr. Hansell is capable of far better acting.

Pamela Gaythorne and Jill Willis as Lydia Languish and Lucy respectively, though new members of the company, are both pleasing and piquant. Of Mr. Charles Warburton, we look forward to the Shakespearean performances, for both in diction and personality he seems peculiarly fitted for such play.

The Copley Players may well take pride in the present production. It is "set" above their average and acted with pleasing enthusiasm, which well befits the more guileless comedy of another day.

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We quoted recently a statement published in the Rochester (N. H.) Courier "Experiments have shown that more eggs will hatch if the hen is set when the moon is new or very close to that period, and that the young chicks hatched will be stronger." Chickens hatched when there is no moon are often weaker, nor are they so good egg layers. We commented on this statement at considerable length, and, we hope, for the edification of hen raisers.

One reader at least is grateful. "What makes the clipping the more interesting is that when I was a boy it used to be somewhat of a custom with the farmers in our neighborhood to do things on the full of the moon. I wish the young fellows had some of those ideas nowadays; perhaps it would help to accomplish jobs, etc. I think I will take the clipping up in the dairy and hear what the boys say."

Catius in a satire of Horace advised the poet to put on his table eggs of a long or tapering shape, as they have more taste and are whiter than round ones. Is there anything in this? Does the length of an egg or its whiteness affect the taste? The ancients disputed over the question whether the long and pointed egg brings forth a hen, while all other eggs bring forth cocks. Aristotle, a deep thinker, said, "Yes"; Columella and Pliny said the reverse was true. Dr. G. T. A. Krueger, annotating Horace, digresses by saying that hard-boiled eggs were served cut asunder on the tables of the Romans; an interesting fact, but it does not settle the question; it is no more to the point than the remark in the cook book compiled by Epaenetus and Heraclides—we fear it is out of print—to the effect that the best of all eggs are those of the peacock; the next best are those of the foxgoose; and the third best those of common poultry.

Pliny, by the way, strongly advised the setting of a hen after the change of the moon; "for if you set her in the wain, the eggs will be addle, and neuer come to bo chickens." The eggs would also "be addle," if the hen should hear a hawk cry or there was thunder "while she is broody." The remedy against thunder is to put an iron nail under the straw of the hen's nest, or else some earth newly turned up by the plough.

Pliny should always be read in the translation of Philemon Holland. Is not this story prettily told?

"Above all it is sport alone to see the manner of a hen that hath sitten vpon duck's egs and hatched them, how at the first she will wonder to haue a teem of ducklings about her, and not acknowledge them for her owne; but soon after shee will clucke and call this doubtfull brood to her very carefully and diligently; but at the last, when she perceiues them, according to their kind, to take the water and swim, how she will mourn and lament about the fish poole, that it would pitty ones heart to see them what moane they will make."

All the Comforts of Home

As the World Wags:

On a building on Washington street, Marblehead, occupied in part by an undertaker, is the sign: MARBLEHEAD DIE SHOP. Yours mournfully, H. M.

"Rudolph Ganz, the pianist, has been selected conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra for a term of three years."

Ganz recht—to use the language of the ancient Germans.

HAVE WE EVER? OH, MY DEAR!

Sir: Have you ever published the fact that Lewis McNutt lives on Walnut street in Brazil, Ind? B. M.

Our attention has again—for the 25th time—been called to the fact that Mr. Boos is interested in a local restaurant. A lure for the credulous thirsty.

English as She as Spoke

(From The Irish Program.)

"Flower of Pain," a film play shown at Ismailia, Egypt, is called "Very Sensational Programm in Projection. Dramatic Scene in 5 long parties."

"It is the long and painful cavalry of an abandoned young girl to herself, a flower picked up in the river by a generous billionair who takes to heart the raising again of the young girl of joy: But this effort is vain, because the past-life, the fatal past-life, is there, who springs, at every time, poisoning the life of the regenerated girl until to succumb thrue the hand of her son, fruit of her fault.

"Oh! what a greatest part Lida Borelly has taken in that very tragic scene. Thero is the dramatical are pushed to the extrem degree of perfecting. She makes us to come to life again with a consommed taint, the hours of her long martyr of the heroine of the story and leave to our spirit a very angoissant impression. Come to se the Borelli, you shall be tak up, charmed. A last comical closed the programm."

What Does His Valet Say?

Mr. Harding's cook, Inez, said to a newspaper man in Washington, panting for information: "They ain't no change in Mr. Hardin', him bein' President. He's jus' the same as he ever was."

Thrice fortunate in these days the man, whatever his position, that is a hero to his cook!

Travel Makes a Full Man

We read that Mr. Joseph Conrad has set out for Corsica in hope of "vacation saturation." It is not necessary, for our old friend, Mr. Jonathan Soaks, to journey beyond New York.

THE inhabitants of the West Indies might consent to be sold to the United States provided a clause in the sale exempted them from the provisions of the Eighteenth Amendment.

WE observe in the Tulsa World a picture of Rudolph Ganz, with the description, "The Jay Gould of the Piano."

"WANTED to rent, one or two rooms and hath one week each month."—Classified ads.

We have him now, Watson!

A judge in New York state refused last week to impose sentences on a long line of prisoners because the day was Good Friday. As he is a Protestant, he was probably waiting for better weather. "It's a fine day," said the Englishman, "let's go out and kill something."

Writing Like the Dickens

(London Daily Chronicle)

An Oriental paper having an English section printed the following notice, says "Imperial Commerce":

"The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfect style and most earliest. Do a murder commit, we hear of and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it and in borders sombre. Staff has each one been colleged, and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements."

They Order This Matter Better in France

As the World Wags:

The unsavory suit, now in progress in White Plains, N. Y., would be impossible under the Code Napoleon, a provision in which is: "Inquiry into paternity is forbidden." When General Bonaparte was first consul, shortly after this clause had been decided upon after long deliberation, he was walking in a park with a senator, discussing certain conduct of another senator; the latter's son chanced to meet them and was detained by the first senator with the pertinent question:

"Where was your father yesterday?" Answer was prevented by Bonaparte's interrupting (and making a joke such as we infrequently hear of as from him): "Nay, senator, inquiry into paternity is forbidden."

CHARLES EDWARD AAB.
Boston.

Symphony Orchestra Aids Development of Musical Taste in Children

By PHILIP HALE

Yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Monteux, gave a concert for young people of Boston's schools and settlements; for the pleasure of the young and as an aid in the development of musical taste. The older generations of Bostonians have apparently lost interest in a large measure in choral music, except when noteworthy soloists assist; they have little curiosity to become acquainted with visiting pianists, singers and violinists who give recitals. The older generations are still faithful to the Boston Symphony Orchestra; but for the general interest in music for the future dependence must be put upon the young. And from the young, of course, irrespective of the ward in which they happen to live, will come the future musicians of this city.

Last season, and in December of this season, the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave concerts of this nature to the great joy of the young who packed Symphony Hall. The programs were well selected. Compositions were chosen of a melodious or strongly rhythmed nature that at once attracted and held the attention. They were by composers of high rank. It is a good thing to disabuse the young of the idea that because a composer has a great name, his music is therefore beyond their comprehension. Nor should music that is popularly classed as "light" be avoided in the arrangement of programs for these concerts. When Theodore Thomas began his work of developing a taste for orchestral music in the United States, he gave the audience a waltz by Johann Strauss, or a stirring march, in addition to symphonic movements and symphonic poems.

At the concerts of last December pieces were chosen to show in a practical manner the character of various instruments; oboe, flute, English horn, etc. Yesterday the program had no specific purpose, but it was attractive, pleasing to children, young and old. The concert began with the stirring French Military March from Saint-Saens's "Algerian" Suite. Then came the Andante from Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, followed by Grieg's Three Norwegian Dances. Tschaikowsky was represented by the Andante, which first made his name known in Boston, the Andante from his first String Quartet, written in 1871. The Andante is still beautiful and haunting. When Tolstoi visited Moscow late in 1876 Nicholas Rubinstein arranged a concert in his honor. This Andante was then played. Tolstoi during the performance burst into tears. "Never in the whole course of my life," wrote Tschaikowsky in his diary, "did I feel so flattered, never so proud of my creative power, as when Leo Tolstoi, sitting by my side, listened to my Andante while the tears streamed down his face." This Andante is based on a Russian folk song, which was sung by a workman at Kamenka in the summer of 1869.

The program also included one of Mozart's Germany dances, popularly known as "The Sleighride," on account of its Trio. In Mozart's time a procession of richly ornamental sleighs was seen winter nights by torchlight in Vienna. The women, men and horses were sumptuously dressed, there were running footmen, and a Hungarian Prince led the procession. The concert ended with Rossini's overture to "William Tell," which is heard gladly at any concert.

The hall was completely filled with a most interested and appreciative audience. The concert will be repeated tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock.

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Mr. Voyrich and Dr. Newbold hold that Roger Bacon of the 13th century entertained modern theories of the solar system, knew all about microbes, anticipated Pasteur, was acquainted with "the principles of the telescope and microscope, and possibly a little of steam and electricity." But the biographical dictionaries published over a century ago stated that Roger Bacon invented powder, the telescope, spectacles for the near-sighted, as well as a bronze head which spoke and prophesied. Franciscus Picus is his "De Praenotione," says that he read in one of Bacon's books that anyone could become a prophet and predict future events by using the mirror Almuohefi, made according to the laws of perspective, if he used it under a favorable constellation and had put his body into a state of perfect equilibrium.

We had always supposed that the Chinese and the ancient Egyptians between them had discovered and invented everything. When we were at a loss on examination days—they still haunt us in the night watches—to answer a question, we usualy wrote: "The origin is lost in the mists of antiquity." It now appears that Roger is coming out of the mist.

"HE FELT THE GENTLE POWER OF SPRING"

As the World Wags:

At this season of the year, the pendulum is apt to swing out of bounds, especially as regards verse, which I realize must be unusually severe on any editorial staff at this time. However, in it goes—over the Alps lies Italy.

APRIL IN THE CITY.

She held a withered wild flower in her hand,
Like one who holds aloft a torch in train,
As down the lane there trooped an urchin band
On cobbled stones wet with the April rain.

This was her harbinger—this vagrant spray
Plucked from a distant mead of wider space,
Where daffodils and daisies greet the day,
The vernal day with beauty in her face.

Beauty and passion, all things bow to June,
The rains of April weave her regal way;
God's in His heaven then, the silver moon
Touches the heart and makes the lover gay.

So in the city's cloistered granite ways
The shadows dimmer are, high mounts the sun,
High hearts and children, laughter through the days
Here where the tumbling gutter riots run!

Gently, I held her childish hand the while
Demurely wise, she clung fast to her spray—
And then beyond the mirror of her smile
I saw her walking hand in hand with May!

Roslindale. EDWARD YERXA.

IN THE SPRING THE BACHELOR'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF COOKS

[From the Des Moines Register]

I want to keep house for a German bachelor on a farm; I like it on the farm, don't like town life; am a German lady, good cook, housekeeper, and can do everything on a farm. Was raised on a farm. It will soon be spring and you will soon need a cook and housekeeper. I want a place that seems like home to me.

"VAMPIRE bats," we read, "are numerous and dangerous in South America." But unless one goes for the ride it is not necessary to travel beyond the equator.

THE 360TH

Sir: Have just received a message from my landlord (God bless him!) in which he says "to sign immediately is principally the most important thing." What degree of importance would you attach to it? CHICK.

ON the rent receipt of one landlord, and perhaps on those of others, is the affecting assurance: "Prompt payment of the rent makes a strong tie between landlord and tenant. Please remember that you agreed in your lease to pay monthly in advance." The congregation of tenants will arise and sing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

TWO FOR NINE

As the World Wags:

Descended remotely from a long line of Irish kings, but more immediately from several generations of Irish ta[illegible]ctly ors. I have reason to know that untry [illegible] enthusi-

ailors have a patron saint- in fact two of them, Adam and Eve.

It is strange that your correspondent, Andrew Lewis, who claims to be a tailor does not know this. In the old countries, the tailors' trade union always had Adam and Eve painted on their banners, this device coming down to them from the trade guilds of the middle ages when, in the religious pageants and mystery plays, it was the part of the tailors to impersonate Adam and Eve.

There is no difficulty as to the appropriateness of the tailors' choice of Adam and Eve as patrons, since in the third chapter of Genesis we are told that when our first parents "perceived themselves to be naked, they sewed together fig leaves and made themselves aprons." They were therefore the first garment-makers, the first tailors, and it was quite natural for the tailors to choose them as patrons.

Of course the gardeners claim Adam as one of their craft, and the jesting grave-digger in Hamlet declares that Adam was the first gentleman since he was the first man to bear arms; but the sewing together of the fig leaves preceded the digging. The tailors have the first and best claim on him, and on Eve also. DENIS A. McCARTHY.

MAKE YOUR OWN HEADING

A Harvard University announcement with regard to the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts of last week:

"Glee Club Wear dark suits and stiff collars to the concert Friday, and full dress Saturday night. The angel chorus need not dress for either performance."

What would they wear in case they were to sing Dubois's "Paradise Lost" instead of "Parsifal?"

MR. GOMME'S WHEEZE

(N. Y. Evening Post)

Says Laurence Gomme, the thoughtful mage of the neighborhood bookshop: "Reading Lansing's book 'The Peace Negotiations' makes one long for the peace that passeth misunderstanding."

FIFTEEN CHANCES AGAINST YOU

(London Daily Chronicle)

We have noted that a film hero has 15 lives. Now comes the figure 15 again, in describing the abnormalities to which any man may be heir. The "Outfitter" catalogues them as under:

(1) Round shoulders, (2) high shoulders, (3) low shoulders, (4) stooping, (5) erect, (6) over-erect, (7) full chest, (8) narrow chest, (9) hollow back, (10) round back, (11) slightly round back, (12) long neck, (13) short neck, (14) down right shoulder, (15) down left shoulder.

These 15 phases cover a rough average, but Dr. Wampen, a great authority on anatomy, has estimated our divergences from the normal figure at 800. Hence the perplexities of a standard suit manufacturer.

THE OMNIPRESENT WEEKS FAMILY

As the World Wags:

The saying "Six weeks' sledding in March," which seems to be in quite common use, has different reasons for its existence, evidently. My mother, who was born some hundred years ago in Pembroke, N. H., said she had often seen "six weeks' sledding in March." Her final explanation, when questioned as to its being impossible, was—that a large family by the name of "Weeks" lived in the town, and she had often seen a half-dozen of the men sledding along on Pembroke street in March.

Concord, N. H. JOHN C. THORNE.

April 1 1921

MME. HOPEKIRK

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Helen Hopekirk, pianist, gave the third of her "recitals at popular prices" last night in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Chopin, Scherzo in B flat minor and Nocturne in F; Repper, Buddha of the Lotus Pond; Engel, New Mown Hay; Harrison, Worcestershire Suite—Shrawley Round, Redstone Rock, Pershore Plums and the Ledbury Parson; Schumann, Traeumerei and Fantaisie in C; Mendelssohn, Spinning Song; Hopekirk, A Norland Eve and No. 2 of "Five Portraits"; Coates, Angelus; Schubert-Liszt, Der Leiermann and Erlking.

Many pianists of high rank are unwilling to enlarge the repertoire they arranged when they began to be famous and in demand. Some are lazy and shrink from the task of memorizing. Some wish to play no music but that which is familiar, so that they can show an audience how much more brilliant their interpretation is than the interpretations by their rivals of the same pieces. Others frankly admit that they do not like the piano music of the ultra-modern school; more honest than those pianists who say they find it interesting when in truth they see nothing in it.

Mme. Hopekirk at her recitals this season has prepared programs which [illegible] a judicious mixture of the old and [illegible] She is not afraid of the [illegible]ers; she is interested in their tendencies and aims. Through her, the public has become acquainted with certain Englishmen, who have a decidedly modern musical idiom.

Last night she played Harrison's Worcestershire Suite, having at a previous recital introduced "Pershore Plums" and "The Ledbury Parson." Is Mr. Harrison attempting to do for Worcestershire what Vaughan Williams and George Butterworth have done for Shropshire? We are unable to say whether this Suite is based on folk-tunes harmonized and otherwise treated at times beyond recognition. The first and the fourth movements suggest this foundation. The Suite also leads one to think that the idiom is not always the composer's natural speech, although he is at other times frankly, ruggedly English. Take in the first movement the elaborate bravura measures that introduce the final appearance of the theme; it is as if one who had been writing English suddenly supplied a digressive footnote in a foreign language. Nor does the ornamentation in this Suite always suit the structure itself; it is extraneous; one might say, incongruous. Yet Mr. Harrison has his own thoughts and his own speech, and is an interesting character.

The pieces by Messrs. Repper and Engel are very pleasing bits of musical impressionism after the manner of the modern French.

Mme. Hopekirk played the music of the various schools in the appropriate spirit and with fine understanding. There was a small but keenly appreciative audience.

The City Council has decreed that an ambulance driver who has "a breath on him" can and may drive—if he avoids breathing on the gasoline. Breathing on a patient bound for the hospital might revive him.

A CURIOUS EASTER CELEBRATION

In the course of rioting at the foot of Mount Carmel in Syria on Easter Sunday one Christian was killed and eight were wounded, mostly Jews.

HE RAISED HIS VOICE

(Associated Press Report)

"An airplane flight at an altitude of 14,000 feet today restored the power of speech to H. A. Renz, Jr., 22 years old, a former soldier, who for eight months had been unable to speak above a whisper."

"HAIL TO THEE, BLYTHE SPIRIT"

(N. Y. Evening Post)

"Modest indeed, is the publicity promoter for the 'Queen of Sheba' film that is coming to this city next month, who hails Betty Blythe as the world's most beautiful woman, who was selected from 850 who tried to get the title part."

And now we await impatiently the table of her measurements.

THE UNTROUBLED MIND

Smug as an image of pygmy Ptah
In the ancient temple at Memphis;
Of Assyrian Kings, or a Persian Shah,
With curlicue beards and a Shem phiz;
Smug as a thug who has properly packed
The jury that's bound to release him;
Or the innocent hick when the cards have been stacked,
And the gang is all ready to fleece him;

Smug as the pious exponents of cults
Who cross the salt ocean to dandle us,
Word-mongers fooling our drooling adults
In a manner both sketchy and scandalous;
Smug as all these, and mayhap a bit smugger,
To ignorance totally blind,
A cheerful, complacent, benignant self-hugger,
Is the man with the untroubled mind.

He's discarded his own intellectual mess kit,
From "Nature" he gets his mixed dope;
Bland is his smile and broad as his waistkit,
As he harps upon harebells and hope.
A stranger to doubt he preaches redemption
(Though you purchase it only as he says),
And leads you to think that we all get exemption
When the pillars of earth fall to pieces.

For him all is fixed, quite definite, static:
"Why be in a funk a la Schopenhauer?"—
"The world's saving grace is to be democratic"—
"Why hesitate, ponder, or grope an hour?"
He knows "It's all right"—"life is mostly like dancing"—
"Why bother to chase after wisdom?"
(The answer to this is discovered by glancing
At the spaces marked "vacant" in his dome.)

You have seen him, this *oiseau*, with views so specific,
Who, like Einstein, has plotted the universe:
The untroubled mind is a gift heatific—
But here I must end you this loony verse.

P. S. W.

CONCERNING HIRAM ATKINS

As the World Wags.

Hiram Atkins, who alternately hired and fired "B. L. T.," would have fired some one else from the staff of the Montpelier Argus had he lived to see his former reporter described in the headlines as a "humorist." For Hiram was a stickler for good printing. The careless compositor or proofreader who allowed an error to "get by" was certain to be called on the carpet and treated to language that was sometimes violent and abusive. Hiram also had some pet phrases and aversions which it must have galled "Bert" to observe. His "Index Expurgatorius" was not as extensive as Bryant's, but it was as rigidly insisted upon. A strict Episcopalian himself, he would not permit the word "church" to be used except with reference to the Episcopal and Roman Catholic faiths. "Meeting house" and "house of worship" were substituted for the building and "society" for the congregation. In case of a distinctive name, like "Church of the Messiah," the term must be used with quotation marks. Persons might be "ill" but they were never sick—in the Argus. "Grocery" was allowable, but "grocery store" was an abomination. If a man was injured the reporter who wrote that he "broke his leg" suffered. He should have written "broke one leg." Everything in the paper was written as if in Montpelier. "Here" referred only to the city of publication. Anyone might return to Montpelier, but if to any other place they "went back home." "Because of" was insisted on instead of "on account of." No announcement could be made that an event "will take place," but it might be written "is to occur." It was forbidden to write that anyone was "visiting friends," for, as Hiram observed, "people don't visit their enemies,"—therefore "friends" was superfluous. G. A. G. JACKSON.

Boston.

MESSRS. BRYANT AND WHITE, DEALERS IN WORDS AND PHRASES

As the World Wags:

No doubt William Cullen Bryant and Richard Grant White could sling language to beat the band, but sometimes, I think, their prejudices obscured their judgment. Mr. Johnson, too—not the erudite Herkimer, but the other—falls into error in criticising certain uses of "start." Is there not a shade of difference between attempting a thing and starting it? When a horse attempts to move a load he pulls on the traces and does not budge an inch. When he starts he actually proceeds on his way for several paces. So, when a man starts to speak in the face of a crowd of necklers, he has said a mouthful before he is interrupted; he is on his way; he has at least uttered some words. But when he attempts to speak his words are strangled in his throat before they can issue from his lips. Either William Cullen Bryant or Richard Grant White laid a curse on the use of the word "commence" for "begin." But is there not a subtle difference between the two? To my mind "commence" implies conscious and perhaps somewhat strenuous effort in setting things in motion, while "begin" is more nearly passive or spontaneous. A tree begins to grow, an army commences its march. Of course, we are all biased more or less by our prejudices in these matters, and I may not be upheld in my view of "commence" and "begin" by those who speak with authority. I have the same aversion to the split infinitive that some people have to snakes. I have never come across an instance of the use of the split infinitive that added to the clarity or euphony of a phrase. Yet some very worthy writers use the split infinitive without a shudder. Just a word in conclusion; I hope that Mr. Herkimer Johnson is reserving space in his colossal work for a chapter on the debasing influence upon English of the head-line artist. W. E. K.

Boston.

GUSS IS ALL

(From the Clearfield, Ia., Enterprise.)

The residence and store of Mrs. Beery at Guss, Nodaway township, was burned last Thursday morning. That is about all there is to Guss.

ELIZABETH S. FEELEY GIVES SONG RECITAL

Soprano Offers Program Traversing Wide Range

Miss Elizabeth Lise Feeley, soprano, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Her program was an interesting one, traversing the wide range from the less familiar falconiere, up through a goodly sprinkling of the Russian nationalists and their followers to the school of modernists. It included:

Occhietti Amati .. .. Falconiere
Invocazione di Orfeo .. .. Peri
Cherry Ripe .. .. Horn
She never told her Love .. .. .. Hayden
Sandman .. .. Schumann
Vien pres de moi .. .. Balafrirew
Villanelle de petit canards .. .. Chabrier
To the Children .. .. Rachmaninoff
Revery .. .. Arensky
Song of the Shepard Lehl .. .. .. Rimsky-Karsakow
Ah not with God's Thunder .. Moussorgsky
Caravan .. .. Story-Smith
The Yellow Daisy .. .. MacDowell
In the Moonlight .. .. Haile
Wind and Lyre .. .. Rogers
To a Young Gentleman .. .. Carpenter

Miss Feeley combines a rich, deep voice with a real appreciation of what she sings. In Rimosky-Korsakow's "Song of the Shepherd Lehl" she showed good dramatic expression. Her rendering of Chabrier's "Villanelle de petit canards" was light and fanciful, but "In the Moonlight," by Haile, with its stately qualities, was best suited to her. Miss Lucy Chase Simonds was a sympathetic accompanist. Particularly happy was her playing of "Caravan," by Storey-Smith.

MISS DALE AT JORDAN HALL

The song recital by Miss Esther Dale in Jordan Hall last evening was enjoyable throughout, though more pleasing in the songs which were obviously in Miss Dale's own manner—those with a strong dramatic cast. One was reminded at times of operatic sopranos who give recitals, but with the difference that Miss Dale was honest in her delivery of these bits of passion, whereas the others sometimes are not. This is not at all to say that other songs were not well sung; it merely wishes to point out where she was at her best.

In the impassioned setting of the One Hundred Thirty-Seventh Psalm, for example, in which Miss Dale let herself go, she was eloquent. Mr. Bloch has succeeded in making a virile setting that persuades one to forget that the sentiment expressed in the Psalm is barbaric, fiercely gory and vengeful, essentily weak, cowardly, the cry of an enslaved people impotent to do more than shriek revenge. Miss Dale carried the composer's illusion through the song with a thrill. This same quality appeared in the Vainka's Song by Von Stutzman, of perhaps playful but pretty earnest defiance of a girl to her lover.

On the other hand, the singer seemed almost to despise the feeling of the Serenade by Branscombe, which hardly does justice to Browning, the author of the poem, and was perhaps sung as a sop to fervid patriotism. Mere sentiment in a song seemed not to appeal to Miss Dale. Her voice was less pleasing in such music, lacking the urge behind.

Of the three songs in the first group, all Spanish, the Cant de la Verge, taken from an old mystery play and setting forth the virgin's feelings as she gazes upon the cross, was most eloquent. In the second group, less well-known songs by the classic German composers, the two fairly impassioned ones by Brahms came straightest from the heart, Verzagen and Der Schmied. The latter had its encore, the Standchen by Brahms. Of the third group, of French music, Debussy's Night of Stars and Fourdrain's The Butterfly pleased chiefly. The Butterfly showed Miss Dale's ability in the lighter song that has an undercurrent of haunting sadness.

One wondered for a time why a soprano avoided the higher notes, which are so often over-evident. The Dar King's Daughter proved that this was through no lack of ability to reach these tones. Give Miss Dale a song with a real meaning, with sincere emotion, and, best of all, with sincere passion behind it, and she sings with fine effect.

April 2 1921

20TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Kalinnikoff, Symphony No. 1, G minor (first time in Boston); Beethoven, Concerto in G major, No 4, for piano (Arthur Rubinstein, pianist); Chadwick, Dramatic Overture, "Melpomene."

Kalinnikoff's symphony, which was produced at Kieff in 1897, should have been heard in Boston long before yesterday. Why did the conductors neglect it? Is it too melodious? Is it too "light"? The audience found it most agreeable music, unmistakably Slav in spirit, yet not aggressively nationalistic. Here and there the influence of Tschaikowsky is felt, but there is no servile imitation. On the contrary, Kalinnikoff has much to say for himself. He was very poor in his early years. When he was 27 years old his future was bright; his ability as a composer was recognized; he had an honorable position at Moscow in the Italian Opera House. The next year he was "ordered South." During the remaining years—he died within two days of being 35—he composed in the Crimea and waited for the end.

It is customary to say when a composer is thus fated that his works show a melancholy akin to despair. This has been said of many in various walks of life. The fact remains that some do not thus betray physical weakness and mental perturbation. Beethoven in a most dismal mood wrote a singularly cheerful

ymphony. Brahms was sometimes mu-
ically in doleful dumps when he was
njoying his restaurant life in Vienna,
ay in his rude manner with his many
riends.

Now in Kalinnikoff's Symphony cer-
ain themes and phases of their de-
velopment are tinged with melancholy, but it is not a personal lamentation, never a wail, never a shriek, as is the case with many pages of Tschaikowsky; there is no suggestion of sullen, morose despair as in pages of Brahms. There is the melancholy that so often characterizes the Russian folk song, though the words of the song may be anything but sombre. Kalinnikoff' themes are often simple, but they make a direct appeal through their honesty of sentiment and expression. He had a sense of grace and beauty. He could be ingenious in harmonic and orchestral treatment without seeming merely a haphazard experimenter. Contriving unusual effects for the Andante and the Trio of the Scherzo, he knew well what he was about. The symphony, finely played, was welcomed yesterday with more than ordinary warmth.

Mr. Chadwick's overture was composed in 1886. To use his own words, it was his purpose to typify in tones "an atmosphere of tragic poetry in general." That he succeeded in doing this is indisputable. There have been iconoclasts, revolutionaries, impressionists, anarchists in music during the last 35 years. There have been works that at the time were furiously applauded, declared "epoch-making"; and where are they today? There have been novel harmonic systems with constant experimentation in orchestral colors; much progress, legitimate and desirable; often merely a vain attempt to impress or startle by superficial means, orchestral juggling, the mere ear tickling or ear stunning of the moment. Mr. Chadwick's overture remains a noble work, nobly planned, nobly executed, with musical ideas that are inherently tragic, deeply emotional. There is Greek feeling in modern expression. In this instance the title of the work does not belie its contents.

Mr. Rubinstein, who played here for the first time with the orchestra, gave an excellent performance of the Concerto. The Andante is one of Beethoven's supreme conceptions. Its very simplicity is a stumbling block to many, the simplicity of Beethoven when he was greatest. Mr. Rubinstein's technical ability, conspicuous as it is, was not ostentatiously displayed; it served gladly the composer.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Schubert, "Tragic" Symphony, No. 4; Foote, Suite in E major for strings; Saint-Saens, Violoncello Concerto, No. 1 (Alwin Schroeder, violoncellist); Vassilenko, Epic Poem, op. 4. First time in Boston.)

[O]THER CITY PAPERS PLEASE COPY

Many years ago, Edwin W. Ingalls of [L]ynn, then The Herald representative [h]ere, and John Barry, a noted wit of [th]at city, customarily got together to [w]rite the inauguration address of each [ne]w mayor of Lynn, whoever he was. [Th]e times when they were not asked to [do] this were exceptional.

The day following an inauguration [for] which they had prepared this docu[me]nt, the new mayor strode into office [wi]th his chest well expanded and a pink [in] his buttonhole, the complete picture [of] worldly self-satisfaction. Barry [sid]led up to him with the observation: "[T]he inauguration went pretty well [yes]terday, Mr. Mayor!"

"It's all in the delivery; all in the de[live]ry," solemnly responded the execu[tiv]e, to the edification of Messrs. Ingalls [an]d Barry.

[I]nterest has been shown in "B. L. T." [as] a librettist. The following letters [wil]l answer certain questions that have [bee]n asked.

"THE EXPLORERS"

[As] the World Wags:

[T]hanks to H. C. for calling to mind [T]he Explorers." Only recently I spoke [to] friends of that ill-fated production, [who] had no idea that our beloved [B.] L. T." was its author.

[It] had a short run at the Tremont [The]atre, and after leaving there sud[den]ly disappeared. But it was a far [bet]ter musical comedy than any of the [pre]sent-day crop.

[Is]n't H. C. in error when he speaks [of] Knox Wilson's accordion? It was [the] saxophone that made that diminu[tiv]e comedian so popular. In "The Ex[plor]ers" Wilson inhabited a tiny house [tha]t was fastened to a balloon in lieu [of] the usual basket. I recall that he [land]ed in, anchored his habitation, un[fold]ed the front steps, sat on them and [play]ed the popular airs of that time [on] his saxophone. The house, by the [way], had flower pots in the windows [and] a shiny tin pan hanging outside [ove]r the door.

[Bu]t the principal feature of that show [was] the mastodon's funny bone, which [was] endowed with the power to make [pers]ons laugh when it was pointed at [the]m, to the accompaniment of the [mag]ic word "Kapow."

And those who recall the show cannot but think of dainty "Mazy Fields, the Iowa Corn Queen," whose picture, when it floated ashore on a tropical island, created such a furore in the heart of a savage chieftain. I cannot recall the name of the actress who played that part, but the memory of her voice will never die. F. C. G.
Boston.

As the World Wags:

Noticing in The Herald, the communication in which it was stated the writer had "forgotten who did the music, which was rather catchy," of the "B L. T." musical comedy, "The Explorers," the undersigned is intimately acquainted with the composer, and believes the writers of "The Explorers" hold the record for fast writing, as it was written in 30 days, and 30 days after the curtain rose on the first night.

But by far the best efforts of "B. L. T." in such lines are found in his two genuine comic operas, "Capt. Kidd, Coin Collector," and "Ponce de Leon, or, the Fountain of Youth," the scores being composed by the undersigned. Previous to the dissolution of the Bostonians they were much interested in these operas, and they awaited the period when genuine comic operas would again be in demand, for elaborate production, possibly by a new company of Bostonians.
WALTER H. LEWIS.
Manchester, N. H.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

L. G. T. of Boston writes: "I notice that a bankruptcy petition was filed on March 29 by creditors of Morris O. Potash, and that Abraham Pearlmutter was sentenced in the Lawrence district court to the Concord reformatory on a charge of the larceny of money and jewelry from a man whom he held up in the street."

ENCORE RONSARD

I cannot think he was but chanticleer,
Crowing the easy conquests of a court
In careless stanzas, chanted half in sport
And half in hope his flattery might endear
To arching brows their facile sonneteer;
Rather I mark the vital soul's import,
Grave 'neath the smiles, too candid to distort
To a mere elegance his mood sincere.

So I have called him master and have sung
My fondest songs feigning to follow him,
And longing that my plaintive lips might limn
My love with some faint echo of his tongue.
Taut are the strings and tuneful of my heart
Could I but pluck them with the master's art.
PETRARCHINO.

BURROUGHS AND THOREAU

John Burroughs is reported as having said: "I would rather be the author of Thoreau's 'Walden' than of any other book I know."

Did Burroughs ever attempt to explain this haunting paragraph in the first chapter of "Walden"?

"I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travelers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves."

The "Pump-Handle" letter signed by Antonio Dutre is going the rounds of the newspapers again. This time it is dated "Red Hill, Ohio, Oct. 2, 1920." The morning Telegraph of New York published the letter last Thursday, although the date seemed "misleading" and the editor of the column thought that he had heard about the letter "several years before that."

Now Antonio lives in Ohio. What has become of the newspaper "wild man," who appears in the spring at dusk and frightens women and little children? He was first seen in Indiana. Pursued, he ran up a tall tree, and with a yell disappeared, taking the tree with him. Last year he emerged from a hill-cave in Connecticut, chewing herbs and roots.

SOCIETY NOTES

"Two thousand London chorus girls are out of jobs." Where are all the younger sons of the aristocracy?

As the World Wags:

I have received the circular of "Rain & Son, Manufacturers of Quilted Crib Pads, Infants' Bibs and Diapers."
Beverly. GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

THE TEXAS TOUCH

[New York Evening Post.]

"Opera This Year Branded as Best" headlines the Dallas News concerning the recent visit to that high-spirited city of the Chicago Opera troupe. It should have been a stock company.

As the World Wags:

If the stiff spring has not slammed the door of the Academy, let us admit to full membership Mr. D. Flato of Allston, who sells tacks, nails, screws and other indiscriminate tire hardware.
Boston. G. E. H.

B. L. T. AND PHILIP HALE

To the Editor of The Herald:

As one whose greatest pleasure has been to read the editorial page of The Herald every morning, reserving the column by B. L. T. until the last, I was greatly cheered this morning, after some weeks' feeling a sense of loss, to see that in Philip Hale's column, "As the World Wags," there is a tentative approach to the missing column. As one of the many who have been delighted with B. L. T., might I suggest that Mr. Hale be allowed to conduct a column on similar lines, as he is well fitted to do?
FREDERICK M. CAREY.
Cambridge, March 30.

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BY MME. NOVAES

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Guiomar Novaes, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was an audience of good size and there was hearty applause. The program was as follows: Bach, Prelude and Fugue in D major for the organ, transcribed by Moor; Scarlatti, Pastorale and Caprice; Franck, Prelude, Fugue and Variations for the organ, transcribed by Harold Bauer; Chopin, Barcarolle, Mazurka, Etude; Blanchet, Two Preludes, op. 10, Nos. 9 and 14; Vallon, Prelude, "Arlequin"; Stojowski, Chant d'Amour; Philipp, Caprice; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 13.

The Prelude and Fugue by Bach is an organ piece that, showing the influence of Buxtehude, is purely a virtuoso composition. Old August Haupt of Berlin, great as was his reverence for Bach, did not encourage his pupils to play it, except as a pedal exercise. Any transposition for the piano must be more or less ineffective, for pound as you will the piano keys, you cannot reproduce the majestic roar and thunder of the organ's bass. Mme. Novaes continually made strongly marked contrasts in her interpretation, following a stentorian passage with a delicate treatment of the one immediately following. Yet the transcription, however futile it seemed to an organist, served to display her pronounced technical proficiency, while one was tempted to deplore occasional harshness of tone.

Exquisite tonal quality was shown in her treatment of Scarlatti's familiar Pastorale. Her reading was an unusual one. The pace was so slow that at times the music almost became monotonous, almost sentimental. It might be said justly that her brilliant performance of Scarlatti's Caprice was more in keeping with the spirit of the composer and his period.

Her many admirable qualities were revealed in full splendor by her interpretation of the music by Cesar Franck and Chopin. Those who heard her for the first time then understood why she is ranked, young as she is, among the greatest pianists of the day. She expressed as one had not heard here before the ineffable wistfulness, tenderness spirituality of Franck's meditations while the Barcarolle of Chopin was gorgeously colored and eloquently interpreted, in the purely melodic passages, and in the florid measures, which were played in superbly bravura fashion. Nor did she fall below this exalted standard in her performance of the Mazurka and the Etude.

As many know, Robert Louis Stevenson left his novel "Weir of Hermiston," unfinished. Stevensonians and perhaps others will be interested in the London Times' description of a drama founded on this novel. The drama was brought out at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, on March 12:

"It is only a little over a year since the Robert Louis Stevenson Club was formed, and today it has 800 members, scattered over the world. The club bought the house No. 8 Howard place, in which Stevenson was born, in order to turn it into a Stevenson shrine. The house is not completely paid for, and one object of the production of the play was to raise the balance.

"The dramatization of novels is a risky proceeding at the best, but to base a play on an unfinished novel and add a denouement is courting trouble. However, Councillor J. Wilson McLaren and his collaborator, Mrs. Finlayson Gauld, have taken their courage in both hands and have produced a play which, while it is not pure Stevenson, is inspired in some degree by his spirit. No attempt has been made to follow the original text, save in the prologue, and one entirely new character has been introduced in the shape of a comic butler, the object being to bring relief to a series of tense situations.

"Stevenson built his novel round one dominating, brutal character, Lord Hermiston, who was known as the 'Hanging Judge.' He was a man without compassion, who took joy in mercile[ssly me]ting out the penalties of th[e law] ...

gram w...
Mozart...

Lord Braxfield is supposed to have been the prototype of Stevenson's character. The judge is first introduced in the prologue as being the tyrant of the home, scornful of his wife's piety, repulsing her little demonstrations of affection. Even the death of his wife fails to break the iron barbarity. Justice is more to him than home and happiness. Yet no man is so hard that he does not possess one soft spot, and Hermiston has an affection for his son, which he scorns to show when that son, grown to man's estate, denounces the dispensation of justice by his father. There is a clash of wills. 'When you sentenced the man,' cries the youth, 'you looked as if you enjoyed it. The judge passionately banishes the 'traitor' to his country estate.

"That is the beginning of tragedy, for Archie Weir, Hermiston's son, has fallen in love with the niece of his father's housekeeper. Yielding to the latter's pleading, he has told the girl he must obey his father. In pique she engages in dalliance with the 'young fool advocate,' his friend, with dire results. The girl, Christina Elliott, pleads with her betrayer down at Hermiston to save her good name by marrying her, but he cynically refuses. When Weir learns of his sweetheart's misfortune he vows that nothing matters, that he will marry her in spite of every one. A meeting with his treacherous friend follows, and later the 'young fool advocate' is found shot. That is as far as Stevenson took the story.

"Our playwrights have solved the mystery of 'Who killed Frank Innes?' and they have kept the secret back until the last few minutes. Young Weir is arrested and tried by his own father, and it is only after the latter has summed up to the jury that he is proved to be innocent. The betrayer had been attacked by the girl's brother and in the struggle a pistol had gone off. The judge reads the confession and, with a choking cry, falls dead. The lovers rush into each other's arms, and down comes the curtain.

"The one real thing in the play is the personality of the Judge, and as played by Mr. A. Drysdale Patterson, a well known amateur, he dominated every situation. Notwithstanding a certain sense of unreality in treatment, there is much to be praised. The shrewd sayings in the Doric and the homely wit of many of the comic passages ensure its popularity even south of the border. Whether Stevenson would have approved of the manner in which the plot has been worked out is another question, but the work has been done by two sincere Stevensonians. It is interesting to note that in the court scene—and what a disorderly court it is!—the halberds used by the city guards were the actual halberds used at the trial of Deacon Brodie by Lord Braxfield. Mention should be made of the good work of Gertrude Ayton as Christina Elliott and Jean Tonathy as Kirsty Elliott, and Jay King as Archie Weir. Tom Forsyth as McKillop, the butler, must have satisfied the creator of the character.

"The lord provost made a speech of congratulation."

German Film Propaganda

Unless report speaks falsely, the Germans themselves are now putting forth every effort of which they are capable to develop their own cinematograph business. They understand better almost than any other nation what a wonderful political weapon the screen can be made, and they would appear already to have begun an intensive campaign. Not only the government, but the banks and the great industrial magnates, are giving it all the support in their power. Correspondents of the French press declare that throughout Latin-America there is hardly a cinema theatre which has not shown a German film glorifying the spy, Mati-Hari, who was executed during the war in Paris on evidence which left no doubt of her guilt. This is designed to counteract the bad impression created everywhere by the fate of Miss Cavell.

The German film on the life of Mme. du Barry, now being exhibited with such success in the United States under the title of "Passion," is declared by M. Louis Forrest to be from end to end nothing but anti-French propaganda. This is the view apparently taken by the Canadian government also, for its public exhibition was prohibited at the last moment. The owners of the theatre where "Passion" was to have been shown, thought they could turn the prohibition to account by substituting a British-made film for the other. They selected "The Romance of Lady Hamilton," which was made in a London studio during the war. To their amazement, the outcry against this film was still louder. Vehement protests against its exhibition was still louder its exhibition were made by the Navy League of Canada and the Imperial League of the Daughters of the Empire. The film, it was declared, dishonored the memory of Nelson, and was an insult to every British subject and true Canadian. An English producer had, in fact, made a film which Canadian opinion considered to be an anti-British propaganda film and refused to look at! And the worst part of the story is that the Canadian opinion of the film is perfectly right, though the public in this country accepted the film without much enthusi[asm] ...

asm, it is true, but entirely without protest.—Alder Anderson in the London Daily Telegraph, March 17.

Two Bostonians in London; Miss Ethel Frank Sings; Mr. Copeland Plays

The London Times had this to say of Miss Ethel Frank and George Copeland, who gave concerts in London on the same day, March 9:

Most singers who engage an orchestra to help them with their first concert are like David Copperfield's cook, who concentrated on the potatoes; they leave the music to the orchestra and themselves serve up a few stock arias. Miss Ethel Frank did better than that in her concert at Queen's Hall on Wednesday, for she arranged a thoroughly interesting program with Mr. Albert Coates and the London Symphony Orchestra, and was personally concerned in the most interesting number of it, Ravel's two Scheherezade songs "Asie" and "La Flute Enchantee."

These, we understand, she has been studying lately with the composer, and she managed to keep her voice well to the front of the complex ensemble without appearance of effort and altogether showed an unusual intelligence and judgment in their interpretation. Indeed, the climax of "Asie," the long high note which begins in the full blaze of the orchestra and is left suspended and softening, was beautifully done and exactly served to link the moment of dramatic feeling with the return to the reflective and dreamlike atmosphere in which the song ends as it began.

Miss Frank has a pure and even soprano voice, not very large in volume nor very intimate in expression, but thoroughly musical. She was unwise to begin with Handel's "Lusinghe piu care," which finds out the weak points in every modern singer's equipment, and which she would probably have sung better when she had got used to her surroundings and her audience. Haydn's "My mother bids me bind my hair" brought out the good qualities of her singing, and a piquant "Carnaval" song by Camille Erlanger, curiously scored for piano accompaniment with orchestral obbligato, was also given.

Mr. George Copeland, whose piano recital took place at Aeolian Hall on Wednesday afternoon, gave a taste of the classics, Bach and Mozart, at the outset, followed them with Liszt and Chopin, and devoted the later and more interesting part of his program to Debussy and a group of Spanish dance pieces by Albeniz, Guanier, Grovlez and Chabrier. These were the more interesting because they showed his individuality as a pianist.

We should have liked to have heard more of his Bach than the three short movements which began the program, because of the well poised restraint of his phrasing. Mozart's Fantasia in C minor was rather too well poised after all, it is the most rhapsodic piece Mozart ever wrote for the piano, and Mr. Copeland's precise playing hardly seemed to take account of this aspect of it. We were more impressed by the Mazurka, played as a encore to the Chopin group, than by what had preceded it, the battering-ram climax to the Ballade in G minor. Mr. Copeland is certainly at his best when a dance rhythm of any kind is the groundwork of the musical structure. Each one of the delicate touches and splashes of color was beautifully laid on in Debussy's Habanera, "La Puerto del Vino."

His own arrangement of "L'Apres-midi d'un Faune" is skilfully made and was beautifully executed, but was open to the same sort of objection that we felt to his treatment of Chopin's ornaments in the ballade: it wanted elasticity added to its perfect execution. But it was the elasticity of the dance rhythms which made the Spanish pieces such an exhilarating ending to the program. Mr. Copeland explained that an accident to the piano made it necessary to substitute Chabrier's Espagnole for the "Bource Fantasque" promised, but no one regretted the change, for he made a wonderful thing of this piece of virtuosity.

'Bluebeard's Eighth Wife'; Also a Play About Vivisection. Other Notes

W. G. Wills's "Olivia" is to be, or has already been, revived in London, with Gladys Cooper as Goldsmith's heroine.

Anthony Prinsep, who controls, with his wife, Marie Lohr, the destinies of the Globe, has just returned from a short visit to Paris. During his stay there he saw and secured the English rights in Alfred Savoir's play, "La Huitieme Femme de Barbe Bleue," at the present moment crowding the Theatre Michel at every performance. The plot is a novel, rather daring and distinctly interesting variant of the familiar theme of the woman who marries for money, only eventually to succumb to love. Monna, daughter of an impoverished nobleman, becomes the wife of Barbe Bleue, a wealthy nobody, who cultivates a habit of marrying a woman and, quickly wearying of her, bribing her to assent to a divorce. The scheme succeeds on seven different occasions. But in Monna he finds a foe fully worthy of his steel. Once wedded, she resolutely declines to redeem the vows made at the altar. Later she contrives that her husband shall find her in circumstances sufficiently compromising to enable him to obtain his customary divorce. As it happens, Barbe Bleue is more passionately in love with the woman who has openly defied him, yet who, when at length he throws himself upon her mercy, confesses not only that she has come to love him no less truly, but that all she had done was merely a trick to convince her of his sincerity.—London Daily Telegraph, March 17.

Mrs. Kendal objected to two anecdotes in "Birmingham Theatrical Reminiscences." They were of an epigrammatic nature, attributed to her. The author apologized. The anecdotes will be expunged in future editions of the book—if there will be any.

A play about vivisection, "The Human Touch," by Leonard Compton-Ricketts, has been produced in London. "We suspect that the audience had come prepared to denounce vivisection, and admired the heroine accordingly." The hero is a London doctor who practises vivisection. His lady-love, abhorring it, does not discover the fact until her father, a country parson, is stricken down with diphtheria. The daughter should persuade her father to have serum injected; she declines to perform the task, and goes to London with a "sandalled anti-vivisectionist" to spy on the doctor at work in his laboratory. "One hoped for the big scene here, but it did not come. There was a general discussion of the pros and cons, but the doctor scored the only real point by his shrewd remark that any mischievous person can work on the emotions in science, politics and religion. Before the serum could be injected the parson took a turn for the better, and the daughter and the doctor were each left, still holding their own opinions. The doctor declared that he was fighting for humanity; the woman, that she was fighting for those who could not protect themselves, and the sum total was that the engagement was broken off, though with hopes of an early renewal, and that the gentleman with sandals, who had not cut an inspiring figure, was sent about his business. From the point of view of propaganda, it was a mistake to make him fall in love with the heroine; one could not feel that he was entirely disinterested in his denunciations of the doctor. * * * The best acting of all came from Monarch, a magnificent dog which made its appearance in the first act. It gave one haughty look at the audience, listened to the discussion for a minute or two, and then sank into peaceful slumber."

Congratulations are due today (March 15) to Mrs. Kendal, who completes her 72d year. Her interest in the stage is as keen as it ever was, which is not surprising, perhaps, in one who has hardly a relation (or an ancestor) that is not associated with the theatre. Some years ago Mrs. Kendal made a confession that during the many years of her successful career she never read any criticisms of her performances until they were three weeks old. Too high praise was apt to turn one's head and make one careless, she said, while criticism that erred on the side of condemnation tended to depress one. In three weeks most of what had been written was forgotten by the public, one had settled down to one's part, and praise or blame were not likely to influence one to any appreciable extent. We wonder how many modern actresses follow this wise rule.—London Daily Chronicle.

Mr. Maugham's new play, "The Circle," is thus summed up: "If a young wife finds that she has nothing in common with her prig of a husband, and that there is another man who loves her and whom, she feels, she could love, will she do well to make a 'bolt' of it, or not?" In this play, she bolts.

Theatre managers can tell some strange stories. It was a strange one we listened to the other day of an inveterate theatre-goer who never went to a performance. Whenever a new play was produced he would go to the theatre and buy a program and, where possible, a book of the words. Formerly he was to be found in the gallery of nearly every theatre on a first-night show. His fund of theatrical knowledge and anecdote was astonishing. He was a walking encyclopaedia of the stage during the last 30 years. But now he could not go to the theatre in the ordinary way, so he kept in touch with the drama in the strange manner related. He had the misfortune to be epileptic.—London Daily Chronicle.

The role played by the marraine, or godmother, in the French army during the war is a matter of universal knowledge. Now France has her comedy on the subject. "J'avais une Marraine," a comedy in three acts by Paul Moncousin, was played for the first time recently at the Theatre-Marigny in Paris. The hero was the despair of his wife in peace, but the hope of his marraine in war, to whom he returns after the war. But as the result of much comedy he finally conducts himself in such a fashion that a divorce is unnecessary. Of the comedy, L'Echo de Paris says: "It is complicated; it is lugubrious; and it is written in a style that makes you smile with chagrin."—New York Evening Post.

"According to the Resto del Carlino, D'Annunzio will return to the drama. In Paris he hopes to put 'The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian' on the stage." But it has already been performed there: Chatalet Theatre, May 20-June 2, 1911, with Ida Rubinstein as the Saint. Debussy wrote the music. Andre Caplet conducted the chorus and orchestra. Fragments were performed at the Boston Opera House, March 30, 1912.

A Dutchman, Jan Van Mehan, residing at The Hague, has published what is regarded by European critics as one of the most remarkable dramas of recent years. Entitled "The Final Judgment: A Tragedy of the Vowels," it contends that the only remnant of the original world as it was intended to be and would have been had it not been for man's folly are the vowels A, E, I, O, U. Judging from excerpts that have reached this country, the author either had money and influence or there are publishers in Holland willing to try anything once. One critic exclaims: "May the Flying Dutchman overtake Van Mehan soon!"—New York Evening Post.

"That is surely rather a naive question that was put to Miss Gladys Moger by several well-known French musicians who attended the concert given at the Salle Pleyel, in Paris, the other day. 'Why' asked they, 'why do you not sing to us some French songs, something we know?' Miss Moger's programme included the names of 16 English composers. Miss Moger's retort was to the effect that French artists do not come to London to sing English songs. As a matter of fact, do any French artists ever play or sing any English music of today at all? Their attitude is, I think, that French music belongs to the world, English music to England. However, Miss Moger scored a success that has led to another similar concert in the same place."

I have received, among many letters, one from a former principal clarinet in the Opera orchestra, apropos of the letters which appeared on the music page last Saturday. Unfortunately this one is far too long to print in extenso. But the author, who is particularly well known, says: "I regret to see a state of things creep into what ought to be a profession and not a trade. I refer to 'unions' and 'hours,' which only tend to drag down into the mud what the old hands have built up." Mind you, this is from one who was from first to last some 30 years a professional musician, associated with the opera, I think, the whole of that period of time.—London Daily Telegraph.

The manuscript of a ballet by Descartes has been found in the Library of Upsala. It is entitled the "Birth of Peace," and is said to show that Descartes was a pronounced pacifist. The first work of the great philosopher was entitled "De Musica" and it is a well known fact that he showed as a young man a decided leaning toward music and poetry. The newly found ballet was written at the request of Queen Christine of Sweden, and, according to Le Temps, is to be performed shortly in Paris. Writing on Feb. 7, the Berliner Tageblatt says: "Performed, we suspect, at a special session of the supreme council with Briand in the title role."—N. Y. Evening Post.

Notes About New and Old Compositions; Also About Musicians

Then came the novelty of the evening (March 14)—Mr. Lawrence A. Collingwood's symphonic poem, a work which has already been performed with success in Petrograd, where the composer lived and worked until the red revolution drove him to seek again his own people. This "Symphonic Poem" is a work one would like to hear again in order to revise the first impression. But it was clear from the beginning that Mr. Collingwood has the modern orchestral technique at his fingers' end. There is never any fumbling about in search of new or would-be-new combinations. With admirable directness and certainty Mr. Collingwood goes straight to the heart of the matter, giving the hearer a feeling of confidence and reliance—a rare enough experience in the case of a modern musician and new music. But this is on the outside of things. There are people who know half a dozen languages, and are dumb in them all. There are musicians who have mastered the technique of composition, and yet have nothing to say. Only the other day a new work seemed to avow: "I may talk like poor Poll, but my friend, Mr. Strauss, talks much better." The worth of the work is in the youthful energy and buoyancy which inspires it all from the first to the last bar. Naturally enough the public welcomed it with considerable warmth, and the applause continued insistent until the reticent composer had twice bowed his acknowledgments.—London Daily Telegraph.

Compositions of Mr. Collingwood's, his second piano sonata, songs, etc., were performed in London in April, 1920.

But see what the London Times said about his symphonic poem: "Quite undistinguished work, rambling, tedious and slightly hysterical, as though the composer had recently added Scriabin to a list of acquaintances on which Wagner and Liszt were already prominent." Thus doctors disagree.

Gladys Clark, violinist, has played in London her own version of Brahms's "uninspired" sonata in E flat, which he wrote for clarinet and piano.

Rachmaninoff's "Bells" (after Poe) was performed for the first time in England at Liverpool on March 15. Sir Henry Wood conducted.

"Prelude to a Drama," a concert piece by the much discussed Franz Schreker, was produced in London on March 12. The Times headed its review, "Bad German Music," and said: "Many musicians have felt that it is time we began to take note of the more modern music of Germany, and Schreker's work has caused sufficient remark there to make it a natural choice. This specimen of it, however, is likely to persuade people that they need not worry much about modern German music. It is very bad. Commonplace tunes and vulgar rhythms are tricked out with every device which a big orchestra affords, the sort of thing which we have far too much already among the inferior composers of all countries, our own included."

At the first meeting of the city and county of London committee of the British League of Help, held at the Mansion House just before Christmas last, Mr. McKenna proposed the resolution: "That the city and county of London adopt Verdun and certain of the devastated villages of the Meuse valley." Mr. McKenna added later: "Verdun has been selected . . . for different reasons. Verdun was the soul of the French fight. As Verdun stood or fell, so victory was won or lost." Well, Verdun was duly adopted. This fact will be brought home to a goodly number of folk who knew it not previously on Sunday, April 17, and on other days round about that date. The suggestion is that in the concert world at that period, when the mayor of Verdun, M. Poincare and many other distinguished Frenchmen will be in London, our sympathy should be shown to our French allies by a generous performance of French music. Is it not possible to celebrate the occasion on the Saturday and Sunday (April 16 and 17) in all our concert rooms in which concerts are taking place? Why not a Verdun Sunday in the musical world?—London Daily Telegraph.

"At the Abbey Gate," poem by Mr. Justice Darling, music by Stanford, for baritone (Plunket Greene), chorus and orchestra, was performed in London on March 5. The celebrated justice wrote the poem at the time of the burial of the Unknown Warrior.

Dubussy and others, as viewed by the London Times: The Suite Berganasque of Debussy was worth hearing in itself and also as played. An early work (1890), it explains a good deal of the Preludes (which came later in the evening); it has not yet struck out the new path; it only gives indications of what that would be—a side alley, if not a blind alley. In the Preludes he has said good-by to tonality—the musician's word for perspective—and draws thumb-nail sketches to be judged on first impressions, not to be hung for serious contemplation.

Ravel's Sonatine and Ravel's Tombeau de Couperin amounted to less. It is of no use putting "expression" into Ravel; his best things are said without moving a muscle, and accentuations of tempo or dynamics only upset the balance. Saint-Saens (Allegro, Prelude and Fugue, and Etude) gives you a great deal for your money. He makes no promises which he does not keep, but he forgets that the first law of beauty, if it can be said to have any, is to break every conceivable law that can be made—that it consists in annihilating time by making the last and the exception simultaneous. The three composers represent the three main attributes of the French mind—the tendency to plough the lonely furrow, to speak the exact and clinching word, and to be nothing if not logical; and it was a good thought to put them together and to play them intelligently."

Notes About Professional Actors and Others in Amateur Companies

To the Editor of the Herald:

It is interesting to notice in a press item about the Arlington Players that Edwin Brandon of that company played in the same casts of amateurs with Edith Kingdon (Mrs. George Gould), and also with Robert Hilliard, in Brooklyn. It must have been quite late in Miss Kingdon's amateur career, for I have nearly all of the programs of those notable amateur performances of the several societies in that city.

Miss Kingdon's first appearance on the stage was in Tom Robertson's "School." She played Naomi Tighe, my father was the Beau Farintosh, William E. Wilson, a professional, was Mr. Krux and William Luske (once in the support of E. L. Davenport) played Jacob Poyntz. The play was given at the Waverly Theatre (formerly Hooley's Opera House) on April 29, 1881, for the benefit of Mr. Luske. The cast was made up of members of the Amaranth Dramatic Society, of which Charles Bamburg was the founder and first president.

In those days William E. Davidge, Daly's Fifth Avenue company was the coach and nearly all of the rehearsals were held in the parlors of our home in Brooklyn. The Amaranth was preceded by the Entre Nous Dramatic and Literary Association, organized in 18

nd which produced such dramas and comedies as "London Assurance," "She Stoops to Conquer," etc.

On May 11, 1871, the Amaranth came into being and enlisted many prominent men and women even now well remembered. C. M. Tremaine, inventor of what is now known as the Aeolian and founder of the great company still headed by his son; Charles E. Thomas, organist of St. Thomas' Church, Fifth Avenue; John H. Bird, attorney of Genevieve Ward during the troublesome days of the contest with Lester Wallack over the rights to "Forget-Me-Not"; Tom and Harry Hardenbergh, architects of the Waldorf-Astoria and numerous other Astor estate buildings; Maud Granger, who made her first appearance on any stage as Lydia in "The Love Chase" on Jan. 11, 1873. Frazer Coulter, a long and well known comedian, who played Friar Francis in "Much Ado About Nothing," Dec. 30, 1873; Geraldine Maye (Jennie Lewis), later in Wallack's company, whose debut was in the part of Lady Clara in "A Cup of Tea" on Feb. 6, 1875; Meta and Kate Bartlett, both ingenues at Wallack's, later; Frank Bennett, a member of Daly's company in 1876, who became assistant manager of the Arlington Hotel in Washington, and later, while owner of a big Fifth avenue hotel, jumped from an upper floor and killed himself; John Hoey, president of Adams Express Company; William J. Henderson, musical critic now of the New York Sun, who played Eugene de Lorme, in "Love's Sacrifice"; and Ferdinand Earle ("Affinity" Earle's father) proprietor of several hotels in New York, who was a capable comedian, according to newspaper reports; and there was also the regal Mrs. Sheridan Shook, wife of the celebrated manager of the Union Square Theatre, who was divorced from him and married Shook's partner, Albert M. Palmer; Mrs. Shook was a "Lady Teazle" who could vie with Rose Coghlan at her best.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Song recital by Julia Culp. See special notice.

Convention Hall, St. Botolph street. People's Symphony Orchestra; Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Lydia Lipkowska, soprano, and Jean Bedetti, violoncellist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Concert of the Philharmonic Choir, Frederick W. Wodell, conductor. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Ensemble concert by Georges and Renee Longy-Miquelle (violoncello and piano). Saint-Saens, sonata, No. 1, op. 32; Bantock, Celtic poem (first time here); Debussy, sonata; Beethoven, sonata, op. 5, No. 1.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by the Harvard Glee Club; Dr. Davison, conductor, and Mr. Kreisler, violinist. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Carmine Fabrizio, violinist, assisted by Alfred De Voto, pianist. Handel, sonata in D major; Bach, praeludium in E major and gavotte in E major; Chausson, poem; Granados, Spanish dance; Couperin-Kreisler, Aubade Provencale; Chabrier-Loeffler, Scherzo valse; Ysaye, Reve d'Enfant; Sarasate, Zapateado.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Last concert of Mme. Galli-Curci this season. See special notice.

SATURDAY, 8 P. M.—Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert. Mr. Monteux, conductor.

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The old man of Gustave Nadaud's song sighed because he had never seen Carcassonne. We have never seen Saugus.

Some day we hope to see Santiago in Chili, Toledo, Moscow, Damascus, Bankok, and Saugus; especially Saugus since we read an editorial article in the Malden Evening News of March 29, saying that Saugus "got undesirable publicity"; that its town meetings are disgraceful, its tax rate high, and leading citizens are already in the graveyard. Yet Saugus is "a beautiful place and full of historic and legendary lore of moment." The Malden Evening News admits that "most of its people are excellent citizens."

It is time that low comedians, indulging themselves in "topical hits" or local gags can always excite laughter by disparaging references to Saugus and Chelsea. In New York there is ridicule of Brooklyn or New Jersey. Look at the proverbs of any country: there are always towns, counties, provinces that serve as targets for shafts of derision or abuse. It was so in the days of ancient Greece and Rome.

Before our traveling days are over; before we sit with our feet in hot water and partake of gruel before going to bed; we must see Saugus, its old tidal mill, its colonial houses with projecting upper stories, the Iron Works House with its celebrated chimney. Will the time ever come? Saugus today seems more remote than Burgos or Samarcand. Perhaps it is too late for bold adventure.

SAINTS FOR TAILORS

Mr. J. Brown Potter asks Mr. Denis A. McCarthy to tell us where Adam and Eve, who are said to be the patron saints of tailors, obtained needle and thread.

"They might have used the thorns of an Irish blackthorn; but the Garden of Eden is fabled to have been in Mesopotamia, not on Arlington Heights."

The postman brought with Mr. Potter's note a letter from Z. Y. X., who heads his little article

RE ADAM AND EVE, AND THEIR APRONS

"Company of Needle-Makers, London.

"Arms:—Vert three needles in fesse argent, each dueally crowned or.

"Supporters:—Dexter, a man; sinister, a woman, both proper, each wreathed round the waist with leaves of the last, in the woman's dexter hand a needle argent.

"Motto:—They sewed fig leaves together and made themselves aprons."

As the World Wags:

If Comish Kramer is looking for a motto for his tireless sleuths let him adopt Bottom's.

"Find out moonshine! Find out moonshine" — ("A Midsummer Night's Dream," act III, scene 1).

F. R. McK.

THE FUNERAL

(Emily Dickinson).

That short, potential stir
That each can make but once,
That bustle so illustrious
'Tis almost consequence,

Is the eclat of death.
Oh, thou unknown renown
That not a beggar would accept,
Had he the power to spurn!

"PERTHROAT"

Margaret More maliciously called Anne Boleyn "the brown girl with the perthroat and the extra finger," Mr. Edmund H. Garrett in February asked if anyone could define the word "perthroat." We have received from him the following letter:

"I wrote to Mr. Ditchfield Barkham, England, in regard to the meaning of 'perthroat.' I, myself, thought the meaning might be as he supposes. I thought of peroxygen of hydrogen, permanganate of potash, etc. I quote from his letter: 'I believe the per is an intensive, as in Shakespeare's use of perdurable, and that perthroat means long throat, which was a characteristic feature of Anne Boleyn. The ungallant Venetian ambassador speaks of her as "tall of stature . . . long neck, large mouth, narrow chest, eyes black and beautiful." I believe she made some remarks to the executioner upon her long neck being convenient for the block.'

"Victor Hugo in 'L'Homme qui Rit' says Anne had one breast longer than the other."

This remark of Hugo's is in the description of the Duchess Josiane that aroused Swinburne to enthusiasm. Hugo's sentence reads in William Young's translation: "Anne Boleyn had one breast larger (not longer) "than the other, six fingers on one hand, and a tusk." The original French is not now at hand.

THE GENTLE ELIA

As the World Wags:

Nobody seems to have noted with interest the name d'Elia occurring in the local news columns, though the alert eye of Mr. Herkimer Johnson, necessarily a lover of Charles Lamb, could hardly have failed to catch the item. My Talford, as I recall, does not explain Lamb's use of the pseudonym "Elia," but I dimly recall reading somewhere that Lamb used the name of a fellow-clerk at the India office. Have I merely dreamed this, and was there no discussion as to the pronunciation of Elia? My encyclopaedia says merely "Elia" (accent first syllable) "see Charles Lamb," and, turning to the article indicated, I find even as I write that Elia was the name of a fellow-clerk. My earlier authority, I still seem to recall, spoke of Elia as an Italian, and raised the question as to whether the initial vowel should not be pronunced as long "A." Is it so pronounced as a matter of course by the learned, and am I merely displaying crass ignorance? Perhaps Mr. Herkimer would permit me to say Elia, with a long "e," while feeling the necessity upon himself of pronounncing the name Alia. For ordinary folk Alexandria is accented on the antepenult; by Dr. Johnson it must be accented upon the penult. Such are the responsibilities of scholarship.

IGNORAMUS.

Chestnut Hill.

RATS AND SOAP

As the World Wags:

The letter in your column that told about rats carrying away eggs reminded me of an occurrence that I saw.

Staying in Washington, D. C., for a few days not long after the civil war I was put into a room, in what was then the best hotel of the city. The door of the room would not close as well as it should have done. The morning after our first night the soap had disappeared. I was awakened the next night by an uncommon noise. By a half light close by I saw a procession of huge rats circumnavigating the washstand. One on his back, embracing the new cake of soap, was being dragged by the others. They dropped the soap to the floor and then formed the procession again for the crack in the door. Needless to say we left that hotel.

Boston. G.

... talent for mining;

MME. JULIA CULP

Mme. Julia Culp gave her only concert of this season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Coenraad V. Bos was at the piano. The audience was large and enthusiastic and although Mme. Culp smilingly refused to give additional numbers until the regular program was finished, she then responded to the long continued applause by adding three extra songs.

The three groups of songs on the program were sung in the language for which the songs were written, the first numbers by Beethoven, and Schubert, in German; the second group in French, and in Dutch, the latter, the singer's own tongue, and the last in English. While the entire program was sung with the sweetness, expression and lack of affectation which has made Mme. Culp one of our most-popular singers, the numbers which seemed to be the most appealing were the Dutch folksong and serenade, and the old well-known English song "Long, Long Ago." This closed the program, but the applause which followed brought the singer back again for the extra numbers.

The program was as follows:

Adelaide, Beethoven; Der Lindenbaum, An eine quelle, Seligkeit, Ave Maria, Schubert; Les Cloches and Green, Debussy; Pendant le bal, Tschalkowsky; Berceuse, Old French; Geluckig Vaderland, Old Dutch Folksong; Dutch Serenade, S. de Lange; Japanese Death Song, Earl Cranston Sharp; When I Bring Colored Toys, John Alden Carpenter; O Mistress Mine, Roger Quilter; Ye Banks and Braes and The Cottage Maid, Old Scotch; Long, Long, Ago, Old English.

Lydia Lipkowska and Jean Bedetti Favor Russian Works

Last night Mme. Lydia Lipkowska of the Chicago Opera Company and Jean Bedetti of the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a joint concert in Symphony Hall. Their program was a varied one, but favored especially French and Russian works. It consisted of:

The Songs of Guesia.....S. Rachmaninoff
Snowflakes .....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Valse .....Arensky

Mme. Lipkowska.

Cavatina ena Rondo.....M. Glinka

Mme. Lipkowska.

Adagio .....Cervetto
Sonata in A major.....Boccherini

Mr. Bedetti.

C'etait au petit page blond..Henri Busser
Couplets de L'Oiselier.....Paul Bernard
Menuet of the XVIIIth Century
Arranged by Weckerlin
La Pavane.....Alfred Bruneau

Mme. Lipkowska.

Elegie.....G. Faure
L'Abeille .....Schubert
Le Cygne.....Saint-Saens
Fileuse .....Popper

Mr. Bedetti.

Come Unto the Yellow Sand.....La Forge
To the Messenger.....La Forge
Butterfly.....Linn Seiler
Jack-in-the-Box.....Daniel Wolfe

Mme. Lipkowska.

Mme. Lipkowska opened her program with a group of Russian songs, which gave her opportunity to display her technique. But one somehow felt them to be more appropriate to the exercise studio than the concert stage. Mme. Lipkowska has a thin tone to her voice, which does not always convince one of the artistic merits of coloratura singing. She showed to far better advantage in the "Couplets de L'Oiselier," by Paul Bernard, and several of her encores. In all of these she attained a real dramatic distinction that made one feel the operatic stage to be her field. She is capable of beautiful, sustained high notes, but last night refrained from a too generous use of them. Her renderings were in direct contrast to Bedetti's more placid yet impressive exhibition. It was Mme. Lipkowska who suffered.

Bedetti chose a group of works more emotional, yet far less pyrotechnical. He played with a restrained yet deep understanding. In his hands the 'cello became an instrument of wide and tender sympathies. He had a mastery of technique and purity of tone that was delightful. His high tones were clear, his low tones smooth. Boccherini's "Sonata in A Major" he played with a finesse which suggested Mozart and Dresden China figures. In Faure's "Elegie" alone he allowed his technique to rise above his innate appreciation. Perhaps his best work came in a beautiful and distinctive rendering of Handel's "Largo." Alfred de Voto gave finished frame to Bedetti's fine drawn pictures. His accompaniments were filled with the same deft shading.

As much cannot be said for Ruth Rauppleport, who was a suitable and at times obstructive accompanist to Mme. Lipkowska.

CONCERT BY PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Arthur F. Tucker, Tenor, Sings Aria from "The Creation"

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer conductor, gave its 18th concert yesterday afternoon in Convention Hall, with Arthur F. Tucker, tenor, as the assisting artist. The program was as follows:

Mozart, Symp...

Haydn, aria "In Native Worth" from "The Creation"; Bizet, suite "L'Arlesienne" (No. 1); Elgar, overture "Cockaigne."

Mr. Mollenhauer went to London, this time, for an example of modern music to offset the usual symphony from the classics. There were a number of music students in the audience, some of whom had never heard the "Cockaigne" overture before, and were curious to know what it was all about. Judging by some of the exchanges of views overheard afterward, they went away with quite diverse opinions as to whether Sir Edward Elgar was successful in depicting interestingly the adventures of two lovers in London, as he set out to, but there was agreement over the pomp and parade of the military interruption in the park. The placing of the symphony first, for a change, resulted in the usual interruptions by late-comers. So melodious a work would have tired none if placed last.

Mr. Tucker has a tenor voice of agreeable timbre, and phrased the familiar aria excellently. There remain two more concerts in the course. Next Sunday Miss Dai Buell, pianist, will be the assisting artist, and undoubtedly there will be a large audience. The program will be: Nicolai, overture "Merry Wives of Windsor"; Listz, concerto in E flat; Berlioz, "Will o' the Wisp," "Dance of the Sylphs," and the Hungarian March from the "Damnation of Faust"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 6.

April 5 1921

'FAMOUS MRS. FAIR' AT HOLLIS

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Famous Mrs. Fair," a play in four acts by James Forbes. Produced by A. L. Erlanger. Brought out at the Henry Miller Theatre, New York, on Dec. 22, 1919.

Sylvia Fair.....Margalo Gillmore
Alan Fair.....Jack Devereaux
Watkins.....Frank Kirk
E. Dudley Gillette.....Robert Strange
Angelica Brice.....Virginia Hammond
Nancy Fair .....Blanche Bates
Jeffrey Fair.....Henry Miller
Mrs. Norman Wynne.....Dallas Tyler
Mrs. Kellett Brown.....Marian Lord
Mrs. Stuart Perrin.....Maude Allen
Mrs. Leslie Converse.....Alice Baxter
Mrs. Gilbert Wells.....Betty Hall
Peggy Gibbs.....Kathleen Comegys

Mrs. Fair at the head of a unit has been decorated by the French government for usefulness and bravery in the great war. Returning home, welcomed enthusiastically by her family and the neighbors—by all except the young and attractive widow Angelica—she finds herself a celebrity. Reporters surround her. She is photographed for newspapers and magazines. Gillette, who turns out to be a crook, induces her easily to sign a contract for a lecture tour from coast to coast. After her war experiences, life at home would be drab. Why should she not have a career? Why should she not raise money for the purposes of reconstruction?

Her husband and son look coldly on this tour. She signs the contract. And what happens? Mr. Fair falls a victim to the widow. The daughter, Sylvia, feeling that no one cares for her, as father will seek a divorce and marry Angelica, as mother thinks only of her career; as brother is absurdly happy with his young wife, Peggy, who was a stenographer with a brother on the detective force; as Gillette poisons her mind and persuades her that no one cares for her, runs off with the crook who owes Mrs. Fair some thousands of dollars and thus hopes to avoid an otherwise inevitable suit.

Husband and wife had come together. The wife had given up a second tour. She realized that she had abandoned Sylvia, who, under the guidance of Gillette, had strange manners and associated with rowdy males and females. But Fair confesses to his wife that he had obligations to Angelica which he had paid in money. He was lonely, his wife was never at home. Then the famous Mrs. Fair, wounded to the quick, declares that she will be divorced. The two quarrel over the disposition of Sylvia. Her flight and her return bring husband and wife together again. Each one takes the blame for Sylvia's conduct.

A play that is partly satirical turns out to be a domestic drama. Should a wife and mother abandon all thought of a career? Will husband and daughter surely go wrong if the wife-mother makes long lecture tours? It is to be hoped that Mr. Forbes does not argue from the particular to the general. He puts on the stage a high-strung woman, perhaps too sure of herself, susceptible to flattery, believing that she is working for a righteous cause, missing the excitements of war. She forgets the needs of her family and the weakness of the poor mortals when they think ... swept on their ...

themselves ignored by reason of her craze for publicity. Yet Mrs. Fair on her return immediately suspected Angelica. She was hurt because her son had not at once told her of his betrothal. And when her husband put his foot down and forbade her signing of the contract, she became as hard as nails. It must be confessed that as the characters are presented, the husband rather than the wife during half the play calls for sympathy.

The first act is comedy, and not of a brilliant order. The dialogue is thin, the wit is strained, the action is slight and slow, nor is there marked skill in the portrayal of character. With the beginning of the second act the interest grows steadily, the characters take shape and are true to nature, or at least are plausible. The dialogue is to the point and natural.

The company, which is the one of the first night in New York, is well-balanced and effective. Miss Bates gave an engrossing portrayal of the woman whose character is now simple, now complex. In these days when so many "popular" actresses, endowed, according to the managers, with "personality," show a woful lack of training in the essentials of the art, it is refreshing to see so well-equipped an actress as Miss Bates, who in addition to absolute technic has true, sympathetic, convincing personality. There is no trickery in her performance to say of her, "How well she is acting" would be an impertinence and an untruth. She lives the part, she is the woman in her self-exaltation and her self-abasement. Impressive in outburst of emotion, she is eloquent in reserve, in under-emphasis.

Mr. Miller gave a capital performance of the easy-going husband, at first looking on his wife's behavior jocosely, then roused to rebellion and the display of authority. The scenes of pure comedy he played with genuine lightness; his sentiment was unaffected; and in the moments of more intense emotion he avoided melodramatic pitfalls.

It is not necessary to speak in detail of the other members of the company. It is enough to say that they were living men and women seen in daily life and known. Gillette is not an exception.

An audience that filled the theatre gave the closest attention after the first act. There were many curtain calls. Mr. Miller made a little speech, and did not forget to slam the press. Miss Bates also spoke a few words. She said that the play was first read to Mr. Miller and accepted by him in this city.

"PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH" MAKES HIG HIT

Laughable Adventures at Seaside Resort Amuses Audience

ARLINGTON THEATRE: "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," a farce in three acts, by Mark Swan and C. W. Bell. This lively piece, which, it has been said, is founded on lies and lingerie, had a successful run at the Park Square Theatre. As before, the attempt of a young husband to convince his wife that he had been a gay dog with the ladies, and the laughable adventures at a seaside resort, greatly amused the audience of last night.

The farce was acted in a spirited manner. Maxine Flood took the part of Polly Hathaway which had been created by Florence Moore; Frances Grayson that of the wife who had "absolute confidence in the infidelity" of her husband, and William Shelley Sullivan played the part of Reginald, in which John Cumberland and John Arthur had successively shone.

Annie Louise Cary, whose death is reported, left the stage when she herself was not satisfied with her voice. As far as the public was concerned, she could have remained in opera for many years. She was her only adverse critic. And so that great operatic singer Milka Ternina, having said in Boston that she would withdraw from the stage as soon as her voice did not please her, left when she seemed to the average operagoer to be at the height of her power. (... was in Vienna recently, and heard ...as by Puccini in two theatres—but "Tosca," in which she was incomparable.)

Miss Cary (Mrs. Raymond) sang at the first concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Oct. 22, 1881; the celebrated, perhaps too familiar, air from Gluck's "Orpheus" and an air from Bruch's "Odysseus." The next year she married and left the stage.

The history of opera abounds in melancholy examples of singers who kept on singing when they excited pity, not applause. Some were greedy for more money; some needed money; others could not endure the thought of missing the smell of the opera house, the plaudits and the wreaths. To them their voices were as fresh as when they were young. Sims Reeves sang until he was an old man. Santley sings now and then. Adelina Patti was farewelling the dear public long after she should have been contented with life in her castle. Edward Lloyd, who recently celebrated his 76th birthday, retired when he was at the height of his fame, and reappeared only once, in November, 1915, when he sang in aid of the Belgian refugees. English and German audiences are faithful to their old singers, even when they are practically voiceless. The Germans say, "Yes, Herr Mueller's voice is not what it was: he sings flat, at least so you say—we do not mind little things like that; he is such an intellectual singer!" Italian, French and American audiences are not so merciful.

"Brahms is one of Dr. Einstein's favorites." We suspected it. Something in our heart told us it would be so. No doubt Dr. Einstein finds relativity in the music of Johannes.

A GREAT UNKNOWN

As the World Wags:

As I am not afraid of music, I went the other night to Mme. Hopekirk's recital, and enjoyed it. Alas, the association of ideas, although I could not do justice to the subject when I had to submit an examination paper on Jevons's "Logic," played the mischief with me, for while she was interpreting Mr. Harrison's "Worcestershire" Suite, I could not help thinking about Worcestershire sauce. The label on the bottle informed the world that the sauce was prepared from a recipe in the possession of an English nobleman. Who was this nobleman? Was his name ever disclosed? Is the recipe to be found in Burke's "Peerage and Baronetage," "Dictionary of the Landed Gentry," or "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy"? Not that I care for sauces, as I have reached an age when my stomach must be considered with the utmost respect.

Chestnut Hill. PELEUS PERKINS.

Your nobleman, Mr. Perkins, is one of the great unknown, to be ranked with the Man in the Iron Mask, Junius and the Man that struck Billy Patterson.—Ed.

All jokes on Harvey sauce for English roast beef are barred.

Mr. Joseph B. Elwell was murdered in New York last June. It is reassuring to read that efforts are now made to find the murderer; that "investigators are on the trail of the slayer." New York has "the finest police service in the world."

EN PASSANT

(Chicago Tribune)

Strolled a pair a gay young Froshes
In two pairs of high galoshes
All unfastened and a-flapping to the breeze.
Yet the day was bright and sunny,
Ne'er a puddle wet or runny,
And the air so mild a bunny
Wouldn't sneeze.

Now the chilly March wind rankles,
And the Mud's above my ankles,
And again those Froshes stroll at perfect ease.
But I note that now they've chosen
Satin pumps and silken hosen,
While the North wind stings to rose-n
Their bare knees.

MARGARET NORRIS.

WHY NOT INSTALL AN AIR-TIGHT STOVE FOR YOUR FRIEND?

A Dorchester reader writes: "If a person having catarrh continually spits on the floor, are other members of the family likely to contract diseases from it? If so, what kind would be the result and what should be done?"

CLEMENCEAU

(George Meredith in 1884)

He is the one prominent political Frenchman of these days whom I respect and esteem mentally, morally and cordially:—a Frenchman and more. Of how few that we admire can we say it! Most of them, noble fellows though they are, beat about as hard bound in their French blood as an inland sea. Hugo, for example.

LET "BAIZE" TELL

S. B. W. writes: "In the second quarter of the last century there was a cabinet-maker in Boston who made a specialty of mahogany furniture, secretaries, sideboards, tables, etc., and so on. The design was particularly good. I have known his name and forgotten it. Do you suppose 'Baize' would know it? By the way, would not this be an appropriate time to publish something distinctly frivolous on the text of 'Here's a health to King Charles'? I enclose a paragraph from a letter from a man who lives on the Riviera."

SOCIETY NOTE

"Cannes and Nice are full of aristocratic officers of the crack Petrograd regiments of the Guards who are glad to wash automobiles for 10 fr. a day, and princesses who sell newspapers and keep little shops of all kinds."

"COME TO POPPER FOR TRIMMED HATS"

We quote from a display advertisement. Wives and daughters, if they are respectful, always go to "Popper" for hats, especially if he is amiable; but does "Popper" urge them to do it?

COURTEOUSLY EXPLAINED

As the World Wags:

The Herald is asked by Mr. Charles Z. Browne to "throw some light" on the reasons why there were Irish in both sides of the Revolution. Mr. Browne should have attended many years ago the Cadets' performance of "Milady and the Musketeer." He would have heard Arrahmiss explain it in these words:

"With wild admiration you're chained to the spot,
Each one of you safe as a babe in his cot.
If only there's one sturdy Mick in the lot
Put a Mick in the spot where the fighting is thick;
Sure, all of his lonesome, he'll do the whole trick,
And THEN he'll proceed to lick some other Mick!

Boston. SHERWIN L. COOK.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The Skin Game," a tragi-comedy in three acts, by John Galsworthy. First performance in Boston.

Jill	Gina Grayson
Mr. Hillcrist	Marsh Allen
Fellows	Edwin Morse
Mr. Jackman	Tracy Barrow
Mrs. Jackman	Lillian Brennard
Mrs. Hillcrist	Cynthia Brooke
Dawker	Arthur Bowyer
Mr. Hornblower	Herbert Lomas
Charles	N. St. Clair Hales
Chloe	Jane Grey
Rolf	Robertson Braine
An auctioneer	Ernest Cossart
A country solicitor	Ashton Tonge
The first stranger	Douglas Garden
The second stranger	Ashton Tonge
Anna (a maid)	Cynthia Latahm

It was to be expected that John Galsworthy, with his deep sympathy and understanding of human nature, would be profoundly moved by the changes in the social order in his own beloved England during the last several years.

He has long been interested in this subject; it crops up in his novels. In "The Skin Game" he has put it into dramatic form.

He shows two families, the Hillcrists and the Hornblowers. The former are the typical old-time English aristocrats—if the word means anything, any more. Their fetish is family pride; love of their home. The Hornblowers are the nouveau riche, a family engaged in making money out of pottery works. They propose certain building plans which, if carried through, will ruin the Hillcrist estate; the Hornblowers, after buying cottages from the Hillcrists, and giving their word the cottagers will not be turned out, proceed to turn them out. Mrs. Hillcrist, in order to prevent the Hornblowers's triumph, digs up a scandal in the latter family, which concerns the daughter-in-law of old Hornblower. Mrs. Hillcrist wins, of course, in a material sense, but she brings young Mrs. Hornblower to attempted suicide; nearly ruins her young husband, and proves again that he who touches pitch surely defiles himself.

This is a very interesting play. Its central theme has enough of mystery, of suspense, to make it very entertaining. It is not, we think, Galsworthy's greatest play. We think that "Justice" and "The Pigeon," and "Strife" are better plays. In Galsworthy's more recent novels he has shown a slight tendency to write for his public, instead of writing—as he did in his earlier books—from his heart, and letting his public come to him. Is he doing this, now, in his plays? We hope not; he is a truly great writer; a man who, marvellously knowing and understanding the secrets of the human heart, can put them on paper with a moving and beautiful literary style.

It is, however, grossly unfair to be obliged to judge his play from last night's performance. The present company is a fairly good company, under normal conditions it might give, if not an inspired performance, one that would be satisfying. Before such an audience as that which gathered last night at the Plymouth Theatre, even this was impossible. No company can act before an audience that laughs when there is nothing to laugh at; from the point of view of theatre technique, such an audience ruins a performance. The actors, in rehearsing a play, do not plan for laughs in places where there should be none. When an audience giggles and bursts out into laughter at serious moments, the whole tempo of the performance is thrown out; the actors get "rattled"; that subtle communication between a sympathetic audience and the actors—which every actor knows—is lost; the performance falls flat; it is ruined.

This is what happened last night. So far as we could judge under the conditions, Mr. Lomas, as Mr. Hornblower, gave an interesting and sincere performance. Miss Grey, in her big scenes, is appealing and convincing; at other times she is a little too conventionally melodramatic. Miss Brooke, as Mrs. Hillcrist, was notably good. Mr. Cossart, as the auctioneer, did the best work of the evening.

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to a list of scu... Wagner and Liszt were ... Thus doctors disagr...

"GERTIE'S GARTER" NOW AT WILBUR THEATR

"Gertie's Garter," A. H. Wood's rapid fire farce, opened a week's engagement at the Wilbur Theatre last night, having been transferred from the Plymouth. Walter Jones, assisted by Hazel Dawn, and supported by Lor[raine] Baker and Dorothy Mackaye and the remainder of their active and wide awake company carried the piece through with accustomed snap and dash. A fair sized audience appreciated the performance and stayed until the final curtain call.

YVETTE RUGEL IS B. F. KEITH'S STAR

Yvette Rugel did not occupy the sp[ot] on the program at Keith's, but she ce[r]tainly occupied the spot reserved in th[e] hearts of the audience for the favori[te] on the bill. She was called the minia[]ture prima donna and she lived up [to] her billing. She sang songs most peo[]ple know, and ended with the "O[ld] Swanee River in minor. She was [so] heartily applauded she had to make [a] speech.

But she wasn't the only feature [on] the bill, for Brown and O'Donnell joke[d] and danced around the stage in an en[]tertaining manner. Neither could sin[g] though one of them tried hard. The[y] were clever dancers, better comedian[s] and best of all at burlesquing the pre[]vious acts.

Lester, the ventriloquist, did seeming[ly] impossible things with his voice. Th[e] conversation between himself and h[is] dummy was quite real and highl[y] amusing.

The show was closed by the Parker, father and son, in a gymnastic act. I[t] was as neat and finished an act a[s] could be wished for. The timing an[d] rhythm of their hand-balancing wa[s] beautiful to watch.

"Doc" Baker made some fast change[s] in his review, Polly Walker helped hi[m] by looking pretty and dancing daintily and Bud and Jack Pearson danced i[n] duo unusually well.

Jack Daly and Hazel Berlew dance[d] as dizzily as would be expected fro[m] their billing. Jack Ryan and Earl Bron[] son sang songs. Maud Muller and E[] Stanley provoked much amusemen[t]. Maud Muller's quick changes from th[e] ridiculous to the sublime were effective. Valerie Bergere in a skit called "Th[e] Moth" showed that women shouldn't leave their husbands and run off wit[h] other men.

In Jordan Hall last night the Ph[il]harmonic choir gave its second conc[ert] of the season. The chorister boys [of] Christ Church, Cambridge, assisted [in] the interesting program, which consi[st]ed of:

The Highwayman......The Philharmonic Ch[oir]
Charles Bennett, soloist
Violin Solo, Fantasia Appassionata...Vieuxte[mps]
The Lord Hath Commanded......Mendelss[ohn]
Sir Galahad..........The Philharmonic Ch[oir]
Charles Bennett, soloist.
Violin Solos—
Hymn to the Sun..........Rimsky-Korsak[ov]
Ghost Dance..................Cecil Burle[igh]
Negro Spiritual......Arr. by Cameron Wh[ite]
Tambourin..........................Gos[sec]
Miss Mary Cooper.
Baritone Solo, The Muletier of Tarragona..........................Henr[ion]
Mr. Bennett.
Jubilate, Amen......................Max Br[uch]
The Philharmonic Choir.

"The Highwayman" as written [by] Alfred Noyes is a very dramatic bit [of] literature, but last night the Philh[ar]monic choir allowed the musical vers[ion] to drag. And Mr. Bennett, thou[gh] possessed of a powerful voice, w[as] somewhat uncertain in his recitati[ve]. Perhaps had he memorized, he wo[uld] have drawn more dramatic possibilit[ies] from the piece.

In Mendelssohn's "The Lord Ha[th] Commanded" the choir achieved a tempo and spirit that were very ple[as]ing. But on the whole they showed [to] best advantage in the "Sir Galaha[d]" prize song. In this spirited piece th[ey] showed a power of decisiveness th[at] earned much applause. The soloist, [Mr.] Bennett, found the field most suited [to] him in Henrion's "The Muletier of T[ar]ragona" and several encores. [He] was more sympathetic in these so[ngs], tinged with a light and sentime[ntal] coloring.

The violin soloist, Miss Cooper, caught the varied spirit of Vieuxtemps, bri[ng]ing out successfully the virility of [the] allegro and the playfulness of the a[da]gio. But despite her excellent te[ch]nique and feeling she allowed the p[]technical side of the sattarella to d[raw] undue prominence to itself.

In her second group of works she [was] less fortunate. We wonder what c[uri]ous chance led her to descend f[rom] Rimsky-Karsakov's "Hymn to the S[un]" to a negro spiritual. She missed [the] spirit of the former, which makes [me] think that as a general rule yout[hful] artists should not try to follow in [the] footsteps of Kreisler. The latter [was] played "The Hymn to the Sun" so [fre]quently hereabouts that compariso[n is] inevitable.

Perhaps one of the most plea[sing] features of the program was the [ex]cellent singing of the chorister

in Christ Church, Cambridge. There was a rich, sweet tone to the soprano voices of the boys that was very agreeable. And Mr. James Bagley has trained them well.

April 6 1921

Georges Miquelle, 'Cellist, and Wife, Renee, Present Pleasing Program

By PHILIP HALE

Georges Miquelle, violoncellist, and his wife Renee Longy-Miquelle, pianist, gave an ensemble concert last night in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Saint-Saens, Sonata No. 1, op. 32; Bantock, Celtic poem (first time in Boston); Debussy, Sonata; Beethoven, Sonata op. 5, No. 1.

Granville Bantock, who visited Boston in December, 1894, as the musical director of "A Gaiety Girl," is a versatile and voluminous composer. Two of his many orchestral pieces have been played here at Symphony concerts; Part I of his "Omar Khayyam" was performed at a Cecilia Society concert in 1910; he is also known by songs and old part songs. He is a composer of succeeding periods. At first he was influenced by Wagner, Berlioz, Tschaikowsky, and the thought of Satin inspired him to write a symphonic poem. From 1892 to 1900 he was all for the Orient. Conducting an opera company in the East made him more Oriental in his music than ever. Later he was moved to write music in illustration of Dante, Shelley, Browning, Dowson, Sappho, Meredith, Swinburne, Ecclesiastes—the list is a long one.

Shortly before the war he became interested in the folk music of the Hebrides, and it was recently said that in the Hebrides his salvation occurred. There is the "Hebrides" symphony (1916), which was at one time announced for performance here this season; also a poem on the Hebrides tune, "The Sea-Reivers"; no doubt the Celtic sonata played last night—a new edition of it was published in 1919—belongs to Bantock's latest period.

"The Land of the Ever Young" is the Celtic heaven, lying somewhere to the west of the Hebrides. A white barge carries the elect to the isle, where they would be, and this barge, as Kenneth MacLeod informs one, needs no wind, no sail, no rudder. "The wish of the state that guides her is her all and her all." As this note was printed on the program, it is reasonable to suppose that Bantock's music is intended to be illustrative; if not realistic, at least impressionistic. There is little in Bantock's poem that is imaginative. He may may not introduce Hebridean folk tunes as thematic material. There are mournful strains that are not displeasing, but no one reading the note and hearing the music can find the two in sympathy. There are passages that may be taken as a portrayal of gentle waves. But what is the meaning of the many bravura passages in the form of a cadenza; of the florid, gingerbread ornamentation that might occur in any old-fashioned "Souvenir de Spa" or Theme and Variations? The Poem is for the most part futile, wearisome; strain and labor. Bantock is versatile and indefatigable. Little of his music heard in Boston has spontaneity or beauty.

Perhaps to the ears of the young admirers of the ultra-modern school, the sonata of Saint-Saens sounds old-fashioned. It was written in 1872, but it is fresher than Bantock's music. It has clarity and elegance. It is constructed with unerring skill, there are charming moments, especially in the first two movements. Debussy's sonata, one of several written when he was suffering from the cruel disease that killed him, was first played here by Mr. Casals and Miss Deyo. The Debussy of the earlier works written before he began to compose in the manner of Debussy are far preferable.

The artists did full justice to the chosen words in the matter of tonal quality, phrasing and general musical feeling. Mme. Miquelle proved herself an excellent pianist in ensemble. Her performance in Saint-Saens's sonata was especially noteworthy. Mr. Miquelle has true virtuoso qualities.

Mr. James A. Stillman's yacht that was seen and admired by sojourners at Miami in February and March is named "Modesty." Life has its little ironies.

A MIS-DREAMED ROSALIND

(New York Tribune, March 30)

"Yet what we are chiefly interested in is the assumption put forward by Mr. Daly that acting is among the abstract and disembodied arts. 'They confine their criticisms to his acting,' writes Daly, cutting off with a sentence all fleshly attributes of the art of acting. In reviewing 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' Mr. Daly would allow the critics to speak of the art of the Rosalind, of her voice, of her intelligence, her reputation, her technique, but not of her legs."

ANOTHER GOPHER PRAIRIE?

(Chicago Tribune)

Sir: Wauconda is a quiet village on a beautiful lake. The minister runs the picture show. The barber doubles in dentistry, or vice versa (take heed which chair you occupy). The railroad conductor is the auto-Everyman. Thirty miles from Chicago, and the morning papers arrive at 7 o'clock in the evening. A.

In Wauconda, nevertheless, one has, has not one, the bee's hum, the crow of the cock, the note of lark and linnet, odors of plowed field and flowery mead, and the movies? Besides, the "Boost Wauconda Club" has put a metropolitan, big city sign on the outskirts, reading: "Have You Purchased Your Necessary Ice Cream Cones While in Wauconda?"

H. A. S. writes: "Should not N. W. Printup, manager of the branch of the American Type Founders Company in Atlanta, Ga., receive passing mention, at least?"

"THE EXPLORERS"

As the World Wags:

My apologies to F. C. B. It was indeed a saxophone played by Knox Wilson in "B. L. T.'s" "The Explorers." I made it accordion so that further along I could say: "Like Wilson's accordion, the play was elongated or condensed at the whim of the producer." If I had said saxophone I don't think the simile would have been so bright.

But I think F. C. B. is mistaken in calling "The Explorers" "ill-fated." Mr. Carle returned in 1901 to America from London, where he had been playing a minor part in "The Belle of Bohemia." "The Explorers" proved good for a season in Chicago and on the road; although toward the latter part of the season the company alternated "The Explorers" with a slightly revised version of "The Burgomaster." One number from "The Explorers," "My Madagascar Maid," was revived eight years later and interpolated in "Mary's Lamb."

Someone should dig up a vocal score of "The Explorers" (Witmark published it) and reprint the cast. H. C.

Boston.

As the World Wags:

In a program of "The Explorers," dated week of Jan. 2, 1902, the part of Maizie Fields was taken by Agnes Paul.

G. E. P.

APPRECIATED AT LAST

As the World Wags:

I have always believed that the editor of As the World Wags is a man of high attainments and discriminating tastes. My belief is confirmed by his note anent old Saugus in the Monday issue of The Herald. The Malden Evening News deserves a sharper reprimand than the dignified rebuke that note contains, and should remember the old adage about stones and glass houses.

I sincerely hope that you will live to have your desire consummated; that you will journey to Saugus, enjoy her rural beauties; partake of the pleasures of her hospitable homes, and then that your facile pen will be used to disabuse the public mind of the reputation for buffoonery that has somehow fastened on that much maligned village and its citizens. SCOTT I. LITCHFIELD.

Cliftondale.

A RAILWAY ANECDOTE

As the World Wags:

The writer is desirous of ascertaining the date of the railroad anecdote, "Commonwealth," by Weston Holme, published some years ago in the New England Magazine, and referred to in a clipping before me taken from As the World Wags. I have recently seen photographs of the old-time Boston & Providence locomotives, Commonwealth, Sharon, Attleboro and others, and would like to learn something of their history. New England towns are still full of memories of the named-engine period, which terminated during the eighties, when progress and expediency banished sentiment, but is it not a pity that such a name as Old Colony should have been eliminated from the historic South Shore railroad which traverses the length and breadth of the Land of the Pilgrims? How strangely out of place, inapplicable and foreign is the present name which greets the traveler, journey where one may through southern New England!

As the Boston & Albany, in name if not in fact, has been happily restored, may it not be hoped that the historically fitting title Old Colony railroad may yet come back to its own in the picturesque and memorable region from which it got its name and fame?

Boston. W. A. H.

We regret to say that a leading member of the Porphyry Club—not Mr. Herkimer Johnson, we hasten to say—was recently described as "a general futility man."

GIVE ENTERTAINMENT FOR POLAND'S RELIEF

An entertainment was given yesterday afternoon at the Shubert Theatre for the benefit of the Polish relief. Miss Margaret Severn danced; Miss Beatrice Herford gave monologues and Mrs. de Menocal sang.

Miss Severn yesterday proved anew that she is a remarkable dancer. She has, also, no small talent for miming; imagination, dramatic fire and color were in her performance yesterday. The costumes for her various dances were unusually effective and appropriate, particularly that of her "Dance Tzigane," where in a red and black dress she whirled about the stage with streaming hair. She has a great sense of humor, too, as witness "The Silly Doll Tries a Greek Dance." In this, she wore the now famous Benda mask of the silly doll, and pranced around the stage to the music of Schubert's "Moment Musicale," now stumbling over imaginary obstacles; now recovering her balance with ludicrous effect. It was a great pleasure to see her in a long program. Alexander Steinert, at the piano, was her sympathetic accompanist.

Miss Herford gave many of her best liked monologues, including "The Matinee Girl" and "An English Lady Packing Her Trunk." She is, as always, mistress of this form of entertainment. Her monologue, "At the Ten Cent Store," was very funny.

Mrs. de Menocal, accompanied by Mrs. Nevil Ford, in two troups of songs by Poldowsky, Borodin, Cesar Franck and Tschaikowski, gave much pleasure by her singing. A large and appreciative audience enjoyed the entertainment.

April 7

TO B. L. T.

(Read at a memorial service to Bert Leston Taylor of the Chicago Tribune at the Blackstone Theatre, Chicago, Sunday, March 27.)

Friend, through a blurring mist of tears,
That with the days but faster flow,
Contribute I, as twenty years
Ago;

When with your gentle hand you showed
A faltering but adoring youth
The road—the straight and shining road
Of Truth.

With you ahead as loving guide,
To light the road for me, you know—
And only you—how I have tried
To go.

Dark now the way; the road unfair,
Where now the guide from whom to
learn
The Path? . . . O Friend, I don't know
where
To turn!

And yet you left the path so true
That not the blindest but can trace
His kinship to the so-called human race.

Sweet friend, to whom I have revealed
The heart within me through the years,
You know how poorly I've concealed
My tears.

Light is my threnody and crude;
I might have made it heavier, were it
Not that I knew this is how you'd
Prefer it.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

BARITONO ROBUSTO

It is said that Mr. Tita Ruffo, the stentorian baritone, will leave the Chicago opera company to join the singing men and women—this includes Miss Farrar—of the Metropolitan. Chicago need not be disconsolate. On a calm night the celebrated Sig. Ruffo can undoubtedly be heard in the streets of that city when he is exerting himself in a heroic role on the Metropolitan stage.

GOOD READING AT HARVARD

The announcement that "men who concentrate in the ancient or modern languages" at Harvard University, must show on examination an acquaintance with the Bible and 12 plays of Shakespeare has been favorably received—at least outside the university. The New York Evening Post remarks: "Any one who knows college freshmen knows that it is hardihood to assume they have read much of anything. . . . Knowledge of Meredith and Conrad is worth 50 times as much for dinner parties as knowledge of 'Lear' and 'Ecclesiastes.' Ability to refer, off-hand, to Bielinsky, Mallarme, and the clemental strength of Knut Hamsun is incomparably more valuable if you are to be a teacher, lecturer, or writer. The advertisements which show a young man captivating a social circle, business acquaintance, or pretty girl by his flow of culture are not designed to sell the Bible or sets of Shakespeare. The young man would be shunned as a bore if he resorted to these topics."

It is to be regretted that "any standart version, ancient or modern," of the Bible may be used. The wise men admit in the announcement that the King James version is a "great monument" of English prose. Why not insist on this version in preference to any "revised" edition?

Some were surprised when Henley included some of the Psalms and long extracts from Exodus, Samuel, Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, The Song of Songs, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Lamentations, Ezekiel, Joel, Amos, Habakkuk—53 pages in all—in his admirably selected anthology entitled "English Lyrics." Referring to these extracts, Henley says in his preface: "Come now the noble numbers — passionate, affecting, essentially lyrical—from one of the two greatest books in English. They are selected and repeated from the Authorized Version (1613) for that achievement in art is, like so much else that is perdurable in art, the outcome of a tradition, begun when Tyndale and Coverdale made the great body of Hebrew poetry and history and legend an English book." What a pity that Henley died before he could write the preface to the Bible in the Tudor Series edited by him!

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who has much to say about the education of the son who never has been born unto him, would put his young Adolphus through a rigorous course of the Bible, Swift, Defoe, Fielding, Cobbett and Hazlitt, "then I think he would be well fitted for literary work, familiar correspondence and even the writing of display advertisements."

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN W. BERRY

As the World Wags:

Your allusion the other day to the work of John W. Berry (although you said Barry, evidently in error) in writing inaugurals for the mayors of Lynn in old times brings back a happy recollection of his inimitable humor. One night at a gathering it was decided to have a series of speakers, each to learn when called upon, for the first time, the subject on which he was to speak. When Berry arose the presiding officer gave out this topic: "The Land of the Midnight Sun."

Berry started off by saying that this would be his favorite place on the face of the earth, since he understood the days were six months long, and the nights six months long also. The pleasure of saying to the man who came to collect a bill—"I will pay you the day after tomorrow" would be very great.

I also knew Edwin W. Ingalls, whom you also mention, well. He is one of the few men who took up newspaper work and made a fortune out of the Shoe Retailer, which he now publishes. At Poland Spring this winter somebody remarked:

"When E. W. Ingalls and Col. Walter Emerson have an hour's talk together, they settle more questions than a whole session of Congress—and, I believe, settle them more wisely." PLURIBUS.

HARVARD GLEE CLUB AT SYMPHONY HALL

Kreisler Assists in Concert Given with Artistic Fervor

The Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Archibald T. Davison, conductor, assisted by Fritz Kreisler, gave a concert last night in Symphony Hall. The program:

Cherubim Song, Sergei Rachmaninoff; De Profundis; O Sacrum Convivium, Lodovico Grossi Viadana.
Harvard Glee Club.
Sonata in G major.......................Brahms
Mr. Kreisler.
"Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded."
Tenor solo by W. B. Martin '21.
Love Songs, Brahms; Cavalier Song, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford.
Harvard Glee Club.
Chanson Louis XIII et Pavane..........Couperin
Variations ....Tartini
Air...............................Rachmaninoff
La Fille au Cheveux de Lin.............Debussy
(Arranged by Arthur Hartmann.)
La Gitana...............................Kreisler
Mr. Kreisler.
The Nightingale, Thomas Weelkes; Heartache, Dvorak; Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Oones.
Harvard Glee Club.

Mr. Kreisler played with his usual form and brilliancy and responded to the insatiate demands of the audience, which filled the hall, with three encores. He was sympathetically accompanied by Carl Lamson.

The Glee Club sang with fine spirit and artistic fervor, receiving an enthusiastic reception. Mr. Martin's solo, with the entire club singing the accompaniment, was particularly well done.

April 8 1921

The spirit of France is still magnificently heroic. The French government has invited Mr. James K. Hackett to play Macbeth in a Parisian theatre.

THE CUTTING FUMES OF LANDIS' FLAMING BREATH.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Sir: "Commissioner Landis, however, cut the Gordian knot yesterday with one breath," says the W. G. N. Or, in other words, the breath is mightier than the sword. W. S.

A SPANIARD'S SOLUTION

As the World Wags:

A young Bostonian, Dr. Adolphe Eisenbourg, sends from Spain a copy of a Madrid newspaper, El Sol, with a translation of a leading article headed "La Cuestion Social," by one Julio Camba, plainly a deep thinker, who discusses matters which may be of interest to your constituency.

"In the class struggle of the last 50 years it has occurred to no one to think about who constitute these classes. The result is that now there is no middle class; only, uniquely, employers an[d] workers. If one has an e[...] swept off their legs.—L[...]

song

is a worker, if one has a worker, one is an employer. But I believe that the confusion still continues and that this class struggle is like a dance-hall fracas where the lights are put out and the strongest blows are given to the most intimate friends. At the end of a strike of walters, for example, a strike which we had encouraged, believing to combat the bourgeois, the only thing which is clearly seen is that we have to pay 10 centimes more for a cup of chocolate. As workers, we may have gained the battle; but as clients of the cafe, it is indubitable that we have lost. And in order to determine if, in taking stock, we are left gainers or losers, it should be determined which of the two categories is the more important: that of clients of the cafe or that of workers. I should dare to affirm that the category of clients of the cafe is the more important.

"For me, in effect, the fundamental error of the class-struggle is in classifying men into those who earn and those who consume. I am a worker, undoubtedly; but, besides, I am a buyer of shoes, of neckties, a patron of spectacles, a smoker, an habitue of the cafe, etc., and if as a worker it interests me that salaries rise, much more it interests me that they fall. The importance of what is earned is, in the end, determined by what is consumed. Many men consume more than they earn. Others earn nothing, which demonstrates that earning is not indispensable in actual conditions of society; but everybody consumes. We should form syndicates of consumers: the syndicate of the buyers of shoes, for example; of lovers of blue scarves; of friends of the tart Alcazar. One could belong to 30, 40, 50 syndicates, whose action could be combined many times, and in this way, perhaps, the social question would emerge from the horrible, obscure melee in which all humanity finds itself entangled."

As the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe" remarks, "It's a nice point. I don't know that I ever thought of it before."

Winchester MIRIAM LOWELL.

THE CHOIR WILL NOW SING

As the World Wags:

No doubt you have heard it, but, perhaps, some of your readers haven't:

Mary had a little skirt,
'Twas cut too short by half;
Who gives a damn
For Mary's lamb,
When he can see her calf?

THE BREECHES BIBLE

As the World Wags:

If Mr. Denis McCarthy had ever read an old Bible, a family heirloom bequeathed to my daughter, he would be still more certain that Adam and Eve are the proper patron saints for tailors. This Bible, with Apocrypha and Concordance, was printed by the Deputies of Christopher Barker at London in 1599, four years before Queen Elizabeth died. It is bound together with a "Booke of Common Prayer and a Psalter or Psalmes of Dauid. Imprinted at London by Robert Barker, Printer to the Queenes most excellent Majestie. Anno 1600." There are also, in this same volume, many hymns and psalms for which the music of the air is given, and an "Almanacke" for finding all the Holy Days and the appointed lessons for every day in the year, from 1597 to 1641.

In the third chapter of Genesis, instead of the usual reading of the seventh verse, as quoted by Mr. McCarthy, this verse reads as follows: "Then the eyes of both were opened, and they knewe that they were naked, and they sewed figgo tree leaues together and made themselues breeches."

A Bible containing this verse so translated is called a "Breeches Bible." Perhaps a tailor was one of the translators.

MARION STREETER.

Brookline.

"STATE'S EVIDENCE"

As the World Wags:

Waiving all opinion of the "pros and cons" in the confidential discussion of the United States delegation at Versailles, is not Mr. Lansing's position something like this? Having been willing to be "particeps criminis" in a course which he says he thought at the time to be vicious, because it was to be apparently a successful one; when it proved a failure he turns in "state's evidence" and betrays a colleague

THE OLD 'UN.

Boston.

L. R. R. calls our attention to a member of Peck and Jennings' "Jazz Babies" company, which played at the Howard Athenaeum the week of Feb. 28. "She was a pupil of Maurel in Paris and created a part in one of Puccini's operas. She sang in most of the opera houses of Europe and America, including the Boston Opera House. From La Scala to the Old Howard! Chief Caupolican took the upward journey from Waldron's Casino to the Metropolitan Opera House. Life has its little ironies."

Yet the Howard Athenaeum was once the home of grand opera, from 1847, when the Havana Opera Company first acquainted Boston with the Italian masters of that period.

YOU SHOULD VISIT THE PLACE

"Simmons" sends us a clipping from The Boston Herald of March 30. Under the heading "Died" is an advertisement describing the glories of Atlantic City, beginning "A Rendezvous of Fashion."

"What do you mean, 'died'? Is Atlantic City classified under this column as a result of the 18th amendment?"

Oh, no, for the advertisement says farther down: "There's everything one could wish for": Theatres, golf, rolling chairs, the famous Board Walk and the Gent's Walk.

ADD "THEATRE PESTS"

(London Daily Chronicle)

An amusing scene that called forth many smiles was enacted a few nights ago in the stalls of a West-end theatre. During one of the intervals a young lady, who followed the fashion of wearing the scantiest amount of back to the bodice of her evening dress, untied the heart of a big chiffon rose that decorated the centre of her long-handled screen fan, displaying an enormous powder puff sewn on to the fan.

With this she calmly proceeded to powder her shoulders and back by the simple devise of stretching the long gilt handle over one shoulder and then the other, after which she retied the petals of the rose into their original place, and continued to use her novel powder puff as a fan.

April 9, 1921

21ST CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, "Tragic" Symphony, No. 4; Foote, Suite in E major for strings; Saint-Saens, Violoncello concerto No. 1 (Mr. Schroeder, violoncellist); Vassilenko, Epic Poem for Orchestra, op. 4 (first time in Boston).

The Andante from Schubert's "Tragic" Symphony was for some years a favorite piece in Boston. Theodore Thomas brought it here in 1871 and it was played three times at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra within four years. The symphony was composed in 1816, but the whole of it was not heard in public until George Grove brought a manuscript copy of it from Vienna for performance at the Crystal Palace early in 1869. Yesterday the whole of the symphony was played for the first time in Boston, as far as we are able to ascertain.

Was it worth while to exhume this symphony? To modern ears there is little that is "tragic" in the work, except in the Introduction; otherwise the music is rather amiable; the Andante is frankly sentimental. The symphony is chiefly valuable for its showing a step in the development of the composer. Only in the Introduction does he strike an individual note. The other movements are hardly Schubertian except perhaps the Minuet. He had not yet caught the secret of surprising yet apparently inevitable modulations; the music is free from the peculiar and characteristic melancholy, nor is there the careless spontaneity of the great melodist of the after years. Schubert was only 19 years old when he wrote this symphony, which was beautifully played: one appreciated the performance even when the music seemed commonplace.

Mr. Monteux is to be thanked for reviving Mr. Foote's Suite. The revival was more than a compliment to a Boston musician; the pleasure in hearing the music was more than parochial pride in the success of a fellow townsman. This Suite would be heard gladly in any city; not merely because it is by an American. The Prelude, skilfully constructed, is in form both classic and romantic, charmingly melodious throughout. Then comes the second movement, Pizzicato, with a tender episode, now wistful, now reassuring, an admirable contrast to the capriciously plucked strings. "Capriciously"? The word may be misleading. There are pizzicato movements in which the composer too evidently aims at surprising the hearers and trapping their applause. Mr. Foote's Pizzicato persuades one that he could not have thought of this music in any other way. After this movement applause was so hearty, so genuine that Mr. Foote was obliged to acknowledge it. The Finale is a fugue, not too scholastic; not too long drawn out; music that holds the attention while it commands respect.

Vassilenko of Moscow supplied no program for his "Epic Poem." A biographer has said that 'it shows the composer's "taste and talent for mediaevalism which receives support from a profound knowledge of modal and church music." This may all be, but the chief impression made by the Poem is that it pictures hard and desperate fighting. The musical ideas are not striking; the instrumentation is heavy. The Poem, an early work of the composer, who was born in 1872, is middle-class German rather than Russian. As far as it is concerned, Vassilenko's name might be Mueller and Chemnitz or Eisleben his dwelling place.

Mr. Shroeder must have been greatly pleased, deeply affected by the wholesouled tribute paid him by audience, conductor and orchestra after his performance of Saint-Saens's concerto, which still holds a high place in the literature of the violoncello. Mr. Schroeder joined the orchestra in 1891. He has been before the public as a violoncellist since 1875. During all these years he has served his art faihtfully and honorably. It is not too much to say, that while his excellent qualities have been appreciated in cities of this country and of Europe, he is here peculiarly at home; he is a Boston institution. Young in heart, receptive, not disturbed or perplexed by changing and novel forms of musical expression, he is still in the stage of artistic maturity.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week comprises Vaughn Williams's "London" Symphony; Arthur Shepherd's Fantasy for piano and orchestra (Mr. Gebhard, pianist), and Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture-fantasia.

CONCERT BY FABRIZIO IS WELL ATTENDED

Carmine Fabrizio, violinist, assisted by Alfred de Voto, pianist, gave a concert last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Handel, Sonata in D major; Bach, Praeludium in E major and Gavotte in E major; Chausson, Poeme; Grandos, Spanish Dance; Couperin-Kreisler, Aubade Provencale; Chabrier-Loeffler, Scherzo Valse; Ysaye, Reve d'Enfant; Sarasate, Zapateado.

In spite of the disagreeable weather and a musical counter attraction, there was a large audience which evidently was greatly pleased. Mr. Fabrizio was recalled after each group of selections. He is a violinist of sound qualities and serious aims. Furthermore, he has musical feeling and understanding. In the first Allegro in Handel's Sonata the rhythm was at times unsteady, and there was a tendency to hasten the pace unduly. There were fine emotional moments in the performance of Chausson's "Poeme."

Miss Horniman's Repertory Theatre in Manchester, Eng., is to be used, according to report, as a cinema house. It is proposed by some in Paris to turn the famous opera house into a theatre for films. And now the noble Romans are perturbed because there is a plan to give shows in the justly celebrated Coliseum. The dispersal of Miss Horniman's company is to be regretted; one can understand the opposition to the "desecration" of the Paris Opera House; but why should any Roman object to shows in the Coliseum, which was built for shows and has already seen spectacles far surpassing those invented by Reinhardt or Fokine? Operas and plays have often been performed on the old Roman arenas at Orange and Bezlers. The amphitheatre at Verona has seen operas if not plays in recent years.

What theatre is more fitting for a grand historical pageant or a film play showing Rome in its glory and its decadence than the Coliseum, which would hold about 75,000 spectators and thus rival the Yale bowl of bowlt at Syracuse, N. Y.? The ancient shows pompously described by Gibbon could not be wholly duplicated, for the censor might object to gladitorial combats to a finish; but there could be a brave endeavor. In case of certain film plays, the old name of the 64 doors, "vomitoria," would be singularly appropriate.

BEN JONSON A LA MODE

(New York Evening Post.)

Drink to me only with your brew,
And I will pledge with mine.
Put raisins in the Apple-Ju
And I'll not look for wine.
The drinks in other days we knew,
Yolsteadfastly decline,
But might I have a barrel from you,
I'd not exchange for mine.

I sent thee late a cake of yeast
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope to be
In your next recipe.
But thou thereof didst only breathe,
And swore it smelled divine.
Drink to me only with your Ryes,
And I'll drink back with mine.

W. M. G.

AND THIS CRITIC'S NAME IS BRIGHT!

As the World Wags:

Speaking of Walter Hampden's "Macbeth," the critic of the Detroit News had this to say: "There are a lot of police reporters who can dive into a crime wave, 1921 model, and emerge with a better story than that written by the late Mr. Shakespeare."

Boston. SHERWIN L. COOK.

We have received a card inviting us to a meeting in Kingsley Hall next Wednesday evening. The question for discussion will be: "Why and How Should Prohibition Be Enforced?"

FOR THE W. C. T. U.
By MRS. EMMA HOWLAND
Recently Returned from Prohibition Champaign Around the World.

We have tasted "near beer," and although it was wet, we did not like it. Wild horses could not drag us to the drinking of "prohibition champagne"; yet Mrs. Howland apparently drank it around the world and has returned, able to speak, so that the beverage is not necessarily lethal.

THAT PUZZLE

As the World Wags:

It doesn't need a "bright-eyed boy" to solve the problem from a London journal in your column of March 12.

A and B each ride at 10 miles an hour rate. The distance between them is 20 miles. They therefore will meet at the middle point and will have ridden just an hour. The fly flies 15 miles an hour. An hour will have elapsed when the riders meet; therefore the fly will have flown 15 miles. The fact that he shuttles back and forth makes no difference about the distance he goes. He has to make quick turns, and his distance each way quickly reaches the vanishing point. In an hour he meets A and B at the same moment. Presumably he lights then on both their noses at once!

Boston. AN OLD BOY.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY

As the World Wags:

Admiral Sims, beloved of hyphenates told a story the other day which thought was pretty good, so I repeated it to my family, which, be it known, is two in number and feminine in sex. It is a war story. A badly wounded Scotch soldier was brought into the hospital and placed in a ward with a number of other injured soldiers. The surgeon on duty examined him, found his case entirely hopeless, and so reported to the surgeon-in-chief. The latter waited on the Scotchman and said: "Sandy you're a pretty sick man. If there is anything you want, tell me and you shall have it." Sandy thereupon expressed a desire to hear the pipes, and three brawny pipers were brought in and played earnestly and energetically for three hours in that ward.

Next morning the chief said to his subordinate, "I suppose Sandy is dead." "No, indeed," replied the sub, "Sandy is fine, but all the others are dead."

I repeat, it is a good story, and I looked for due appreciation from my female auditors, but it was not to be. The larger female, who is the mother of the smaller female, said it was a long story and she had not followed it. The smaller female wanted further information as to what had killed the unfortunate soldiers. There have been tongues of slander about feminine appreciation of humor. I will not be one of them, but I won't tell any more funny stories to females.

G. S.

Boston.

POETIC LICENSE

As the World Wags:

We can forgive the earlier poets for the liberties they took with Pilgrim history, for "the stern and rock-bound coast" and the "lowing kine" and the romance of Myles Standish, but in these days why should one, as does Mr. Stevenson in the poem recently published in The Herald, talk about "Houses fashioned of tree and stone" and of the Pilgrims sending Samoset "to Monhegan to lay them (the gifts which he carried) before the King"?

Massasoit did not come from or live at Monhegan. Samoset did, but Massasoit lived near the Plymouth settlement. As for stone in the early crude huts, why but Mr. Stevenson has heard of its use.

Brookline. W.

TOE POETRY

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

Sir: In Phoenix, Arizona, they used this to attract 'em to an exhibition of the dance. It is from the Pittsburgh Post. Percy and Ruth may like it:

"Lada last night at Carnegie Hall was choreographic art in its apotheosis. With a torso of undulating charm, arms that were music and toes that were poetry, she of all the dancers stimulated us most; she was crescendo and pianissimo, she was exotic and ethereal, she was—simply Lada—and that means freedom from the gymnastic and the acrobatic. Had she been a fairy from Andersen's Tales——"

G. B. M.

As the World Wags:

My father's preventive against literary foes consisted in having printed at the bottom of his book plates the following quotation from Sir Walter Scott:

"And please return it! For I find that although most of my friends are poor mathematicians, they are nearly good bookkeepers."

W. S. A.

GALLI-CURCI GIVES FAREWELL CONCERT

Is Assisted by Flutist Berenguer in Closing Season Here

At Symphony Hall last night Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci made her last appearance for the present season, assisted

by Manuel Berenguer, flutist, and omer Samuels, accompanist. The program was as follows: L'amour de moi ifteenth century French); Mozart, on so piu, "Figaro"; Bellini, Come per e sereno, "Sonnambula"; Bishop, "Lo, ere the Gentle Lark" (with flute; assanet, "Crepuscle" (Twilight); elibes, Bolero; Grieg, "Chanson de olveig"; Auber, Bourbonnaise, "Manon scaut", Samuels, "Garden Thoughts," d "When Chloris Sleeps"; Novello, 'he Little Damozel"; Meyerbeer, adow Song from "Dinorah" (with ute).

Mme. Galli-Curci added many encores, iong them being "Clavelitos," "Sweet d Low," "Annie Laurie," "I Cannot ng the Old Songs," "Swing Low, Sweet ariot" and "Home Sweet Home." The cores were really the feature of the ening.

The main program merely proved at we already know: that Mme. Galli-Curci is a capable vocal gymnast, th an unfortunate tendency toward tting; the encores showed that she an artist no less able to sing quiet, mple melodies which depend on their art interest for their charm. She s content to sing them without exssive ornamentation.

Mr. Berenguer, in addition to his two bligatos, performed the following very eptably: Gaubert, Soir sur la plaine; mnuels, "Autumn Leaves A-whirl." . Samuels made an excellent accomnist. His songs, while attractive at t hearing, are perhaps a little sweet good wearing.

April 10 1921

"Deburau," a comedy by Sacha Guitry, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. The English version is by Granville Barker, who contributes a preparatory note. He says it was his business "to provide for English speaking actors, as nearly as might be, parallel opportunities to those the French had enjoyed in the production of the play." No theory of dramatic translation was brought into question. "Guitry's meaning has, it is hoped, been stuck to, detail by detail. But where it has seemed that only a paraphrase could avoid the appearance of laboring it (a sin that he never commits) the English does sometimes travel wide of the literal mark." Mr. Barker adds that a play in any case must not be judged by the printed page—"where it lies inanimate, incomplete. . . . This is neither excuse nor justification for any liberties that follow—though indeed they are not numerous or ever wilful—but there is implied a recommendation to read M. Sacha Guitry's play in the original when such a far better opportunity occurs."

In spite of Mr. Barker's almost apologetic tone as a translator; in spite of his just remark that a play should not be judged by the printed page, "Deburau" is well worth reading.

The play was brought out at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, in 1918. It is to be regretted that the original cast and the cast in this country are not printed in the book. There was, for some months after the Parisian production, talk in London of a performance there. Charles Cochran secured the English rights.

Mr. Belasco had the courage and the artistic sense to bring out the play in this country. He has been well rewarded. The production is one of the chief events in the theatrical season now drawing to a close.

Guitry's play is based on the lives of two famous pantomimists: Jean Gaspard Deburau, the father (1802-1846), and his son, Charles Deburau (1829-1873). Guitry represents the father, miserably paid at the Theatre des Funambules, simple, kind, devoted to his wife, unspoiled by the flamboyant praise of Jules Janin, Theophile Gautier and others, suddenly falling in love with Marie Duplessis, the heroine of "La Dame aux Camelias," and disillusioned only when he finds Armand Duval in her room. The other chief theme of the play is the gradual supersession of the father by his son. The father's heart is breaking. His son, now growing up, longs for the success of the stage. When the elder Deburau discovers the boy's ambition, he is cut to the quick; the son must act in comedy, not in pantomime; he must take another name. Although Jean Gaspard now seldom acts, he returns to the theatre, and fails. His youthfulness and his agility are no more. But the Deburau tradition must not die. Charles must succeed him, and in the last scene the father is shown helping his son take up as Pierrot, telling him how he can attract the public, disclosing the secret of his past successes. And the reader, or the spectator, is led to hope that the father was cheered in his last years by the thought of his son's triumphs.

As a matter of history, about 1840 a new and accomplished Pierrot, Paul Legrand, disturbed somewhat the serenity of the elder Deburau, who died in 1846. Although he had suffered for a long time he insisted on playing till the end, through fear lest Legrand would cause him to be forgotten. The story that Gaspard's death was due to an accident caused by a trap out of order is only a legend. It was about 1845 that Charles Deburau, apprenticed as a boy of 9 years to a jeweler, later a painter on porcelain, told his father he wished to enter the Paris Conservatory that he might become a tragedian. The father pointed out the dangers of the profession, but the young man insisted and entered the class of the famous Samson. "Charles's face was comic; the voice was not very good." Toward the end of 1846 he began to play small parts at the Funambules, but it was not until Oct. 6, 1847, a year and a few months after the death of his father, that Charles appeared as Pierrot at the Funambules in "Les Trois Planetes." After that appearance he received from the greedy, stingy manager the salary of 25 francs a week. Charles was a handsome fellow. In the fifties, Rosine Stoltz, a famous singer at the opera, fell wildly in love with him. She gave the director of the Delassements Comiques 110,000 francs in 1855, of which 30,000 francs were for the renovation and embellishment of that theatre. Charles was engaged as actor and stage manager for eight years at a yearly salary of 8000 francs. Rosine was then 43; Charles was 27. Affairs at the theatre did not prosper. Charles went touring with his own company. He married a Miss Goby, one of a family of comedians.

In 1872, it was said in print that Rosine Stoltz was in love with a Pierrot. Was it malice or slander? If the story was true, the Pierrot was Debureau, the father, then 46, or Legrand, who was 26; it could not have been Charles Deburau. In later years, Rosine said she had met Charles, in the fifties, through a business man who invested for her; that she gave money to a theatre director in hope of a handsome return, not from love of Charles. The ungrateful Pierrot soon tired of her and she had to break his engagement, "to leave what he called a hell," but, nevertheless, he passed a summer with her at Ems. Soon afterwards he married. As for that extraordinary woman, Rosine, who had been countess, princess and duchess by successive marriages—she died in obscurity, but not in poverty, at Paris, in 1903.

The early life of Guitry's hero was adventurous. His family consisted of strolling acrobats. He himself was born in Bohemia. As a boy, acting as clown, he was often hungry, often beaten. In the first act of Guitry's play he describes his wanderings: "A hungry day came after an empty tent at night. . . . Whoever kept balanced, I always fell. Oh, and I have been beaten finely for nearly—and not quite—breaking my neck." He arrived in Paris in 1811, and the family gave performances there in the open air. Eight years later he appeared for the first time as a Pierrot, at the Funambules. The family had been engaged there at a salary of f.115 a week without costumes. It was about 1828 that he excited the enthusiasm of Charles Nodier, Gerard de Nerval, Gautier, Balzac, and others. On Sept. 22, 1829, Figaro published the famous article attributed to Jules Janin: "Do you know who M. Deburau is? . . . After Talma and Portier he is the most complete actor that we have had for 20 years.

Janin's life of Debureau was published in 1833 in two volumes. While it was a eulogy of the mime, it was also a bitter, satirical attack on the supposed by more important theatres of Paris. This life was reprinted in one volume in 1882 with a preface by Arsene Houssaye. The reader should also consult the fascinating "Souvenirs des Funambules" by Champfleury; the brilliant articles of Gautier in his "History of Dramatic Art," and Paul Hugonnet's "Mimes et Pierrots." There is an excellent account of father and son in Lyonnet's "Dictionnaire des Comediens Francais."

Scenarios of the pantomimes of the two Deburaus were published in one volume in 1889 with a preface by Champfleury.

It is hardly necessary to say that the story of the elder Deburau, Dumas's heroine and Armand is an invention of Guitry.

A George Meredith Play: "Rhoda Fleming" with Alterations

The production of the Ambassadors, by the Playwrights Theatre, of Mr. A. Phillipson's adaptation of Rhoda Fleming raises once again the vexed question of how large an extent it is permissable for the dramatist to alter the work of the novelist to suit his own ends. Obviously he may compress and reconstruct. He may alter the order of events and he may let them take place in Kent when the novelist has planned them in London. He may omit characters (though a Rhoda Fleming play without Peggy Lovell sounds almost unthinkable), and he may impart a little comic relief—but really we do not think that he is entitled to interfere with the paternity of the characters who still remain.

George Meredith, and, after all, he knew best, decreed that Edward Blancove, the young gentleman who trifled with the affections of Dahlia, should be the son of a wealthy banker, and that Algernon, who made off with the thousand pounds and wished to marry Rhoda, should be the son of a sea-Tappan in fact, to the proper development of the plot the relationship was essential, because later on when the old squire died Algernon inherited the estates, and consequently all but succeeded in his design to make Rhoda his wife. However, Mr. Phillipson has different views on the subject, and in the play Edward has become the squire's son, while Algernon is so unimportant that his parentage is not discussed, and it is merely explained that he is Edward's cousin. It is difficult to see why the change has been made. It does not improve the play from a dramatic standpoint, and surely, in a case like this, the opinion of George Meredith should have been final.

But Rhoda Fleming does not make a good play, perhaps because in the novel Dahlia is the more interesting character, and in the play the author has tried to hold the scales evenly between the two sisters. The result is that he has his hands too full, to develop any of his characters clearly. Dahlia is not seen until after she has discovered that Edward has led her astray, and with Rhoda there is little opportunity of understanding the passionate desire to save her sister's good name, even to the point of making a loveless marriage, which, by the way, is being discussed in the play at a much earlier point than in the novel. Of Peggy Lovell, and the important part she plays in the development of the plot, one sees nothing and hears but a stray remark; neither does the unscrupulous Sedgett, the husband of the loveless marriage, appear on the stage. The villainies of Algernon are lightly passed over, and Robert does not impress one as the man who would scour London for weeks on end in order to find the sister of the woman he hopes to make his wife.

What the play does very effectively is to present us with a series of types, and here both the playwright and the actors show considerable skill. The Anthony Hackbutt of Mr. William Armstrong is particularly good, and in the scene wherein the old messenger applies the bank's gold to his own uses he gave a piece of powerful acting which won the most genuine applause of the afternoon. Admirable also were the performances of Mr. Bruce Winston as Mas' Gamon, Mr. Allan Jeayes as Farmer Fleming, and Miss Clare Greet as Mrs. Sumfit, for they all brought the atmosphere of the Kent farmhouse into the theatre. There was a clever little study, too, by Mr. Ivor Barnard as the messenger from the jeweller's, who frightens Algernon into paying his long overdue account. Miss Moyna Macgill as Rhoda and Miss Dorothy Massingham as Dahlia both made one wish that the characters had been more effectively drawn. They got a great deal out of them, but it was not easy to realize that these were the sisters out of whose lives Meredith had written one of his most intensely interesting books.—London Times, March 22.

Professional Actors in Amateur Companies

(Continued from Sunday, April 3.)

"The Garrick" came into being in 1880; "The Kemble" at about the same time; and over in New York there had been "The Mimosa" since 1871.

Bob Hilliard did not play with the Amaranth Society more than once or twice, as I recollect. His work was almost entirely with The Kemble Society. I recall his first performance in "Led Astray," in which he was the polished and insidious lover. It was on Dec. 10, I believe, that Elita Proctor Otis, even lovingly known as "Ellie" Otis, made her first appearance as Miss Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," with The Kemble cast, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music; she was also a brilliant Kate Harkaway in "London Assurance."

I find also the name of Deane Pratt, still living in private life, who later became a member of Daly's company; Mrs. Fanny Foster Clarke, a remarkable Galatea in Gilbert's "Pygmalian and Galatea," and later a member of Wallack's company; Minna Gale, who married Archie Haynes, a brilliant life insurance agent of the Equitable Life; she supported both Booth and Barrett, and also Otis Skinner in his early tragic plays. Bob Hilliard first played professionally about 1884—I saw him with Nat Goodwin in "Turned Up" at the Bijou Theatre on Jan. 1, 1885—perhaps that was his first professional performance; Loie Fuller was in the cast.

Maude Granger played Julia in "The Hunchback," with John Hoey of Adams Express Company as Sir Thomas Clifford. Hoey was a florid man and bald, wore a shepherd's plaid suit with scarlet necktie, resembling Sig. Brignoli in manner, and was very proud of his celebrated wife, who was long a leading lady bearing the Hoey name, at Wallack's Theatre.

London Music Notes

When Miss Munthe-Kaas sings her own Danish songs it is a delight to listen. "Limpid" seems to describe the sound as well as any word — like a stream sunning itself in the meadows and babbling its secrets to all who understand the language of birds and trees and brooks. Without being an authority on Danish one can say that the words were clear and musical, and this was not the case entirely with other languages. How much better it would be if all peoples (including Britons) would be content with their Abanas and Pharpars, until the divine call comes to do something else. A song is nothing if not the quintessence of personality, and yet people are always looking for spiritual homes in other countries for fear of finding themselves without honor in their own. Let us profit by Miss Munthe-Kaas's timely example.—London Times.

Apropos of Miss Winifred Griffin in London: "It is easy to over-emphasize the importance of a clear enunciation; probably we get our deserts if we hear half the words of a song, and this is about as much as Miss Griffin vouchsafed us. Such recitals as this may be important events in the singer's career, but they have very little to do with music, and after they have happened our knowledge of Schubert and Tschaikowsky and Parry remains where it was before."

Apropos of a concert by the Chamber Music Players in London, the Times said: "The weak place in the concert was Brahms's Trio in C major, which came in the middle. The players did not entirely feel it; they were playing only with their heads. But this was partly Herr Brahms's fault, for it is doubtful whether he felt the first two movements himself; for a good part of them his ideas are only log-rolling. But in the Scherzo he gave them something to play, and the scene suddenly shifted. We had back again the spirit in which Dvorak's Quartet in E flat had started the evening, the mood of an unexpected half-holiday. Dvorak seems to find out all the narrowy parts of the instruments. He has an idea that is pretty, or something more, but is off with it and on with something prettier while Herr Brahms it still puzzling out how to fit a phrase for the piano which he wants presently on the 'cello, and not really enjoying himself on either. (There will be other things about him to be said on other days, but today this.) Dvorak is the lucky fellow who straps on a knapsack, not for his health, nor to see the scenery, nor to cut a 'record,' but just to get tired and enjoy his supper. Schumann (Quartet in E flat, is another happy idler, but he wishes to have a friend on the road to crack a jest with, which haply may mature into a friendly argument. People were turned away at the doors. This is sometimes a phrase; on Monday it was a fact. Accordingly, there is a rumor that the Chamber Music Players think of enlarging their boundaries by finding a larger hall. Would that be wise? Such music as theirs sets a well defined limit to the size of the audience. Real appreciation cannot be had in large doses; it will be drinking curacoa in a brown john. An audience has its importance; it is a most comforting thing to have some one to see the point when you have a good story to tell, and the more there are trying to see the point the broader it must be. But chamber music must have a fine point, or be nothing. Remember the Joachim Quartet plodding away in the Singakademie (no larger than the Wigmore Hall) for years before it came to St. James's Hall (and deteriorated), and the Flonzaley in retreat for still longer before it even appeared in public. Will it not be better to have a waiting list for weeks and a queue down to Oxford street, if need be? Artistic mistakes are apt to take their revenge later on."

The characteristic thing about M. Busoni's playing is that with regard to the particular music of the moment no two opinions are possible. People vary in their attitude toward this position; to the doctrinaire it is an offence, to the man with an open mind a relief, to the philosopher a flavor. And as we all have in us opinions which are of cast-iron, or unsettled, or which partake of the universal, we are all offended, relieved, and regaled in turn when he plays. Hence, the performance is dramatic, for he appears before us in different characters which set off one another and rouse us out of a placid receptiveness by being intensely themselves. It is also lyrical, because he, more than perhaps anyone, has the secret of merging all the factors into one central idea, and of getting away from the mere medium of production, the words or the tones, into a region where thought and fancy seem to play direct upon the brain without any intermediary. Finally, it is epic, and was especially so at the Wigmore Hall on Wednesday, when he was playing his own Toccata, his own arrangements of Bach and Mozart, and was dealing with Weber, Chopin and Liszt in a way that can only be called "Busonic." The epic is the inevitable, it treats of what has already happened in such a way that we feel it is happening now and must always happen. It is human nature regarded as apart from temporal limitations. But in order to get rid of time and space, to escape from the tyranny of the senses into the land of witches and fairies, we must grant certain postulates; and in music these are, for instance, that the tempo may be such that the notes cannot be distinguished, the bars so loud that the treble cannot be heard, the overlaying of incident so copious that the outline is blurred, the outline so emphatic that the incidents pale into nothing, and so on. There are some who will not grant these, and they go away unbelievers. There are others who would grant a song, and much more for the delight swept off their legs.—L

I have often wished that I had been at the pains of writing down at white heat some of the bons mots that I have heard at first hand during the last 30 years from musicians whose words have been worth recording. Of the "100 best speakers" among musicians whom I have known I award pride of place easily to Moriz Rosenthal. His wit is not always comforting to the soul against which it is directed, but it is nevertheless pretty. Some years ago Moriz Rosenthal, the late Dr. Pfimmer, F. R. S., a keen musician, and I found ourselves seated at the same table at dinner. It happened that Rosenthal had just returned from Vienna, where he had attended the first performance of a new opera by a composer who happened to be a friend of the very learned doctor. On learning this the latter asked Rosenthal what his opinion was of the opera. "Well," said the pianist, "I thought the first act very fair, but after that the poor composer's memory completely failed him!" Only a fortnight ago Rosenthal, a mutual friend, and I were together, when the friend was describing Mengelberg's departure from Amsterdam for the U. S. A. Said the friend, "You know how terribly superstitious Mengelberg is, so you can imagine his feelings when, just as he went on board, there passed three funerals." "Of course I know how superstitious he is, poor fellow," said Rosenthal, "he believes in Mahler!" Rosenthal, incidentally, is in Spain on tour. But as his negotiations for a prospective American tour for next autumn have fallen through, there is every prospect of his returning to England in October for a series of eight historical recitals beginning with Bach.—London Daily Telegraph.

Delius's "Appalachia": Mr. Coates gave a performance in which all the attractions of its imaginative orchestration had their full effect. Those attractions would, one feels, have been still stronger if Delius had found a more supple negro melody around which to weave them. Whether the tune was caught from Verdi or not does not matter; it does not lend itself to the sort of development in which Delius excels, and it too constantly stands out in the middle of the orchestral polyphony till the ear wearies of its repeated notes and its sophisticated structure over an arpeggio of the common chord. The best moments of the work are the episodes founded on the "calls" and on other materials which have little or nothing to do with it.

Why the horrors of life are, as it were, rubbed into us so much more vigorously than the sweets I know not. I know only that it is the fact. Here we are in London, stranded without any opera, and I hear such splendid things about our own singers making such strong headway in the land of the happy foreigner. You all remember Miss Peggy Sheridan. Miss Sheridan left England a few years ago in order to continue her studies in Italy. She made her first appearanec there in "Madama Butterfly" at the Dal Verme in Milan, and she conquered not only the public, but the press. Of course, this was partly due to the fact that Miss Sheridan had been at the pains of studying not only the Italian language thoroughly, but also the idiosyncrasies of the people. During the present season the little Irish singer has conquered at the San Carlo at Naples, again in "Butterfly." And still we have no opera here. As a fact I cannot see the smallest ray of hope of opera on the "grand" scale here for many a long day to come, so that it is useless to repine over the fact of the best of our opera singers withdrawing to lands where they can at least hope to come into their kingdom.—London Daily Telegraph.

When We Are Shocked; Plays That Test Our Sense of Refinement

For once, my nieces are—and I am not—shocked.

We have been discussing recent revivals of old plays.

"Quite honestly, Aunt Ada, you won't like them. They're coarse. Reggie wouldn't take me. He said he would rather I went with my husband."

This from modern young women who go twice a week to theatres, and sit up square through suggestive, lamp-shaded boudoir scenes and more than suggestive bedroom scenes, that make me squirm! And I, their aunt, go to "The Rake Repentant," we will say, and am charmed.

Why are my nieces shocked? Why am I not? Why is anybody ever shocked? (I speak of taste, not morals). I will start by answering that present day does not object to coarseness, does not see the beam in its own eye. But we are always sensitive to coarseness that is conveyed through the spirit of another century (it takes great drama to bridge sympathy, and classic comedy to make us laugh whole-heartedly at jokes some hundreds of years old); and it is sheer impossibility for my nieces, who have no sense of the past and yet are heirs of all the ages, to meet the Rake and his friends of three centuries ago on easy speaking terms.

They cannot realize that if the things he says about love and marriage, for instance, jar on them, it is certain that the Rake himself, and the ladies of his audience in their ruffs and farthingales, would open their eyes wide at hearing women of quality discuss the psycho-analysis and sex problems of 1921.

Consider, again, the differences of palate in one and the same audience! As regards death—my nieces are shocked at a scene in an "old" play of the hero's approaching end. Their aunt is infinitely more repelled by the death scene, say, in "The Doctor's Dilemma." For long-drawn-out drilling on the nerve, for riding rough-shod on every sense of fitness, give me that. My nieces did not mind that—"It is Bernard Shaw. It is witty."

Or again, I am shocked at the treatment given in the plays today to such subjects as divorce. But, no; my nieces do not, cannot realize the coarseness they are swallowing, even of language and of incident, it is also subtle and so hybrid; so much in tune with their own modernfi unconsciously international make-up; whereas the coarseness of old plays goes, against their grain, because it is of the same full blood as "The Canterbury Tales" and "Ralph Royster Doyster," essentially English and made for home consumption.

Even with a neighboring sympathetic race—! We think French humor and French drama very daring: but I have known French people to be shocked at things in everyday English life, the covers of our magazines, the evening dress of English ladies in hotels. That does not mean that we are more or less refined than they are, only different. Appreciate the difference between "Les Precieuses Ridicules" and "The Merry Wives"!

Then again one of these old plays that my nieces censured dipped into the slums; and London audiences cannot abide that the drama should handle low life, even to turn it into beauty. Do we not go to the theatre on purpose to forget that there are vulgar, sordid old women and shabby houses and tipping husbands in the world? It stands to reason that a situation which with softened outline in the drawing-room of a millionaire with a square jaw, or under palm shades in Algeria, can pose as a "psychological problem," jumps to the eye as "coarse" when set in drab surroundings.

Another feature in old plays that makes my nieces volubly indignant is the primitive "harem" attitude of man towards woman, and the grovelling, treat-me-as-your-plaything attitude of woman towards man. Is it not the pleasing fashion of our plays (that are supposed to mirror modern life) to represent the youngest girl as equal to the man in mind and passion and power? Is it true? That doesn't matter! And any play emphasizing what would seem to be man's secret ineradicable thought is "coarse."

It comes to this—coaseness, more or less obvious, is always with us—the young never see it on their own path in the strong light of their own years—it is the classic role of middle age to see it and be shocked—coarseness only matters when it reaches mind and heart; it has done this at outstanding periods in all countries; and there is a perpetual swing of the pendulum, as from the age that could conceive a Brittomart, and Una, to Restoration times, and from mid-Victorian strictness to present day.

And in 1981 I know that our nieces' grandchildren will play at being "grannie," and will smoke and swear and gamble at night clubs accordingly and say, "How coarse they were in those days!" (I hope they will be fair and also play at the same grannies in the great war, nursing wounded soldiers under fire, and cleaning cattle sheds in farms, and washing-up in London basements.)

Aunts will have justice, too. For when some enterprising manager in 1981 revives old plays in Hammersmith my nieces' grandchildren will be as shocked by those of 1921 as I am now. Action and reaction and the swing of the pendulum! And all are shocked in turn.—Cecilia Hill in the London Daily Chronicle, March 8.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in aid of its pension fund. Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.
Convention Hall, St. Botolph street, 3:30 P. M. The People's Symphony orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor. See special notice.
THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. "Damnation of Faust," performed by the Cecilia Society, Mr. Jacchia conductor. See special notice.
Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Minnie Driver, soprano, assisted by Leonia V. Jones, violinist.
FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twenty-second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor. See special notice.
SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert. Mr. Monteux, conductor.

April 11 1921

Mrs. Albert Einstein and Mrs. Chaine Welzmann were asked in New York by an intrepid reporter: "Is it hard to be the wife of a great man?" They answered simultaneously and emphatically, "Yes."

"It is such a responsibility," explained Mrs. Welzmann.

"Every day it weighs upon you," nodded Mrs. Einstein.

It depends largely on the great man: whether he expects incense to be swung under his nostrils continually in his own household; whether he does not allow innocent jesting at his expense; whether he refuses to participate in the joys and woes of housekeeping. Any wife with a sense of humor finds her husband at time ridiculous. (The Apollo Belvedere would not excite admiration in red flanned underclothes or in any warmly recommended union suit.) If she has tact she will not even smile, though the children guffaw and shout: "Oh, look at papa!" Mr. Einstein is probably not displeased if Mrs. Einstein says daily to him: "Albert, I don't see how you do it. You are wonderful. I should think you would have a headache all the time. What in the world did you ever see in me?" And there are great men who are fussy about their food and especially irritable at breakfast. In Mrs. Einstein's case the question of course, is one of relativity.

ACCEPTED AND ACCEPTABLE ENGLISH

(From Telwyth Goodforme's "New English Rhetoric," 1971.)

"It's him." "It's her." "It's meant for he and I."
Such usage now no longer we decry:
Pronominal case forms are interchanged,
Like patterns on wall paper are arranged.

"Let's you and I lay down." "And so they lied
Like hens or troopers"—which, you must decide.
For shady pasts have them verbs "lie" and "lay,"
Nor do we bother with those kind today.

"Then everybody grabbed their hats." Correct;
For if you say "his hat," you do effect
A line of talk long since quite obsolete,
Unrecognized by no one on the street.

"We will meet Thursday." "I would like to know."
"There is no doubt but that it must be so."
"He who will gain the prize I shall adorn"—
These new grammarians no longer scorn;

Nor "whom, he says, will be our president,
Providing there will be no accident";
Nor "With regards to that I can't tell sure";
These you can say and not be classed a boor.

Put "only" where you please; it matters not.
"I only saw him once," "I only got,"
Will current pass. What earthly difference,
If only those who listen get your sense?

In fine, and this I want to learn you well,
To fool with verbal niceties is hell
On getting on, or getting rich, or such.
Talk natural; don't stop to think too much.

Just get the idioms from hearing others,
Your fathers, uncles, sisters, aunts and brothers.
Don't hitch your language wagon to no star,
For aeroplanes will take you plenty far.

* * * * *

L'Envoi.

This Telwyth Goodforme's Grammar, I'm afraid, is
Going in time to send our schools to Hades;
But we who read this Col, a happy crew,
Shall all be there by then, and Tobin, too.

P. SCRIBBLES WROTT, in the Chicago Tribune.

SOUND ADVICE

As the World Wags:

The King James Bible, Fielding, De Foe, Swift, Cobbett, Hazlitt—surely a man's meal of reading that Mr. Herkimer Johnson prescribes for the youth who would learn to write his mother tongue with simplicity, force and charm. May I suggest also Franklin, Lincoln, George Borrow, George Russell (AE) in pretty copious measure, and intelligently selected extracts from the prose of Milton, Sir Thomas Browne, and the early Quakers, with John Bunyan pretty nearly whole, and certainly all parts of the Pilgrim's Progress beginning, "And I saw in my dream!" He that has thus read and reread may safely neglect the literary bastards, American and British, begotten by Kipling in his ardent youth—the "strong" writers who know not repose, whose works should be printed throughout in large pica and always read aloud with the aid of a megaphone. I have of course, left out many names of the worthy, but what else can one do in going back to a time when almost nobody seemed to know how to write ill?

Chestnut Hill. SIMPLICITAS.

THAT RAILROAD QUESTION

As the World Wags:

Referring to the article, "A Railway Anecdote," published recently in The Herald, I will say that if "W. A. H." will consult Dr. Vincent Y. Bowditch of Beacon street he will be in touch with the author of "Commonwealth," by Weston Holme. I will also state that I have a large scrap-book in which are many pictures of old time locomotives. Among them are three old Boston & Providence locomotives, and a portrait of their builder, Mr. George H. Griggs; also pictures of several old Boston & Worcester railroad locomotives, on one of which, the "Express," I was fireman in 1862-3.

J. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

Ballardvale.

IN ANSWER TO "IGNORAMUS"

As the World Wags:

In answer to the letter of "Ignoramus," I quote from "Charles Lamb," by Alfred Ainger, chapter 6, page 98.

"Lamb himself has told us the origin of this immortial nom de plume (Elia). When he had written his first essay, wishing to remain anonymous, and yet wanting a convenient mark for identification in articles to come, he bethought him of an Italian of the name of Elia, who had been fellow-clerk with him 30 years before, during the few months that he had been employed as a boy in the South Sea House. As a practical joke (Lamb confesses) he borrowed his old friend's name, hoping to make his excuses when they should next meet. 'I went the other day,' writes Lamb in June, 1821, (not having seen him for a year) to laugh over with him at my usurpation of his name, and found him, alas! no more than a name, for he died of consumption 11 months ago, and I knew not of it.' . . . It is doubtful if the name has ever been generally pronounced as Lamb intended 'Call him Ellia,' he wrote to his publisher, Mr Taylor, but the world has taken more kindly to the broad 'e' and the single 'l.'"

L. E. F.

Framingham.

The letter to John Taylor, quoted above was not written in June, 1821. It is dated July 30, 1821. Lamb ended the letter: "So the name has fairly devolved to me, I think; and 'tis all he has left me." Ed.

SYMPHONY CONCERT FOR PENSION FUND

Program of Exceptional Merit Receives Warm Applause

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its 39th concert for the benefit of the orchestra's pension fund yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Pierre Monteux conducted. The hall was well filled and an appreciative audience listenod to the rather long program, which was made up of works by Tschaikowsky.

The first half of the program was his symphony in E minor. Even with its finale of tremendous force, this symphony largely gives the impression of sombre and plaintive melody. The second half was in strong contrast, and the violin concerto in D major gave Richard Burgin, the concert master of the orchestra, a rare opportunity for the display of his excellent technic and emotional expression. Mr. Burgin was recalled four times to receive the applause of the audience.

The "Italian Caprice" brought out the full strength of the orchestra. Jean Bedetti, first 'cellist, played the "Variations on a Rococo Theme" with orchestral accompaniment, and he also returned several times to acknowledge the hearty plaudits which his playing justified.

The "Marche Slave," with its strongly marked Russian characteristics, was a fitting ending to a program of exceptional merit.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY GIVES 19TH CONCERT

Performance Demonstrates Technique of Organization

The People's Symphony Orchestra Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its 19th concert yesterday afternoon, in Convention Hall, with Miss Dai Buell pianist, as assisting artist. The program was as follows: Nicolai, overture "Merry Wives of Windsor"; Liszt, concerto for pianoforte, No. 1, in E flat major; Berlioz, three pieces from "The Damnation of Faust"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 6, in F major, "Pastoral," op. 68.

Miss Buell had many admirers in the audience, who came especially to hear her playing of the brilliant Liszt concerto, and they were well repaid. It was a fine performance. Mr. Mollenhauer's program was well executed, the audience finding especial delight in the Nicolai overture, and compelling the men to stand, to receive the plaudits. The ensemble work demonstrated the excellence of technique which Boston

newest orchestra is developing under its efficient conductor.

For the 20th and last concert of the season, a Tschaikowsky-Wagner program is offered, for next Sunday afternoon: Tschaikowsky's Symphony No. 4, in F minor; tone pictures from Wagner's "Die Walkure" and the prelude from "Die Meistersinger."

April 2 '921

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a drama in four acts and five scenes, by T. Russell Sullivan, a dramatization of Stevenson's story. First time at this theatre.

Sir Danvers Carew.....Walter Kingsford
Agnes Carew.....Katherine Standing
Mrs. Lanyon.....Pamela Gaythorne
Gabriel Utterson.....Charles Warburton
Dr. Lanyon.....H. Conway Wingfield
Jarvis.....Paul Hanaell
Dr. Jekyll.....E. E. Clive
Mr. Hyde.....E. E. Clive
Rebecca Moor.....Viola Roach
Inspector Newcomen.....E. F. Hast
Meg, street waif.....Jill Willis
Polly, street waif.....Ufay Edisa
Policeman.....Chester H. Parsons
Poole.....Nicholas Joy

An exuberant admirer and biographer of Mansfield says that when this play was produced and Mansfield appeared as Mr. Hyde strong men shuddered; women swooning, were carried out of the theatre; no one ventured to go home alone; many were unable to sleep or awoke from horrid dreams with galloping heart and hair on end. This was nearly 25 years ago. Were audiences then more sensitive, less sophisticated?

Last night, while the spectators were interested in Mr. Clive's impersonation, there was more of curiosity than of horror, and it is not likely that anyone on a lonesome road walked homeward in fear and dread, thinking that Mr. Hyde was at his heels, or jumped hastily into bed, pulling the bed clothes over his strained eye balls.

The play has aged. The soliloquies seem incredibly old-fashioned; much of the dialogue is in the manner of melodrama long forgotten in our city theatres, perhaps still applauded in the English provinces. It is not necessary to ask whether the dramatist was justified in his departure from the novel; whether the insertion of what the press-agents call "a love-interest" was injurious to Stevenson; nor is it necessary to inquire into any moral benefit to be derived from seeing the play. The novel was written and published as a "shocker." The drama was written to order for an actor who wished to play a gruesome part; we know that Mr. Sullivan was unwilling at first to undertake the task of dramatization. The success of the play and the actor was great for many years, until the former found its welcome in theatres devoted to crass melodrama. There were performances here at the Grand Opera House as late as 1911; only a short time ago the screen play revived interest in the grisly story of transformations.

Mr. Clive is an excellent and versatile actor. It is not surprising that he wished to portray the two antithetical characters. It was to be expected that his performance would be of an engrossing nature; that his impersonations would be first of all not imitative. His entrance as Jekyll was effective, in that it struck at once the appropriately melodramatic note; but afterwards in this act should Dr. Jekyll be so consistently funereal, a dismal Jemmy? If only for the sake of contrast, even forced lightness would have been grateful. As the physician, he was dignified in later scenes; in the last act, genuinely pathetic. As Hyde he probably disappointed those who expected to have goose flesh at the very sight of him. He was sufficiently repulsive physically; while the demoniacal character of the wretch was strongly portrayed. Melodramatically, yes; and what is this play but a melodrama; not to be taken very seriously; certainly not as a powerful moral lesson. The audience last night was often amused, and it thus showed that it estimated the play at its true value; but in the more compelling moments the absolute quiet was a tribute to the actor's art.

The performance was unusually smooth for a first night at the Copley. The supporting players were adequate, Messrs. Warburton and Wingfield were especially to be commended; Miss Roach gave a forcible performance of an uncommonly unpleasant part. How far this avaricious, shrieking virago of a Rebecca is from the quiet, mysterious, sinister woman in the novel!

Mr. E. Lowry, having met Mr. Harding, brought away with him three impressions, "bright and vivid," which he confides to the readers of the New Republic.

"The first is that like all Ohio statesmen he wears trousers that are too long. I don't know why this should be so, but it is. I think the feeling against 'high water pants' as indicating a countryman or 'hick' must have been peculiarly virulent in Ohio 30 or 40 years ago, for all her present generation of public men like their trousers to hang in folds about their ankles."

Certain men of indisputable talent, high prominent in the arts and in the scientific world, have been known by their "high water pants," "pants at half-mast"—there are other descriptive phrases of a more Rabelaisian nature. Among musicians Cesar Franck and Johannes Brahms wore trousers of a climbing nature. Western statesmen wore leg-boots long after they were abandoned in the East. Has Mr. Herkimer Johnson inquired into the influence exerted by leg-boots on "pants"? And, by the way, were "Congress gaiters" so-called because Congressmen at Washington delighted in them? Years ago we saw in Harper's Magazine the pictured experiences of a Northerner in Washington, D. C. Thinking that Congress water was the favorite tipple of congressmen he called for it at his hotel, drank it, and found it mighty poor stuff. Are "Congress gaiters" still in the market? Fat men and the lazy wore them unblushingly, even when the elastic sides were frayed.

Mr. Arnold Bennett asks "How many pairs of trousers ought a successful writer to possess?" He said to his tailor that a pair of trousers could be worn only once; whereupon the tailor remarked that he had told the late G. W. E. Russell that a man ought to have a pair for each day in the week. Russell was of the opinion that he should have one for each day of the month, and he actually ordered about 40 pairs. Some years ago, when the passionate D'Annunzio was escaping from his creditors, the inventory of his personal effects showed his possession of an incredible number of trousers; but he is of a restless, fiery nature.

We read with interest the following item in a "display advertisement" and applauded the frankness of the would-be seller:

All Ready to Wear Out— Uncalled-for Pants..... $3.75

IN THE MOON'S GARDEN

Out of the night, after set of sun,
When dusk appeared a novice nun,
The moon in silver robes was set,
Wearing a milk-white coronet,
Whose radiance lit the city's ways
With star-blown iridescent rays.

And there within the soiled street
A garden grew both fair and neat,
Where trade had lingered for a while.
I saw an open flower smile—
A grimy face upturned to mine
With childhood for a countersign.

Then all the courts were golden built
And all the housetops silvern gilt,
The lamp-posts noble courtiers were
And all the streets became astir—
A queen in homespun passed us by,
A barefoot king walked proudly nigh!

They crowned them where the alleys meet:
Across the moonlit gleaming street
A bugler blew a silver note,
Then passed to me in pencil wrote
A slip that in the arc-light's dame
Read—All this is real, it's not a game!

Phantasy, let your candles gleam
Beyond the sleep, beyond the dream,
Beyond the dark, beyond the day,
Beyond the work, beyond the play—
Beyond the rainbows rims there beat
The rhythmic tread of unseen feet.

Fort Warren. EDWARD YERXA.

OUR HOME INDUSTRIES

(From "Records of a Girlhood," by Frances Ann Kemble)

One year my mother determined to make wine; a direful experiment, which absorbed our whole harvest of good little fruit, filled every room in the house with unutterable messes, produced much fermentation of temper as well as wine, and ended in a liquid product of such a superlative nastiness, that to drink it defied our utmost efforts of obedience and my mother's own resolute courage.

TRULY A TOUCHING TRUST

As the World Wags:

We frequently hear it said that there should be more of the "get together spirit" between employers and employed. An encouraging example of this spirit occurred in a Cambridge printing office when one of the strikers, after explaining his need of money to support his family during his absence from work, asked his employer to loan him $300 for that purpose, which request was granted. One scarcely knows which to admire the more, the magnanimity of the manager or the touching trust and confidence of his employe.

Cambridge. EARLE E. RISER.

LET THE CHOIR KEEP ON SINGING

As the World Wags:

Mary had a little calf
And it distressed her so
Because when on her bike she rode,
The calf was sure to show.

Which reminds me that

There was a girl in our town
Whose knicks were very tight
And when from off her bike she fell,
T'was lucky it was night.

So no more now from
Yours, truly,
EZRA P. STILES.

Boston.

SEND FOR SHERLOCK HOLMES, QUICK!

(From the Arlington Advocate)

The police have another real mystery to solve. Some time during the past week a tip cart was stolen from the farm of Daniel L. Tappan and he wants to get it back so that he can go on with his spring farming.

As the World Wags:

"W. A. H.'s" inquiry for information concerning the named engines, Commonwealth, Sharon, etc., on the old Boston & Providence railroad, reminds the writer that at the present time can be seen on the Fitchburg division of the Boston & Maine railroad engines on which "Sullivan County Railroad" appears. Can anybody inform me to what branch of the Boston & Maine railroad this name used to apply?

Incidentally, can anyone give information as to the length of life of a railway passenger car or passenger coach that applies since the days of progress and expediency obtained in railroad matters. Recently on the southern division of the Boston & Maine was a peculiarly constructed car that the writer remembers was built for the Northern railroad, running between Concord, N. H., and White River Junction, Vt., but that road was taken over by the Concord railroad. Can anyone tell when the change occurred?

The reference paid by "W. A. H.," to the land of the Pilgrims and the change of the Old Colony railroad to the New York, New Haven & Hartford awakens a sympathetic chord and prompts me to inquire for information that I have long desired. What or who were the "Come outers" referred to in many of Joseph Lincoln's stories of Cape Cod? Perhaps Mr. Herkimer Johnson, a some time resident of Clamport, could inform us. N. J. L. R.

Medford.

WILBUR THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Blossom Time," a musical play in three acts, book and lyrics by Dorothy Donnelly (adapted from the original by A. M. Witner and H. Reichert), music from melodies by Franz Schubert and H. Berte, adapted by Sigmund Romberg. Cast:

Mitzi.....Olga Cook
Bellabruna.....Zoe Barnett
Fritzi.....Leeta Corder
Kitzi.....Frances Mary Holliday
Mrs. Krantz.....Ethel Brandon
Baron Franz Schober.....Colin O'More
Franz Schubert.....Bertram Peacock
Krantz.....Ralph Herz
Vogel.....Frank Ridge
Kupelweiser.....Paul Ker
Von Schwind.....Eugene Martinett
Binder.....Raymond Metz
Erkmann.....Joseph Toner
Count Sharntoff.....Yvan Servais
Musician.....Irving Mels
Mrs. Coberg.....Erba Robeson
Flower Girl.....Emmie Niclas

"'Blossom Time'! Another musical thing! Something seasonal, simple, sentimental and rather sweet!" you may be tempted to exclaim.

That is where you would be all wrong, for the pretty title of the piece conceals the real contents of a delightful comedy that in its emotional appeal, in its wholesome bubbling fun, in its dramatic power is something astonishing—in these days. And the audience that greeted it last night by gusts of merriment and veritable tornadoes of applause stamped the work with its unqualified approval.

Based on a supposed heart incident in the life of Franz Schubert, beloved by millions as the greatest composer of songs that ever lived, and with a large part of its music taken from his compositions, some of the songs like the immortal "Serenade" bodily and in full, it only remained for the manner in which it was done to decide whether the result would be great or distressing. It is not distressing, for the play has been conceived and worked out, the music adapted and arranged and the whole presented with good-feeling, the highest taste, a deep appreciation of Schubert's music and with dramatic skill of the very first order. No lover of Schubert need fear to see and hear it and none should miss it.

Why spoil the beautiful little story by telling it? It is full of tenderness and sweetness, the joy of life, the pathos of it, even the tragedy of it. Yet it is so tempered with good humor, with the big warm heart of Schubert, so mixed with tears and laughter that no one can carry away anything but inspiration and betterment from it.

Of necessity the way in which the composer is presented is vital and Mr. Peacock meets the big demands of the task in every way. His portrayal of the shyness (never awkward, the modesty, generosity of soul, the emotional force of Schubert is superb. His acting of the composer's despair at discovering he had lost Mitzi's love is one of the strongest bits of dramatic power ever revealed here. It swept the audience off its feet.

Of the other parts it need only be said that they are more than adequate. The Misses Cook, Corder and Holliday are particularly charming as Mitzi, Fritzi and Kitzi, the daughter of the Court Jeweler Krantz.

Ralph Herz, as the ever amusing old Krantz, presents some of the keenest and most refreshing humor seen in a long, long time.

Zoe Barnett has all the "temperament" and fire required for Ballabruna, the opera star whose escapades furnish much of the liveliness and mix-ups of the story.

Costumes, scenery and dancing help to complete the all-around beauty and appropriateness of the production.

OLD FAVORITE AT ARLINGTON THEATRE

"Quincy Adams Sawyer," Play of New England Life, Given

Arlington Theatre: "Quincy Adams Sawyer," by Justin Adams, derived from the book by Charles Felton Pidgin. This play of New England life was last seen at the Wilbur Theatre in 1914, when it was performed by the Majestic Players under the management of Mr. Leahy. The part of Sawyer was then taken by Wilson Melrose. Last night the part was played with spirit and humor by Mr. William Shelley Sullivan, who, as a good and noble young man, put the love affairs of his friends in order and fell in love himself. The familiar barnyard scene and husking bee again gave pleasure. "Quincy Adams Sawyer" does not surprise even the one that sees it for the first time, by novel situations or unusual lines. Hence, perhaps, its persistent success. The supporting company met with favor.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

There isn't a poor act at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. From the opening by the aerial Valentines to the closing by Ford's revue, each act was good enough to lead the average bill.

Santos and Hays have a revue of their own, supported by a clever company. There are two dancers, Miss Tremaine and Mr. Higgie, who should have headed the revue, for their dancing was a treat. Miss Santos and Miss Hays, one of whom weighed a pound less than a ton and the other seemingly a ton less than a pound, poked fun at each other and seemed to enjoy it as much as the audience.

Pearson, Newport and Pearson with acrobatic dancing closed the show. Marcelle Fallet and her mother, known as the French refugees, were warmly applauded. The young lady played the violin, while her mother accompanied her at the piano. Nanon Welch and company showed what happens when a woman tries to pass off an adopted baby as her own. Eddie Ross offered banjo music of a type rarely heard. He then whistled and chorded, whistling two notes together. Eddie Kane and Jay Herman provided fun built around the dry law. Both were clever. It is the best bill that has been at Keith's for many moons.

TREMONT THEATRE—Augustus Pitou, Inc., presents the actor-singer, Fiske O'Hara, in an Irish melody drama, "Springtime in Mayo," by Anna Nichols Duffy. It was the first performance in Boston. Cast:

Shamus.....W. T. Sheehan
Betty Walsh.....Patricia Clary
Hannah Walsh.....Mary Louise Malloy
Mr. Micawber.....J. E. Miller
Lord Roger McWarren...Frederick Pymm
Terence McWarren.....Fiske O'Hara
Jacques Ranier.....George Sharp
Lady Olga.....Nan Bernard
Silas Walsh.....J. P. Sullivan

The occasion had a double significance, for the performance was a testimonial to the house manager, David E. Dow, and Frank Orvitt and William Murphy of the box office.

This play is a pleasant surprise, for it gets away from what is known as the conventional Irish melodrama. There are no shillalahs employed, no crusty mortgagee, no leering Michael Feeneys hiding behind the hedge.

The piece is an uncommonly good entertainment aside from the delightful performance of the star. There is an abundance of blarney, and if the action lags now and then it immediately takes a new turn through the irrepressible Terrence of Mr. O'Hara. Much of the piece is impossible, as when Lord Roger is so easily and conveniently set aside by the blarney of Terrence. For the most part the characters are flesh and blood men and women, with the exception of Lord Roger and Hannah Walsh, who is as obviously a caricature as ever the Katisha of Gilbert.

Lord Roger, a brother of Terrence, is an intolerable cad. He regards women for the size of their dowry. Thus he is engaged to Betty without ever having seen her, and scorns Lady Olga, whom he has courted for several years. Terrence is back from America, where he has worked, and where "it's not what you are but what you are." He falls head over heels in love with Betty, hears the heavy hearted Lady Olga, tells Shamus to set the clocks back an hour, and promises himself to take Betty as his bride and pose as Lord Roger.

With Betty as his wife, the complexities present themselves. Betty's father is not easily placated. Terrence threatens to beat Lord Roger into submission if he fails to cheerfully marry Lady Olga. Terrence's fist and glib tongue prevail. For a few minutes there is rebellion on the part of Betty and the inevitable conclusion.

Mr. O'Hara charmed by reason of a delightful personality as well as in song.

His voice is an agreeable lyric tenor, and while there is no exacting music in his group of songs, he sings with tonal charm and textual significance. One of his most popular numbers was "Top o' the Morning," which had the added advantage of inventiveness in orchestration.

Patricia Clary as Betty Walsh was a picture in her poke bonnet and derelict feathers. She played with a delicacy of manner that was irresistible in its appeal, and there was little wonder that Terrence lost his heart. The remainder of the cast was uniformly good.

April 13, 1921

By PHILIP HALE

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance of "Two Little Girls in Blue," a musical play in three acts, book by Fred Jackson, lyrics by Arthur Francis, music by Paul Lannin and Vincent Youmans. Staged by Ned Wayburn. Produced by A. L. Erlanger. Charles Previn, conductor.

Dolly Sartoris	Madeline Fairbanks
Polly Sartoris	Marion Fairbanks
Robert Barker	Oscar Shaw
Jerry Lloyd	Fred Santley
Morgan Atwell	Olin Howland
Harlette Neville	Virginia Earle
Nanon La Fleur	Julia Kelety
Dudley Fairwell	Edward Begley
Captain Morrow	Stanley Jessup
Jennings	Jack Tomson
Kennedy	Tommy Tomson

As the Misses Fairbanks happen to be twins, it is natural that they should figure in a comedy and that the motive should be mistaken identity. It follows that there are also two lovers who are constantly mystified. Add that the scenes are on shipboard; that one of the lovers has been slightly entangled with a fiery foreigner named La Fleur, who is also a crook; that she has a confederate; that there is a flirtatious widow; that there are ballet girls on board; the rest is easily imagined.

The dialogue is seldom amusing, and the comedians are obliged to labor in the effort to excite laughter. The music is negligible. It is interesting only on account of occasionally pleasing instrumentation. The audience—it filled the theatre—insisted on many repetitions, and was especially pleased by "Oh, Me" and one or two other witless ditties of sugary nature.

Yet this play is well worth seeing on account of the gorgeous costumes, the stage settings, the fresh beauty and grace of the young women, and the stage management. A show so beautifully put upon the stage is seldom seen in this city. The costumes are in exquisite taste even when they are most resplendent and dazzling. The grouping of colors is alone worth a visit to the Colonial. The scene of the bridal procession, not soon to be forgotten, is only one of the many that ravish the eye.

The Fairbanks twins have many admirers. In this show they are now demurely sly, now pleasingly vivacious. Miss Kelety plays the part of the passionate foreigner with Hungarian fire, sings her gypsy song in a spirited manner, and is in every way an attractive person, except when she shouts her high notes in a way to make others than Robert Baker, whom she is pursuing—for she is after his money—tremble in their boots. There is dancing by many in the company; by the Fairbanks twins, by "Jeanette" and by Miss Vanda Hoff. The "Maid o' the Mist" ballet at the end of the first act is especially charming. The chorus sings well what it has to sing. The most effective number, the most musical of the ensemble pieces, is "Honeymoon" at the beginning of the third act, in which Miss Kelety in the solo features manages her voice skillfully.

Messrs. Shaw and Santley, the two lovers, sang nearly all the time, tireless young men, who had no fear of straining their voices. Mr. Howland was occasionally amusing. The chief comedian, however, was not on the stage; he was Mr. Charles Previn, leading the orchestra. This orchestra, by the way, larger than usual, did full justice to the score.

The costumes, the stage settings, the groupings, and a few stage tricks, as the mirror scene in Dolly's stateroom, with the dancing and the chorus girls at present constitute the show. There is far too much music, the lines for the comedians are sadly in need of fatting.

Mr. Christopher Morley of the N. Y. Evening Post, having obtained a copy of Sir Kenelm Digby's "His Closet Opened" (1669), containing invaluable recipes, is quoting from it freely for the instruction of his delighted readers. Those who have found tobacco comparatively tasteless since the beginning of the war should try Sir Kenelm's formula:

"Take Balm of Peru half an ounce, seven or eight drops of Oyl of Cinamon, five drops Oyl of Nutmegs, of Thyme, of Lavender, of Fennel, of Aniseeds (all drawn by distillation) of each a like quantity, or more or less as you like the Odour, and would have it strongest; incorporate with these half a dram of Ambergrease; make all these into a Paste; which keep in a Box; when you have fill'd your Pipe of Tobacco, put upon it about the bigness of a Pin's Head of this Composition.

"It will make the Smoak most pleasantly odoriferous, both to the Takers, and to them that come into the Room; and ones Breath will be sweet all the day after. It also comforts the Head and Brains."

Does any one of our readers possess Sir Kenelm's "Receipts of Surgery and Physick, also of Cordial and Distilled Waters and Spirits," or his "Excellent Directions for Cookery"? According to Ben Jonson, this Sir Kenelm was "a Gentleman absolute in all Numbers." Old John Aubrey says that Sir Kenelm was a goodly handsome persen, "and had so graceful elocution and noble addresse that had he been dropt out of the clowdes in any part of the world, he would have made himselfe respected." He also "wrote a delicate hand, both fast hand and Roman," and understood 10 to 12 languages. Much against his mother's wish he married Venetia Stanley by whom Richard, Earl of Dorset had children. Mark this romantic foot note. "Rich. Earle of Dorset invited her and her husband once a yeare, when with much desire and passion he beheld her, and only kissed her hand; Sir Kenelme being still by." She was not very tall, with a "most lovely sweet-turned face, delicate dark browne haire; her face a short oval. The colour of her chcekes was just that of the Damaske rose which is neither too hot nor too pale." Alas, she died suddenly; as her husband thought, from her drinking of viper wine. There are several portraits of her. We have read that Sir Kenelm owned one, a full length portrait, representing her unclothed.

This is all mighty interesting, but to go back to his recipe for improving tobacco. What was, or is, Balm of Peru? Balm of Gilead, we know, also Balm of Mecca. Canada balsam was used in mounting objects for the microscope. There is Balsam of Acouchi, of Copaiba, of Tolu. Is Balm of Peru now obtainable at the apothecary's (cut rates)? The other ingredients mentioned in the recipe are easily acquired, though ambergris is not for every one.

HOW TO LIGHT A CIGAR

(London Daily Chronicle)

Should a friend invite you to "have a Havana," would you know how to light it properly? The Spaniard, who knows, is shocked to see anyone cut it first and then, lighting a match, puff away at the precious weed. He himself makes it burn slightly before he cuts it.

Then he blows gently on the lighted end till there is about an eighth of an inch of ash. After that he cuts it—or, better still, makes the necessary break at the end by pressing it between finger and thumb. Then a delightful smoke begins. The Spaniard says that his method gives the cigar a much better flavour.

And the Daily Chronicle publishes this "pome":

"HAVE A HAVANA?"

What the cigar boom may come to, if this phrase "catches on."

Brokers and barristers, City men clerical,
Free of the "weed" that is scattered as manna,
Join with the messenger-boy in the merry call,
"Have ah Havana?"

Girls from the lecture-room, club and gymnasium,
Blue-stocking Ermyntrude, muscular Hannah,
Join with professors in chorusful, lazy hum,
"Have a Havana?"

Drips the refrain from the lips of longevity,
Under the shade of a ruddy bandana,
Gurgles the babe in its infantile levity,
"Ababana?"

Costers with barrows of oddments comestible,
Farringdon Fanny and Stepney Susannah,
Shout to each other with force incontestable,
"Avanavana?"

IS THIS THE HOMERIC NECTAR?

A film theatre in Boston is showing Mr. Sherry in "The Breath of the Gods."

Yet Aanaxandrides and Alcman refer to nectar as the meat of the gods, though in Babylon a wine was made which was called nectar.

The writer of "A Reviewer's Notebook" in the Freeman of April 6, considering the case of Joaquin Miller, says: "Everyone remembers the story of his debut in London, the story of a dinner in the midst of which he took from his pocket five cigars and stuck them all into his face, once, exclaimed, with a great burst of smoke and fire, 'That's the way we do it in the States!' It is the courage of despair that leads a human being to behave in that fashion; Joaquin Miller the man felt himself at too great a disadvantage in such distinguished company."

Let it be granted that Miller put five cigars at a time into his mouth, not four, not three; he was less interesting as a sight and as a subject of conversation than Mr. Gallaspy, whose unusual accomplishments are described by Dr. Thomas among "The Life of John Buncle." This Mr. Gallaspy, when he smoked tobacco, always blew two pipes at once, one at each corner of his mouth and threw the smoke out at both his nostrils. And does not Capt. Hook, the terrible pirate in "Peter Pan," smoke at least three cigars at a time?

FOR THE CHOIR

Harold writes:

I do not care for Mary's lamb,
But please of this make note:
I saw her calf,
I had to laugh,
Then I got Mary's goat.

TRYING IT ON THE FAMILY

As the World Wags:

I told G. S.'s story of the wounded Scotchman and the bagpipes to my family of two females. The smaller of them is a young grammar-school maid-of-some-work. The results were a snicker from the maid and a query from the wife as to what killed the other soldiers. "The pipes!" The wife asked the maid what she laughed at (not at what did she laugh). The maid in the airiest way said: "O I don't know. I just laughed." Thus it appears that my family has either a more alert sense of humor or that I have it better trained. The conduct of the maid would be evidence in favor of the latter. Hilldoc.

Becket.

April 14, 1921

So Giovanni Tagliapietra is dead. His name means nothing to the younger generation, who find delight in the ruffianly vocal performances of Mr. Titta Ruffo, yet there was a time when Tagliapietra aroused audiences to enthusiasm. In concert halls he was practically a man of one song, "Palm Branches," as Brookhouse Bowler put his trust in "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall"; as Ben Davies favored "Waft Her, Angels."

Giovanni married Teresa Carreno. Sauret, the violinist, was her first husband. She and Giovanni were divorced. Then she married D'Albert, the pianist. She herself used to tell why they, too, were divorced. One morning at breakfast he kept staring at her in a peculiar manner. "I asked him why, and then Eugene said: 'Woman, do you know how sick I am of seeing your damned face?' Then, I said to myself, it's high time to leave Eugene." For her fourth husband Teresa married Arturo Tagliapietra, a young brother of her husband No. 2. With him she was happy. The artistic life, like the sporting life, is checkered, but never dull.

"AS I WAS A WALKIN'"

As the World Wags:

Taking my daily walk abroad, I saw on a house in a quiet street of the Back Bay—not the small of the Back Bay, to quote the late "Sandy" Browne—I saw this sign:

"Mrs. —— ——, the Improved Ladies' Tailor."

Association of ideas plays queer pranks. I thought of Mrs. Erlynne's remark to Lord Windermere in Wilde's brilliant comedy: "Repentence is quite out of date. And besides, if a woman really repents, she has to go to a bad dressmaker, otherwise no one believes in her."

Then I began to wonder whether this tailor had improved, or made suits for ladies who had undergone improvement. PELEUS PERKINS.

Boston.

We, too, saw a sign in Boston yesterday. It indicated candor, honesty in advertisement of a trade:

"Poor Draft Specialists."

"TWO PANT" SUITS

As the World Wags:

A prominent window in one of the largest clothing shops on an important street in this cultured town has displayed for some days a tasteful card advertising "two-pant" suits, at a fixed price. Speaking by the card, how many bifurcated garments should one expect to receive under this announcement? What is (or are) a "pant"?

A two-dollar suit is undoubtedly one offset by only two dollars. Two dollars are a pair of dollars. By analogy, should a "two-pant" suit carry only a pair of "pants"? If so, is not every proper suit a "two-pant" suit? Then, why consider a "two-pant" suit an exceptional bargain?

And why stop at two? Why not "four-pant" suit, or one clearly having two pairs of "pants"? It reminds me (although there is no reason why it should) of the familiar process in logic whereby, assuming that a cat has but one tail, we may nevertheless easily evolve a breed of "four-tail" cats. Thus: No cat has three tails. Every cat has one tail more than no cat. Therefore every cat is "four-tail" (or, if you prefer, a four-tailed) cat.

Boston. HORACE G. WADLIN.

A PROBLEM OF ART

This reminds us that tailors criticize adversely Mr. French's statue of Abraham Lincoln, because Lincoln is shown with creased trousers—truly, a shocking anachronism. This criticism has crossed the Atlantic. The London Daily Chronicle asks: "Whether art is more honored in the breach of stove pipe or beanpod patterns, does not chronology demand faithfulness to the fashion of the time represented?"

There was a time when sculptors thought that a statesman of any country should be draped in a Roman toga. And so painters portrayed statesmen, literary men, bank presidents and other fuddy-duddies as standing or sitting in front of a half drawn red or purple curtain, with a thunder storm looming in the distance.

ONE RILEY

As the World Wags:

A Herald correspondent traveling recently in Bermuda describes a denizen of that beautiful isle as "living the life of Riley."

Does your apparently infinite fund of miscellaneous information contain the origin, connotation and true significance of that expression? The haunting suggestion of it, so to speak, creates an incurable longing to know what it means. J. C. F.

Boston.

Unfortunately we have never met the gentleman. (For "miscellaneous information" read "miscellaneous misinformation"). Can it be that the correspondent of The Herald referred to one Riley, the hero of the immortal convict ballad still sung at meetings of the Newspaper Club? The song often aroused members of the Papyrus Club from semi-apathetic contemplation of a glorious past. This Riley's life was adventurous, some might say reckless, but he gloried in it.

SOCIETY NOTES

(The Bare Granite)

One of our esteemed townsmen started out to beat the H. C. of Living by eating rabbits and we hear he ate so many that he runs away from his own dog. Ah there, George Bond.

H. P. Hinman tapped three trees in front of his home place and sugared off twice before some one told him they were poplars.

Will Carswell has bought himself a Greek vase to go with the crockery bought in St. Lois last summer.

ROUND ROBIN HOOD'S BARN

As the World Wags:

How's this for crisp, concise business English? I quote from "Current Affairs" published by the Boston Chamber of Concert:

"During the past week Governor Cox exercised his veto power on seven matters which had met with the approval of both branches of the Legislature and had been placed before him for the seal of his executive approval.

I infer from this that "last week" Gov. Cox vetoed several measures. Seven words instead of thirty-eight.

Boston. K.

Berlioz's Work Given by Cecilia Society—Jacchia Conductor

By PHILIP HALE

"The Damnation of Faust" by Berlioz was performed last night in Symphony Hall by the Cecilia Society. Mr. Jacchia conductor. The society was assisted by Florence Hinkle and Messrs. Kingston, Dadmun, H. W. Smith and Bagdasarian; also by choir boys of St. Paul's Cathedral and an orchestra with Frederick Mahn, concert master, taken from the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the splendor of the work: it is among the great compositions of the musical world; regarded as wildly romantic 75 years ago, today it is a classic, a romantic work called extravagant, scouted as it may be by contemporaries, is sure to be a classic if it is charged with the spirit of genius. The whirligig of Time brings in his revenges. Berlioz is today among the immortals, although an Oxford doctor of music may shake his head and dismiss him as an eccentric apparition. The "Damnation of Faust" has not aged; it is still poetic, dramatic, imaginative. Only a few pages are of an age outworn. But these pages are now no more of that period that is passed than certain

Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner. The performance last night was a tal and engrossing one. This was e to the conductor, Mr. Jacchia, who s put new life into the Cecilia chorus l taught the singers the value of ances, the necessity of a bold attack d of singing dramatic music in a amatic manner. Furthermore, for e first time within our recollection, stice was done by a conductor to the arvellous orchestral score. It is true at M. Colonne, who specialized in the usic of Berlioz, once visited Boston to nduct a Wage Earners' concert of the ecilia, but he was discouraged by the all size of the orchestra and the ornl tameness.

The score demands a still larger orestra than the one employed last ght. At the Chatelet in Paris, the chestra in our student days numbered or more players when "The Damnaon of Faust" was performed, while the orus did not exceed 75 or 80 singers. t they were all experienced and they re paid for their services. To have larger orchestra than the one of last ght would tax heavily the pecuniary sources of the society. Mr. Jacchia wonders with his forces. Players d singers responded nobly to his ghtest wish. As a result there was an usually effective choral and orchestral formance. Once—in the chorus of phs and gnomes—there was too powul a climax, but even this was in reshing contrast to the half-hearted d inexpressive singing on past occans.

Miss Hinkle's beautiful voice was ll suited to the music of Marguerite. sang with genuine feeling and with warmth that surprised even the aders of her art in the past. Espelly appealing was her interpretation the Gothic song of Thule's King, ile her delivery of Marguerite's soquy in the fourth part was conspicuby the sincerity of the emotional pression. Mr. Kingston sang in a aightforward manner the difficult sic of Faust with clear enunciation. s apostrophe to Nature, where the sic rises to a height of grandeur, was pressive. Mr. Dadmun was only a interpreter of Mephistopheles. The sic calls for a singer of greater aurity, incisive delivery, subtlety in racterization. Brander is as a rule fortunately impersonated. His one ng is neither easy nor grateful. Mr. ith did much better than many of predecessors.

April 15, 1921

e have received several letters about h "Sullivan County Railroad." In our hood we knew this railroad well. In sixties we used to sit on a rail fence k of the old Steele lot in Windsor, to see the engines with the good, fashioned "Y" smoke-stacks, pass; engines all had names, and in those s we collected names of engines and red them in an indexed blankbook. tenders were gay with paint. They ved a landscape, or the face of some l or state celebrity, a Governor, a oad official, or even a national hero. engines burned wood. They shone lendent in the sun with their polrd brass The engineers and firemen e a communicative, jovial crew. Even conductors were affable and informAfter a few years of service, they ed to lead an easy life with an unbled conscience. The water boy rose stically and became the superintenor the president of the road. Where, is the pop-corn man, who shoved asket ahead of him in the car, the corn man with his enticing cry, his shaker, his fingers twisting deftly op of the paper bag? Where is the se youth urging the passenger to sponge or jelly cake, or, at least, a of motto lozenges? Good, old days! to our correspondents:

SULLIVAN CO. R. R.

he World Wags:

J. L. R. is not the only one that been puzzled by seeing engines Sullivan County railroad appearing em running on the B. & M. R. R. home is in Springfield, Mass., and long while I kept seeing these notives and also others labelled mont Valley," without ever being to locate these roads. This past er, however, I was in Bellows Falls, one day and was fortunate enough nd an old man who could solve puzzle for me. Both the Sullivan ty railroad and Vermont Valley ad are roads almost, if not comly, owned by the B. & M. R. R. Vermont Valley runs north from tleboro to Bellows Falls, and the van County from Bellows Falls ndsor, Vt., both forming part of Connecticut River and Passumpsic ion of the Boston & Maine and having no separate identity.

GRANT BULKLEY.

he World Wags:

Sullivan County railroad runs Windsor, Vt., to Bellows Falls. e follows a sentence, illegible exfor these words, "leased in 1890 9 years."—Ed.) There are coaches in service on the same at least 35 years old to my knowledge, and probably older ones. N.

Boston.

ENGINES OLD AND NEW

As the World Wags:

In answer to the communication of N. J. L. R. in your column of April 12 asking for information concerning the length of life of a railway passenger coach, I would contribute the following:

Some weeks ago, in journeying to Plymouth, Mass., via the N. H., N. H. & H. R. R., I noticed over the door of the car in which I was riding "1492.". I had supposed, however, from the peculiar motion of the car, that it was of a much earlier vintage than that.

HAMILTON H. PERKINS.

Arlington.

As the World Wags:

Noticing J. W. C.'s reference to the Old Colony and other railroads, I will say that I also have a picture of the "Express" of the Boston & Worcester railroad, of which he was fireman. I remember him well, but he did not stay long as fireman. I think he was an engineer before he was 21. My picture of the "Express" is an ambrotype, as it was called, on glass. By the way, there hang in a barber shop at Melrose Highlands two pictures of locomotives built by Hinkley Williams & Co., and one of them is the "Stoughton" 62, B. & P R. R. It is an outside conn. engine, so it was built after the Griggs engines, as he would have only inside conns. I think he was the last man to build that style. AMORY.

Melrose Highlands.

PLANE AND PLAIN

As the World Wags:

The phrase, "You have plain sailing," is often taken for "plane sailing," and regarded as a nautical term. How is this? W. A. F.

Boston.

Plane sailing is "the art of determining a ship's place on the theory that she is moving on a plane, or that the surface of the earth is plane instead of spherical." The phrase was then applied to any course so simple as to leave no room for mistake. In this sense, "plane" is now commonly spelt "plain." You could have answered your question by taking the trouble to consult any respectable dictionary.—Ed.

A POEM FOR THE TIMES

Is Mr. Charles Pike Sawyer, the translator of "A Mon Nez," by Olivier Basselin? Mr. Sawyer published it in the New York Evening Post, in the entertaining column of theatrical notes that he edits. Basselin, a fuller, was a famous tosspot in the 15th century. He sang the praise of wine, and called his verses, written in the Val de Vire, Normandy, vaudevilles, a corruption of Val de Vire. A vaudeville was any topical song that with an easy tune made its way in a town. Mr. Sawyer suggests that his translation will fit nicely to the tune of "Simon the Cellarer."

O beautiful nose, ruby tinted with care
By oceans of wine red and white,
With color that gleams in shades rich and rare
Of glorious purple and red.

When seen through a glass this nose to the eyes
More lovely than ever becomes;
The wretch cannot equal this exquisite size
Who has only cold water to drink.

WHY KITTERY

As the World Wags:

Referring to the query in your column by E. MacG. C. as to the origin of the name Kittery, I would say that subject has been discussed by antiquarians in the past, and the generally accepted theory is that the name was given to the locality where they landed by the early settlers, a number of whom came from a place called Kittery Point, near Dartmouth, Eng. Two of the most notable of these first settlers are Francis Champernowne of Dartington, about 10 miles from Kingsweare, on the river Dart, where Kittery Point is located, also a village known as Kittery Court, and Alexander Shapleigh of Kingsweare, who built the first house in what is now the town of Kittery, about 1635. Either of these might have given the name to the settlement which afterward became the town of Kittery, in 1647.

Among the names of first or early settlers, I have never come across any of the name of Kitteras, or anything like that name nearer than Kidder or Teddar. Other and more fanciful theories have been advanced for the origin of the name, but they are far-fetched and appear to belong to the realm of imagination.

For fuller and more detailed information on this subject, I refer to the Boston Transcript, under the heading Notes and Queries, Aug. 14 and 21, 1915, and Portland Daily Eastern Argus, Sept. 4, 1915. A. D.

Kittery, Me.

April 16, 1921

22D CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Vaughan Williams, A London Symphony; Shepherd, Fantasy for piano and orchestra (Mr. Gebbard, pianist); Tschaikowsky, "Romeo and Juliet;" Overture Fantasia (after Shakespeare).

The London Symphony will bear many repetitions. The impression made by it when it was produced here last February was yesterday enlarged and deepened. The music might have been frankly panoramic, it might have been a variant of Elgar's "Cockaigne," but Vaughan Williams, as other music of his has proved, while he is sufficiently realistic in this symphony, while he reproduces the roar and the din of the streets, is imaginative and emotional. The Thames is more to him than a convenient river for commercial purposes; he expresses in tones the loneliness of now shabby, once fashionable and frequented districts, as if he had been inspired by reading "Tales of Mean Streets," his bustling London is also stony-hearted; he hears the bitter cry of outcast London and reproduces it in tones without undue sentimentalism. And he might have put as motto to this most impressive work a sentence from Thomas Decker's apostrophe to the city uttered over three centuries ago: "Thou hast all things in thee to make thee fairest, and all things in thee to make three foulest." The man that has written the mysterious introduction of this symphony, expressed loneliness and tragic shabbiness in the second movement, the cruelty of the great city in the finale, is more than an accomplished musician; he is a rare poet in tones.

Mr. Shepherd's Fantasy, played at these concerts for the first time, has excellent measures and measures that are ineffectively noisy. The opening arouses pleasurable expectation. The thematic material throughout is salient; but the treatment of it is often confused. The music is modern in its harmonic schemes, but the instrumentation is too often injuriously thick. Nor is there throughout the work a fine sense of proportion in dynamic values, or a due regard for contrasts. Mr. Gebbard played well, as is his habit, but he and the composer's intentions suffered frequently from the crushing orchestration. Mr. Shepherd was in the audience and acknowledged the applause.

We well remember the sensation made by Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" when it was brought out by Mr. Nikisch. It was one of his battle horses. His treatment of the passage in which the horns wail in syncopation against the Love Theme, perhaps the most original and the most emotional measures in the overture, stirred all hearers. He left us; other conductors put the overture on their programs; but not till yesterday, under Mr. Monteux's leadership, did this section give the old thrill. Much of the overture has grown old and seedy; the introduction now seems interminably drawn out; the constant repetition of insignificant phrases—the tossing of them about to various instruments—a favorite trick of Tschaikowsky's—distract the attention of the hearer and break the continuity of the dramatic-musical flow.

The performance of the orchestra throughout was of the highest order. The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Mozart, "Jupiter" Symphony; Stuart Mason, Rhapsody on a Persian Air, for orchestra with pianoforte obbligato (first performance); Milhaud, Orchestral Suite No. 2 (first time in America); Dukas, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice."

Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton, years ago our co-mate in exile on the Boston Journal, now an entertaining writer on disparate subjects, as Nature and the theatre, tells Mr. Christopher Morley that he revels in stewed rhubarb as the first dish for breakfast, eaten with plenty of thick cream. "Some people wince and pucker when told this. But try it! Only the cream must be real cream, thick and sweet. There is a tart coolness and rich, pungent sweetness to the dish like nothing else."

In our little village in the sixties there lived a cashier of a bank who suffered tortures from sick headaches. He used to dose himself with a nauseous drink known as thoroughwort or boneset tea; but it was of no avail. One day he was advised to eat for a month nothing but graham bread—not Boston brown bread—and cream. At the end of the month he had gained in flesh; he was free from headaches. In his joy, he became passionately addicted to cream. He poured it on raw tomatoes on a half-melon; he even poured it on raw currants, red and white, and pretended to like the mess. This he did to the amazement of his family and the occasional guest. We do not remember him courageous in the matter of cream with stewed rhubarb.

We valued rhubarb the more when we learned that the rootstock was grown in China and Tibet and for a long period was imported into Europe through Russia and the Levant, but since 1860 direct from China; that for a long time it was called Turkey or Russia rhubarb; that the great Catherine of Russia sent Mr. Sievers to search for the drug, purgative and subsequently astringent, on the confines of Siberia and China; that among the eight good qualities of Cabool, one is its incomparable "nuwash" or rhubarb; that Francis I. of France always carried some about him, mixed with mummy.

Nor did we think the less of it when we read in Nash's "Lenten Stuffe"—"Physicians deafen our ears with the honorificabilitudinitatibus of their heavenly panachea, their sovereign Guiacum, their glisters, their triacles, their mithridates compacted of fortic several poisons, their bitter rhubarbe and torturing stibium." This did not prevent us from asking for a second help of rhubarb pie.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson informs us that rhubarb was introduced in London markets about 1820. Mr. Miatt sent his two sons to the Borough Market with five bunches, of which they sold only three. But rhubarb was used in England medicinally long before that, and in Queen Elizabeth's time the leaves were a pot-herb. We do not relish rhubarb beer, or rhubarb wine, preferring the justly celebrated water of Hungary. Old Nash, whom we have already quoted, used the word "rhubarb" for bitter, when he wrote in his novel, "The Unfortunate Traveler"—a reprint appeared in 1892—"Too much gall dyd that wormwood, of Gibeline wittes put in his inke, who ingraued that rubarbe epitaph on this excellent poet's tombstone."

By the way, who invented rhubarb pie? We see Mr. Eaton pouring thick cream on a wedge of it.

FROM A CLOSE OBSERVER

As the World Wags:

I observed this sign over the door of a moving picture house:

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER
Thurs. Fri. & Sat. GIN

Why only on these days, I wonder? Is (or was) it because we were more susceptible in the latter part of the week to that indescribable, lingering Gordon Dry taste, reaching its zenith on Saturday night when we were wont to become brusque—even to policemen?

And this:

On my room-mate's desk, alone and unattended except for a bottle of fountain pen ink, this trinity:

The Life of Mary Baker Eddy
Obstetrics for Nurses
In tune with The Infinite.

Might not one ask, "And the greatest of these is——?" Would one be justified in refilling his fountain pen from this ink to arrive at a conclusion?

Boston. VILLON GIL BLAS.

INDIGESTION

Mr. Halliday Witherspoon sends to The Herald the following remarkable example of vers tres libre, and asks: "Out of the wisdom of the ancients what would you prescribe for the writer?"

Who said the Moon was made of Green Cheese?
The Moon is a ragged, black disc
Staggering, zig-zagging through a sea of bile,
Yellow bile.
The sidewalk is soft under my bare feet,
Soft and clinging like warm tar
Strown with the eyes of little children,
Little staring eyes that squeeze between my toes
And hop like plopped-out grapes.
Let me up!
The barber's hands smell of garlic!
There is a bloody thumb-mark
On my cerebellum,
The thumb-mark of a great criminal.
I should have died today but for laughter,
Laughter at a fat pawnbroker making money,
Making money to buy a limousine for his mistress,
For his mistress who is in love with a page-boy.

Mr. Witherspoon adds: "My secretary tells me that the ghost of Liverpool Jarge haunts the old State House. He's met and talked with him—or it." Shall we not hear from Jarge?

ONE RILEY

As the World Wags:

One of your corespondents read a yarn I wrote in the SUNDAY HERALD about "Who's Hootch in Bermuda." Thank him for me.

And he wrote to you to inquire what I meant when I referred to a Bermudian "living the life of Riley." Thank you for answering him. I could not have done so.

However, I asked my mother about it. She's 74, and knows everything—take my word for it. She told me that my Riley is the Willie Riley of a famous song. Willie Riley was a rollicking, devil-may-care, genial sort of person who didn't care a hoot whether school kept or not. JOE TOYE.

Boston.

A GLORIOUS SURVIVOR

the World Wags:

It may posibly be of interest to you. n the discussion anent named engines, o learn that one such, bearing the

name of Williams (the initials I cannot recall) runs daily between White River Junction, Vt., and Woodstock.

RAYMOND F. GREENLAW.
Greenfield.

CHURCH NOTICE

(Lawrence Telegram)

South Congregational Church—At morning service "What Is That in Thine Hand?" Three aces and a king. I can beat that with a royal flush. Chorus "Forty-nine Bottles Hanging on a wall."

DEATH A GOOD THING

(Plutarch: "Pleasure not attainable according to Epicurus.")

None of the lovers of truth and the contemplation of being have here their fill of them; they having but a watery and puddled reason to speculate with, as it were, through the fog and mist of the body; and yet they still look upward like birds, as ready to take their flight to the spacious and bright region, and endeavor to make their souls expedite and light from things mortal, using philosophy as a study and preparation for death. Thus I account death a truly great and accomplished good thing: the soul being to live there a real life, which here lives not a waking life, but suffers things most resembling dreams.

April 17 1921

Miss Genevieve Ward celebrated her 84th birthday in London on March 27. She described her birthday as the "third anniversary of her coming of age." Last year she celebrated her birthday by taking the part of Volumnia at the Old Vic, and she hoped to play on the 11th of this month Queen Margaret in "Richard the Third." King George conferred on her for her birthday the Order of a Dame Commander of the British empire, "in recognition of the distinguished position which you have occupied for so long in your profession, and of the services rendered by you to dramatic art."

Miss Ward yearns for the good old days of repertory and is sure that the repertory system will return. "It must come back if we are to have good actors and actresses. The long-running plays are ruining actors and actresses . . . forcing them into a rut."

We remember well Miss Ward's entrance in "Forget Me Not," and her passionate cry, "The world owes me a living." Do any in Boston remember her as an opera singer?

The London Times, seeing the play, "The Heart of a Child," an adaptation by Gilbert Frankau of his mother's (Frank Danby's) novel (Kingsbury Theatre, March 26), was inclined to think that to bring the play up-to-date, Mr. Frankau added his own running commentary on persons and events of the moment. "Whether there was any need for them is another matter. Quips and cranks about bolshevism, about unemployment pay, about Communistic doctrines are all very well in revue, in a charming little comedy they seem strangely out of place—particularly when the audience is allowed to gain the impression that some of the characters are always striving to say smart things even though they have not the remotest connection with the subject under consideration. . . . Frank Danby's plot is as old as history—it is merely King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid, or Cinderella and the Prince over again. But in this case the beggar maid worked in a jam and pickle factory, and the King was a member of the peerage. And the modern Cinderella, instead of losing her shoe in the Prince's palace, all but lost her life under his motor car—but the result was the same in each case."

Cyril Maude has revived "Grumpy" in London. "It achieved quite a fair measure of success in London, though nothing sensational, but when later on he went to the United States and to Australia it was 'Grumpy' that audiences insisted on and nothing else mattered."

It is now announced that the Greek play which is to be performed in the ancient Greek Theatre at Syracuse on April 16, 17, 20, 24 and 28, is the Choephorae of Aeschylus. It has long been the desire of the townspeople to reproduce in the original theatre, which still stands, the Greek tragedies played there in the fifth century, B. C. The reproduction of the Agamemnon in 1914 proved an unqualified success, and the committee is now to stage the second of the Aeschylean trilogy.

"Don 'Q'", a romantic play brought out at the Apollo, London, on March 24, is by Maj. H. Hesketh Prichard. "It is not of the kind that invites serious criticism. . . . But strap the prologue and half the 'cackle' and what a capital comic opera 'Don 'Q'' would make. In such form the absurdities of the plot would pass practically unnoticed." This Don "Q" was a Spanish nobleman so wrongly accused of having murdered a royal visitor to the Court of Madrid. "He took a practically hopeless chance of escape, and while his friends were forced to believe that he was dead, he established himself in business as a highly successful and esteemed brigand in the mountains. He robbed the rich and gave to the poor. The story is a duel of wits between the hunted and the hunters. If we are not mistaken Major Prichard told this story in a book many years ago.

"Three" by W. P. Liscombe, produced by the Play Actors, London. The play has only three characters, and not even a telephone. "There are few more difficult tasks on the stage than to keep three people interesting for a whole evening and to prevent them from talking merely for talking's sake. Mr. Liscombe does not entirely solve the difficulty, but he evidently has a knack of skillful construction." Stella welcomes Bill, a prospective husband, in her flat. Her admirer, Paul, has not been wholly disearded. "Much loving, one imagines, had made Paul mad, for in his protestations of love he raved and stamped, pummelled the cushions and made a fool of himself in a variety of ways." Six months went by and Paul still thought he had a chance. When he found out that she purposed to marry Bill, he took poison, but Bill found him in time, hardened his heart against Stella, and persuaded him to go on a scientific expedition (how useful the upper reaches of the Amazon are on these occasions.) Stella then thought it her duty to marry Paul, so Bill put on his overcoat and prepared to leave; but Paul declined. "On the whole, we think Paul had the better of the bargain. Life on the upper reaches would be difficult, but life with Stella would be impossible." The part of Stella was taken by Miss Alexandra Carlisle.

"The Savage and the Woman," a play by Arthur Shirley and Ben Landeck (the Lyceum, London), is a Wild West drama. "Every character had at least one revolver and some seemed to have their pockets stuffed with them. On the slightest pretext a 'gun' was flourished and some remarkable shooting was the result. The villainess tried to kill the long-suffering Indian squaw; the revolver misfired and the squaw fell dead, shot through the heart. The hero made his escape from a horde of pursuers. They fired to kill, failed in their effort but stopped the waterfall. After that the exploits of the hero in rounding up a dozen armed men merely by producing his own revolver fell rather flat. But the Lyceum audience likes its entertainment red-hot, and it certainly gets it in 'The Savage and the Woman,' which is really an old-fashioned melodrama and a cowboy film rolled into one. A decidedly effective prologue in dumb show strikes the keynote of the plot. A party of prospectors is attacked by Red Indians, and all are murdered except a little child, who is taken away by the Indians and brought up as one of themselves, ignorant of his real identity. Later on it is discovered that he is the heir to an English earldom, but for the greater part of the evening he is allowed to believe that he is an Indian, and in that capacity he falls in love with the white heroine. He realizes that he can never hope to marry her, and his life seems to be one long struggle—to live down his love and to escape the attentions of the white adventurers who are continually getting him into tight corners from which he escapes in the grand manner after various denunciations of the methods of so-called civilization, which were naturally received with tremendous enthusiasm by the representatives of civilization who filled every corner of the theatre."

The Norwich Players (Eng.), who once in six weeks produce a play and run it for a week, play in "the old Musick House, which accommodates only 100 at a time. The latest productions were a version of the story of the prophet Daniel, arranged in dramatic form by the Hon. Sybil Amherst, with music adapted from ancient Hebrew melodies, and an adaptation of "The Song of Solomon." The text had been rearranged so as to tell the story of a Shulamite shepherdess carried off to King Solomon's court. She is dreaming of her lost shepherd lover, till the angry Solomon has her branded as a slave and casts her off. "There is no drama inherent in the story of Solomon, as there is in the story of Daniel. In consequence, the attempt to rearrange the verse so as to get out of it something it was never intended to contain became mere ingenuity: the cleverness of the solver of jig-saw puzzles. When you have a perfect jewel it is a vain task to attempt to add to its beauty by conceiving a setting for it." Yet deep thinkers have concluded that "The Song of Solomon" was intended to be a household play for a wedding celebration.

Mr. Wallace Munro Writes About the Numeral 3 and the Stage

Annie Louise Cary and Al. G. Field died on April 3.

In perusing the archives of stage lore it is rather a singular coincidence that the numeral 3 should be almost universally in evidence in recording the birth or death of the stage's most prominent players.

Commencing with William Shakspere, who was born and died upon the same day of the month, April 23. Then we find that Nance Oldfield—that favorite of kings, that lovable actress—had an abundance of 3s in her record. She was born October 3, 1683 and died October 23, 1730; and her talented successor of courtly favors and professional distinction—the dainty Fanny Burton—was born in 1737.

America's greatest tragedienne, Charlotte Cushman, was born July 23; the delightful Adelaide Neilson on March 3; the regal Mme Janauschek in 1830. Death robbed the stage of the great Rachel on January 3, and the beautiful Sarah Siddons on May 31, 1831. Junoesque Blanche Walsh was born in 1873 and died October 31.

Blanche Bates, now giving an admirable performance of the famous Mrs. Fair at the Hollis Street Theatre was born at Portland, Oregon in 1873.

One beloved Edwin Booth was born with a trinity of 3s: Nov. 13, 1833, and died in 1893, and, strange to chronicle, that mighty pair of Roman delineators—Edwin Booth and E. L. Davenport—were both born on the same day of the month. Genial John MacCullough was born in 1832 and died, regretted by the entire nation, in his 53d year.

Joseph Jefferson died on April 23, a day upon which fell, singularly, the trinal anniversaries of Easter Sunday, St. George's day and Shakespeare's birthday.

Sir Henry Irving was born in 1838 and fell asleep in death on Oct. 13, and, strange to narrate, was the 13th member of the theatrical profession who is buried in Westminster Abbey, the hallowed spot of Britain's dead.

The Grim Reaper called Richard Mansfield at the zenith of his career on Aug. 30, and James Sheridan Knowles Nov. 30. France lost her idolized Mounet Sully on March 3.

The great Coquelin was born Jan. 23; our dashing Charles Fletcher on Oct. 23; the handsome Lester Wallack on Dec. 31 and that noblest Roman of them all, Louis James, on Oct. 3.

Another famous actor with a trinity of 3s was W. C. Macready, who was born April 3, 1793, and died 1873. Edmund Kean died in 1833; John P. Kemble in 1823; the elder Charles Matthews in 1855, and the three men who made early American theatrical history—Dave Ingersol, Charlie Elton and Geordie Jamieson—all died with a "3" recording their demise.

Edwin Adams was another favorite who had a peculiar combination of 3s; he was born Feb. 3, 1834, adopted the stage in 1853 and died after a stage career of 23 years. Charlie Thorne died in 1883 in his 43d year; John T. Raymond was born in 1836 and died in his 34th year as a player.

Dear Pete Daily went home to his rest May 23; Junius Brutus Booth, Nov. 30; J. B. Buckstone, Oct. 31; T. W. Robertson, Feb. 3; William Brough, March 13; "Gaiety" George Edwards in his 63d year and Mrs. G. M. Gilbert in her 83d year.

Mrs. Dion Boucicault was liberally endowed with 3s in recording her life's events: She was born in 1833, made her stage debut in 1843, was married in 1853, made her American debut in 1863, and departed this life in her 83d year.

Nat Goodwin died Jan. 31 in his 63d year, Frank Pixley on Dec. 31, in his 53d year, Mme. Rejane in her 63d year, Gaby Deslys in her 36th year, Shelley Hull in his 35th year and Frank Carter in his 32d year.

And here are a few of our recent players who have answered the last call all born with a 3: Sir Herbert Tree, Sir Charles Wyndham, Tomasso Salvini, Adelaide Patti, Anna Held, Stuart Robson, E. S. Willard, Tony Pastor, Dan Daly, Nat Willis, Jerry Cohan, Daniel Bandman, Lewis Waller, Denman Thompson, W. T. LaMoyne, Aubrey Boucicault, James Lee Finney, E. J. Morgan, Charles Barron, Henry Clay Barnabee, Mrs. Sol Smith, Clifton Crawford, Bonnie Thornton, Hi Henry, Ermeti Novelli, George Primrose, Charles Yale, and a host of others.

The following players have all been born with a 3 and are still with us: Sarah Bernhardt, Elanora Duse, Olga Nethersole, Rose Coghlan, Maggie Mitchell, Minnie Palmer, Marie Wainwright, Mrs. W. H. Kendal, Mrs. Henry Miller, Florence Reed, Kate Bateman, Julia Dean, Margaret Anglin, Fritzi Scheff, Maxine Elliott, Mary Pickford, Margaret Illington, Kathryn Kidder, Edna Goodrich, John Drew, David Warfield, William Gillette, Sir Johnstone Forbes Robertson, De Wolf Hopper, Jefferson De Angelis, Frederick Warde, Holbrook Blinn, Andrew Mack, Douglas Fairbanks, Julian Eltinge, Arthur Bouchier, George Beban, Houdini, Jess Dandy, F. F. MacKay, Joseph Kilgour, Albert Bruning, and a score of lesser histrionic lights.

Musical Notes

An extraordinary opera "Kaddara," was produced for the first time last night (March 16) at the Danish Royal Opera House in Copenhagen. The scene of the opera is laid in Greenland, and the music is mainly based on the few ancient songs of the Greenlanders. All those taking part were Greenlanders and they wore the original Eskimo costumes of fur. Experts on the conditions in Greenland, as well as native barbenlanders, assisted in the mise en scene. The scenery was most beautiful and the lighting effects consisted chiefly of representation of the northern lights. This is probably the first time that the famous lights have been represented on a stage. Their reproduction was splendidly achieved, and, according to the opinion of explorers, was absolutely natural. The writer of the opera, Dr. Norman Hansen, as well as the composer of the music, M. Hakon Boeresen, achieved a great success.—London Daily Telegraph.

Mr. Brailowsky played Chopin in a vigorous and unsentimental manner, and to do that is to reveal beauties which are missed by the "temperamental" method. If Chopin himself kept a metronome on his piano, others who play him need not be ashamed to keep strict time. We fancy, though, that Chopin must have kept something else within reach that softened that remorseless ticking—a bit of string, maybe, to tie u the pendulum before he began, or brain to wind it up with. One slight distraction in the midst of Mr. Brailowsky's brilliant, expert playing was that every now and then we could hear the ticking and this, like workmen hammering in the next house, burned the dream into something we wanted to finish instead of to go on.—London Times.

"Miss Alison King has an agreeable but not powerful voice, and rather a tentative style—as if she were not quite sure whether the ice would bear. We should like to assure her that it bears quite well, and if she would just give 'dashing away with the (curling) iron' a little more, she would give everybody, including herself, more pleasure. It is no use singing a song if you don't mean it from the bottom of your heart."

Marie Hall, the English violinist, has reappeared in London after a long absence from the concert stage. She played in Boston at a Symphony concert in January, 1906, and gave recitals here in the preceding November. She is now years old.

Deodat de Severac, whose piano pieces are known here, is dead. He was born in 1873. For 10 years he had lived in retirement at Roussillon.

They tell me the piteous tale of the judge in a recent competition festival who happened also to be the composer of one of the test pieces for pianoforte players. The poor composer-judge therefore was called upon to listen to something approaching 300 performances of his own work! Think of being played to death by hundreds of wild pianists! But, seriously, is this not rather nonsensical? Is it not possible to arrange for a preliminary sifting of potential prize winners? In too many cases it must be perfectly obvious that many competitors have no earthly chance of gaining an award. Their puerile efforts must be terribly wearisome to the judges. I am told of a poor elderly lady Debussy, her knowledge of music being comparatively limited and reaching not where near to the Debussyan heights. The ordeal must have been as painful to her as to the judges. Cannot a scoring be made into classes before the final judgment is made by the final judge.—London Daily Telegraph.

Albert Coates, conducting an orchestra in the Augusteo, Rome, March 20, was enthusiastically applauded. His program comprised Brahms's Symphony No. 4, Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy," the Good Friday music from "Parsifal" and "The Ride of the Valkyries."

Johannes Wolff, a violinist who visited Boston with Joseph Hollmann, the 'cellist, in 1892 and 1893, has turned up at Roquebrune, where he did an unusual thing: he played pieces by an Englishman, Easthope Martin.

It is just a little quaint to find at a time of day how very little attention seems to be paid in the United States to matters musical on this side the Atlantic. When the American "invasion" took place last summer the majority of the singers sang songs which are associated here with the class of recital in which the American singers took part. But we did know something of the singers' position in the greater music world. Now it has recently happened that Paul Kochanski, the brilliant young Polish violinist, has carried by storm those regions of the United States which he has visited. The press has gone wild over his exemplification of the art he adorns, and speaks of him as if it had discovered him now. Not a single reference can I find to the fact that in the maligned little city the name of Kochanski was perfectly familiar long before his recent visit. Certainly in Boston he played a good deal in London, and in any case he is not the new discovery who attempted the sight-reading test long ago at one of these festivals and was completely floored by a piece of that our New York friends would have us believe!—London Daily Telegraph.

Professionals as Amateurs (Concluded)

I also find a program dated Dec. 1874, recording a charitable performance of "Masks and Faces," in which Gen. Catlin played Colley Cibber, William L. Keese, son-in-law of old William E. Burton, and a writer of some note in the late nineties, together with the three Ford children, Mabel, Mae and Emily, whose brother was the

flunt author and humorist. Paul Leicester Ford, were the children of Mr and Mrs Triplet. The Peg Woffington was Miss Kate Hillard, later a professional also.

The Brooklyn amateurs were actors to be reckoned with, for they had the advice and coaching of William Davidge, Albert C. Mann, Lester Wallack himself (whenever a Wallack manuscript was loaned for a special performance), John Moore, prompter of Daly's, and the audiences were the old elite of Brooklyn and New York—led by Lawrence Jerome (who had a theatre in his own house, later known as the Union League Theatre), Henry Clews, William R. Travers, General Sickels, Cornelius Vanderbilt, William B. Astor, William M. Evarts, General Slocum and General Catlin, and their kind. W. C. B.

Wellesley Hills.

Is "W. C. B." sure that Charles E. Thomas was organist of St. Thomas's Church, New York, in 1871? When did George William Warren leave Albany to became organist at St. Thomas's?—Ed.

A Good Old Song

Mr Charles Pike Sawyer, who contributes a sprightly and informing column in the New York Evening Post, has written March 23 and 28 in answer to a correspondent interested in an old song:

"W. L. Webster, our local carpenter, came in last week and cancelled his subscription for the Enterprise. He talked awful rough to us and said he didn't want our sheet crossing his doorsill, polluting the atmosphere. We feel pretty bad about it. We have been looking forward for some time to hearing Webster sing 'The Dashing Young Man on the Flying Trapeze.' We have been told that this song, as rendered by Mr. Webster, will charm the birds off the trees, and now we doubt if we ever shall have the opportunity. Besides, we need his moral support and the $4.15 which he still owes us.—The above from a correspondent, who thus comments:

"'Get Webster to sing the daring young man on the flying trapeze; renew many youths and help pay his subscription—a just debt forever. Webster has no term in his vocatives equal to the opportunity. Let the record be made and Webster clear his throat and begin:

"'Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn;
Like an old coat that is tattered and torn;
Left in this wide world to weep and to mourn,
Betrayed by a girl in her teens.

"'At this juncture Tony Pastor sighed, rumbled in his ventriloquent, etc., . . .

"'He'd fly through the air
With the greatest of ease,
This daring young man
On the flying trapeze;
His movements were graceful,
All the girls he could please,
And my love he charmed away.'"

"But Mr. Correspondent, did Tony Pastor sing that song? The Mirror's reflections are of a taller clown, much bigger than Tony, who was a small man, away back in about 1865, in a one-ring circus. Just the same, it might have been Tony, for he was originally a circus performer, beginning his public career as a 'child prodigy,' at P. T. Barnum's Museum, at Broadway and Ann street, in 1843, the same year that Gen. Tom Thumb was beginning his career with Barnum. After that Tony traveled with circus and minstrel shows and sang in music halls until 1865, when he started his variety theatre at 199 Bowery, remaining there 10 years, then going to the theatre down Broadway, vacated by Harringan and Hart when they moved farther up Broadway, leaving there in 1881 to take the house in Fourteenth street vacated by Bryant's Minstrels, where he remained until his death in 1908 at the ripe age of 73 years.

"'Dear Mirror: You are right about a clown in the old one-ring circus singing 'The Flying Trapeze' in the sixties—I heard it there, too. Also I heard Tony Pastor (who was a clown in the fifties—I have the bill) sing this very popular song in 1868,' writes H. S. Renton. He also gives another verse, to add, as he says, to our recently reflected one:

"'He flew round the ring
With the greatest of ease;
He jumped through the hoop
Like a bullet through cheese;
He'd stand on his head,
While his toes he would seize,
And flip-flop all over the ring.'

"'That song, you will remember,' says Mr. Renton, 'followed hard on Leotard's (the French gymnast) invention of the trapeze, which was a new thing in 1867 and 1868, when I attended Tony's "Swarees" at 201 Bowery and laughed at Jenny Engle (who ever thinks of Jenny now?) sing:

"'There's a boy in the gallery
Who's winking at me, winking at me.
Now how can I sing
When he's winking at me?'

"But the trapeze—do you remember the life-size wooden Leotard gyrating in the double gallery at Wood's Museum in 1868? You could view him from below or above and either side or end of the gallery as he twisted, climbed the bar and swirled—an astonishingly life-like imitation of the great Leotard on his wonderful new idea—the flying trapeze. Flying rings were not new, but the trapeze—yes—and at Tony Pastor's one the famous Tournour family, billed Mlle. Tournour, balancing, and with stretched hands stood on the trapeze and swung far out over the audience in true hair-raising style. So we boys had ocular demonstration of Tony's song. By the way, 'Tony never could really sing.'

"Certainly the Mirror remembers that automaton Leotard at Wood's Museum, afterward Daly's. Could any one ever forget that figure with its bushy black curly hair, and that remarkable smirk on its face? It swung there when Lydia Thompson and her troupe were playing there in 1868—a remnant of Wood's Museum—and for a number of years afterward. No. Tony certainly could not sing. But he tried every night. His show would not have drawn a handful of people if he had not."

Ah, the good old days, Mr. Sawyer. We remember well Jenny Engle and her song, "The Flags of All Nations." We beg to differ with you concerning Tony Pastor's vocal power. He could sing—in the Pastorian manner. We remember him with his glossy plug hat on the back of his head appealing to the audience for assistance in the coal mine song. A likable, generous soul was Tony Pastor, ever ready to aid pecuniarily a fellow-comedian.—Ed.

Concerning Stravinsky

There is an eternal pathos in the spectacle of the hard-working clown who has ceased to be funny. Since clowns first became a social necessity, a few thousand years ago, there must have been many such, and one supposes that the present generation shows no diminution in their number. Conspicuous among those who have striven to amuse us—sometimes succeeding—stands Igor Strawinsky. Francis Poulenc is another; Erik Satie another; and there are others with even less talent. Sometimes the line of action lies in drollery; sometimes in old, old-fashioned mock solemnity; more frequently it is in broad buffoonery; but most frequently, and most pathetically of all, in that antique jest of leg-pulling. Mr. Poulenc will write you a sonata for two (unaccompanied) clarinets in four movements, the whole occupying about 2½ minutes. Mr. Satie will write you a tone-poem upon the psychology of the radiate polypes, and have his music printed in red ink without bar lines. The efflorescence of Mr. Strawinsky's particular genius may be observed in four works published by J. and W. Chester, composed at various times during the last few years, and now issued for the first time. These are "3 Histoires pour Enfants," for voice and piano, the Russian text done into French by C. F. Ramuz; "Trois Pieces pour Clarinette Solo"; "Piano-Rag-Music," dedicated to Mr. Arthur Rubinstein, 1919, and the familiar "Chant des Bateliers du Volga," in an arrangement for orchestra of wind instruments and percussion—a work 33 bars in length. Simplicity is the "note" of the songs, the simplicity of the new primitifs, the scheme worked out in two or three part harmony with a pretty assortment of ninths and sevenths in cherubic nakedness. "Tilimbom," the first of the three, goes like this:

Tilimbom, tilimbom,
C'est la cloche du feu qui sonne.
Chez la chevre il brule,
On l'entend qui hurle.
Et la cloche sonn' plus fort
Qui la sonne? C'est le chat,
Il s'y pend par les deux bras.
Tilimbom, tilimbom. . . .

Simplicity, but of a different kind, marks the clarinet pieces. It is a simplicity that dispenses with mere key signature or any hide-bound regulations about form or rhythm. The first piece—they have each the virtue of brevity—goes softly and tranquilly with bars marked in this wise: 2-4, 5-8, 2-4, 5-8, 7-8, 7-8, 5-8, 2-4 (three bars), 3-8, 2-4, 5-8, 5-8, 3-4, 5-8, 2-4—and so on, and the player is warned that "the breath marks, accents and metronome marks indicated in the three pieces should be strictly adhered to." Bar lines have not been found necessary in the second piece, the indication that a quaver equals a quaver, a semi-quaver a semi-quaver, and three semi-quavers in a group equal a quaver at a tempt of M.M. 168 sufficing. So there you are—carry on! The "Piano Rag Music" is a fearsome-looking composition on paper, like some pictorial epigram of Mr. Picasso; but on looking into the score we can find no proof that we should not be yawning before even so talented a pianist as Mr. Rubinstein had reached the bottom of the second page. It is not difficult to picture this composer's distress if by some miracle the world were suddenly full of people who had a consuming passion for ninths and sevenths, played just as he would have them played, and who took to writing them for themselves—without bar lines. Still, one feels sure that the horrid necessity of establishing a new cult of the common chord and its inversions would not find Mr. Strawinsky unprepared.—London Daily Telegraph.

Haddon Chambers

Mr. Malcolm Watson, in the London Daily Telegraph of March 29, writes of Haddon Chambers as a man:

"In a sense Haddon Chambers was one of the simplest-minded men I ever knew. Some years ago I spent a holiday with him on the Riviera, and a more joyful experience I could not imagine. He had almost a child's delight in throwing himself into every sort of amusement. Life to him was a thing to be enjoyed to the uttermost. He used to make a pretence of devoting a certain portion of the day to work, and would retire to his room for that purpose; but when I came to cross-examine him as to the number of sheets of paper he had covered, he would answer most solemnly that it was not quantity, but quality, that counted in the composition of a play. As the years went on he found the task of writing increasingly difficult. It is hardly surprising, however, that inspiration should somewhat fail an author when he finds himself on the verge of being included among sexagenarians. There are, of course, notable exceptions to the rule, but they must always remain exceptions. Also he became more and more exacting in regard to himself, eagerly seeking for 'le mot juste,' and not content until he had found it. He had a quite remarkable gift for writing dialogue which, although in the reading might appear not particularly striking or brilliant, proved in utterance extraordinarily effective. His humor was graceful and had a charm all its own; in it one would vainly search for any trace of bitterness or unkindness. To women, and particularly to ladies of somewhat advanced years, he always maintained an attitude of old-world courtesy delightful to witness. His sense of character was extremely vivid, and it may safely be predicted that the remembrance of many of those with whom he so liberally peopled the stage will not readily be allowed to die.

"In November last Mr. Chambers married, en secondes noces, Miss Pepita Bobadillá, a young actress who forms one of the Drury Lane cast in 'The Garden of Allah.' The deepest sympathy will be felt for her in her grievous and untimely loss."

But why drop into French, Mr. Watson? "En secondes noces"! Could not this be said in English?

Flute Players Club

The Boston Flute Players Club will give a concert in Wesleyan Hall, 581 Boylston street, Copley Hall, this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. The artists will be Mme. Delcourt, harpist; Mme. Mercier, pianist; Mme. Miquelle, pianist-accompanist; Mr. Miquelle, violoncellist; Mr. Laurent, flutist, and 16 members of the Boston Flute Players Club. Couperin, Trio for flute, violoncello and harp; violoncello pieces in G; Faure, Elezie, Popper, Tarantelle; Mozart, Andante from the C major concerto for flute and harp; M. Rousseau, Pastoral variations on an old Noel; Handel, Sonata No. 3 for flute and piano; Michelis, flute quartet; played by 16 flutists.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Alma Gluck, soprano, and Efram Zimbalist, violinist. See special notice.

Convention Hall, St. Botolph street. People's Symphony Orchestra; Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Piano recital by Minnie Wolk Scarlatti. Tempo di Ballo, D major; Murschhauser, Aria Pastoralis; Variata, G major; Handel, Caprice from Suite in D minor; Chopin, Prelude, B-flat minor; Mazurka, B minor; Mazurka, B-flat major; Nocturne, D-flat major; Etude, G-flat major; MacDowell Keltic Sonata; Debussy, Reflects dans l'eau; Chopin, Ballade, G minor.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 23d Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by Mme. Eva Gauthier, soprano, and E. Robert Schmitz, pianist, in aid of the Temporary American Memorial Hospital at Rheimes.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert; Mr. Monteux, conductor.

April 18 1921

We have received a number of quatrains concerning Mary, her lamb, calf, goat, and articles of lingerie intime. Any subject is easily run into the ground. It is true that Mr. Sandor Incze, editor and proprietor of the Theatre World, Budapest, having visited this country, on his departure, summing up his impressions of the United States, paid a glowing tribute to the women of New York. "What hosiery!" No wonder the headlines for his comments published in the Morning Telegraph read:

CULTERED ALIEN CRITIC ENTRANCED

And now we farewell Mary and her belongings with the last quatrain received:

THE PASSING SHOW.

That little lamb that Mary had
Now fails to make me laugh;
I grieve to think a similar fate
Awaits her little calf.

SENEX.

ONE RILEY

As the World Wags:

The expression "living the life of Riley" is A. E. F. stuff and is synonymous with "sitting on the world." I first heard it in France after the armistice. The phrase was applied to outfits comfortably billeted.

Brookline. X. Y. D.

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE

Prof. Parsons believes that the long-headed type of Londoner is disappearing and being replaced by the short-headed variety. Prof. Gustav Retzius of Stockholm, an industrious man with a measuring tape, says the same phenomenon is to be observed all over Europe; that the long-heads are now mainly confined to Great Britain, Scandinavia and North Germany. He also argues that the short, bullet-shaped heads are what the industrial nations require.

He says nothing about the bone heads of the Prussians, nor does he inquire into the mental outfit of the man whose head runs up to a peak. Pericles, who was a leading citizen in his day, had a head so long that sculptors represented him wearing a helmet to hide what they considered a deformity. Philodes, the comic poet, the nephew of Aeschylus, had a head that was sharp, raised, and pointed in the crown of it like a sugar-loaf.

Some years ago—it was in March, 1905—Prof. Karl Pearson, lecturing at the Royal Institution in London, attacking phrenology, asked whether it was a good thing to have a large head, whether a large head means a large brain, whether a large brain means a large mind. These questions led to a pretty discussion in the London newspapers. On such subjects we are like the man in "Middlemarch": of miscellaneous opinions and uncertain vote, but we think nobly of the head, remembering the words of Nathaniel Wanley, late M. A. and Vicar of Trinity Parish, Coventry, in his "Wonders of the Little World."

"The head of man is the seat of the mind, which insinuates itself into all places and times, reaches the heights, searches the depths, and pries into all the recluse cabinets of nature, wherein she hath stored up the most choice and abstruse pieces of her workmanship; and these it contemplates and admires." Therefore, the head hunters of Borneo are perhaps not to be blamed.

And so we disapprove slang terms that would belittle the head, as nut, brain-pan, chump, steeple, turnip, weather-cock, upper stories, attic, bonce, nob, cocoanut, calabash, crumpet, onion, top-flat, mazzard, cabaza, dome, bean, hat-peg, billiard ball, pumpkin, gable—there are many other terms—the French alone have over 50.

As if the Londoners did not already have trouble enough, they are now anxious to learn from scientific men whether the average height of Englishmen will be less through the babies of the future, having shorter fathers. Many of the best developed Englishmen were killed during the war. The Napoleonic wars it is said, reduced the average height of Frenchmen by several inches.

A CHANCE FOR "SNUG LYING"

As the World Wags:

I used to see a periodical for women, The Queen, and found much pleasure in reading the "Exchange" column, in which women offered to swap a set of false teeth for a sewing machine, a set of a standard author for a wash boiler and so on.

I was reminded of this bygone pleasure by reading the following advertisement in a Boston newspaper. I omit the address.

FOR SALE—Family lot, three large graves with beautiful monument, best part of Forest Hills Cemetery. Will exchange for personal property; prefer automobile. Going away. Address ——, Boston. PELEUS PERKINS.

VERS LIBRE

My little child sits at the piano
And waves her hands around in the air
And shakes her head
And goes through all the weavings and windings and swayings
Of a musician.
But when she whangs her tiny hands down on the keys,
And, losing herself in emotion, crashes louder and louder,
It does not sound like music.
It sounds like hell.
So does Vers Libre.
I wish to the devil
The fellows that write it
Would learn how to play.

E. W. H.

THE DELIRIOUS MAKE-UP MAN

(The Times-Journal of Mound Valley, Kan.)

HORRIBLE

This is a horrible looking specimen of make-up for a front page. There's no denying that, but we were anxious to get a run on the press in time to find out if it would work at all. We have just completed erecting it, and as it was moved by M. Bringle, assisted by his son, Floyd, Jim Brewer, Shorty Henderson, Cliff Graham, Mack Stanton and Baker Bros., from Altamont, there is no telling what direction this press is going to start. So we are throwing the front and back pages together any old way, so if we find it is wrong side to, or upside down, or crossways, or sideways, we may get it corrected in time to get out some sort of a paper. This is a rotten sheet and a rotten makeup this week, but if this press does happen to work, look out, folks!

MUSICAL PROGRESS

The Swift & Company Male Chorus of

Chicago offers $100 for the best musical setting of a poem by Charles H. Luders, "The Four Winds," although Mr. Luders probably did not have the Windy City in mind when he wrote his verses.

Swift & Company are evidently jealous for Chicago's musical reputation. Years ago, Theodore Thomas resigned his position in Cincinnati because, as it was reported, the inhabitants, including the patrons and the patronesses of music, insisted that he should beat time with a ham.

GLUCK AND ZIMBALIST IN SYMPHONY HALL

Attendance Is Large in Spite of Unfavorable Weather

Madame Alma Gluck and Efrem Zimbalist shared the honors at Symphony Hall yesterday. The unfavorable weather did not prevent an attendance that filled the seats and aisles to capacity.

Through some mistake, the wrong program had been announced for Madame Gluck. The correct one was as follows. Haydn, "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair"; Mozart, "Morning"; Handel, "O Sleep"; Reger, "Maria's Slumber Song"; Brahms, "Botschaft"; Zimbalist, "Two Little Russia Folk Songs"; Rachmaninoff, "The Answer"; Paladihle, "Psyche"; "Within a Mile of Edinboro Town"; Voorhes, "A Little Song."

Mr. Zimbalist performed the following alone: Vieuxtemps, Concerto in D minor; Wagner-Wilhelmj, Preislied; Sarasate, Spanish Dance. With Madame Gluck he gave these three: Massenet, Elegie; Saint Saens, "Le Bonheur"; Goodeve, "Fiddle and I." Both artists were recalled repeatedly and responded with many encores.

Madame Gluck was very disappointing. In spite of the rich purity of her voice and her charming personality, one could not help feeling a distinct lack of any emotional appeal. The only notable exception was in her rendition of "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," as an encore number.

Mr. Zimbalist also suffered in interest because of failing to call upon the listeners' imaginations, but in his case the fault was in the rather unfamiliar music of a purely intellectual type that he played. His bowing was exquisite in its perfection.

Eleanor Scheih made an excellent accompanist.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY CLOSES ITS SEASON

Subscriptions Now Being Received for Next Fall's Concerts

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer conductor, gave its 20th and last concert of the season yesterday afternoon, in Convention Hall. The program was as follows:

Tschalkowsky—Symphony No. 4 in F Minor, op. 36.

Wagner—Tone Pictures from the music-drama "Die Walkuere."

Wagner—Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."

The first season of this new organization closed in a blaze of musical pyrotechnics and dynamics. The audience revelled in the gorgeous waves of tone color, and even Mr. Mollenhauer's traditional phlegm was dissipated for once. The Tschaikowsky symphony appeared to arouse especial delight, but the players distinguished themselves also in the Wagner numbers. They and the conductor exchanged mutual courtesies, just before departure, amid prolonged and enthusiastic applause.

While plans are being made for opening a second season of high class orchestral music, at a low price, in the latter part of October, the trustees regret to state that subscriptions to the guarantee fund are coming in rather slowly, and it will be absolutely necessary to obtain pledges of $12,000 to $15,000 on or before Aug. 1, otherwise the undertaking will have to be abandoned.

This would be unforunate for more than one reason, but especially when it is realized that many prominent artists, both vocalists and instrumentalists, have given their services, with absolutely no compensation, in aid of this enterprise, and even stand ready to volunteer again a second season, so hearty is their zeal and interest in public education in the best music.

PAULIST CHOIR IN SYMPHONY HALL

The Paulist Choristers, 75 voices, Fr. Finn, conductor, with John Finnegan as tenor soloist, gave the first of two concerts for the benefit of the Boston College campaign fund at Symphony Hall last evening. Rarely has such an organization presented itself in Boston, and its singing of ecclesiastic music is unrivalled.

Last night's program began with examples of sacred music of mediaeval and early modern schools, 16th century models of Palestrina, also of the Spanish school such as Tommaso Vittoria's "Vera Languores," leading up to Pergolesi, in the succeeding century, and concluding with the final movement from Bach's cantata: "Sing Ye to the Lord."

There followed a Russian group—Koneman's "Hades," Rachmaninoff's "Glory Be to God," Gretchaninoff's "Cherubic Hymn," and the church music division was concluded with Elgar's "Ave Verum" and Gaul's "They That Sow in Tears." The last section of the program revealed the versatility of the choristers in secular music, with such widely contrasting selections as a duet from the "Marriage of Figaro," Indian melodies, such as Loomis's "Sun Worshippers" and Lieurance's "Minnetonka," followed by Brahms's "Cradle Song."

Mr. Finnegan sang Handle's "Waft Her, Angels," and added several encores, finally obliging the insistent demand of one individual with several Irish songs rendered with a lilt so engaging that the audience could hardly be satisfied.

The concert concluded with "The Star Spangled Banner."

Stanley Van Wart at the organ and Miss Anne Wolcott at the piano accompanied with skill.

The second and final concert will be given tomorrow evening.

April 19 1921

"The Whirl of the Town" Has Its First Perform-

By PHILIP HALE

SHUBERT THEATRE — First performance in Boston of "The Whirl of the Town," in two acts and 13 scenes, book by Harold Atteridge; lyrics by Al Byron; music by Jean Schwartz and Lew Pollock, produced by Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert, Julius Buxhorn, musical director.

This entertainment is characterized on the program as "a huge, gigantic, whizz-bang." It certainly has variety, and the scenes are in rapid succession. The audience applauded with fine impartiality the singers, dancers, and comedians.

But if a visitor from another planet, not accustomed to shows that are popular in this city, were asked what he considered the most agreeable features, he would say the vivacity of Miss Anna Codee, the hat juggling of Messrs. Moran and Wiser, Miss Marguerite Farrell's singing of "Tick Tock," and the scene entitled "Any Old Night on Broadway" with the dialogue between the hold-up man and the girl in distress. In the opening scene, the Cafe de Paris, he would be pleased with Mr. Moran as the head waiter, and would admire the audacity and physical strength of Miss Codee. In the trial of the murderer of the shimmy, he would smile occasionally and sometimes laugh outright, while the hardened theatre-goer would remember another burlesque trial he saw some years ago which was in rag-time throughout, just as the prize fight of last night recalled one still more amusing, although the breath of garlic introduced last night was a happy invention.

Our visitor would enjoy the adventures of Mr. Brendel as Yonson with the ladder and trick costume, also the rough and tumble business of Mr. Brendel in "Light Housekeeping." Mae West would interest him by her aplomb. In her description of the vampire, she unconsciously, worked out the theory of Schopenhauer that mating goes by the law of contrasts, that the tall man chooses a short woman, the lean girl is attracted to the fat youth, and so on. The visitor would have been surprised by the welcome given to "Dorothy Miller" and would have attributed it to the sentimentalism of Americans.

There was dancing, eccentric dancing by Lou Edwards, academic dancing by Ruth Hazleton and ballet girls, "interpretative" dancing by Rose and Arthur Boylan before a statue of Buddha, and there was other dancing. There were comedians who excited the laughter of the audience, Messrs. Hussey, Hickey, Orth Harvey, Strouse and others. George Price gave impersonations of various comedians, to the evident enjoyment of the audience. Old jokes and familiar acts were received as joyfully as if they were novel and surprising. The hat juggling, however, was the leading feature of the show, and the audience entered gaily into the sport, throwing hats back to the stage, as a rule with delightfully uncertain aim.

SARG'S MARIONETTES IN "RIP VAN WINKLE"

Diminutive Actors Amuse Young and Old at Steinert Hall

Tony Sarg's delightful marionettes are revisiting Boston, to the huge delight of the youngsters who are privileged to see them, and also to that of the children of a larger growth who escort the said youngsters to the show.

The marionettes gave "Rip Van Winkle" last night at Steinert Hall, and the diminutive actors performed with the artistic and technical perfection that has made them such prime favorites.

Rip and his dog "Woolf," Dame Van Winkle and Judith, Hendrick Hudson and Nick Vedder and all the rest of Washington Irving's immortal crew held the stage, and the scenes radiated the quaint and fascinating atmosphere of the early Dutch settlers.

So perfect is the illusion created by the tiny performers amid their little stage settings and properties (they are only two feet high), that when, at the end, a man of normal stature steps from behind the curtain among them, the effect is startling and grotesque. One feels as though a giant had suddenly appeared upon the stage.

The readers of Dickens surely remember the melancholy retainer at the Veneering's who announced dinner in one saying: "Come down and he poisoned, ye unhappy children of men!" who went about the table, "like a gloomy Analytical Chemist; always seeming to say, after, 'Chablis, sir?'—'You wouldn't if you knew what it's made of.'" Mr. Chesterton regretted that this retainer occurred in only two or three scenes of "Our Mutual Friend." "As far as I know, he never really says a word from one end of the book to the other; but he is one of the best characters in Dickens."

And why do we now recall the "Analytical Chemist" of a butler? Because, more melancholy than ever, he is seen in many houses, where the host boasts to his guests at dinner: "Home brew! Home distilled! Did you ever taste better! Jones, have your glass filled! Mrs. Ferguson, may I have the pleasure of drinking your health?"

KINDNESS TO RAZORS

(London Daily Chronicle)

A city cutler displays in his window a notice reading: "Any razor exchanged if not satisfied." So far as we know, no one has yet had the courage to ask the cutler whether many razors are dissatisfied, and desire a change of ownership. But we shall be careful how we speak to our razor after this.

One pictures a razor returning to the shop where it was sold, and saying: "I'm not at all satisfied with my present situation. The guv'nor always shaves in a hurry, and blames me if he cuts himself. And his language!" Then we like to picture the kindly cutler saying: "I'm very sorry you're dissatisfied. Certainly you should not have to put up with abuse." And so, according to the terms of the notice, the dissatisfied razor is exchanged.

DRIPPINGS OF THE SANCTUARY

As the World Wags:

Did you know that Elijah L. Rainwater is pastor of the Negro Baptist Church at Drinkwater, Ky.?

Boston. S. W. M.

We have never known any one by the name of Rainwater. Drinkwater is an old English surname, originally, no doubt a nickname from "a peculiarity of disposition," for Camden was wrong when he said it was a corruption of Derwentwater. There were fine fellows in those early days—Jakes Drynk-ale, Geoffrey Dringkedregges, Thomas Sour-ale (a morose person, we venture to say), John Sweteale, Maurice Drunceard, Robert Le Sot. It is thought by some that Ralph Sparewater was not noted for his cleanliness.—Ed.

ANOTHER SURVIVOR

As the World Wags:

Your inquiry as to the whereabouts of the popcorn man who shoved his basket ahead of him as he enticingly cried his wares is easily answered. He may be found at Nashua, N. H., where he daily passes through all trains. His activities have supplanted the pause which the trains used to make at that station in the old days. Some of your readers will doubtless recall how the brakeman used to stick his head in the door and shout, "Nashua—10 minutes for refreshments—gnash-away."

G.

We are delighted to hear of the survival, but, alas, pop-corn would not now appeal to us so strongly as it did in the sixties when a boy fidgeted and squirmed and put his head out of a car window on the Connecticut or Boston and Albany Railroad, to the constant annoyance and alarm of his mother.—Ed.

MR. WELLS'S RING SPORTS

As the World Wags:

Have you read in the current Saturday Evening Post, Mr. H. G. Wells's article in which he proposes a bible of civilization to be written by a committee of teachers, scientific men and historians from all civilized nations, to give us the final word (at present) on creation, history, health, ethics and morals, not to mention the sex, labor, trade and property questions?

Oh man, what a glorious mess there'll be at the writing of it! The expense of publication could be paid and the book distributed free by the simple device of selling ring-side seats to this magnificent scrap. Somebody ought to suggest this to Mr. Wells.

Imagine the bedlam that will break loose when sub-committee No. 23 on the labor problem announces "Ready" with chapters one to finis of the Book of Job. On the wordy war and broken polls that will result when the Big-endians meet the Little-endians over the question, "Whose is property, anyhow?"—with a few bold bad men maliciously creating confusion worse confounded with the battle cry "There aint no sich thing as property, nohow!"

Hadn't we better put in an order for our ringside seats right now?

J. C. BROOKS.

Carey Hill Hospital.

THE UNDER-SECRETARY

As the World Wags:

We have not yet descended to the under-postmaster-general, but in every day's newspaper we read in the Washington dispatches that the under-secretary of state said this, the under-secretary of state said that, the under-secretary of state denied it all.

Who is his undership? Who is this functionary whom the press so glibly quotes, and who himself speaks with such assurance? Who created him? What does he represent? Where does he come from? Is he indigenous or transplanted? Does he not suggest unhappily another clime? Is he not underdone and overplayed?

Is the organgrinder's assistant an under-organgrinder? Would it make our last rest easier if the undertaker's assistant were an under-undertaker? Would it improve the condition of the poor if the assistant overseer of the poor were an under-overseer?

Mr. Herkimer Johnson is our greatest authority on words and their uses, with the habit of extracting—er—moonshine from cucumbers. Is he equal to this? I think so. I appeal to Mr. Johnson and the magnum opium.

Boston. L. X. CATALONIA.

BETTER THAN GILEAD'S?

As the World Wags:

You make the inquiry as to what Balm of Peru may be.

It may be what is called Balsam of Peru. In a copy of the American Herbal, by Samuel Stearns, Walpole, N. H., 1801, page 55, I find the following, quoting only a part of the article:

"Balsam of Peru. 'Balsamum Peruvianum.' The common Red and White Balsam. It is a resinous juice obtained from certain odoriferous trees, growing in Peru and in some other parts of America. This Balsam is stimulant, expectorant, antispasmodic, anodyne, nervine and corroberant, etc."

Newburyport. ROBERT W. LULL.

Thank you. We know that Balm of Peru is also known as Balsam of Peru, and asked whether it is now to be obtained at the apothecary's. Expectorants are of two kinds, nauseant and sedative or stimulating. Probably the professional reformers and up-lifters would put plug tobacco, as an expectorant, in the former class. It is certainly a sedative for use at lectures or many of the modern comedies.—Ed.

COPLEY THEATRE—"The Private Secretary," farcical comedy in three acts by Charles Hawtrey.

The Jewett Players last night revived with seemingly great success that famous farce, "The Private Secretary." A not too judicial audience was genuinely appreciative of the amusing humors which often degenerated to the slapstick comedy of the films, as exemplified by Mr. Sennett. The rollicking pace of the first act, though seldom attempted by the Copley company, was put across with a skill that was not so well repeated in the following act. But, seemingly, the difficulty was with the author, for the latter has weighed down this act with heavy over-preparation that never results in anything. The players, on and all, played their parts with apparent joy and zest. For them there was keen pleasure, as well as the audience. E. E. Clive as the private secretary, and Viola Roach as Miss Ashford, however, drew two-fold effect by their contrasting seriousness. While the others played frankly in the vein of farce, these two brought fresh and more subtle comic value to themselves by resemblance to real life. Indeed the simple sincerity of their performance made the work of other players seem shallow and conventional. Miss Roach drew rich humor with fine shading from the well worn comics of spiritualism. Mr. Clive made good use of the many little sophisticated tricks of the trade. To each came knowledge that farce sometimes secures best effect through subtle touches.

"The Private Secretary," in similar style to "Charlie's Aunt," seeks comedy by means that require little mental exertion. Scenes are carefully explained, then sedulously revolved till their value has been diminished. Once again, catch phrases such as the secretary's "Do you know?" and "If we discovered we are lost," oft repeated bring fresh shrieks from a delight audience. Such artifices may be ove

orked very easily. But last night for he most part the Copley company andled them dexterously.

Not so some of the ingenious bits of imedy originated or at least developed y the players themselves or their di-ector. It appears they know full well hat ancient theatrical tradition says repeat a thing three times and any udience will laugh." Therefore, when hey discover bits of clever business he players invariably repeat the usual hree times, and sometimes more. The esult is an apparent heavy handed-ess that is not really characteristic this work. Last night Mr. Wing-ld gave generous example in overuse books thrown humorously at passing iends.

In the more pacific moments of the lay, Mr. Kingsford gave an inimitable ortrayal of a tailor recently risen to he class of the nouveau riche. He nows well how to win more perfect ppreciation by a sympathetic "make-p." For his fine touches are not in the rting alone. How much he could ex-ress last night by a pair of over-ex-ansive cuffs! He played the drunken ene in the second act well, but could ot persuade a goodly part of the audi-nce that such humor was not utterly uperfluous.

The present production of "The Pri-ate Secretary" dips deeply into farce, ut for the not too thinking and the entally despondent it will guarantee ood entertainment. Such farceries are ore familiar to "the road" than to the etropolitan theatrical centres.

ATSON SISTERS

'hough Frisco was announced as the adliner of the bill at Keith's last ening, the most generous applause s accorded Fanny and Kitty Watson, o are back in vaudeville with a new tch, "Horsepitality." It is of the sterous order, but it was heartily reciated and the sisters were re-ed several times.

risco's jazz dancing, in which he s assisted by Loretta McDermott and lie Cox, was a novelty, and the trio wed several new steps.

he dance artist of the evening was tson, whose lightning steps, Russian ce and "Fit" were much out of the inary. His monologue, too, was gh producing.

be Sully and Stanley Mack in the ian character offering, "Shoot Me," e some specially good Italian dialect. k Duffy and Hazel Mann in "Via ephone" put some "pep" into a not y lively sketch. The Novelty Clin-s showed great agility and unusual ity in novelty jumping, and Jim and ty Morgan, singing their own songs, e a decided hit. The bill closed h Dainty Marie giving a lecture on sthenics and eugenics, while divert-the audience with her trapeze per-nance.

ONEY GIRL' AT THE PARK SQUARE

ARK SQUARE THEATRE—A re-n engagement of "Honey Girl," a sical comedy based on Henry Blos-'s play "Checkers." Book by Ed-rd Clark, music by Albert von Tilzer, lyrics by Neville Fleeson.

here are several changes in the cast the last act has been much re-ped since "Honey Girl" first opened oston. Donald Gallagher now plays ckers, John Cantwell plays "Tip" ley instead of George Mackay, and W. Parker is portrayed by J. Arthur ng.

he biggest contrast is in the charac-of "Tip" Smiley. Mr. Gallagher is blessed with the same neat-stepping ity as George Mackay showed when , and he has not the knack of be-breezy without seeming to force it. other changes are for the better. the absence of Mackay is more than pensated for by a real race with horses, which comes as the climax the second act, when Honey Gir s the race, and Checkers wins his ey and his girl.

nle Riano, as Cynthia is worth going s to see. She apparently has no e hips than a snake, and is as full comedy as a porcupine is full of ls. Her dancing stopped the show in the second and third acts.

lna Bates and Louise Meyers are as lovable as ever in their roles, the melody of "Close to Your rt" bids fair to have a complete re-l, for it is easy to whistle and has al thought in the text, an unusual bination.

he house was packed last night and probably be packed for some time, Boston likes a good clean, bright edy, and "Honey Girl" is all of that.

SS MINNIE WOLK GIVES PIANO RECITAL

s Minnie Wolk, pianist, gave a re-last night in Jordan Hall. Her ram read: Scarlatti, Tempo di , D major; Murschhauser, Aria oralls Variata, G major; Handel, ice from Suite in D minor; Chopin, ude, B flat minor, Mazurka, B r, Mazurka, B flat minor, Nocturne. t major, Etude, C flat major; Mac-Dowell, Keltic sonata; Debussy, Reflets dans l'eau; Chopin, Ballade, G minor

Handel's name was spelt "Haendel" on the program. It is true that Handel was born in Germany, but he lived many years in England, won his reputation there, died there, and was a good Englishman. He spelt his name in England "Handel," and this spelling has been adopted by all English speaking people. The name of Murschhauser is seldom seen on programs. He studied in Munich, was chapelmaster of the Frauenkirche, and died in Munic in 1738. He is chiefly known to organists who delight in digging up ancient compositions; but he is also known as a writer of a theoretical treatise.

Miss Wolk's playing pleased the audience.

April 20 1921

The Derry (N. H.) News informs us that Mrs. Sedley A. Lowd "has sold her very notorious house" in Londonderry, to Mr. Bagley of Springfield, Vt. Vermonters have been noted for their courage since the days of the Green Mountain Boys.

In our little village, "notoriously" applied to a house was a euphemism. The word, whether it was applied to a person or a thing, had an unfavorable meaning; but now the word is loosely used. It seems that this house in Londonderry has the reputation of being haunted. The man from Springfield will "take up farming and pay little or no attention to the strange spook stories that were told about this place." We advise him to read Oscar Wilde's story "The Canterville Ghost." It will instruct him how to act if any Londonderry ghost is annoying. When Mr. Hiram B. Otis, the American minister in Wilde's story, bought Canterville Chase, everyone told him he was doing a foolish thing, for the place was undoubtedly haunted; but he and his family, which included Mrs. Otis—"no mean authority on Art, having had the privilege of spending several winters in Boston when she was a girl"—and the charming Virginia knew how to deal with the ghost in an amusing and efficacious manner. Perhaps Mr. Everett Bagley can persuade the Londonderry spook to assist him in his farming. Hired men are still scarce.

"ONE RILEY"

As the World Wags:

I think that your correspondent in referring to the inhabitants of Bermuda as "living the life of Riley" refers to that South Boston boy named Riley, about whom you may read in Harper's magazine for March: "Faery Lands of the Sea" by James Norman Hall and Charles Nordhoff.

I have hoped that some time "Fall River" would send to the Notes and Queries Column of the Boston Transcript the poem of "One-eyed Riley." Perhaps you would be willing to publish it sometime in your column. I am sure it would be extremely interesting to many who will never have the opportunity to hear it sung at the clubs which you mention. R. H. S.

Boston.

OUR CHANGEABLE CLIMATE

As the World Wags:

I have read somewhere that on the 19th of April 1775, the cherry trees were in blossom, a fact considered remarkable at that time. Our forefathers found the severe winters and late springs of New England very trying in comparison with the milder climate of Old England. An early spring was greeted with rejoicing.

My father tells that the 100th anniversary of the battle of Lexington was an exceedingly cold and wintry day. Many of the people who attended the celebration caught cold and even had pneumonia and died as a result of the inclement weather.

Most of these anniversaries which I can remember have been winter days, with patches of snow still left here and there. Today, the 14th of April, the cherry trees are blooming. Is there any record of another such early spring since 1775? MARION STREETER.

Brookline, April 14.

LINCOLN'S TROUSERS

As the World Wags:

Let not the critics too hastily scoff at the creases in the unmentionables of French's Lincoln. Are they sure of their ground? Have they consulted Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who must surely have some authoritative notes on the subject? One thing is sure; the sculptor's critics err in assuming that the representation of President Lincoln in creased trousers is an anarchronism. In Lincoln's time, and for many years after, when a man's trousers came home from the clothier's they were sharply creased, fore and aft. But a fastidious man at once had the creases ironed out, for, far from being the vogue, they were the distinguishing mark of "ready-made pants." Custom-made trousers were sent home by the tailor absolutely creaseless. Now, it is generally agreed that President Lincoln was not finical in his attire. He wore trousers for the sole purpose of hiding his legs and he did not care a hoot whether they were creased or not. He would never dream of ironing out the creases to conform to fashion. The question to be determined, then, is this: Did President Lincoln during his incumbency of the White House, ever wear ready-made pants? If he did they were undoubtedly creased, the creases gradually disappearing after a week or two of hard use. Upon the answer to this question hangs Mr. French's reputation as an artist. W. E. K.

Boston.

A correspondent who has made for many years a careful study of Lincoln, the man, writes to The Herald: "When occasion required Lincoln was as fastidious about his clothes, 'pants' and all, as he was in a state paper. . . . In the statue of Lincoln in Lincoln, Neb., his left leg is as bent as if he was lame. Lincoln's true pose on important occasions was perfectly erect." —Ed.

THE ABBREVIATING FAMILY

As the World Wags:

Wife—Will you phone me?

Husband—No, I'll send a gram.

Wife—But if you shouldn't have time to go to the graph office before the ship sails?

Husband—Then I'll send you a less.

Boston. L. X. CATALONIA.

CLASS IN DANTE

As the World Wags:

In the "good old days when I was a boy" there was a noble teacher of literature in the old New Bedford high school (recently torn down). This teacher was a strict disciplinarian in all that the name implies. One season after one of her classes had been studying Dante's "Divine Comedy," first canto, for a few weeks, one of the pupils could not find his place when called upon. Imagine the amusement of the other scholars when the teacher scathingly declaimed: "Behold! Here we've been in 'Hell' for three weeks and a young man doesn't even know the place!"

New Bedford, April 7. F. L. W.

PAULIST CHORISTERS SING AT SYMPHONY

Appear for Benefit of Boston College Endowment Fund

The Paulist Choristers gave an interesting concert last night in Symphony Hall for the benefit of the Boston College endowment fund. An audience none too large was extremely responsive to the long program. Several numbers sung by request were particularly pleasing. Under the leadership of Fr. Finn, the Paulist choristers trod an even path between sacred and secular music, and displayed a well turned precision. Of the several soloists, Mr. John Finnegan, a high tenor, made perhaps the best impression, delighting his audience especially with a varied collection of popular Irish songs. The boys, particularly the soprano voices, sang in well trained unison and with a rich, mellow tonal quality.

April 21 1921

The senior class of the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University, recently voted on vital question: the favorite and best newspaper, the favorite actress, the most admired pugilist, the most inspiring instructor, the favorite magazine, etc.

In the balloting for the favorite magazine the Atlantic Monthly received 5 votes, the Police Gazette 3. We congratulate the Atlantic on this triumph over a dangerous rival.

It is a pity that the Harvard Advocate's burlesque Atlantic Monthly issue appeared before this decision of the young gentlemen at Yale was announced. A parody is, as a rule, the highest compliment: surely the editor of the Atlantic and his contributors must feel flattered. We were greatly pleased by "The Beano" from "An Innocent's Garland," and the thumb-nail characterizations of Miss Marie, the teacher; red, round and fat Uncle Jim, and Pa who thought a lot of him and said he was a Democrat.

But Pa said we should have our food,
And gave us beans and cherry pie.
My Miss Marie said Pa was rude
Because he said, "My God, I'm dry."

And after that the boys were bad,
And Uncle Jim gave me a drink
Of something funny that he had,
And then what happened I can't think.

There's good fooling in the Advocate's Atlantic. We enjoyed especially O. Joy Aniove's thrilling account of the prison she visited. We learn from the Contributors' Column" that she is "one of our few American authors who are able to put on paper what they are too bashful to say in words." Then there is Mr. Alfred Lineotype, who "is coming to depend more and more for his support on the Atlantic's staff"; there is Mr. T. Pasteur Mellen, Jr., "Funeral Director of the Life Extension Institute," who writes with understanding about babies. And now we are waiting for the Atlantic's burlesque Advocate.

DRIPPINGS FROM THE WILD COW'S TEATS

(Chicago Tribune.)

Dear Boss: I've just trial-balanced my i. t. skedool against the i. of m., and I've had a shot in the arm to keep my face straight in the presence of the notary public; and so there's nothing for me to do but love them that I love and write 'em letters, so here's lookin' at ye, Abou Ben Adhem.

Imprimis, I am moved to remark that the Mississippi native who carries a whisk broom to brush himself off when he gets up after taking a drink must have been in New York some time (not necessarily recently), for the retailers of so-called good stories here in the East, for many moons past, have been reporting this occurrence as common in Gotham. They also retail this one:

Stranger (in New York saloon), "Whiskey, please." Bartender (setting it up). "Now you get out o' here." "Me? I ain't started nothin'." "No, but you will in a minute."

AQUINAS.

ANTICIPATORY

Fanny Kemble in her "Records of a Girlhood," a book distressingly free from dates, tells of the entrancing sisters, Anne and Isabella Forrester.

"They had beautiful figures as well as faces, and dressed peculiarly so as to display them to the greatest advantage. Long and very full skirts gathered or plaited all round a pointed waist were then the fashion. These lovely ladies, with a righteous scorn of all disfigurement of their beauty, wore extremely short skirts, which showed their thoroughbred feet and ankles, and were perfectly plain round their waists and over their hips, with bodices so low on the shoulders and bosom that there was certainly as little possible of their beautiful persons concealed."

IN THE NORTH CHURCH BELFRY

As the World Wags:

A claim that Paul Revere hung the lanterns in the North Church belfry. B claims that he did not. Is there any reliable evidence to support the argument of either? AN ONLOOKER.

We quote from Paul Revere's narrative: "I returned at night through Charlestown. There I agreed with Col. Conant and some other gentlemen that if the British went out by water we would show two lanterns in the North Church steeple, and, if by land, one, as a signal; for we were apprehensive it would be difficult to cross Charles River, or get over Boston Neck. I left Dr. Warren, called upon a friend, and desired him to make the signals. I then went home."

A MODEL RAILROAD

As the World Wags:

May I supplement Mr. Greenlaw's information about the engine running between White River Junction and Woodstock, Vt.? It is named E. H. Williams. There is another engine on the same line, the J. G. Porter. When the "godfather" died a few years ago, the engine was for several days swathed in black. The railroad is 14 miles long and owns two engines. The trip is made twice daily; the train goes 14 miles in a trifle under an hour. The railroad was exempt by special enactment from government ownership during the war. A. B. C.

Wellesley.

We knew Mr. Porter well, and are sorry to hear of his death. In the sixties, at his house, we saw a gun standing in a corner of the room. He assured us that it was not loaded. Thereupon, with boyish glee, we pulled the trigger and filled his face with hard peas. The gun had been loaded for shooting squirrels. The blood spurted from his face, his mother shrieked, the country doctor was summoned. Our maternal grandfather, a stern, sour man, took us out of the house and said something about the fate of murderers. But Mr. Porter did not die; he lived, beloved and respected for many years, and at last had the supreme honor of having a locomotive named after him. —Ed.

AN OLD BIBLE

To Mrs. Marion Streeter:

I received your article about an old "Breeches" Bible from my husband, Dr. Henry Ecroyd, Jamestown, R. I. He has a Bible printed in 1599 by Christopher Barker (not deputies of). On looking in the chapter you mention, he finds "aprons," not "breeches." At the end of each book in his Bible are initials so we supposed it the "Bishop's" Bible and the translation that of the 70 Bishops. Our Bible has wooden backs covered with leather and broken metal clasps. They say it has been in my husband's family since the date of printing. The first pages are gone. No family record; stolen by some side brand perhaps. The Bible has lessons for days, and there are many saints' da in the index of lessons. It was evidently not discarded for that when husband's family followed George en masse and became Quakers in next century. R. A. ECROY

Philadelphia.

Miles Coverdale's translation of Bible was published in 1535. Gen. 7: "They . . . sowed fygge le together, and made them apurns." clif translated "brechis."—Ed.

THE school of journalism may be [illegible] extract from E. M. [illegible]k: "Originality in [illegible] of the [illegible]

...this printing the matter upside down or sideways, or leaving blanks for the intelligent reader to fill in as he chooses there is practically no scope for innovations."

April 22 1921

There are newspaper paragraphs that never die. Some are hardy annuals. Some reappear once in a determined number of years, after the manner of a well regulated comet. There are improving anecdotes of great men; there are the close views of the sea serpent and the wild man; there are also jests with slight variants founded on domestic incidents, paragraphs of the heart, hearth and home.

A corresupondent sends us the following:

NOTICE

To the Editor of the Old York Transcript:

In your last week's issue I read the following notice, which I présume refers to myself:

"Whereas my wife, Alice E. Miller, having left my bed and board, I refuse to pay any more bills of her contracting. HARRY D. MILLER."

York Village, Me., March 4, 1921.

I wish to say that if Mr. Miller had any bed, I would like to know where it is, as all the furniture that was in our house was owned by myself except a stove and a Victrola.

ALICE B. MILLER.

Dated at York Village, Me., March 14, 1921.

AN ENGLISH SURVIVOR

As the World Wags:

When, recently, I made my first trip to England, the first little twopenny locomotive I saw at Liverpool, which shortly took me, in spite of strikes, safely to Crewe, was not only varnished and adorned with arms and a landscape, but it was boldly emblazoned with its name, Bucephalus. Romance is not dead anywhere. E. A. N.

Cambridge.

We knew a boy in our little village who named his sled Bucephalus. The name was painted gorgeously on both sides. This boy had his sled upholstered. We regret to add that sliding down Round hill or Hospital hill this sled was always outstripped by nameless, rickety sleds owned by rude boys who guyed him. Bucephalus was, indeed, a noble steed. He was so named either on account of his fierce appearance or because he had a bull's head stamped on a shoulder. Alexander the Great bought him for about $15,000 of Philonicus, the Pharsalian. There are entertaining stories about him told by the elder Pliny and our old friend Plutarch. M. Deheque, in his notes to Lycophron, gives a list of names given by the ancients to their horses: names of winds, birds, men, rivers; nouns denoting speed. And so one Keil, in his "Analecta Epigraphica et Onomatologica" (Leipsic, 1842), gives names of dogs, elephants, cocks, goats and other animals. Has any one ever drawn up a catalogue of names given to Pullman cars?—Ed.

FEEDING THE PIGEONS

As the World Wags:

He reminds one of the scarecrow in "The Wizard of Oz," only, instead of casually producing a golf ball from one ear, like his prototype, he bears upon his outstretched arms a row of live pigeons. With abiding faith in their rugged host, a pair has also alighted on his rusty, black hat, while a bevy flutters in the air about him, their emerald throats iridescent in the sunshine, pink legs dangling, fantails outspread, appeasing their hunger with fearsome, yet daring, pecks at the food held in his upturned palms and half-open mouth.

I will not conceal that I envy this mortal as I pass him not infrequently on the Lafayette mall, and deplore the restraint inherited from Puritan forbears which inhibits my indulging in this fascinating pastime. To be sure, I ventured it once in the Piazza San Marco, but there are so many pigeons and feeders of pigeons there, that one more hardly counts, and, alas, that was years ago before the Campanile fell.

But our scarecrow on the Common—can there be truth in the ugly rumor that cases have been known where such as he have surreptitiously slipped a live bird into their pockets, later to satisfy their own internal cravings? Perish the thought! I prefer to believe that our friend finds himself sufficiently rewarded by his closer kinship with the feathered tribe, at the modest price of a bag of peanuts. E. H. GAY.

Boston.

RILEY, THE ONE-STEPPER

As the World Wags:

I am so tired and sick of hearing every phrase or bright saying dated to the YD or the A. E. F. that I have to make this statement: There was a one-step, very raggy, in 1915 called ... I believe, and although I am not certain of the name and all the ..., I remember the tune perfectly...

The chorus ended, and now he's leading the life of Riley." I think that ought to put a crimp in "X. Y. D.," Brookline. What say? K. W. B.

Boston.

"THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY"

(Herbert Spencer.)

Go now and dress for some half-past 8 dinner, or some 10 o'clock "at home"; and present yourself in spotless attire, with every hair arranged to perfection. The enjoyment seems in the inverse ratio of the preparation. These figures, got up with such finish and precision, appear but half alive. They have frozen each other by their primness; and your faculties feel the numbing effects of the atmosphere the moment you enter it. All those thoughts, so nimble and apt awhile since, have disappeared—have suddenly acquired a preternatural power of eluding you. If you venture a remark to your neighbor, there comes a trite rejoinder, and there it ends. No subject you can hit upon outlives half a dozen sentences. Nothing that is said excites any real interest in you; and you feel that all you say is listened to with apathy. By some strange magic, things that usually give pleasure seem to have lost all charm. . . . You make spasmodic efforts to be lively! but none of your sallies or your good stories do more than raise a simper or a forced laugh; intellect and feeling are alike asphyxiated. And when, at length, yielding to your disgust, you rush away, how great is the relief when you get into the fresh air, and see the stars! How you say, "Thank God, that's over!" and half-resolve to avoid all such boredom for the future!

April 23 1921

23D CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, "Jupiter" symphony; Stuart Mason, Rhapsody on a Persian Air (first performance); Milhaud, orchestral Suite, No. 2 (first performance in America); Dukas, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" (after Goethe).

There was a delightful performance of Mozart's Symphony. Especially noteworthy was the manner in which the Andante was sung, while the Finale, which still excites admiration for the marvellous skill shown in the construction, was played with inimitable clearness, sense of proportion in the treatment of the voices, and a brilliance that is now as characteristic of this orchestra as is its euphony.

Mr. Stuart Mason's marked ability was recognized some months ago when his composition for violoncellos was brought out at a concert of the Boston Musical Association. It is not extravagant to say that his Rhapsody on a Persian Air entrances by beauty that is inherent and not merely suggested by the exotic air, which serves as the theme for the many-colored improvisation. Mr. George Moore said in his arrogant, if not impudent, "Confessions of a Young Man," that Thomas Hardy chose country subjects to show how jolly country he could be. Mr. Mason does not attempt to be more Persian than the Persians, nor does he try to portray the Orient in a composition comparatively short. The air itself is certainly oriental, but he does not therefore endeavor to improvise as a Persian might be supposed to do; he improvises as a thoroughly-grounded musician, who, in addition to his technical equipment, is endowed with that rare gift, imagination. Nor does he rely on ear-tickling or surprising use of instruments in combination; his music has substance, as well as "atmosphere," a word abhorred by purists when employed in this connection. The Rhapsody was warmly received by the audience, and Mr. Mason, who played the obbligato piano part, was heartily applauded.

We remember that when Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" was first performed at a Symphony concert in Boston, it shocked the hearers. A leading critic did not hesitate to characterize Strauss as a madman. We remember that when Cesar Franck's Symphony was first played at a Symphony concert in Boston, Mr. Gericke was reproached for putting it on a program, and the writer of one indignant letter described the symphony as "immoral." What will be the fate of Milhaud's Suite? Mr. Monteux was courageous in producing it, but we thank him for acquainting us with the work of a man who is the subject of hot discussion. The orchestra showed courage in playing the music. One might add that the audience showed courage in hearing it to the end. Many of the pages in three of the movements were undoubtedly cacophonic, as we all now understand cacophony, but there is method in the madness of Milhaud, if he is really the insane one, and not the hearer. Even in these defiant pages there are moments that compel respect. One of his admirers has said that he wished in one movement to parody the classic fugue. Parodies in music are usually dull, not humorous. This fugue seemed not only dull, but disagreeable. On the other hand, there is genuine beauty in the Pastorale and the Nocturne. The objection to the Suite, if the question of cacophony be waived, is that in its best estate it is characterized chiefly by cleverness, and cleverness in art is not the highest quality. The audience behaved remarkably well during the ordeal, and was the better prepared to enjoy the superb performance of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week, the last of the season, is as follows: Franck, "Symphony in D minor;" Bloch, "Winter—Spring" (first time here); Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration"; Wagner, Overture to "Tannhaeuser."

It is interesting to note that at the first concert of the Pops in Symphony Hall on May 2, a waltz, "Reve au Champagne," by one Vollstedt, will be played: A truly seasonable selection. "Let me dream again: waking would be pain."

PLEASE PASS THE APPLES

(The Laconia Democrat.)

When every pool in Eden was a mirror
That unto Eve her dainty charms proclaimed,
She went undraped without a single fear or
Thought that she need to be ashamed.

'Twas only when she'd eaten of the apple
That she became inclined to be a prude,
And found that evermore she'd have to grapple
With the much debated problem of the nude.

Thereafter she devoted her attention,
Her time and all her money to her clothes;
And that was the beginning of convention,
And modesty as well, I do suppose.

Reactions come about in fashions recent.
Now girls conceal so little from the men
That it would seem, in name of all that's decent,
Some one should pass the apple 'round again.

ADD "COMMERCIAL CANDOR"

As the World Wags:

If your column should care to note occasionally interesting trade names observed by your readers, perhaps you would like to list under the caption "Commercial Candor" the Fuller-Gile Company, which sells leather. G.

Lynn.

THE FOURTH OF JULY ORATION IN THE BOSTON THEATRE

As the World Wags:

I notice by this morning's Herald that the Hon. John F. Fitzgerald claims credit for changing the place for the delivery of the Fourth of July oration from the Boston Theatre to Faneuil Hall, but this time his memory is at fault. It had been the yearly custom for the Independence day exercises to be held in the Boston Theatre, but in 1895 the theatre was closed in early June for a complete redecorating and reseating, so that when the Fourth came its use by the city was out of the question. Consequently the exercises were held in the logical place, Faneuil Hall, where they have been properly continued ever since. Mr. Fitzgerald had nothing to do with the change. The Boston Theatre was not engaged for the city exercises on the Fourth of July, 1896, nor was any hint given that it might be. I am in a position to know, as I was treasurer of the theatre at the time, my duties compelling me to be in charge of the establishment all summer while the remainder of the staff were away on vacations.

The last Fourth the city ever used it was that of 1894, when the morning exercises were opened with a prayer. There were three entertainments during the afternoon, to which school children were admitted by free ticket, and the day wound up with a 15-round contest by Stanton Abbott and Cyclone Myers, which finished at 11 P. M. Good old days, those.

August Suck, the violoncello player, who was buried on Thursday, April 21, was the man who played the first note of music in the Boston Theatre on its opening night, Sept. 11, 1854, the selection being the overture to "William Tell," in which the first note is rendered by the cello. On his way to rehearsal that morning Mr. Suck went into a photographer's and had his picture taken, which picture is reproduced in the "History of the Boston Theatre" by the side of one taken half a century later. At the 50th anniversary of the theatre the orchestra's opening selection was again the overture to "William Tell," and Mr. Suck once more played the first note. As he was 84 when he died he must have been only 17 when the theatre was opened, which argues that he must have been a decidedly clever youth. QUINCY KILBY.

Brookline, April 20.

INFORMATION WANTED

As the World Wags:

Some years ago there were two prodigies, a little girl of about 6 years of age, a pianist, and a little boy who went by the name of "Americus," a violinist and conductor, also about 6 years of age.

The boy came to Bostn and conducted an orchestra of 250 musicians. While in Boston he stopped with his father at the Savoy Hotel, Washington street. During his engagement, one night while in bed, he arose in an act of prayer attitude, said something about angels, then suddenly expired.

The father gave the boy's little baton to Mr. Braham, who subsequently composed a piece and gave it the title of the words the boy had used as to angels.

Can one of your readers give me any information as to about the time the boy was in Boston? Also as to the girl who went by the name of Carlotta Williamson? R. G. S. C.

Winthrop.

CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY

A contributor to this column recently stated that the Garden of Eden was in Mesopotamia. Did not Joseph Smith the Prophet, insist that the Garden was in western Missouri? On the other hand Sir Thomas Browne, saying that gardens were before gardeners and but some hours after the earth, admitted that there was deeper doubt concerning the topography and local designation of Paradise. "Yet being the primitive garden, and without much controversy seated in the east, it is more than probable the first curiosity and cultivation of plants most flourished in those quarters. And since the ark of Noah first touched upon some mountains of Armenia, the planting art arose again in the East, and found its revolution not far from the place of its nativity about the plains of those regions. Was Eden in Babylonia? Was it in the neighborhood of Damascus? Or in Northern India, in Media Rhaglana? Some place it at the North Pole, but Dr. Cook did not find it.

TWO "TAGS"

As the World Wags:

Was not Giovanni Tagliapietra, "Handsome Tag," leading man for the popular Emma Abbott? We always thought it a duty to hear her in those old more or less wishy-washy, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" parts. It was the decent thing to do. Then there was a great tenor from Detroit (via Rome) George Tyler, Signor Taglieri, also called "Handsome Tag," likewise with Emma Abbott during her later years. He was the father of that remarkable "$500 a week church choir boy soprano" Cyril Tyler, now conducting a music school in Jacksonville, Fla., while his father, after 20 years' effort to produce prima donnas in Duluth, Minn., is now doing the same in Seattle, slightly older looking, perhaps, yet still the same "Handsome Tag," one of the best American tenors of the '80s in "Ca... men." LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Boston.

We regret to say we never heard Signor Taglieri. The last time we heard "Honest Emma" she was singing in a mutilated version of "Romeo and Juliet." Brignoli was the tenor. He was then so fat that he should have been hoisted up to Juliet's balcony by a derrick. "Honest Emma" Did Mr. Robinson hear her in "Faust" when she introduced "Nearer My God to Thee" in the garden scene, to show that Marguerite's intentions were honorable? —Ed.

April 24 1921

Mr. Robin H. Legge of the London Daily Telegraph, on April 2, published a thoughtfully-considered article on the present situation of orchestras in England. "There is an orchestral difficulty, and it is of so grave a character that unless a vast change is brought about it would seem that we are within sight of something like an orchestral collapse. But stay—let us say a collapse of the orchestral body as at present constituted. For if the fees demanded by orchestras are to increase as they have increased recently, if our concert halls are to remain entirely inelastic so that no increased seating accommodation can be provided now than was available when possibilities existed that no longer exist, and if folk who are inclined to pay for such accommodation have no longer the wherewithal to pay, how carry on? That, really, is the case in a nutshell. How carry on concerts that cost you, say, £450 in a hall that holds little more? Of course, that is absurd, though it is not so absurd as it looks. Only a couple of days ago I was assured on excellent authority that there are no more than some four concert halls in the whole of England, outside of London, where an orchestral concert of the highest class, and imported, as it were, from London, can be given at any kind of profit... way fares and the like now... into the heart of any pos... even if the halls be sold...

This question concerns American lovers of music. There is a craze for very large orchestras. Conductors like Mr. Mengelberg, who does not hate himself, and is no doubt overrated, has talked of an immense Philharmonic orchestra with at least two pairs of cymbals to give the needed emphasis in the Prelude to "Lohengrin." Why not three or four pairs?

Mr. Edward Clark wrote to Mr. Legge: "It seems to me that we must be agreed that the grand orchestra of 80-100 players, typical of the period 1900-1914, is today a simple financial impossibility. Such organizations cannot be paid the new higher fees and at the same time be adequately re- [illegible] large orchestras, the most interesting contemporary music does not require them."

Mr. Legge then takes up the parable. "There it is, tout court. There is absolutely and entirely not the least need for the old orchestra of 80-100 players, the Straussian orchestra. It is a woeful extravagance. More than that, if all the modern composers of note are to emulate the example of the few I refer to above as having seen the error of their ways, the big battalions will die of sheer inanition, since they will not be able to add to their repertoire and must bank more and ever more on the drawing power of the C minor, the Pathetique, the Brahms cult, and so on, until that drawing power no longer exists. Then—finish? Now, when I say that there is no need for the extravagance of the hundred-ton orchestral gun, or even of the 'soixante-quinze,' if I may be permitted so to desecrate that immortal weapon, I would ask where can, say, Beethoven be heard as he was heard when I was young? We had no 80-100 men in an orchestra then. Who introduced into Beethoven symphonic performances the extra brass and so on in other cases that were common a few years ago? Does any one suppose that Beethoven asked or got some 50 or 60 strings in the orchestras that played him when all the world was young? Would not the solo pianist, the singer, the violinist, be so much the happier if he were orchestrally accompanied by a number of players that, as it were, 'gave him a chance,' which he only too rarely gets in present or recent conditions? Of course. Now do you see what I am driving at?

"I have not the very smallest doubt in my own mind that a most important and generally accepted development from the present chaotic condition of orchestral matters will be a return to simplicity through the employment of much smaller orchestras. Let the Jumbo mania, as generally exhibited today, go hang. Sir Thomas Beecham began his career by giving beautiful concerts in the then Bechstein Hall with a small orchestra. Before that there existed a similar orchestra called, if memory serves, the London Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Theodore Stier, what time he was conductor to the Vedrenne-Barker combination, which gave similar concerts in the same hall. Now on all sides I hear of more and ever more concerts of the same kind, but of very much deeper import, arising all around us. I must speak of the wonderful Golschmann concerts that have taken place in Paris during the last two years (for they are unique), in another article. For the moment I must content myself by saying that for these concerts Stravinsky, one of the composers who have seen the error of their ways, aforesaid, Ravel, and indeed, the whole of modern France of today have written directly or rescored many important works so that they may be played by the Golschmann orchestra, which, mark you, never exceeds 45 players, that M. Golschmann plays with equal keenness Mendelssohn's symphonies and Milhaud's extreme modernities, Beethoven, Florent Schmitt, Durey, Bach, Handel and Mozart, and all the rest of them, and that his strings are nine first violins, seven second, five violas, five 'cellos, and three double basses!

"Then, for a further example, we come to the concerts announced by Mr. Edward Clark. There are four of them. The orchestra will consist of but 30 instruments. Look at the schemes. In one Arthur Bliss's 'Tempest' music from Act 1 will be played, and Bax's 'Bard of the Dimbovitza.' At another Poulenc's 'Cocardes,' with an accompaniment of a street band of cornet, trombone, big drum and violin. Satie's 'Socrate' is also down, Plato being his librettist, as it were. So is Darius Milhaud's 'Le Boeuf sur le Toit,' which is described as a cinema symphony on South American airs; it was dedicated originally to Charlie Chaplin. * * *

"Is it not clear, then, that a change is coming over the spirit of the dream of the Jumbo-maniac? It seems to be indubitable that the change in the conditions of the orchestra as we once knew its the orchestra of 80-100 players, is already upon us. And I acknowledge that I, for one, warmly welcome the change, for there would inevitably ensue a financial saving and an enormously increased artistic value. I have no space just now to speak of the cinema orchestra of the future, or of a hundred other questions. The point is that both musical and financial salvation would seem to be in a return to simplicity in the orchestral body; and that this will lead back to a simplicity in composition is surely the devout wish of all true music-lovers."

Big Hall and Big Noise

The other miscalculation was based on the idea that a very big hall with a very big noise in it produces the same musical result as a moderate-sized hall with a proportionate noise. Indeed, 50 years ago the idea seemed prevalent that the larger the place and the greater the noise the better the music. A variant of that idea still survives. Most people are now agreed that the very big hall, even if its acoustics were much better than are those of the Albert Hall, is a mistake, but many, both among composers and the concert-going public, believe in getting a maximum of noise in a minimum of space. Only this week we have celebrated "Warriors' day" with three orchestras playing together in Queen's Hall. Apart from the laudable object of the occasion, it must have been evident to musical listeners that any one of the three would have produced a much better musical result alone. As a matter of fact, the orchestras were not complete in the wind parts, so that, while the number of strings were nearly trebled, the woodwind and brass were only doubled. Nevertheless, the string tone sounded only a little fuller than that of an ordinarily large orchestra, the woodwind was muffled and uncertain, and the brass was overwhelming.

The interesting thing about these experiments, whether they take the form of over-loading an ordinary concert room, such as Queen's Hall, or of vainly trying to fill the vast spaces of the Albert Hall with sound, is that it is modern orchestration itself which defeats the monster orchestra. The broad lines of Handel's oratorios bear it pretty well; Elgar makes it impossible. No doubt the founders of the Albert Hall thought that, at the time when Berlioz and Wagner were just becoming known in England, they were acting with foresight in preparing for the monster orchestra. They were wrong, but that error is now beyond repair. We have to make the best of the hall as we have it, and those musical institutions which have made their home there, notably the Royal Choral Society and more recently, the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra have, in spite of all difficulties, succeeded in providing music for a very large public.—London Times.

A Crook Play; Two Shockers, and European Stage Notes

Two shockers were produced in London at the end of March: "Bull-Dog Drummond," a crook play by "Sapper" at Wyndham's; "The Kill," an adaptation by W. H. Harris from the French of Maurice Level.

In the first-named, Capt. Drummond (Gerald du Maurier), longing for excitement, finds out from pretty Phyllis that her uncle Harrison has been coerced into the service of a gang of thieves and blackmailers. A struggle ensues between Drummond with two of his friends and the leaders of the gang, Peterson and Dr. Lakington, a rascal expert with drugs and poisons. The latter had brought to their lair, which is reputed to be a respectable nursing home, an American multi-millionaire, Travers, who, though doped, had not signed a letter authorizing his bankers to hand over his diamonds to Peterson. There are raids and counter-raids. They were playing "multi-millions of horrid games with him until Drummond came through the curtains and shot out the electric light (we cannot for the life of us think how) and carried off the multi-millionaire." The crooks followed and grabbed the American, as they thought, but he turned out to be the captain in disguise. "Why this substitution? We give it up." They despitefully used him, until a young lady, recovering from torture, unbound him. After a terrific hand-to-hand struggle, the captain breaks the neck of the wicked doctor. The other villain suddenly appears, holds a revolver to the captain's head, "but the captain distracted him by drawing his attention to the electrically-closed door invented by the wicked doctor, now deceased, and got the revolver for himself. Scotland Yard men come in to arrest the crook, but they are really confederates. The captain knows this, but he is a sport and willing to let the gang go. This nursing-home was a torturing home. Shrieks and groans came from the patients. The old doctor was well versed in fiendish branches of learning. The Times described the play as very exciting and amusing. The Daily Telegraph recommended it to any one wishing to spend a pleasant evening.

"The Kill," at the Grand Guignol, was, indeed, a shocker from the beginning to the end. "There is the jealous husband living in a lonely country house, the terror of the locality by reason of his cruelty. His wife, awed by the brutality in him, refuses to carry out her wifely duties. There arrives a visitor, who, in the dead of night, comes to her room, avows his love, which is reciprocated, and both agree to run away the next day. There is the ceaseless barking of the hounds, half-starved by their master in order that they may hunt the better. The husband comes into the wife's room at the moment when the lover, seized by a heart attack, falls on a couch. There must be no scandal. The man must not be found there. The husband bends over the unconscious body and assures his wife that life is extinct. The solution suggests itself. He will throw the body out of the window. He does so, despite the anguished cries of his wife. The shock of the action restores the lover to consciousness, and his ghastly shrieks are heard as the famished hounds tear him limb from limb. The frenzied woman suggests that her brutal husband knew that life was not extinct, and he calmly admits the fact as she falls helpless to the ground. It is a magnificent piece of acting on the part of Miss Sybil Thorndike, Mr. Lauderdale Maitland and Mr. Russell Thorndike, all of whom extracted every ounce of horror with which the play abounds." This play was followed by "Seven Blind Men." Locked in their workship while a fire breaks out, "they hear the ominous bells of the rapidly advancing fire engines, and, in a frenzy of fear, try to break down the door, only to learn a moment later from the returned overseer that the fire is not in that building at all, but in another lower down the street."

The London Times of April said that the famous Abbey Theatre of Dublin is threatened with extinction. "The Curfew and the other incidents that result from the state of siege at present existing in Dublin are quickly ruining the venture."

Sarah Bernhardt says of "Victoire," a new four-act piece in verse, by Maurice Rostand, son of the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," that it is worthy of his father.

Shaw's "Arms and the Man," translated into French by Mme. Henriette and Augustin Hamon, and entitled, "Le Heros et le Soldat," has made a hit at the Comedie Montaigne in Paris.

"Le Divan Noir," by Edmond Guiraud, has been brought out at the Renaissance, Paris. Helene, the wife of a celebrated surgeon, becomes the mistress of Etienne Vigieres, a politician, who already has a mistress, Jeannine, a friend of Helene. This is revealed to Helene one day, when in the bachelor apartment with the black divan Jeannine reproaches her lover for his inconstancy. Helene wishes to break with him. He falls dead in the room from heart failure. Helene then telephones to her husband, who, arriving can only testify to the death of the president of the council and his own unhappiness. He is called to Tunis and prolongs his stay. Helene, desperate awaits his return. She loves him and has loved only him. "It is now the fashion to show that adulterous women have only one true love, the husband." The day of his return she sends the motor car to the station, but he goes straight to the hospital for a consultation. Convinced that he has abandoned her, she poisons herself. He, coming home, with pardon on his lips, finds her dying. No wonder that a critic was shocked by the improbabilities of the drama. Why did Helene telephone to her husband? Why did he go straight to the hospital? etc., etc. Yet so powerful was the acting of M. Guiraud and Cora Laparcerie that the improbabilities were at the time ignored.

"Mam'zelle Nitouche" has been revived at the Trianon-Lyrique, Paris, and found to be still amusing.

Keble Howard, whose "Lazy Lupin" has been played at the Copley Theatre, has written a new play, "Sweet William," brought out at Brighton (Eng.) on March 28. "The dialogue scintillates with wit and humor, and the play is also replete with situations that provide delicious comedy."

An old Londoner, just home again after some years abroad, found himself last night rather puzzled when planning an evening's entertainment. The music hall world, as he knew it, has practically disappeared. He went to the Palace and found the famous variety house transformed into a cinema show. Seeking other famous "halls," he found the Tivoli disappeared, the Oxford and Pavilion both theatres, with revues in the bill, the Alhambra also given up to a revue, the Empire staging comic opera, the Hippodrome given up to pantomime, and the "Old Mo." transformed into the Winter Garden Theatre. Not until called upon to help him did one realize how entirely certain famous old features of the London entertainment world have vanished.—London Daily Chronicle.

Music in Europe

It appears that in England the adoption of the steel E string for the fiddle has led to a boom in strings of that material.

It seems clear that the following of the profession of music is of doubtful wisdom just now, even if matters are not yet at their lowest ebb! That sounds cheerful for the budding musician, but the fact is being talked about a good deal. "What," said a friend to me yesterday, "is to happen, if true, that the fees for the engagement of, say, Wigmore and Aeolian Halls are to be raised, and the Steinway Hall turned over to quite another purpose?" Echo answers "What?" There are rumors in abundance going the round to the effect that these things are within the bounds of possibility. Oh, would some good folk provide us with a hall as nearly as possible on the lines of the old St. James' [illegible] is the crying need of London [illegible] centre.—London Daily Telegraph.

Some piano pieces by Arnold Bax, "A Hill Juno," "Toccata," "Mediterranean," "Burlesque," recently published in London, are highly praised, as are his "Traditional Songs of France," five old melodies freely arranged for medium voice and piano. "The purist in modal music will, no doubt, be outraged at the freedom of the accompaniment, for the interest lies chiefly in the piano part, but as he can always go to the originals himself not very much harm is done."

Lawrence A. Collingwood's "Three Love Songs," and Frederic Austin's three songs, "Love's Pilgrimage," are also praised.

Vincent d'Indy's Choral for saxophone and orchestra, written for Mrs. Richard J. Hall of Boston and played here at a concert of the Orchestra Club on Jan. 5, 1904, transcribed for violoncello, was played at a Lamoureux concert in Paris on April 3. M. Lapommeraye spoke of its "serene grandeur" and said that it is "a sort of act of faith."

Scriabin's piano concerto was performed for the first time in Paris, Pasdeloup concert, April 2, 3. "Less spontaneous than the latter pieces, fantastic in a sombre manner, for the piano alone."

First performances in Paris: Societe Nationale (April 2): 'cello sonata by Marcelle Soulage; variations by Orban for string quartet; "L'Amour au Village," seven songs by Alexandre Olenine. L'Oeuvre Inedita (April 2), string quartet by Ygouw; "Kittab et Agoni," melodic intimacies (the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam), by Andre Gavet, for voice, flute, clarinet, violin, viola, 'cello, double bass and piano; "Pierce," for string quartet, by the Canadian, Rodolphe Mathieu.

M. d'Indy and the Schola Cantorum in Paris have given a performance of Bach's Passion according to John.

"Frankie and Johnny: or "You'll Miss Me in the Days to Come"

Some time ago—it was in January—The Herald published a version of "Frankie," the inspired song with the refrain, "He was her man, that's right he was, but she done him wrong." We are indebted to "J. W. C." for a more ornate version. He writes that it was sung at Keith's some time between 1912 and 1915 by the Three Leightons, a vaudeville sketch team. "The song was amusing and interesting, as the music has curious changes of time to fit the words. On inquiry of one of the Leightons I learned that the song had been published, but unfortunately I asked for no facts as to the source of either words or music. They evidently did not claim either, for though their names appear above the first printed line of the music, there is no mention of author or composer." The song was published in 1912.

Frankie and Johnny were sweethearts,
They had a quarrel one day,
Johnny he vowed that he would leave her,
Said he was goin' away,
He's never comin' home,
He's goin' away to roam,
Frankie she begged and pleaded,
Cried, oh Johnny please stay,
She says, my honey I have done you wrong,
But please don't go away.
Then Johnny sighed, and to his Frankie cried:

CHORUS

"Oh, I'm agoin' away and I'm agoin' to stay.
I'm never comin' home—You're goin' to miss me hon', in the days to come,
When the winter winds begin to blow—the ground is covered up with snow,
You'll think of me and you will wish to be
Back with your lovin' man.
You're goin' to miss me hon', in the days, days, days to come."

Frankie says, "Listen now, Johnny,
To prove my love is true,
Every dollar I can save, dear,
I'm goin' to give to you,
So I think now, dear,
That ought to keep you here."
Johnny says, "Listen now, Frankie,
Don't want to tell you no lie,
I've lost my heart to another queen,
Her name is Nellie Bly."
Then Frankie groaned, as her Johnny moaned,

CHORUS

"Oh, I'm agoin' away and I'm agoin' to stay;
I'm never comin' home—You're goin' miss me hon', in the days to com
When the winter winds begin to blo the ground is covered up with sn
You'll think of me and you will wis be
Back with your lovin' man.
You're goin' to miss me hon', in days, days, days to come."

Frankie then said to her Johnny,
"Say, man, your hour has come!"
From underneath her silk kimona
She drew a forty-four gun—
Oh, it was a bear!
'Twas quite a large affair.
Johnny, he dashed down the stairw
Cryin' "Oh, Frankie, don't shoo
Frankie took aim with her "for
Five times with a rootv-toot-t

As Johnny fell. Then Miss Frankie yelled:

CHORUS

"Oh, you're agoin' away and you're agoin' to stay;
You're never comin' home—I'm goin' to miss you hon', in the days to come,
When the winter winds begin to blow—the ground is covered up with snow,
I'll think of thee and I will wish to be Back with my lovin' man.
I'm goin' to miss you hon', in the days, days, days to come.

"Send for your rubber-tired hearses.
Go get your rubber-tired hacks.
Take lovin' Johnny to the graveyard,
I shot him in the back
With my great big gun
Just as he went to run.
Send for a thousand policemen,
Detectives, right away!
Lock me way down in the dungeon cell
And throw the keys away.
My Johnny's dead, just because he said:

CHORUS

"Oh, I'm agoin' away and I'm agoin' to stay;
I'm never comin' home—You're goin' to miss me hon', in the days to come,
When the winter winds begin to blow—the ground is covered up with snow,
You'll think of me and you will wish to be
Back with your lovin' man.
You're goin' to miss me, hon', in the days, days, days to come."

Eva Gauthier and E. Robert Schmitz Give Program

Yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall Madame Eva Gauthier, soprano, and E. Robert Schmitz, pianist, gave their concert for the benefit of the Temporary American Memorial Hospital at Rheims. The hall was fairly well filled, but owing perhaps to the inclement weather, the attendance was by no means as large as might have been expected from the general excellence of the concert, or the purpose for which it was given.

Madame Gauthier sang the following: Obnine, "Chanson Russe"; Ferrari "Ma Belle Marraine"; Dupont, "Les Caresses"; Delibes, "Myrto"; Cyril Scott, "Tranquillity" (Song without words); "Song of Arcady," "Looking Back," "Lilac Time," and "Lullaby" (as an encore); Severac, "L'Aube dans la Montagne"; Sinigaglia, "Triste Soir" Catoire, "C'est l'extase langoureuse"; Grovlez, Guitares et Mandolines."

Mr. Schmitz gave the following: Liapounoff, "Theme and Variations" (on a Russian Theme); Vuillemin, "Carillons dans la Baie"; DeBussy, "Clair de Lune," "Etude sur les Octaves," "Etude sur les Accords," (last two for the first time in Boston); Ravel, "Jeux d'Eau"; Borodine, "Au Couvent"; Balakireif, "Islamey." Both gave several encores.

The only serious blemish on the afternoon's enjoyment was caused by a slight theatrical note in Madame Gauthier's stage presence and bizarre gown. Barring such a small defect, the singer is well fitted for much larger concert halls. She has a full, clear voice which she knows how to control, and a spirit that can infuse life into the most trifling song.

Mr. Schmitz proved himself a first-class pianist, a master of his instrument, and the composer's intentions. He was fully equal to every demand made upon him by the music.

The music itself, unfortunately, is another story. Attempting to estimate the permanent worth of music so far ahead of the period as most of this was, is always perilous, but it seems fairly certain that most of the composers represented have done work more worthy of a place on yesterday's program than the selections which were given. Boston is not privileged to hear so many programs of "modern" music that it can afford to waste any of its opportunities on songs entirely trivial, or piano works interesting only as studies for the player.

Mr Leroy Shield accompanied Madame Gauthier very well.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Alfred Mirovitch, pianist-composer. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. "Messiah," performed by the People's Choral Union of Boston. See special notice.

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15. Recital by Minerva Komenarski. Gluck, o del mio dolce ardor; Scuderi, Dormi pure, Gretchaninoff, Over the Steppes; Rachmaninoff, The Isle, How Sweet the Place, Spring Floods; La Forge, Schlupfwinkel; Strauss, Heimkehr; Taubert, Wiegenlied; Hildach, Lenz; Lieurance, Indian Love Song, Indian Lullaby; Burleigh, Hard Trials; Aspinall, White-Throat; Manney, Consecration; Harrison, To You; Salter, The Wind's Tales; Mana-Zucca, Rachem. Ernest W. Harrison will be the pianist.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Last concert of the Apollo Club. Part songs: Sturm, Gally We Ride; Bliss, A Plainsman's Song; Thompson, Wake Not; Cadman, Greeley, At Dawning; Hammond, Lochinvar; Kremser, Thro' Whispering Boughs; Ippolitoff Ivanoff, Bless the Lord; Rogers, But—They Didn't; Schubert, Omnipotence; Strauss, Beautiful Blue Danube. [illegible] H. Boynton, tenor, will sing "Voir Griselides" and songs by Schaefer. [illegible] Hammond, Wm. H. O'Brien, baritone, and Sullivan A. Sargent, bass, will sing the incidental solos in the part songs.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Last concert of the Boston Musical Association. Mr. Longy, conductor. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Ruth Bernard, Pianist. Bach, Italian Concerto; Schubert, Impromptu, E flat major, op. 90, No. 2; Chadwick, Dans Le Canot; Leschetitzky, Le Lucciole; Paderewski, Theme and Variations in A major; Debussy, Reflets Dans Evau, Le Fille Aux Cheveux de lin; Florent Schmitt, Nocturne, Sylphides; Chopin, Scherzo from Sonata op. 35, Prelude in F sharp minor, Prelude in F sharp major, Etude in C minor.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twenty-fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony Concert, the last of this, the 40th season.

April 25 1921

Mr. Herkimer Johnson called at the office last Saturday and had much to say, more than we cared to hear, but his remarks about ocean travel entertained us. We do not pretend to give his exact words.

"As a sociologist I have always been interested in women's costumes. As a boy, long before I had planned my colossal work, I used to look at the pictures and patterns in Godey's Lady's Book—I think that was the title of the magazine—Peterson's, and a little later, Madame Demorest's. Today I am a constant reader of Vogue, if only for its revelations of the human form, sometimes divine, too often earthy, of the earth. Well, yesterday I stepped into a fashionable dressmaker's on Boylston street where, by the way, is a singularly attractive and intelligent young woman whom I have known for some years. She has given me invaluable information for the 13th volume of my magnum opus, which, as you know, is published by subscription.

"She told me that at this shop they were selling dinner dresses for $150 to $300 apiece to be worn on steamers for European ports. I have heard that bloated capitalists going to Europe sleep on brass bedsteads and not in bunks, and that they bathe in porcelain—why not silver or golden?—tubs, and are no longer played on by a hose as they stand shivering on deck; but this folly of spurging on shipboard at dinner with costly dresses and pearls and diamonds set me a-thinking of my first voyage to England in answer to a rather imperative letter from Herbert Spencer, who wished to consult me with regard to a chapter in his forthcoming book. Herb was not at all a distant person, as some say. I found him chatty and jocose.

"Ah, my boy, there was romance 40 years ago in crossing the Atlantic. Prayers were said in the churches for those who were to land at Liverpool, and doubled prayers for those who purposed to visit Paris. We were all uncomfortable on the vessel, and we rejoiced in it. We all wore old clothes, shabby clothes, even the fairest of women, and they were the more piquant. Men and women became well acquainted, one with the other, and soon grew confidential. There was time for it; there was no impatient, insane rush across the ocean. A man was out of reach. There was no impertinent wireless apparatus to harass him. There was no band to rasp his nerves. The food was coarse; no light was allowed in a cabin after a certain hour; there was no lavish provision of towels and napkins. In those days there was always a most presentable young widow going to Calcutta or returning from that city. The purser told amusing anecdotes about her. A couple of men would be suspected of being card-sharps; they certainly held amazing hands in the smokers' cabin; we were all sorry when the voyage was over. Yes, the romance of ocean travel is over, unless one embarks on a tramp steamer for some island in the South Seas, as yet unknown to missionaries and even the adventurous Mr. O'Brien of the fascinating books."

"MURPHY OF MOSCOW"

"Geneva. M. Bidezary read a letter from the International Syndicalist Federation of Moscow requesting that the Congress have a Moscow delegate called 'Murphy.' . . . Murphy, who was present in the visitors' gallery, then attempted to address the meeting, but was shouted down, one of the Austrian delegates throwing an orange at him from the floor."

"Murphy of Moscow!" Well, bedad,
Where did the Soviets get that lad?
Surely his was a nom de guerre—
Murphys never could come from there.

"Murphy of Moscow!" That bates all!
Thryin' to get a sate in the hall,
Thryin' to get a voice an' a place
On the sthrinth of this name of the Irish race!

"Murphy of Moscow!" Glory be!
No wondher they all said: "Who is he?"
No wondher they raised such a terrible shout
An' ruz from their sates for to put him out.

Surely a most ridiculous twist,
An Irish name on a Bolshevist!
"Murphy of Moscow!" Sure I'm vext,
I'm wondherin' where he'll hail from next! DENIS A. McCARTHY.

The throwing of the orange was adding insult to insult.

DAN HOLE POND.

As the World Wags:

By the daily papers I see that the name of Dan Hole pond in Carroll county, N. H., has been changed to Lake Roland, presumably by legislative action.

Dan Hole pond! One of the only two bodies of water, Sunapee is the other, in which the Salmo Aureolus (discovered and classified by Col. Hodge of the old New Hampshire fish and game commission) is indigenous. Dan Hole pond! The name smacks of New Hampshire. Rough and rugged as their own granite ledges on its shores, unprettified and unashamed. It's name is in keeping with such New Hampshire names as Eleazer Wheelock, Jeremiah Mason, Daniel Webster and Horace Welly, rugged and strong, masters of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Pond! Pond! Anathema on this never-enough-to-be damned snobbishness, Philistinism and bad taste of the moderns who would call every small body of water a lake.

Dan Hole pond—a memorial in name to some one of the early pioneers, no doubt, who slashed and carved his way into the primeval wilderness and left only his name for remembrance. There is as much connection between Roland and Dan Hole as there is between Lahassa and Kaukakee. What half-baked reader of the present slushy, mushy literature, or incipient student of elocution who has been practicing on "Bernardo Del Carpio" and the "Field of Roncesvalles" would revive mediaeval romanticism and change the native names. Did they but give them the original Indian names there would be poetic justice in the act.

Every trout fisherman who has visited Dan Hole pond and every fisherman who has caught or seen or hoped to see the Salmo Aureolus will deplore this vandalism. Carroll county should sit repentant and ashamed, or as the Jews "sitshivva" for seven days for the remission of their sins. S. H.

Westminster.

YES, BUT WHO WROTE THE SONG?

As the World Wags:

"Living the life of Riley" was a popular phrase with the A. E. F., but it did not originate there. Long before Eddie Burns of Cambridge, Elk ne plus ultra, made the song and Riley famous. His usual encore was "When Finnegan Paid the Rent;" and both were fountains of youth to any fortunate hearers.

TAUNTON $1.50.

DOINGS TO THE NORTH

Mr. George F. Bacon of Moultonboro, N. H., sends us this paragraph, published in the Laconia Democrat:

"The Rev. Mr. Lewis caused the detention of a party of Massachusetts fishermen who came along and had their car searched for liquid bait, the investigation revealing the sad fact that the visiting fishermen were reduced to the deplorable extremity of carrying one quart of non-alcoholic apricot cordial, and two quarts of sweet cider as their sole supply of remedy for snake-bites on their fishing trip."

FIRST RECITAL BY MIROVITCH HERE

Alfred Mirovitch, Russian pianist and composer, born in Petrograd in 1884, played for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The audience, not as large as it should have been, received his first number, the Bach-Taussig Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, for organ, with only sufficient animation to pay tribute to a capable technician, but it warmed up as the program went forward and long before the end acclaimed the artist with enthusiasm rarely exceeded here.

A certain calmness in hearing the Bach-Taussig composition is quite natural, as no human being can give life or reality or beauty to an organ piece by "executing" it on a piano, and Mr. Mirovitch, capable and even great artist as he later proved himself to be, could not succeed in giving congruity to the incongruous.

He played for the first time a sonata—A major, a Mehul-Mirovitch composition. It was a sparkling and tuneful piece and its many beauties were not dimmed by the fact that they were strongly reminiscent of Mozart's manner and form.

Then Mr. Mirovitch turned to Chopin, and in the G minor ballade, B major nocturne, G flat major waltz, three studies and the B flat minor sonata containing the famous funeral march, he proved to be one of those rare beings, an adequate and altogether sensitive and pleasing interpreter of that composer's elusive mysteries of lovely sound and appealing emotion. In all his work a master of brilliant technic, the pianist reached the height of his interpretive power in the funeral march. He made one feel as few artists do the sternness, the solemnity, the inevitableness of death without trace of sentimental grief and he sang the beautiful lyric portion as a veritable song of the love that triumphs over and defies the grave.

The last part of the program contained a barcarolle by Liadoff, Scriabin's study in D sharp minor, the pianist's own "Spring Song," "Hark, Hark, the Lark," Schubert-Liszt and Liszt's No. 6 Rhapsody. The "Spring Song" was a charming bit of inspiring melody with a lovely tracery of harmonic decoration, not specially Slavic or Russian, just brimming with those vernal feelings that thrill all life in the spring, whether along the Volga, in the fair vales of Provence or among the green hills of Vermont.

Toccata and Fuga, D minor, for organ ..... Bach-Taussig
Sonata, A major, op. 1 No. 3 (first time) ..... Mehul-Mirovitch
Ballade, G minor ..... Chopin
Nocturne, B major ..... Chopin
Valse, G-flat major ..... Chopin
Three Etudes ..... Chopin
Sonata, B flat minor ..... Chopin
Barcarolle ..... Liadoff
Etude, D sharp minor ..... Scriabin
Menuetto ..... Mirovitch
Hark, hark the lark ..... Schubert-Liszt
Rhapsody, No. 6 ..... Liszt

"THE MESSIAH" GIVEN BY PEOPLE'S UNION

Third Presentation of Oratorio This Season Well Received

The People's Choral Union, nearly 200 voices, George Sawyer Dunham conductor, with 30 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Frederick L. Mahn, principal, and Grace Bonner Williams, soprano; Jeanne Hunter Tanner, contralto; George H. Boynton tenor, and Harold Land, baritone, sang Handel's "Messiah," in Symphony Hall last evening, at the 24th annual spring spring concert. Herman A. Shedd was at the organ and Miss Mildred Vinton at the piano.

Mrs. J. D. MacGill of Cambridge presented to Conductor Dunham a large wreath of laurel in the name of the society, saying: "In days of old the Romans crowned victors with bay and laurel, when they had won triumph greater than could be measured by gold or jewels, so we now present to you this wreath because you have won and deserve our admiration and esteem."

"Lift Up Your Heads, O Ye Gates," the "Hallelujah," and "Worthy Is the Lamb," were presented with a power, precision of attack and sustained tone that thrilled the audience mightily. Such singing evinced the most painstaking training.

Of the soloists, Mrs. Williams labored under the handicap of an indisposition which earlier in the day almost tempted her to cancel her engagement. Miss Tanner's phrasing of "He Was Despised" was especially good. Mr. Boynton's light and agreeable voice was best in "The Lord Shall Have Them in Derision."

April 26 1921

VETS WIN AGAINST L. B. A. C.

The Veteran Firemen beat the L. B. A. C. 9 to 6 at peaknuckle on Monday evening in the third play of the series held at the rooms on Maplewood avenue.

The reporter is to be thanked for omitting the old, crusty, well-seasoned phrase, "the gallant fire-laddies."

"Peaknuckle." The approved spelling is "pinocle." Why the name? What is the derivation? Who invented the game? It is said that it originated in this country.

What a capricious, whimsical imp is our old friend Association of Ideas! Reading the Portsmouth Herald, we at once thought of a passage in "Leaves of Grass":

I am the mash'd fireman with breast-bone broken;
Tumbling walls buried me in their debris;
Heat and smoke I inspired—I heard the yelling shouts of my comrades;
I heard the distant click of their picks and shovels;
They have clear'd the beams away—they tenderly lift me forth.
I lie in the night air in my red shirt—the pervading hush is for my sake
Painless after all I lie, exhausted but not so unhappy;
White and beautiful are the faces around me—the heads are bared of their fire-caps;
The kneeling crowd fades with the light of the torches.

LORD CYRIL VISITS AMERICA

(Picture—informal evening at home—host, hostess, young daughter, Lord Cyril stands by fire.)

s first "Why the slavery Africa. tosa'"

r Rosamunde—"Papa! This 'Styx' book! You know they all take tea at Cleopatra's; and Confucius says William Penn first invented sleep; but he says, 'No, I only founded Philadelphia'."

rd Cyril (After having the sleepy Philadelphia joke thoroughly explained to him)—Haw haw! Now I call that extremely ludicrous, Miss Rosamunde. But it couldn't have happened, you know! They didn't all live at the same time!"

New Bedford, MIRA DANA

"ONE OF NAPOLEON'S BOOKS"

the World Wags:

How can you be so cruel as to bring Ovid, one of the bogies of early uth? Then it would have been better "let sleeping dogs lie" rather than to ve tasks set in the works of "one of world's greatest erotic writers." e supreme foolishness of putting be- e young boys his tales of love, is ubtless a survival of mediaeval symism when his "Metamorphoses" were wed as a revelation to the Gentiles; s view in a measure lasted almost our day especially among the clergy aining their hold on education, for mple in England. Ovid's "Metamorses" tables are strikingly similar to ongly erotic animal-phantasies, (it s recently been noticed in a scientific icle on the role of animals in the onscious) and Ovid became a men- even to the Rome of Augustus. As s written on the back of titlepage of Elzevir of 1652:

The lord of earth did not desire
o see his daughter in the mire.
That wonder then that Caesar sent
is poet into banishment?
ince Ovid shows the smoothest way
or wife or maid to go astray."

CHARLES--EDWARD AAB.

OSTON.

Why Ovid was banished from Rome still a mystery. He himself said in "Tristium Libri" that it was due his love poems and for having accentally seen certain things that he uld not have seen. This last remark caused scandalous discussion into ich learned men have entered with smacking of the lips. Ovid's poems out the art of loving were in circuon about B. C. 2.' He was not banced until 9 A. D. The character of the ms was undoubtedly a pretex for banishment. Mr. Aab will find an austive study of the subject in the istorical and Critical Dictionary" of justiy celebrated Pierre Bayle, icle, "Ovid."—Ed.

GRETCHEN, THE SEWING-MACHINE GIRL

(New York Evening Post.)

HEY ARE NOTHING if not modern Montreal. A traveling company retly visited that city to play "Faust." e of the most noted scenes is where tchen sits at the spinning wheel and gs the song beginning "Meine Ruh ist ." But why a spinning wheel, thought Montrealans. So they insisted that tchen pour out her grief in song ile pedalling a brand-new sewing chine, so arranged on the stage— r the fashion of a concert grand— t the spectators could see the name the make without too much craning, this notice was inserted in the prom along with directions for reach- the fire exits: "The sewing machine d in this performance is noiseless." s Samuel Butler sang: "O God, O ntreal!"

PRING, SPRING, BEAUTIFUL SPRING

the World Wags:

seems a timely moment for spring es. With me as soon as I have ked over numerous seed catalogues, ight what I need and get my land wed, I feel at leisure to read of mat- less strictly utilitarian but still h the promise of spring.

esterday I had reason to consult Thomas Browne ("Doctor of Phys- late of Norwich"), on a subject re nearly in his line and was sured to find much appropriate to the son. Mandrakes I have grown in garden, and knowing many charaistics of the plant I sought for more. he roots of mandrakes do make noise or give a shriek upon eradion." He makes this statement rely to deny it but adds there is a ender foundation for such a vast ception; for such a noise we somes observe in other plants, in pars, liquorish, etc." My own groans digging parsnips have evidently de me deaf to theirs.

is opinion of cucumbers is the same mine, he writes—"that cucumbers no commendable fruit; that, being erish, they fill the veins with crude windy serosities."

e gives a clear account of the life tory of the frog, from the egg ough the tadpole stage, but he is eful to add that he writes only of the frog generated in the usual way, and not of those "such as, arising from putrifaction, subsist not long," nor of the little frog "that usually sits on trees and bushes." Concerning these two he is silent.

He has a word of caution for those who have homo brew in their cellars. He says "that beer, wine and other liquors are spoiled with lightning and thunder. . . . It proceeds not only from noise and concussion of the air, but also noxious spirits which mingle therewith and draw them to corruption." G. S. W. K.

Newtonville.

COPLEY THEATRE—"The Merry Wives of Windsor," a comedy in four acts by William Shakespeare. Cast:

Shallow.....Walter Kingsford
Slender.....T. Gordon Blyth
Sir Hugh Evans.....Lawrence Cecil
Master Page.....Frederick Roland
Sir John Falstaff.....H. Conway Wingfield
Bardolph.....E. E. Clive
Pistol.....E. F. Hast
Nym.....Paul Hansell
Simple.....Harold E. Bates
Anne Page.....Katherine Standing
Host of the Garter Inn..Barry Whitcomb
Mistress Quickly.....Eleanor Hutchison
Fenton.....Clifford Turner
John Rugby.....Chester H. Parsons
Dr. Caius.....Nicholas Joy
Mistress Page.....Viola Roach
Mistress Ford.....Pamela Gaythorne
Master Ford.....Charles Warburton
Robin.....May Ediss

The Jewett Players gave a very creditable performance last night of this good old comedy, although comedy seems hardly the word for the antics of Falstaff and the Merry Wives. What with all the tumbling over tables and treading on heels and running out one door and in through another, farce more aptly describes it. By the way, how many of the modern contrivers of bedroom farces have found their inspiration in "The Merry Wives," we wonder? Mr. A. H. Woods always hides his philanders under the bed: the merry wives hid Falstaff in a basket of soiled linen, but the basic idea is the same! Even after all these years, it is difficult to improve on the bard of Avon.

Miss Roach as Mistress Page is the bright particular star of the present production. Her gayety is contagious; she really plays in a spirit of swift comedp, without resorting to the more boisterous tricks which are a temptation in the part. Her Mistress Page is a vivacious and attractive woman, captivating in her mischief making—and very pretty into the bargain. With Miss Gaythorne, as Mistress Ford, their scenes were the most delightful moments in the play. And Miss Hutchison, as Mistress Quickly, was notably good. To see these three women, having an honest laugh in the corner over a mere male's foolishness, was to enjoy an honest laugh onself.

Mr. Wingfield's Falstaff, excellent in makeup and costume, was perhaps a trifle too blustering in the first act; with all his swagger and jovial laughter, Falstaff should make himself intelligible. After the piece got under way, however, the real Falstaff began to appear. The scene in Mistress Ford's house, when the two women help him into the basket, was well done and very funny.

Mr. Clive does everything so well that he is apt to suffer from being taken for granted. One expects him, no matter how small the part, to add a touch of genius to the whole. Last night, in the comparatively unimportant part of Bardolph, he lived up to past performances. Mr. Joy, finding himself in a part where he was forced to be a character other than Mr. Joy, rose nobly to the occasion and did an extremely effective and amusing piece of work as Dr. Caius. Mr. Blyth gave an Oscar Wildish portrayal of the anaemic Slender.

The stage settings were simple and effective. A large audience enjoyed the performance.

DOROTHY JARDON HEADS KEITH BILL

Dorothy Jardon, lately with the Chicago Opera Company, headed the bill at Keith's last night. Her numbers included, "Love's Opera," her own composition; "There Is No Death," dedicated to those who fell in the late war and an aria from "Cavalleria Rusticana." Her appearance was enthusiastically applauded.

Richard Kean, in scenes from old plays, impersonated Richard Mansfield in the Rialto scene from the "Merchant of Venice" and Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and then gave his own act as Peter the Miser. The bits were well done but were too short to give complete satisfaction.

A duo of phenomenal roller skaters opened the program and performed some thrilling stunts. Lew and Paul Murdock, bootleggers, with a song and dance highball, and Willam Kent with Elsa Shaw in "Shivers," furnished an abundance of comedy, which was supplemented by a scene from "Way Down East" by Daniel Roach and James McCurdy.

Sidney Phillips in songs and stories was pleasing, and West Avey and Dennie O'Neil gave a colored burlesque.

W. Horlick and the Sarampa Sisters closed the evening with descriptive and variety dances.

VINCENT CLUB

'When South Meets North' Is Given at Plymouth Theatre

Miss Ruth Graves, who wrote the book and the lyrics, "When South Meets North," presented for the first time at the Plymouth Theatre last evening by members of the Vincent Club, passed a part of her childhood in South America, has crossed the equator and is more or less familiar with the pranks played by Neptune when he boards the craft that made that special part of his kingdom.

So the story of the play opens on an ocean liner near the Equator when all on board are awaiting the moment when she shall "cross the line"

Love Story Is Told

Of course there is a love story which has to do with the difficulties of two South Americans and two North Americans who become involved in a comedy of errors arising from the difference in the customs of the two countries.

As usual the costumes worn by the cast are beautiful and striking, where the play does not call for the grotesque. The dancing is in some cases picturesque, in others descriptive and always graceful and charming.

The cast includes Miss Frances Howell, Miss Helén Bennett, Miss Anna Winslow, Mrs. H. H. Whitman, Mrs. John E. Thayer, Jr., Miss Helenka Adamowski, Mrs. Dudley Ranney, Miss Jessie Means, Mrs. William Reggio, Miss Helen Sargent.

Last month an advocate of simplicity and sincerity—at least he wished us all to go back to s. and s.—wrote to the N. Y. Herald complaining because he had received a letter ending as follows:

"I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant, (Signature)."

A few days afterwards the London Daily Chronicle spoke of a business man of prominence in that city who wishes curtness in business letters: he would begin by abolishing "Dear Sir" and "Yours truly." A correspondent, writing to the Daily Chronicle, did not agree with him. The correspondent had recently received some goods from two different firms. There was a trifling defect in each parcel. The receiver, annoyed, wrote to the firms. From one he received a curt reply: the goods were all right when dispatched; what right had he to complain? The other wrote "a long letter expressing regret in round and rolling phrases." It begged him to overlook the blunder which would be righted at once. It assured him that "his valued orders, etc., etc." The correspondent ended his letter to the Daily Chronicle: "Now, which of those two firms will have my future orders?"

Our business men in dealing with South America are too often unmindful of the epistolary courtesy expected by the South Americans; no doubt they often suffer in trade thereby. How about private correspondence?

Why should "Dear Mrs. Ferguson" imply a greater intimacy than "My dear Mrs. Ferguson?" When did this differentiation come into fashion? Is Jones in reality more truly yours when he writes "very" before "truly"? A man signs himself "Yours very sincerely." Suspect him at once. Some have an intense prejudice, perhaps unreasonable, against "Yours cordially." There is something pathetic in the case of the poor and warm hearted girl who ends the misspelt letter to her young man: "Yours til deth."

We confess that we like the old-fashioned ceremonious forms of assurance. There is a certain stateliness in "I am, sir, your obedient servant." We admit that on a postal card or at the end of a type-written letter this is incongruous. On a postal card the name should suffice; there should be no "dearing." In the thirties and forties of the last century, dutiful sons addressed a father as "Respected Sir." Social relations are impossible if there is not a dash of courteous insincerity in correspondence. The formal "Sir" is now for the stage; for the indignant maiden when the wicked baronet or elderly stock-broker puts his arm about her waist.

In business letters "Gentlemen:" for "Dear Sirs:" is intolerable. In certain instances the members of the firm addressed are not "gentlemen." Richard Grant White ridiculed the formula long ago. (It is a pity his books on words and everyday speech are not more read today.) "Gents"? We shall not waste time discussing this hideous word; rather would we wear "pants"; the majority of ready-made trousers are "pants," there's no uso in attempting to disguise the fact. In these days of absurdly high prices, many of us, and even Mr. Herkimer Johnson—wear "pants."

Apropos of trousers, we read in a London journal that breeches making is one of the fine arts, especially the planning of the garments that stick out stiffly at the side and compel passing vehicles to give the footpath a wide berth.

At a lecture on the art of sartorial design, delivered by a British lieutenant-colonel, he "produced a pair of breeches and put them on, so that his methods should be practically demonstrated," the reporter added: "So successful was the illustration that the same procedure was adopted in a section of the lecture dealing with trousers. An admirable way of getting well into a subject.

"Nice People" and Paper Covers

An article published in the N. Y. Evening Post about the present cost of bound books and the possibility of issuing books in paper covers was headed: "Do Nice People Read Paper-Backed Novels?" There might be first of all an inquiry into the precise meaning of "nice." Now tho first meaning of the word was foolish, stupid; then, wanton, loose-mannered; later in turn, strange, slothful, effeminate, over-refined, coy, shy, until we came to the meaning, fastidious, also having refined tastes. We take it for granted that the writer of the article, Mr. Robert A. Simon, did not use the word "nice," with the meaning in the odious jargon of certain "sassiety" reporters, "smart," "swagger" applied to "leaders of fashion."

There was a time when men and women read paper-covered novels and were not ashamed. Nor in those years was "paper-covered" synonymous with "cheap and even improper. The Harper Brothers, D. Appleton and others published hundreds of novels in paper covers, novels by Thackeray, Hugo, Dickens, Collins, Trollope, Le Fanu, Lever, Reade, Lawrence—in fact novels by the leading writers of fiction for many years. We read Bernard Shaw's-"Cashel Byron's Profession" in paper covers, octavo form, published many years before any one in this country had any definite idea concerning the personality of Mr. Shaw. The only objection to the paper covers was that the book soon went to pieces; but these books were light in the hand, easy to read. It might justly be said that the greater number of novels now published, sold at $1.75, $2, $2.50 are not worthy of covers, in spite of the flaming blurbs and the glowing articles of press-agents masquerading as literary critics.

The Short and Long of It

As the World Wags:

Is there any authority for the short "a," much used and perceptibly increasing in Boston?

As an example, the New Yorker says, "dancing will begin at half-past ten" (the "a" pronounced as in "bat," while his Boston brother says the same words with the "a" pronounced as in "harm."

Boston. F. S. W.

This reminds us of a wheeze in the Vanity Fair of the early sixties. A: How do you pronounce the "g" in "lager?" B: Not soft as in "gin," but hard as in "gout."

Dance is classed in Vizetelly's "Twenty-Five Thousand Words Frequently Mispronounced" with words, as "ask," having a variant pronunciation which is equivalent to "a" as in "art," or "a" as in "fat."—Ed.

One on Vers Libre

I wrote some verse, I thought was free
And showed it to a friend.
He read it carefully, and made
This comment at the end:

"This is not free, for it contains
Much meter and some rhyme;
You'll have to do much worse than this
Or be behind the time!"

Brighton. I. E. H.

JUSTICE

I wonder what can be the cause
Why we so seldom hear of Dawes?
And yet are told, year after year,
Of the famous ride of Paul Revere!

We scarcely know of him at all,
And yet Bill rode as well as Paul,
Who figures still in many a pageant
Because he had a good press agent.

Oh, can it be that greater fame
Attends a more euphonious name?
No! let us with as much applause
Revere the name of William Dawes.

G. V. J.

BY APOLLO CLUB

The Apollo Club gave its fourth concert of the season last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: "Gaily We Ride," W. Sturm; "A Plainsman's Song," Paul Bliss; "Wake Not, but Hear Me," L. S. Thompson; "Voir Griselidis," Massenet; "At Dawning," Charles W. Cadman; "Lochinvar," William C. Hammond; "Through

Whispering Boughs," Kremser; "Bless the Lord, O My Soul," M. Ippolitof-Ivanof; "But—They Didn't," James H. Rogers; "The Almighty," Schubert, and "The Beautiful Blue Danube," Strauss, and a group of four old songs. Mr. Emil Mollenhauer conducted

The members of the Apollo Club excel in the singing of such songs as "A Plainsman's Song" and "Lochinvar." Last night they were in fine voice; in the latter song particularly did they display dramatic color and fire. The baritone solo was sung by William H. O'Brien, a club member. Mr. Cadman's "At Dawning" seems a little too pretty and sentimental in comparison with his interesting Indian music. The former, however, was sung last night with tenderness and poetic feeling; an encore was demanded, and also for the preceding songs, "Wake Not" and "A Plainsman's Song."

George H. Boynton was the tenor soloist. His singing of Massenet's "Voir Griselidis" and the group of songs, which included an old English air, "Mary of Allendale," was warmly received by the appreciative audience. The bass solo "Wake Not, but Hear Me" was sung by Sullivan A. Sargent, a club member. Frank H. Luker was at the piano and E. Rupert Sirco at the organ.

April 28 1921

MUSICAL ASS'N

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Musical Association, Mr. Longy conductor, gave the fourth and last concert of its second season last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: In Dulci Jubilo, Allegri's Miserere, Vladana's O Sacrum Convivium, and Bach's Now Let Every Tongue, Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Davison, conductor. Ippolitoff-Ivanoff, Caucasian Sketches; Storey Smith, A Caravan from China Comes, for voice and orchestra, Owen Hewitt, tenor; Sweet, prelude to the opera "Riders to the Sea" (mss.); Bordes, Biscayan Rhapsody for piano and orchestra, Marion Carley, pianist; Florent Schmitt, Chant de Guerre, tenor solo, male chorus and orchestra.

Mr. Storey Smith's song was sung here some time ago by Mr. Radamsky, with piano accompaniment. It then made a deep impression by its suggestion of oriental languor, passion and mystery. Last night it was sung for the first time with orchestral accompaniment. Composers have not always been fortunate in transcribing for orchestra the piano accompaniments of their songs. Hugo Wolf's "Er ist's" is a case in point. Some of Schubert's songs have suffered in like manner when modern musicians have substituted their orchestra for Schubert's piano. It is not in the power of many to rival Berlioz's treatment of "Erl King" or Duparc's orchestration of his own accompaniments. Mr. Smith has written discreetly and poetically for the orchestra; he has given emphasis to the salient characteristics of his tonal translation of Le Gallienne's verses. Yet the song was not so effective as when it was first heard in its original form, and for two reasons: Mr. Hewitt, a tenor with an agreeable voice, was neither imaginative nor dramatic in the interpretation; furthermore, the pace taken for the introduction was so slow that the caravan did not come, did not walk—it crawled.

Synge's drama inspired Mr. Gilbert to write his truly tragic overture, which, performed here at a Symphony concert, so affected Mr. Rabaud that he chose the subject for an opera in one act. Mr. Sweet has already written an opera following literally Synge's text. The Prelude heard last night has been played in New York at a Philharmonic concert. Mr. Sweet's purpose was to portray the struggle of the sorely afflicted Maurya with Fate; or the conflict between the woman and pitiless Nature, personified by the greedy, insatiable ocean. To speak of the music is not desirable, for it demands an orchestra of greater routine experience and plasticity than the one of last night. It was only possible at times to guess at the composer's intentions.

Charles Bordes, one of the founders of the Schola bantorum at Paris, zealous in his labor to restore the genuine plain song, was a sound musician, but his Biscayan Rhapsody is a tiresome thing, with the themes strung together in an artless fashion, and treated in a poverty-stricken manner. Nevertheless it gave Miss Marion Carley the opportunity to display a pleasing touch and musical phrasing.

Schmitt's "Chant de Guerre" is a stirring composition, free from the commonplaces customary in works of this nature; not labored, not bombastic. It needed a heroic tenor.

The orchestra was heard to best advantage in the "Caucasian Sketches," two of which at least had been played here. These Sketches have character, especially the first and the second. "In the Mosque" is not so interesting. The fourth, "Procession of the Sadar," is for a promenade concert.

The Harvard Glee Club gave variety and pleasure. Its performance of Allegri's "Miserere" was noteworthy.

A large audience was warmly appreciative. Messrs. Sweet and Storey Smith were obliged to bow in response to applause; Miss Carley was recalled; Mrs. Golden and Mr. Lenom were called upon to rise from their seats in the orchestra, and Messrs. Longy and Davison were fully recognized.

We are obliged to read the New York newspapers to find out the goings on in Boston. The Morning Telegraph of the 25th informed us that Mme. Nina Koshetz, "celebrated prima-donna," etc., "has been engaged by the Boston Symphony Orchestra Co. to sing during their May festival."

As is well known, "the Boston Symphony Orchestra Co." has a strawberry festival every year, but it usually comes later than in May.

PAINFUL PREACHERS OF THE WORD

Canon Hay Aitken of England, now in his 80th year, hopes to live until he has preached 22,000 sermons. If he had preached "since he was out of his teens he would have been obliged to do so at least once every day to secure a total of 22,000". Perhaps the canon is like the clergyman who finds snug lying in a Staffordshire churchyard. He had served 54 years. His epitaph reads: "He composed 559 sermons and preached about 5000 times."

There was a preacher years ago at Chelsea, Vt. At last he left the pulpit. In his farewell sermon he said to his flock: "Brethren and sisters, I have preached many, many sermons. Few have pleased God and none of them have pleased me."

MESSRS. KILBY AND FITZGERALD

As the World Wags:

When a man is wrong, especially about a historical matter, it is up to him to correct any misstatements he has made. I had a chat yesterday with the Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, renewing an acquaintance begun on shipboard 12 years ago, and between us we have got it straight about the Faneuil Hall Fourth of July episode. I was wrong in saying that when, in 1895, the Boston Theatre was not available for the oration, it was given in Faneuil Hall. It was given that year at the Grand Opera House, as I should have remembered, as it was on that occasion and in that place that Louis Aldrich's son, Willie, read the Declaration of Independence. Probably that theatre was to be used the following year, and I have no doubt it was Mr. Fitzgerald who insisted on the proper change to Faneuil Hall. His mistakenly saying the Boston Theatre had been engaged has no bearing on the main issue, and I cheerfully accord him the credit which is due.

The name of Americus, the child violinist, of whom your correspondent speaks, was Master James Speaight. The play in which he was appearing was "The Naiad Queen," at the Boston Theatre. I attended his burial, which was in the burying ground on Boston Common, the use of a tomb having been kindly granted by the lady familiarly known as Mrs. Champagne Cutter.

Emma Abbott rests in the cemetery near the station at Gloucester, beneath an elaborate monument said to have cost $80,000.

Tagliapietra's intimates called him "Tal," not "Tag." QUINCY KILBY.

"AMERICUS"

We have received several letters about this boy violinist. Miss Eliza Hall says he was in Boston in 1873 or 1874; that Carlotta Williamson was the daughter of a member of the opera chorus of the Bijou Theatre, Jason Wentworth manager, in 1881. She is now living, a teacher and composer of music, Mrs. George M. Blandford, in Dorchester.

("The Naiad Queen" was revived at the Boston Theatre on Dec. 15, 1873. It ran five weeks. The ballet introduced the entire Kiralfy family, Felix Reganey, young Americus, the Ulm sisters and the Vaidis sisters.)

Another correspondent writes: "I think Thomas Bailey Aldrich's story of the 'Americus' incident is most pathetic. It was published in St. Nicholas in the eighties, as I remember. Mr. Aldrich with his twin sons was present at the last performance of 'Americus,' and the newspaper account the next morning of the boy's death apparently deeply affected him. The boy's speech was 'Great God, make room for a little child.'" Mr. Kendall's letter, too long for this column, will be published in The Herald of next Sunday.

OLD TROOPER

Erect he stands, tall, lithe and debonair,
With face sun-tanned by Arizona's glare.

A brown peaked campaign hat that tilts awry—
A silhouette of Man against the sky.

The middle trail with gray has touched his hair;
Where youth meets age and leaves age standing there,

Can silver-fingered Time take aught away?
I saw a young girl smile on him today!

It's good to see him swinging gayly by
On Duty bound—its gleam within his eye.

And he hath eyes—gray eyes are stern betimes—
With wealth of laughter lingering in their lines.

You grasp a hand when clasping hands with him;
You greet a man when greeting men like Jim.

For nearly thirty years a cavalryman,
And, what is more—soldier and gentleman! EDWARD YERXA.

Fort Warren.

Mr. Xerxa writes: "'Old Trooper' is a real character, in fact a very real character, of a very definite personality, much beloved (which is not the right word at all in the army vocabulary); one of a type of nature's noblemen and now stationed in Boston harbor after nearly 30 years' service in Uncle Sam's cavalry in the Philippines, Hawaii, on the Mexican border and in the far western and southwestern states. Only a Remington could adequately portray this picturesque figure on canvas. May I be pardoned if I have tried to trace a rather stilted word picture of some of the inimitable qualities possessed by most 'old troopers'—and they are a legion? Then, too, I have been politely accused of neglecting the army in verse by my hunkies—so I have tried to make this army."

SUAVITER IN MODO

(From the Autocar, London.)

Would the gentleman who inadvertently removed a Navy blue overcoat from a Navy blue two-seater Rover car outside 2, Nottingham Place, or 65, Harley Street, London, the other day, kindly return it to Dr. H. S. G. at either address, as the owner is feeling the cold severely, after his recent attack of smallpox accompanied by severe and extremely infectious manifestations of incurable skin complaint? H. S. G.

JANE AND BASEBALL

As the World Wags:

Have I ever asked you before whether the allusion in Northanger Abbey to the heroine's favorite sports being to roll down the bank and play baseball is the first allusion in history or literature to the latter form of sport? (The other I suppose is of great antiquity.)

Boston J. L.

Jane Austen wrote: "It was not very wonderful that Catherine . . . should prefer cricket, baseball . . . to books" about 1815. "Northanger Abbey" was published in 1818 long after her death. Catherine's "baseball" was probably "rounders," yet the first appearance in English literature of the latter word noted in the Oxford dictionary is dated 1656.—Ed.

April 29 1921

The Herald of last Sunday published a song entitled "Frankie and Johnny." "J. W. C." wrote, sending the song to us, that it was sung by the three Leightons at Keith's Theatre some time between 1912 and 1915. "On inquiry of one of the eLightons I learned that the song had been published, but unfortunately I asked for no facts as to the source of either words or music. . . Above the first printed line of the music there is no mention of author or composer."

We are indebted to Mr. A. Toxen Worm, the manager of the Shubert Theatres in Boston, for the desired information. Mr. Wilson Mizner of New York wrote to him:

"'Frankie and Johnnie' saw the foggy light of day in Pratt & Terney's Tenderloin cafe (San Francisco) in December, 1903. A girl called 'Victoria,' who sang in the joint, had, as far as I know, picked out the melody, and wanted words for it with which to convince slumming parties that they were getting their money's worth. She came to me, with the result that she soon had over one hundred scintillating stanzas and local fame. . . . The brave 'Victoria' got rich with it. I call her brave despite the fact she never sang the song aloud; she used to go right to a table and deliver it as though to hear it was a special privilege. She was a fine girl. I understand she is living somewhere in California on a little farm she bought with 'Frankie and Johnnie' money. It was some years before the song drifted East. No one had ever heard it when I taught it to Dorothy Russell at the Rand."

Dorothy Russell was Lillian Russell's daughter. Mr. Worm says that the Rand Hotel in New York was then managed by Mr. Mizner. It is now called the Van Cortland. It is in Forty-ninth street.

ENTERTAINING VARIANTS

Some one should collect the variants of this tragic ditty. On Jan. 20 we published a version entitled "Frankie" that pleased the Spectator of London. The Spectator was discussing cowboy ditties. "There are several versions of this song ('Frankie'), all restrained in substance, but horribly profane in expression. All, that is, except that for which my thanks are due to the Y. W. C. A., as the girl who sang it had learnt it at one of their conferences in the middle West." In this version the man's name is Albert. The chorus is: "He was her man, that's right he was, an' he done her wrong." There was a Homeric simplicity about this version in couplets.

"An' the barkeeper says 'Miss Frankie, I bain't goin' ter tell no lie.
Yer Albert was in here 'bout 'n hour ago with a woman as looked like a spy.

"Then Frankie she went home, but she didn't go for fun.
She reached down in her stocking and pulled out a .44 gun.

• • •

"Oh, turn me over easy, and turn me over slow,
The third time that you shot that gun you hurt your Albert so."

On Jan. 27 The Herald published a fuller version sent by "E. S. H." of Fitchburg. Here the hero is Johnny, the chorus beginning: "He was her man, he was her man, but he done her wrong," comments on the various incidents. We prefer this version to the more elaborate one published last Sunday. After Frankie had talked with the barkeeper, what happened?

"Frankie went down to the hotel,
Looked in the windows so high;
There she saw Johnny in the bright light
A lovin' up Nellie Blye."

Chorus—He was her man, he was her man, but he done her wrong.

"Johnny ran down the back staircase,
Shouting: 'Honey, for Gawd's sake, don't shoot.'
But Frankie cut loose with her 44 gun,
And the gun went root-a-toot-toot."

Chorus—She shot her man, she shot her man, who done her wrong.

Admirable in its realism is the description of Johnny's death, Frankie's trial and execution.

"Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame; the tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise."

DAN HOLE POND

As the World Wags Wags:

I have been for more than fourscore years more or less familiar with the history of the region in which the pond above named is situated. So far as I have been able to learn, the uniform, unvarying tradition has been that the pond took its name from an Indian hunter, Dan Hole, who formerly lived on its shore. This body of water is about two miles long and some 120 feet in depth. The dividing line between Tuftonboro and Ossipee cuts the pond nearly in halves. The pond discharges to the eastward and its waters help to swell the Saco river.

The pond is a noted resort for the disciples of Izaak Walton. Among the finny tribes to be found is the so-called landlocked salmon, specimens of which, it is stated, grow to a large size. The Wolfboro News recently mentioned a schoolboy who drew from the depths of Dan Hole pond a landlocked salmon weighing 12½ pounds. Very likely others as large remain.

We share in the disgust expressed by "S. H." in The Boston Herald of the 25th relative to the proposed change of the time-honored name, "Dan Hole Pond."

It is true that a settlement known as Roland Park is in Ossipee, not far from, and partially overlooking, the pond; but that fact of mere proximity furnishes no valid excuse for the violent disruption and dislocation of established usage and hoary tradition. There is no good reason for wrenching a well and widely recognized name out from the environment in which it has reposed for something like two centuries, and substituting therefor a name which has no historical connection with the locality.

In a word, the proposed change strikes us as one of the most silly pieces of legislation perpetrated by the General Court of 1921. We hope that the good people of Carroll county will sternly disregard the uncalled for and foolish change of name. JOHN W. HAYLEY.

Centre Tuftonboro, N. H.

THE PRINTER'S BIBLE

As the World Wags:

I agree with Mrs. Marion Streeter that the word "breeches" used in her Bible of 1559 in place of the word "aprons," as it is in the Authorized Version and in the Douay Version, makes the connection between the tailors and Adam and Eve still more close. It had occurred to me, when writing my note on the matter, to mention the fact that in the Geneva Bible, published in 1560 (39 years before the old edition she speaks of), the word "breeches" was used for aprons, and that this is known as the Breeches Bible; but writing about the Bible is a bit dangerous. I once told a friend that there was no mention whatever of an apple in the story of Adam and Eve as told in Genesis, and I know he has always looked upon me since as a one of these here "higher critics."

In view of the crisis in the printing industry at present in this city, it may be interesting to recall that there was once an edition of the Bible which was

en as the Printers' Bible, because
160 of psalm 119, instead of the
"princes," used the word "print-
making the verse read in a way
may seem quite appropriate just
to men in the printing business:
nters have persecuted me without a
se." DENIS A. McCARTHY.
lington Heights.

28 th & 29 th

YRIC ACTION RECITAL

n unusual entertainment will be given
Thursday and Friday evenings in
ital Hall of the New England Con-
atory of Music by students of the
matic department, under direction of
yton D. Gilbert. The singers will be
tumed and there will be action. The
gram is as follows: Kennedy-Fraser
d Kenneth Macleod, Five Songs of the
brides, Dorothy Flaxer; Catalini,
en ne andro lontana, from "La
lta," Ethel Dennis; Cadman, "Sayo-
a," four songs of a Japanese Ro-
nee, Josephine Strassner; Rach-
aninoff, the Songs of Grusia and
the Silence of the Night, Owen
witt; Puccini, Scene from "Madama
tterfly," Norma Erdmann and Myra
aker; Ponchelli, aria and duet Act III,
a Gioconda," Henry Kungs and Miss
rassner; Moussorgsky, Lamentation
m "Josua Navine," the Misses Rick-
n and Herrup, Marshall, Nash and
vis; Pedrell, The Virgin's Plaint,
ss Richmann and others; Verdi,
lenne in quest or from "La Forza
l Destino," Messrs. Kungs and Hewitt.
e music will be under the direction of
harles Bennett.

, 921 April 29

YOUNG PIANIST GIVES RECITAL IN JORDAN HALL

Miss Ruth Bernard Entertains with Musical Program

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Ruth Bernard, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Her program was as follows: Bach, Italian Concerto; Schubert, Impromptu in E flat major; Chadwick, Dans le canot; Leschetitzky, Le Lucciole; Paderewski, Theme and variations in A major; Debussy, Reflets dans l'eau, la Fille aux Cheveux de lin; F. Schmitt, nocturne, Sylphides; Chopin, Scherzo from Sonata op. 35, Prelude in F sharp minor, Prelude in F sharp major, Etude in C minor, op. 10 No. 12.

Miss Bernard is a young pianist who has acquired a pleasing degree of technical proficiency. Her touch is agreeable; she has a range of dynamic gradations; she has sufficient strength. Yesterday her rhythm, especially in Bach's concerto, was often unsteady. Here as later she frequently clipped the two last measures of a phrase, injuring the melodic line. In rapid passages her fingers ran over the keys nimbly and clearly and in the pieces by Debussy and Schmitt she produced truly musical effects. There is more in the Andante of the Concerto than she brought out. No doubt she will with years and experience gain in the ability to interpret. There was a very friendly audience.

April 30 1921

SYMPHONY ENDS ITS 40TH SEASON

By PHILIP HALE

The 24th and last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's 40th season took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Monteux conducted. The program was as follows: Franck, Symphony in D minor; Bloch, Two Poems for Orchestra, "Winter—Spring." Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration," Wagner, Overture to "Tannhaeuser."

Mr. Bloch's tone-poems were played for the first time in Boston. When they were performed last season in New York at a concert of the New Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Bloch gave the best possible description of them: "The title is insufficient, I think, to suggest to the audience the atmosphere I intended to create—so far as musical titles are able to represent the content of that language, inexpressible by words. 'Hiver' is sad and hopeless; 'Printenyss' is full of joy and hope. I was 24 when I wrote them." Mr. Bloch was born at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1880.) "They are a small part of my personality and of my youth. That is already far away in a past that will not come again. . . . They are neither 'Classical' nor 'Ultra-modern.' The only thing I can tell about them is that they were sincerely written and are the expression of an inward necessity." In other words these pieces were written before Mr. Bloch devoted his indisputable talent to expressing in music the longings, woes and aspirations, the fanatical zeal and the religious fervor of his race.

He certainly succeeded in creating the atmosphere of winter and that of spring in these two poems. They are written in a comparatively simple manner, and for this reason are the more effective.

The melancholy mood and the dreariness of a winter landscape and winter's chill and nipping air are at once brought home to the hearer. The mood is maintained ingeniously, without undue elaboration. There is no vain attempt at photographic realism; the hearer looks out of the window; he is not plodding his way through snow and slush. The poem is short, but the impression made by it, by its simplicity and directness is durable. In admirable contrast is the suggestion of Spring, its fresh breezes, its awakening of life in Nature, its joy of birds, beasts and man. In this poem there is no attempt to portray a tumultuous spring, as one might strive to do with a great orchestra furnished with a battalion of percussion instruments. There is the Spring of the Elizabethan lyricists and of William Blake.

The other compositions were all familiar. How gloriously they were played! No wonder that the audience was enthusiastic to a degree seldom observed at an orchestral concert.

Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" does not wear so well as his "Till Eulenspiegel", or "Don Juan." The introduction now seems rather tedious, so that one is impatient for the music of fever and delirium, nor does Srtuass allow his hero to apologize gracefully in the manner of Charles II for being so long in dying. The most vital part of the tone poem is the preparation of the grand climax, the transfiguration, and this climax was so superbly reached by Mr. Monteux and the orchestra that the effect was overwhelming.

There are works and there are performances of them that are not to be described in words, nor should one toil in purple phrases to convey to him that did not hear the passion, the nobility, the grandeur of the work itself, or the splendor of the performance. Cesar Franck's symphony is one of the greatest achievements in the history of music since the first pipe was rudely fashioned, since the first man beat upon a drum. Never was the glory of this symphony, with its expression of restless foreboding, its questionings in doubt, its message of reassurance and consolation, its triumphant conclusion, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, the Alleluia of a great multitude, so fully revealed in Boston as it was in the concert of yesterday.

After the spirited and sonorous performance of the "Tanhaeuser" overture, there was a long-continued demonstration of enthusiasm.

The concert will be repeated tonight.

A short review of the season with a few remarks about Mr. Monteux and the orchestra will be published in the Herald of tomorrow.

Mr. A. B. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the London Times, has been inveighing against the boisterous and inopportune applause in the playhouse. Handclapping, in season and out of season, has become one of the nuisances of the theatre. If you think of it, striking one palm against the other with a resounding smack is a queer way of expressing your delight. It suggests the monkey tricks of primeval man. It is, like Tarzan, 'of the apes.' It is one of our failures in civilization."

Mr. Walkley then considers another nuisance. He speaks of it as a minor one, "for we can always avoid it by leaving the theatre promptly." This nuisance is the cry of "Speech, speech!" at the curtain fall.

"Why in the name of common sense," says Mr. Walkley, "should we require an actor to make a speech, another speech in his own person, after he has done speaking his part? Actors, so far as my experience goes, are very seldom good impromptu speakers. They know this themselves, and the wiser ones decline the invitation—as Mme. Bernhardt did, by the way, the other night. The others generally get out of it by a prepared impromptu, a dreadfully artificial effort, as a rule, with some allusion to the title of the new play dragged in."

BEFORE THE CURTAIN

This nuisance is not a minor one in Boston, for the audience insists after the second or third act that the actor should suddenly become Mr. Arliss, or Mr. Faversham, or Mr. Grant Mitchell, as the case may be, and assure the spectators of his joy in revisiting dear Boston; how he had been looking forward through the season to this occasion. A few painfully jocose remarks; the curtain falls; the spectators breathe freer and feel that they have had their money's worth. In the next act the man who had just been talking what Artemus Ward called "real pretty shopkeeping talk" is once more the hero in the play.

Some of the actors and actresses like to talk before the curtain. Mr. Arliss, when he was here as Alexander Hamilton, made a speech every night; you could not _____ Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree _____ chatterer. In nine cases out of ten the talkative actor destroys the illusion created in the preceding acts. In nine cases out of ten his talk is twaddle. It may be quasi-apologetic; it may be sycophantic; it may be bombastic; it is twaddle. All honor to a few, who, like Mr. John Drew, bow to the excited audience and let no word escape the barrier of their teeth.

CHARLES KEMBLE'S SPEECH

Charles Kemble, playing in "The Gamester" at Plymouth (Eng.), after the last fall of the curtain heard deafening shouts of "Kemble! Kemble!" He was standing at the stage door in the street when his daughter, Fanny, went to him and told him he should stop the disturbance, so that the farce might follow. He went on the stage and spoke: "Ladies and gentlemen, I had left the theatre when word was brought to me that you had done me the honor to call for me; so I conclude you have done so merely in conformity to a custom which is becoming the fashion of calling for certain performers after the play. I can only say, ladies and gentlemen, that I enter my protest against such a custom. It is a foreign fashion, and we are Englishmen; therefore I protest against it. I will take my leave of you by parodying Mercutio's words: Ladies and gentlemen, bon soir; there's a French salutation for you."

When did the custom of the leading man bowing profoundly to the leading woman, and the leading woman bowing humbly or smilingly to the leading man after a curtain call, begin on the American stage? We do not remember seeing this exchange of courtesies in the sixties or the seventies.

Applause in the concert hall is a greater nuisance than in the theatre. It is usually indiscriminate; often perfunctory; it encourages mediocrity or worthlessness as well as merit.

ARISTOTLE, BEARS, AND TAILS

As the World Wags:

In the editorial "Some Shake-up in Science" published in The Herald of April 26, I was astonished to read: "Aristotle asserted that the bear has no tail because. . . ." Can it be possible that the keen observer of old who wrote of tails with such discrimination made any such assertion? He found that "most quadrupeds have a tail; for even the seal has a tiny one resembling that of the stag," and in another book, returning to the same theme, he says: "Nearly all quadrupeds have a tail; even if it be of no great size, yet they have a kind of scut, or, at any rate, a small representative of it." The ape is tailless in one of Aristotle's descriptions, but elsewhere he says it "has a tail as small as small can be, just a sort of indication of a tail." Of the bear he writes that so much hair has gone into the general shaggy coat that little is left for the tail, but of my assertion that bears have no tails, I find not a trace. The shake-up in science produced by his statement was not even a tremor, but the errors attributed to Aristotle have been many. Fiat justitia, though the editor rue it.

Boston. NATURAL HISTORY.

ROYAL SMOKERS

(London Daily Chronicle.)

The Prince of Wales's loss and recovery of his cherished pipes suggests that he may be the first King of England to smoke a pipe in public.

In the early Victorian era a pipe was still considered an abomination. King Edward, as a young man, had some difficulty even in asserting his right to cigars, and Windsor Castle had no smoking room for a long period. As King Edward VII. he rarely smoked anything in public except a cigar, though it is remembered that he broke down the long "port" sessions after dinner by introducing cigarettes even in places where smoking had been taboo. King George keeps his pipe for his private room.

FOR THE TEETH

The Hygiene Committee in New York opposes a tariff on tooth brushes, and says a high duty will put them out of the reach of many poor children. When were tooth brushes first used? The ancient Romans knew toothpicks; those made of the stems in the leaves of the mastich-pistachio were preferred, though quills were also used. In the Verney Memoirs (1651) a gift of the new Paris luxury—"the teeth brushes and boxes"—is mentioned. Buckle, making notes for his "History of Civilization," asked when the tooth brush was first used. Dr. Venner in his "Via Recta ad Vitam Longam" (1650) gives minute directions for doing things immediately after leaving the bed: "Let the mouth be well cleansed with cold water, and the teeth rubbed thereupon with a coarse dry cloth . . . the gums and teeth rubbed with a sage leaf or two," but he says nothing about brushing the teeth; yet in 1538 Miss Basset wrote to Lady Lisle for "a pair of toothbrushes." The tooth brush was unknown in many New England houses of the 18th century and even up to the middle of the 19th; but teeth in these houses were often firm and white even in persons of an advanced age. The diet, especially the bread, was favorable to preservation, and the country was not then a land of candy.

May 1, 1921

The 40th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra ended last night. It has been a brilliant one, one of the most brilliant in the history of the orchestra, which was never in a higher state than it is today. Mr. Monteux once said: "An orchestra is what the conductor makes it." Mr. Monteux, having fine material to work with, virtuosos who were willing, yes, eager, to unite in ensemble without undue thought of their own individuality, has now an orchestra that for euphony, plasticity and brilliance, is unsurpassed. As James Huneker said in the last review he wrote for the New York World: "After all, there is only one Boston Symphony Orchestra."

Not only has Mr. Monteux brought the orchestra to its high state by means of his technical skill as a disciplinarian, he has revealed himself as an interpreter to whom no school, ancient or modern, is foreign. His reading of Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, Brahm's second symphony, Liszt's "Orpheus," Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, will long be remembered. We mention these readings in particular, for there are a few moss-backed conservatives who still think that only a German can interpret "German" music; as if music were parochial, and could not make a universal appeal. They might as well say that only a German audience can understand and appreciate the music of Beethoven, Brahms and Mozart. No, the compositions of the Englishmen, Bax and Vaughan Williams, of the French and the Russians, of the Italians and the Americans are not to Mr. Monteux written in an unknown tongue.

What a pleasure it is to see a conductor at the head of this orchestra who is modest in his bearing, yet courageous in bringing out music in an unfamiliar idiom, without thought of immediate popular favor, believing it his duty to acquaint the audience with even the most extreme modern tendencies, a conductor who respects his audience and his orchestra; a conductor who is courteous to soloists and rejoices in their individual success.

And in his arduous work he has been loyally and intelligently supported by the sound advice and encouragement of the experienced manager, Mr. William H. Brennan, assisted by Mr. G. E. Judd.

The programs of the 40th season were conspicuous for their interest and catholicity. Many unfamiliar compositions were heard, while the classics were not neglected.

ORCHESTRAL COMPOSITIONS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME

Bingham: Passacaglia for orchestra, Jan. 21, 1921.
Gilbert: Indian Sketches, March 4, 1921.
Hill: Poem: "The Fall of the House of Usher" (after Poe), Oct. 29, 1920.
Mason, Stuart: Rhapsody on a Persian Air, April 22, 1921.
Strube: Four Preludes, Nov. 12, 1920. 5

WORKS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AMERICA*

Bax: "In the Faery Hills," symphonic poem, Dec. 17, 1920.
Malipiero: "Impressioni dal Vero," Suite No. 1, Dec. 23, 1920.
Milhaud: Suite No. 2, April 22, 1921.
Ravel: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," Nov. 19, 1920.
Ropartz: Divertissement, Oct. 22, 1920.
Strauss: Suite from "Der Burger als Edelmann," Feb. 11, 1921. 6

*Had Vassilenko's "Epic Poem" been played in the United States before April 8, 1921?

WORKS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN BOSTON

Symphonies, Symphonic Poems, Etc.

Balakireff: "Islamey" (orchestrated by Casella), Dec. 17, 1920.
Bloch: "Hiver" and "Printemps," April 29, 1921.
Carpenter: Suite from the Ballet "The Birthday of the Infanta," Feb. 25, 1921.
Franck: Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue (orchestrated by Pierne), Oct. 8, 1920.
d'Indy: "La Queste de Dieu," from "La Legende de Saint-Christophe," Dec. 23, 1920.
Kalinnikoff: Symphony No. 1, G minor, April 1, 1921.
Leken: Symphonic Fantasia on Two Folk-songs of Anjou, Oct. 8, 1920.
Ravel: Valses Nobles et Sentimentales, March 11, 1921.
Respighi: "Fontane di Roma," Nov. 12, 1920.
Schubert: "Tragic" Symphony, No. 4, C minor (as a whole), April 8, 1921.
Scott: Two Passacaglias, Jan. 28, 1921.
Vassilenko: Epic Poem, April 18, 1921.
Williams: A London Symphony, Feb. 18, 1921. 13

SONGS

Mason, D. G.: "Russians," Op. 18 (Reinald Werrenrath, baritone), Nov. 19, 1920. 1

WORKS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THESE CONCERTS

Franck: "Les Djinns," symphonic poem for piano and orchestra, after Hugo, E. Robert Schmitz, pianist, Jan. 21, 1921.
Mozart: Air of Pamina from "The Magic Flute" (Mme. Hulda Lashanska), Jan. 28, 1921.
Concerto in E flat major for violin (Jacques Thibaud), Feb. 18, 1921.
Shepherd: Fantasy for piano and orchestra (Heinrich Gebhard, pianist), April 15, 1921.
Wagner: Transformation Music and closing scene of Act I, "Parsifal," March 25, 1921. 5

A glance at the list of composers whose works were played will give an idea of Mr. Monteux's catholicity, to which we have referred.

Summary

The following composers were represented at these concerts for the first

gallon

time: Bax, Bingham, Kalinnikoff, Leken, Mason, D. G., Mason, S. Milhaud, Respighi, Scott, Shepherd, Vassilenko, Williams.

Balakireff	1	Loeffler	1
Bax	1	Melartro	1
Beethoven	7	Mason, D. G.	1
Berlioz	2	Mason, S.	1
Bingham	1	Mendelssohn	2
Bloch	1	Milhaud	1
Brahms	4	Mozart	9
Bruch	1	Ravel	2
Carpenter	1	Respighi	*3
Chapler	1	Roger-Ducasse	1
Chadwick	1	Rogartz	1
Cherpenter	1	Saint-Saens	2
Debussy	1	Schubert	2
Enesco	1	Schumann	3
Dvorak	1	Scott	1
Franck	2	Scriabin	1
Foote	1	Shepherd	1
Gilbert	3	Sibelius	1
Griffes	1	Strauss	3
Haydn	1	Stravinsky	1
Hill	2	Strube	2
Hindy	2	Tscherepnikowsky	1
Kalinnikoff	1	Vasilenko	4
Lalo	1	Wagner	1
Leken	1	Weber	1
Liszt	2	Williams	†2
		Total	91

*Respighi's "Fountains of Rome" was played twice.

†Vaughan Williams's "London Symphony" was played twice.

Of these composers, Bingham, Carpenter, Chadwick, Foote, Gilbert, Griffes, Hill, D. G. Mason, S. Mason, Shepherd were born in this country. Add to the list Messrs. Loeffler and Strube, Americans by their long residence and musical activity in this country—12 in all.

Fifty-four composers were represented. There has been trifling, foolish talk about French propaganda. Of these composers only 12 were French by birth. Franck, a Belgian, was a naturalized Frenchman; Leken was a Belgian; Enesco was a Roumanian.

The soloists were as follows:

Sopranos: Mmes. Lashanska and Nielsen	2
Baritone: Mr. Werrenrath	1
Pianists: Messrs. Bauer, Gebhard, Grainger, Lhevinne, Levitzki, Maier, Moiseiwitsch, Pattison, Rubinstein	8
Violinists: Messrs. Burgin and Thibaud and Mlle. Menges	3
Violoncellists: Messrs. Bedetti and Schroeder	2
	16

Mmes. Lashanska and Menges appeared for the first time in Boston.

Messrs. Maier, Moiseiwitsch, Pattison and Rubinstein played for the first time at these concerts. Miss Nielsen and Mr. Werrenrath sang for the first time at these concerts.

Bernhardt in London

Mr. Walkley of the Times had this to say about Mme. Bernhardt in "Daniel" at the Princess Theatre:

"It was near midnight when the curtain finally fell. It had been raised again and again, until Sarah Bernhardt retired tired out with the strain of acting and with the no less exacting strain of standing to acknowledge the unendingcheers of the house. Some youthful enthusiasts vainly tried to bring her back with yells of 'Speech, speech!' Late though the hour was, the audience seemed reluctant to go away, to bring the memorable evening to an end.

"The youthful enthusiasts were in large numbers, and one vaguely wondered what impression they really had of Sarah, the Sarah who must have been more of a name than a reality to them, something almost legendary. The older playgoers who had seen the great actress in her prime we feel much more sure about, for we were of their number. They cannot but have been profoundly moved. So many old glorious memories must have crowded together for them, so many triumphant evenings, so many past joys and thrills of art, so many enthusiasms of a vanished youth. For Sarah has counted for so much in our lives 'shown' for so much, been so great a figure, 'stood' for so many precious things—for art, for romance, for France!

"We confess, then, that it was not the actual Sarah, the brave, indomitable veteran, that we ourselves saw, so much as innumerable Sarahs of the past, dear ghosts that brought a catch in the throat and filled the eyes with tears. We remembered the beautiful voice. The tone of it has gone, but the characteristic delivery remains. Sarah still hammers out her syllables with a sharp metallic ring in the old unforgettable way. One naturally fastens upon tricks of speech because there is little else for her in 'Daniel.' As everybody now knows, she sits immovable, and the action of the play sweeps over and, as it were, submerges her. But we see the death of Daniel, of which in the English version we were only told, see Sarah's head gently nestle against the doctor's arm and then fall back on the pillow—but we, for our part, saw an earlier death-bed through this one, the death-bed of 'La Dame aux Camelias.' That was our state of consciousness throughout; we couldn't concentrate our mind on Daniel because of all the visions that were in our mind of the Sarah that we have known. No doubt the play was well acted by the company, particularly well by Mlle. Geniat as the wife and M. Arquilliere as the husband, but our thoughts were not with them. In the small part of an old servant we were touched to find our old friend M. Chameroy, touched simply because we have seen him so often in Mme. Bernhardt's company. It was, for us, a strange evening of reminiscence overlaying and almost obliterating immediate experience. We envied the young enthusiasts present, for they could accept the evening just for what it gave them, and they were spared our sadness."

The Times thus describes the tribute paid to Mme. Bernhardt by English actresses:

"A high compliment was paid to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt when over a hundred leading British actors and actresses visited the Princess Theatre, where she is now acting, in order that an address of welcome and thanks for her visit to this country might be presented on behalf of the actresses of England.

"The ceremony took place at the end of the matinee of 'Daniel,' in which Mme. Bernhardt had been playing. She remained on the stage after the curtain fell. The audience left and their place was taken by a gathering of actors and actresses. There were certainly very few leading artists who were not present. The curtain again rose and showed Mme. Bernhardt seated in the costume she had been wearing in the play, and one by one her visitors were introduced to her by Lady Tree, Lady Wyndham, Lady Alexander, Mrs. Kendal, or Miss Ellen Terry.

"After they had all been received, Mrs. Kendal presented to Mme. Bernhardt the address of welcome and congratulation, which all the actresses present had signed. She said that the address was something more than an address of welcome. It was a tribute to Bernhardt's wonderful courage. 'It is so nice,' she added, 'to have you all to ourselves. The great public has gone, and we feel that we are nearer to you than we have ever been before.' 'Merci,' whispered Mme. Bernhardt. She took the address, and was obviously very much affected. 'I cannot speak English' she said at last, 'but I can tell you that all my heart is with you.'

Mme. Bernhardt then stood to be photographed. With her were Miss Terry, Lady Tree, Lady Alexander and Mrs. Kendal. Three cheers were then given, and the company sang, 'For she's a jolly good fellow.'"

"The text of the address was as follows:

"To Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

"We actresses of England desire to express our great veneration and deep affection for you on this your visit to London.

"To us your great genius, your indomitable spirit and glorious courage shine out as the splendid qualities of France, our great ally, whom we delight to honor in you.

"As the greatest artist of our time we greet you."

In the Boston Theatre

To the Editor of The Sunday Herald:

Two articles appeared in The Herald of April 23 of more than passing interest, both relating to the Boston Theatre. Mr. Suck, who has passed away, was born in Bremen, Germany, March 16, 1837. His full name was August Philip Ferdinand von Suckow. He was a diligent student, going deeply into musical history, and in conversation could entertain a listener at great length, particularly on musical lines. He, with Wulf Fries, occupied chairs at the first desk at the jubilees of 1869 and 1872. At the 1872 jubilee there were 130 'cellos in the orchestra of more than 2000 performers. In connection with this great event Mr. Suck related to me this incident: At a rehearsal of an orchestral number, Carl Brannes, one of the New York contingent of musicians, said to Mr. Suck: "Come, let us go and listen to this number, they will not miss us." Both musicians went to the West Newton street end of the Coliseum and both were startled at the result. Mr. Brannes put his hand on the shoulder of Mr. Suck and said: "We will never see the like again, ever. Beethoven would never have attempted this." Mr. Suck said the effect was soft and smooth, round and full, yet grand and dignified. Ah! it was a great occasion.

Of the inquiry by R. G. S. C. I can say this: I remember Young Americus and the sensation he made at the time by his extreme youth and of his standing up in the director's chair playing his small violin and directing the orchestra with his bow. John Braham was at that particular time directing and in charge of the orchestra for the production then on the stage at the Boston Theatre. The boy's name, I regret, I cannot now recall. I saw the interment on the Common, in a tomb under the flag walk near the Gilbert Stuart marker. The poor, distracted father was overwhelmed with grief, exclaiming, "Everybody loved that lectle boy." John Braham did all he could to console and comfort him. It was certainly a pathetic sight. Directly after the boy's death, a poem of six stanzas appeared in a daily paper over the signature of I. M., Salem, Mass., dated Jan. 19, 1874. The following is a copy of the fourth stanza, the last line of which is said to contain the last words uttered by the boy:

"The hours passed on, but sick and faint and weary,
With pallid cheek, and dimmed and half-closed eye,
That fair young boy lay in his chamber dreary,
From out the dazzling hall brought home to die.
In peace he slept—his voice had lost its lightness,
But waking from his sleep, serene and mild,
He speaks but once, from lips of marble whiteness,
'Great God, make room for me, a little child.'"

HENRY C. KENDALL.

Dorchester.

MORE ABOUT AUGUST SUCK

To the Editor of The Herald:

The late August Suck, 'cellist, who played the first note ever heard in the Boston Theatre, was one of the cleverest of story-tellers. "When I first came to America," said he, "there was no other way than to come in a sailing vessel. So two of us young and daring 'cellists braved the stormy main on a six weeks' voyage. We had been placed in the care of the captain, a strong character, but no musician. On the third day out he came to us with tears in his eyes and begged us to cease playing the 'cello on board, as its wail caused him to utterly lose his nerve. He even thought it an uncanny sound, if not an ill omen. Of course we complied with his request."

While playing at St. Andrews, N. B., for the Canadian Pacific Hotel system, Mr. Suck was once importuned to assist in the formation of a town band. He was always tolerant of the amateur musicians that came his way and never belittled them. When the band was under full swing, Mr. Suck went down to hear a first performance. The self-taught musicians-to-be were making a deafening noise. The discords were unbearable, but Mr. Suck smiled, as he said, "Wonderful! Wonderful!" His friends could hardly believe that he thought so. Then, in an aside, as the band finished playing, he whispered, "Wonderful that anyone could play so badly!"

Apropos of this occasion, a member of the band approached the old gentleman with the remark: "How do you like it? Is anything lacking?"

Mr. Suck looked around the room, which was but dimly lighted, and replied: "I think you need a chandelier."

"What kind of an instrument is that?" asked the bandman with a show of real interest.

Mr. Suck kept a straight face when people made errors musical. "Ah," said a lady one day after a concert, "I have a very beautiful violin made by Paganini. Was he a good maker?"

"I have never chanced to see one," replied the old 'cellist; "but the name sounds well." The lady was eminently pleased.

On another occasion, a lady rushed up to us (I say us because I happened to be a member of the trio) and cried: "Have you the Cheruberubim by Caruso?"

"I am sorry," politely answered Mr. Suck, "we should have it, but it is not here!"

As she departed I thought I heard him say, with much force, "Gott!" But the lady never heard that.

Boston. EDITH LYNWOOD WINN.

Notes About Music

At a Mahler Festival (April 11-25) at Wiesbaden, his second, third, fifth, sixth and seventh symphonies, and "Song of the Earth," also operas by Schreker, Pfitzner, Strauss and Korngold were performed.

Ernest Roter's music for "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has been performed at a performance of the play at Hamburg.

The town of Hanover now has charge of the Opera House and the Comedy Theatre.

The town of Salamanca in Spain has given the composer, Tomas Breton, who recently resigned his post of conductor at the Royal Theatre, Madrid, a pension of 3000 pesetas a year, and subscribed 2000 pesetas to a fund for him.

Excerpts from Armand Marsick's opera written in Italian, "Anello" have been performed at Athens. The story is the old one of the bridegroom who rashly put his wedding ring on a finger of a statue of Venus.

"Ramuntcho," an opera based on Loti's romance, music by Stefano Donaudy, has been produced at Milan. Gabriel Pierne wrote music for the play based on this romance when it was performed in Paris.

Our correspondent in Milan writes: Extensive alterations are being carried out in the famous Scala Theatre, involving an outlay of 6,000,000 lire. The alterations mainly refer to a total rebuilding of the stage and its roof, also artists' dressing rooms. Large rooms for the chorus singers are to be added. Rebuilding has been proceeding since August last year, fully 250 workmen being employed, but the alterations are so extensive that the theatre will be reopened only about the end of December next, for the winter season, when new operas will be given. The stage has been rebuilt a few yards back so as to enlarge the hall and allow still more sitting accommodation. The same width has been kept for the new stage, namely, 120 feet, but its height has been increased to fully 112 feet. At this notable height a flat cement roof has been built, resting on six pillars, which allows for a depth of stage of 270 feet. It will thus be the biggest theatre stage in Europe. Storage room is provided for the canvas scenery of about 70 operas, all changing of scenes being affected by electric lifts having 80 feet span. Lifts are also applied everywhere in the underground, where a tremendous hall 24 feet high has been excavated. Artists' dressing rooms will be proper apartments with windows looking on the side street, and will be luxuriously fitted with bathrooms.—London Daily Telegraph.

But will the singers use these bathtubs?

A D'Annunzio Film

The London Times was greatly impressed by the Italian film based on D'Annunzio's "The Ship," and said it will rank as one of the biggest achievements of a country that already has many film triumphs to its credit.

"There are few standards by which to judge this new epic of the screen. The Italians have often shown that they are unrivalled at presenting historical films and at the handling of vast crowds of men and women, but "The Ship" is something more than the mere production of a gigantic spectacle, and almost unlimited resources seem to have been at the disposal of those who evolved it.

"It is an attempt to show the evolution of a people who knew that with their future prosperity the sea must inevitably be linked up. And so the ship which dominates the whole story becomes the symbol of the hopes and ambitions of the people who are building it. D'Annunzio has used as the basis of his story an old legend of the beginnings of the Venetian republic, when a beautiful woman, whose father had been blinded for his delinquencies in the public office which he held, determined to wreck the nation by making two brothers fall desperately in love with her—the one the chief civic dignitary, the other the head of the church. Saintly and skilfully she sets about her task; reduces the brothers to complete subjection to her every whim; secures the torture and death of those who have blinded her father and her brothers, and brings even the building of the ship to a standstill. At last sanity reasserts itself. The civic dignitary sees his folly, and in a tremendous hand-to-hand fight slays his brother, and again the people set about the building of the ship. There still remains the punishment of the woman who has all but wrecked the republic. The order is given that, as the ship has no figure-head, she shall be nailed to the bow. In one of the most impressive scenes in the whole film she is carried aloft to the ship—we rather think that in the original story she was nailed to the bow—but vowing that she will never lead her enemies to fresh triumphs, she breaks away from her captors and commits suicide by fire.

"It will be seen that there is a strong dramatic story running through the legend, and D'Annunzio's son, who produced the film, has taken full advantage of it. The acting, particularly of the two brothers and of Miss Ida Rubinstein as the avenging woman, is wonderful, and, thanks to their art, the drama is never swamped by the pageant, remarkable as the pageant is. One can only marvel at the patience of all concerned in the production. The picture was over 18 months in the making, amid the small islands of the Venetian lagoon. The ship itself, which eventually puts to sea and so brings the film to a triumphant close, had to be built twice, as the original vessel broke away in a storm and was dashed to pieces on the mainland. The detail of the scenery and costumes seems to be perfect, and the necessary sub-titles which explain the story are concise and dignified. 'The Ship' is to be released for public exhibition in this country in October, and it will be interesting to see the reception accorded to it."

The Film World; Jutland Battle Pictures; Other Notes

Few of those who read that an attempt is to be made, by means of the screen, to explain to this and future generations the various phases of the battle of Jutland, can have any conception of the vast undertaking to which Sir George Aston and his helpers have set their hands.

Even before work can begin on the film itself, weeks have to be spent in making tests. Minute calculations have been necessary to decide the size of the board on which the ships have to manoeuvre. It was soon proved that any idea of working strictly to proportion and scale was impracticable owing to the great distances covered.

To take in a rectangle 30x20 feet a special scaffolding would have to be erected for the camera, and the models would appear so small as to be scarcely discernible on the screen. Tests were made, and it was decided to use a board eight feet square, and, in order to get as large an area as possible in the field of the lens, the camera was set above it at an oblique angle. Gearing was attached to the camera so that it could be turned from the ground. The painting of the board was another difficulty. Sir George Aston insisted that the ships must not be black, as they would look unnatural. Distinct white is a bad photographic color and the background and both sets of ships had to be painted in carefully graduated shades of gray. The models used are in three sizes—four inches for the "close-ups," two inches for the "medium shots," and one inch for the "long shots." Each ship has to be moved separately, as no apparat

could be devised which would move as fast as 70 or 80 miles in different directions in and out and at varying speeds. A model ship can only be moved 1-16 of an inch for each picture. There are 18 pictures to each foot of film, and to show the formation of the grand fleet on its way across the North sea took 90 feet of film and necessitated 80,000 separate movements. To show the journey of the German fleet 60,000 movements were necessary. It is a fascinating experience to follow out Sir George Aston's plans. He has succeeded in working out the course of both fleets throughout the action, with the result that in many cases in checking the positions of two vessels at a given time and comparing them with the ranges in the gunnery commander's log they have been found to vary only by a few yards. By means of the screen the producers hope that the public will be able for the first time to follow the movements of each individual ship.—London Times.

We are growing a little tired of the American film which gives the impression that anybody can obtain admission to the theatrical artist's dressing room at any moment. It is surely time that that idea was exploded.—London Times.

In Germany, where, if the letter of the law may be trusted, censorship is exceedingly severe, a good many films appear to find their way somehow or other to the screen which public opinion would certainly not tolerate either here or in America. Any one showing or dealing in prohibited films is liable to a fine of 100,000 marks or up to two years' imprisonment. Moreover, young people before 18 years of age are forbidden to enter cinema theatres. A good deal of speculation is rife as to what the allies will decide to do with the cinema theatres in the occupied districts. It appears to be taken for granted in many quarters that they will utilize their temporary position of predominance to compel the exhibitors to show only films made in the allied countries. There are altogether in the occupied territories approximately 200 cinema theatres, with a total seating capacity of about 80,000. (In the whole of Germany there are 3700 theatres, according to the latest statistics, seating just over 1,250,000.) As it is customary in German theatres to give three performances daily, it is evident that, in occupied Rhineland, any film, provided a sufficient number of copies are available, might be shown in the course of a single week to nearly 2,000,000 individuals. Cologne is the Rhine town which has by far the largest number (37) of picture theatres. Dusseldorf comes next with 11 theatres, followed by Duisburg with 10, Aix-la-Chapelle has seven theatres, Saarbrucken six, Coblentz four; the remaining towns have from one to three theatres apiece.—London Daily Telegraph.

A Double-Manual Piano

"A sensational invention." That is the description given by a writer in La Tribune de Geneve, at the head of a very interesting article, to a new type of pianoforte called, after its inventor the Emanuel Moor duplex-coupler piano, and brought to completion recently at the Schmidt-Flohr factory at Berne. The name of the inventor, a native of Hungary, was quite familiar to musicians here a few years ago, and during his residence in this country his compositions were frequently heard in London. But, in describing the "Duplex-Coupler" instrument, of which the main distinguishing feature is a double row of keys, as a "sensational" novelty, the writer of the article in the Gazette paper would seem to have forgotten a certain compatriot of Moor's, well known in his day, Paul von Janko, who, as far back as the eighties, perfected and endeavored to popularize a piano which was really an advance upon the "sequential keyboard" instrument made by an Englishman about the middle of the century.

Some of us are old enough—or shall I say middle-aged enough?—to remember demonstrations of Janko's keyboard given in London in the late eighties by J. C. Ames. But Janko's invention obtained greater favor in Germany than it ever won over here, though it never succeeded in ousting from general use the ordinary pianoforte. Janko's idea—at his very own, by any means—was to give to pianists a freer use of the fingers than is possible in manipulating a single keyboard, by providing them with three public rows of keys, the longer fingers reaching the higher, and the shorter the lower keys, while all the scales, major and minor, could be played with the same position of the fingers. M. Moor's piano would appear to be a simplification of that system, and one advantage, apart from that of greater simplicity, it possesses over previous innovations of the kind is that it can be played just in the ordinary way by any one who prefers to ignore the additional keyboard. Obviously there are great possibilities in the application to the piano of the principle, common both to the organ and the harpsichord, of more than one manual. Modern piano technique, as developed in their works by such composers, to mention only a few, as Debussy, Ravel, Albeniz (in even greater measure), and Busoni, would seem to demand, as time goes on, a type of instrument yielding greater resources than the piano, as we all know it, developed from Cristofori's four and a half-octave keyboard. One imagines that if Liszt were living he would hardly rest content, in view of the advanced technical standard and the greatly developed musical "color" sense of the present day, with the obvious limitations of a single row of keys. For M. Moor's invention, with its two manuals—each note of the upper one sounding an octave higher than the corresponding note of the lower—and its extra pedal, it is claimed that it "facilitates to an incredible degree the performance of all existing pianoforte music, whilst placing within reach of future composers possibilities the extent of which can scarcely be imagined." (In outward appearance, by the way, it is not distinguishable from the ordinary "grand," save for the larger "sallent" of the keyboard cover and the third pedal.) All the difference lies in the mechanism. The second keyboard, it appears, is played exactly like its companion, but sounds an octave higher, and the object it attains is to bring near to the middle of the instrument notes which, on the ordinary piano, have to be played at a more awkward "range." In other words, passages normally wide apart are brought close together. Octaves are played by striking simultaneously the same note on the two keyboards, and it follows, of course, that tenths, in actual manipulation, are reduced to thirds and are thus playable by the smallest hands.

Manifestly there are immense potentialities of fresh tonal combinations and harmonic resources in an instrument that enables the player with his two hands to cover four octaves. But how about the presumably more involved system of notation that will become necessary in pieces written specially for the two-keyboard piano? Will it be possible to reduce this, and also the new fingering, to terms of such simplicity as to make the new piano an unmixed blessings even to the humble amateur?—Lodon Daily Telegraph.

The Janko piano was played publicly in Boston in the early nineties of the last century.

POPS OPEN TOMORROW

inspired leadership of Agide Jacchia, conductor of opera in past years and of the Pop concerts in recent seasons. Since

MONDAY, MAY 2

March from "Tannhauser" ..... Wagner
Overture, "Tantalusqualen" ..... Suppe
"By Moonlight" ..... Bendel
Fantasia, "Eugene Oneigin" ..... Tschaikowsky
From the "Petite Suite" a, En Bateau; b, Cortege ..... Debussy
Slavonic Dance, No. 3 ..... Dvorak
"Spring" ..... Grieg
Finale, "Scheherazade" ..... Rimsky-Korsakoff
Fantasia, "Manon Lescaut" ..... Puccini
Waltz, "Reve au Champagne" ..... Vollstedt
"Procession of the Sardar" ... Ippolitoff-Ivanoff

TUESDAY, MAY 3

Introduction of Act III, "Lohengrin" .. Wagner
Overture to "Oberon" ..... Weber
Barcarolle from "Tales of Hoffman" .. Offenbach
Fantasia "Madama Butterfly" ..... Puccini
Suite "Nutcracker" ..... Tschaikowsky
Intermezzo "Pagliacci" ..... Leoncavallo
Hymn to the Sun from "Le Coq d'Or" ..... Rimsky-Korsakoff
Rhapsody, "Espana" ..... Chabrier
"La Boheme" ..... Puccini
"Reve Angelique" ..... Rubinstein
Waltz "On the Beautiful Blue Danube" ... Strauss

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4

French Military March ..... Saint-Saens
Overture to "Rienzi" ..... Wagner
Waltz, "Vienna Blood" ..... Strauss
Fantasia, "L'Oracolo" ..... Leoni
Tempest Scene from "Othello," Act 1 .. Verdi
Adagio Cantabile from the Sonata "Pathetique" ..... Beethoven
Minuet of the Will o' the Wisps ..... Berlioz
Dance of the Hours, from "La Gioconda" ..... Ponchielli
Ouverture "1812" ..... Tschaikowsky
Giga (arr by Agide Jacchia) .. van Westerhout
Cortege de Bacchus ..... Delibes

THURSDAY, MAY 5

Coronation March, from "Le Prophete" ..... Meyerbeer
Overture to "Mignon" ..... Thomas
Waltz, "Dornroeschen" ..... Tschaikowsky
Fantasia, "The Girl of the Golden West" ..... Puccini
Overture to "Il Guarany" ..... Gomez
"Waltz of the Hours," from "Coppelia" ..... Delibes
"Aurora" ..... H. Dunham
Rhapsody, "Italia" ..... Casella
Fantasia, "The Tales of Hoffman" ... Offenbach
Prelude ..... Rachmaninoff
Dance of the Cammorrists ..... Wolf-Ferrari

FRIDAY, MAY 6

"Rakoczy" March ..... Berlioz
Overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor" ..... Nicolai
Waltzes from "Der Rosenkavalier" ..... R. Strauss
First Hungarian Rhapsody ..... Liszt
Overture to "Tannhauser" ..... Wagner
Dream of Love ..... Blon
Gypsy Dance from "Carmen" ..... Bizet
Songs by Chorus of the Eastern Music Supervisors (with organ), Albert Edmund Brown, conductor
Fantasia "Mephistofele" ..... Boito
Hindu Song ..... Rimsky-Korsakoff
Entrance of the Boyards ..... Halvorsen

SATURDAY, MAY 7

Cortege, from "The Queen of Sheba" ... Gounod
Overture to "William Tell" ..... Rossini
Waltz, "Gold and Silver" ..... Lehar
Fantasia, "Aida" ..... Verdi
Suite No. 2 "L'Arlesienne" ..... Bizet
Largo from the "New World" Symphony. Dvorak
Capriccio ..... Scarlatti-Jacchia
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" ..... Wagner
Marche Slave ..... Tschaikowsky
Indian Summer ..... Herbert
Bacchanale from "Samson and Delilah" ..... Saint-Saens

May 2 1921

The program opened with a selection by the Boston College orchestra, followed by the Boston Symphony ensemble orchestra, Augusto Vannini, conductor. Miss Alice Nielsen sang 11 numbers. Miss Marjorie Church gave piano selections. Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller, wife of Lieut.-Gov. Fuller, sang "Ave Maria."

Evening Herald, Bos. Col.

After all, Mr. Lenin must be something of a man for a Parisian concierge after 11 years speaks well of him. For three years this concierge had not the slightest cause of complaint. Mr. Lenin and his wife were never exacting, never haughty; they never forgot themselves so far as to complain of any lack of attention; they were considerate, at times deferential.

What do the janitors of apartment houses in Boston really think of their subjects on the floors above? Thackeray confessed that he was afraid of the men that stood behind the guest chairs at dinner. Mr. Herkimer Johnson, making a week-end visit, never allows a valet to open his suitecase. We once heard him say, "Yes, sir," to a butler. It is true that this particular butler was an imposing person, far more imposing than the host. This reminds us of a pleasing incident in the social life of Boston. It was after midnight and the guests had supped well. As they were leaving, the butler stood by the front door. An eminent physician shook him heartily by the hand and in a tremulous voice thanked him for the entertainment.

The Parisian concierge is a happier man than the Boston janitor. The former often sees and smells that delectable dish, onion soup on his table, onion soup of a quality that cannot be found in any hotel or restaurant in Boston. His daughter often goes on the stage and after a year has her sumptuously furnished apartment. The concierge then glows with paternal pride; he even speaks well of her friend, the Count. All in all the concierge is a more human being than the janitor.

We have spoken of Mr. Herkimer Johnson calling a butler, "Sir." He brought to mind Artemus Ward in London, when a policeman collared his fat friend. "It's only a fit, Sir Richard,' I said. I always call the perlice Sir Richard. It pleases them to think I'm the victim of a deloosion; and they always treat me perlitely." We are afraid that the butler wondered why Mr. Johnson had been invited to spend the week-end, why the host treated him with marked consideration at table. Little did the butler know that Mr. Johnson was highly esteemed as a sociologist through the civilized world; that he had been decorated by foreign governments; that he was a fellow of many scientific societies; that only in Clamport, on the Cape is he familiarly characterized as "old man Johnson."

A POEM FOR THE DAY

Now that the revenue officers scorn
the old saying that an Englishman's
house is his castle, as not applicable
to Americans, it appears that the "still"
pig no longer is sure of getting the
swill. The choir will kindly sing a
verse by one Robert Burns. Mr. Shaw
will please beat time.

Thae Curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the whiskey stells their
prize!
Haud up thy han, D'eil! ance, twice,
thrice!
There, seize the blinkers!
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor damn'd drinkers.

It is saddening to know that "small-still" in Scotland and Ireland is whiskey supposed to be of superior quality because it is the product of a small still.

CONCERNING BILLIONS

A billion is a word freely used today, yet how many can say what precise sum is meant by "twenty billions in marks"?

The word was deliberately formed in the 16th century by the French to denote the second power of a million. The word was apparently not adopted by the English before the end of the 17th century. In Great Britain and Germany a billion is a million millions, i. e., the French trillion. In the United States as in France it is a thousand millions.

It is interesting to note that the earliest quotations illustrative of "billionaire" and "billionism" in the Oxford dictionary are taken from Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Elsie Venner" (1861): "One would like to give a party now and then, if one could be a billionaire"; "billionism, or even millionism, must be a blessed kind of state." In 1861 the salary of $5000 for the cashier of a bank was considered high in many towns of New England. A man who had inherited, earned or stolen $100,000 was rich. He "resided" in a "mansion." This mansion had a "mansard roof." A silver-plated ice water pitcher with goblets stood on the sideboard. There was an iron dog, sometimes with an iron deer, on the lawn. There was an ornate castor on the dining table.

A BOSTON TENOR AND KING GEORGE

A cable dispatch says that "Mr. Roland Hayes, the colored tenor from Georgia" has been presented with a diamond pin by King George of London. For "Georgia" read "Boston." Mr. Hayes deserved the gift, but we hope he will not wear it in his shirt front or stuck in his white cravat when again he bursts into song. Mr. Hayes sang "spirituals" to the royal family assembled in Buckingham Palace. Hence the pin. In old times the ruling king would have given him a gold snuff-box encrusted with diamonds and filled with precious coins of the realm; but a diamond pin is always convertible into cash. George told Mr. Hayes that he found the negro melodies different from those which the English had been taught to believe characteristic of the race. No doubt, George expected Mr. Hayes to sing "Ole Dan Tucker," "Zip Coon" or "Buffalo Girls," with the accompaniment of a few exhilarating steps, such as go with "Apple brandy, Cinnamon, Beer; Christmas comes but once a year." Perhaps the king was secretly disappointed. Who knows?

Whatever the king's expectation may have been, we all rejoice in Mr. Hayes's great success in London. His beautiful voice was a birthright. He has studied his art faithfully and intelligently.

BORN FOR IT

As the World Wags:

I observe with pleasure that C. M. Walls Co. supplies office partitions.

Beverly. GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

DISAPPEARING NERVINES

D. H. H. Dale, lecturing in London, said that to a nervous patient, the relative and mildly hypnotic value of alcohol was important. It will be remembered that Rollo's Uncle George took sedatives for a cruel nervous disease. There was a time when nerve specialists stood behind a bar and were dressed in tranquilizing white.

GOOD OLD BUSINESS

Those who are deploring the changes in Japanese customs, dress, observances, art—in a word, the passing of Old Japan—should cheer up. The Associated Press informs us that Lt.-Gen. Saito at Vladivostok committed harakiri because he was grieved by the weakness of his government in dealing with the Langdon incident.

TETRAZZINI CLOSES CONCERT SEASON

Voice at Its Best in Selection from "La Sonnambula"

Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini was the principal artist yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall at the last Sunday afternoon concert of the present season. She was assisted by Francesco Longo, pianist; Max Gegna, 'cellist, and J. Henri Bove, flutist.

A very large and enthusiastic audience greeted the singer and applauded with such vigor that the concert was prolonged considerably beyond the usual time. Only three vocal numbers were on the program, but a generous number of encores was added.

Mme. Tetrazzini seemed to be most pleasing in the rondo from "La Sonnambula." Her voice was at its best in this number, and showed none of the difficulty in sustained vocalization that was somewhat apparent in the others. Her remarkable range of voice and the purity of her tones in the upper register aroused enthusiasm and seemed to offset the somewhat lessened breath control and unevenness of tone noticeable at other times.

The assisting artists played well and also gave additional pieces.

Serenade ..... Titl
Messrs. Longo, Gegna and Bove.
Polonaise, "Mignon" ..... Thomas
Mme. Tetrazzini.
Concerto A minor (first movement) . Goltermann
Mr. Gegna.
Rondo, "La Sonnambula" ..... Bellini
Mme. Tetrazzini.
(a) Serenade ..... Lavignac
(b) Valse ..... Chopin
Mr. Bove.
(a) Russian Folksongs .. Arr. by Max Gegna
(b) Elfantanz ..... Popper
Mr. Gegna.
Shadow Song, "Dinorah" ..... Meyerbeer
Mme. Tetrazzini.

May 3 1921

Richard Strauss purposes to visit us again; to conduct some of his tone-poems in various cities, for the glory of R. Strauss and, incidentally, that profits may accrue, for Richard, as was reported of Cassius, has an itching palm. He was wise enough in his day and generation not to sign early in the war the infamous manifesto of the deep-thinking intellectuals of Germany, unlike poor Mr. Weingartner, who signed and recently apologized for it, saying that he had been received, that he didn't know what he was signing; that he never

time: ...
... had known the ... that ... realizing ...
... their ...

Richard was born in March, 1864, when ... conducted some of his tone poems ... concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra in Symphony Hall. He gave a recital later in the month ... brave man and gallant spouse; he not only listened patiently and with every sign of approbation to the singing of his wife, Pauline, he accompanied her to the best of his ability. It was on this occasion that Mr. David Bispham recited "Enoch Arden" to Mr. Strauss's music. When Mr. Bispham came to the description of ... digging his fingers into the wet earth, he clawed the grand pianoforte ... full length, no doubt to the detriment of the fine polish. It was, indeed, a g-g-g-r-r-rand occasion.

WILLIAM G. TURRILL

As the World Wags:

William G. Turrill, whose sudden death was a shock to all, was born in Vermont 73 years ago. A veteran of the civil war, he was for the last 35 years associated with The Boston Herald. Always an optimist, he was beloved by all who knew him. He contributed occasionally to the World Wags column.

J. D. K.

Boston.

When Mr. Turrill went to war he was connected with the Lincoln (Ill.) Herald. Five years ago he "set up" a sketch of his early life for the entertainment of his friends. This sketch was never published:

"At a time when the business section of Lincoln was for the most part located along the street parallel with the tracks of the Chicago & Alton railroad, when cowboys, armed with old-fashioned Colt revolvers, rode into town on Mondays and Saturdays for 'supplies' and made things lively the while; when quail could be seen flying in the streets and rabbits were caught by boys under the narrow, raised plank sidewalks, and the sky was darkened by wildfowl during their migratory season—I arrived upon the scene from the hills of Vermont. That was in the fall of 1860. After a year or two at school I accepted the position of 'devil' on the Herald. Having discharged the duties of that important office successfully, later I became hand pressman, job pressman, compositor, and—I blush to tell it—with the assistance of a pair of shears and the Chicago papers, an editor! But the editorial work began after my return from the army."

The office force at that time consisted of five young men. In the spring of 1864 Illinois called for men for 100 days' service. The Herald suspended publication for a while, after it had printed posters calling for recruits. The office force enlisted. Mr. Turrill was then 16 years old. He served five months. After his return to Lincoln, he and his brother did the work of five on the Herald. "At times we were obliged to 'double up,' that is, to shift three or more columns of ads from the outside of the paper to the inside. And we would laugh to ourselves when a farmer would exclaim: 'Say, So-and-So must be doin' big business! Saw his advertisement in two places!' "

ALL UP FOR DAWES

To the protagonist of Dawes
I give attention and applause.
I clap my hands and cry, "Hear hear—
"Why should we only Paul revere?"

IAGO.

Boston.

"THE STILL VEXED BERMOOTHES"

As the World Wags:

One authority says that the only drinking water in Bermuda is rain water, and the other says it never rains. Possibly Riley listened to both. If this is living the life of Riley, Riley's is the life.

CATALONIA.

Hamilton, Bermuda.

WHO KNOWS THE DUCHESS?

As the World Wags:

Can any one of your readers tell me who the Duchess of Richmond was? I have a fine red etching on wood, in the original oval, gilt frame, of her. There is no date. Her dress, I think, is of the 17th century; hair rolled back, and small cap or head-dress on back part of head. She is a very beautiful woman. But I know nothing about who she was.

I have an idea that the etching may be copied from one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits. I would like to know if the etching would be considered valuable. I had one like it of St. Cecilia, which I gave away some years ago. I was afterward told it was worth $25 or more.

She is seated before a tambour frame and a roll partly open of tambour work in her hand and on her lap.

W. D. J.

Is it the Duchess or St. Cecilia that is seated before a tambour frame? Sir Joshua was not born until 1723. There have been several Duchesses of Richmond. Perhaps the most famous was Frances Teresa Stewart, of whom many amusing stories are told in the memoirs of Count Grammont and in Pepys's Diary. Her marriage to the Duke of Richmond was publicly acknowledged [illegible] in 1667 after the death of his second duchess. Frances died in 1702, dividing the latter years of her life between cards and cats. She was a beautiful creature. Roettier engraved her head as the Britannia on a new coinage and her profile on a medal. A miniature by Samuel Cooper shows her with little curls on her forehead, ear-rings and a necklace; with bodice cut discreetly low. Lely painted two portraits of her, one as Pallas; there is also a portrait by Gascar.

The Duchess of Richmond that died in 1557 was Mary Fitzroy. A portrait of her by Holbein was engraved by Bartolozzi.

Your duchess is probably Lady Mary Bruce, wife of the descendant of Charles II. She sat for Sir Joshua Reynolds seven times. Married in 1757, she died in 1796 without issue. She, too, was famous for her beauty.—[Ed.

A FLATTERING INVITATION FROM THE UNIVERSITY GRANGE, NORWICH, VT.

"IF YOU AIN'T GOT A FLIVVER THE OLD MARE'LL DO.

"University Grange will hold an Old Folks' Dance in Union Hall, Norwich, Monday evening, May 2. Rogers' Orchestra will furnish the music. The Missus says those fellows could make a pair of crutches do the Portland Fancy. Women folks enjoy an old-time dance, and the men have got to be in on the fun. Put in an extra seat for the girls, shove your boiled shirt under the cushion, and have another night's pleasure before the real hard work begins. It's going to be a long, dry summer.

"Balance your partner—eight hands 'round—
Right and left and swing your own;
Hop, skip, waltz and prance—
There's a real good time at an old folks' dance.

"Gents 55c Ladies 30c Including tax"

So there are still gents to be seen in Norwich and vicinity. We had thought the species was extinct.—[Ed.

New Version of "The Prince and the Pauper"

By PHILIP HALE

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of a new version of "The Prince and the Pauper," a play in four acts, by Abby Sage Richardson, remodelled for the Mr. Faversham by Amelie Rives. Played in Montreal in October, 1920. Brought out in New York at the Booth Theatre, Nov. 1, 1920.

Mistress Canty	Mary Rehan
Nan Canty	Madeleine King
John Canty	Frederick Lloyd
Tom Canty	Ruth Findlay
Prince Edward, afterwards Edward VI	Ruth Findlay
Hugh Gallard	Lowden Adams
Princess Elizabeth	Diana Bourbon
Sir Thomas Seymour	John Anthony
Mistress Margery Mallow	Harda Daube
Francis	Harold Webster
Ralph Hendon	Walter Sherwin
The Earl of Hertford	Montague Rutherfurd
Miles Hendon	William Faversham
Hodge	Frank Howson
Mad Anthony	Cecil Yapp
Moll a gypsy	Ruth Rickaby
Lord Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury	F. Gatenby Bell

In 1883 at Christmas time a play based by Mark Twain's wife on her husband's story was acted by children at the house of a neighbor of Mark in Hartford, Ct. Some time later there were amateur performances by the Clemens family, assisted by neighbors, with Mark Twain taking the part of Miles Hendon.

Mrs. Richardson's version was produced at Philadelphia on Dec. 24, 1889. The play was not well-made. Daniel Frohman called Mr. Belasco to the rescue. Mr. Belasco, who was then receiving $35 a week for his services at the Lyceum Theatre in New York, put the play into shape and rehearsed the company. The revised version was produced at the Broadway Theatre on Jan. 20, 1890. Elsie Leslie was the first one to play the dual role in Philadelphia and New York; E. H. Vanderfelt took the part of Hendon.

There is also the recent motion picture version for Marguerite Clark.

It is not necessary to tell again the story that is known to so many; how Tom, who used to play at being a prince, found his way to the King's palace; how Prince Edward, in a mad freak, exchanged clothes with the beggar boy; how the Prince, disporting himself in rags, was thrown out of the palace and met with strange adventures, being befriended by the gallant Miles, while Tom, in spite of his protestations, was compelled to play the part of Edward VI after the death of the much-married Henry VIII. One need not inquire curiously into the behavior of Sir Thomas Seymour in the play, or ask why the Princess Elizabeth should be represented as an uncommonly good-looking woman. Nor should one question the plausibility of a story that is, after all, a fairy tale, with a dash of old-fashioned but agreeable melodrama, with a brutal father, a madman, gypsies, a fortune-teller with the faculty of going into a trance, and a hero who, with his Toledo blade, puts a dozen or more desperate villains to flight. "The Prince and the Pauper" does not present a problem social or sexual; it has no thesis; it is simply, as it was acted last night, an entertainment, whimsical and melodramatic. The attempts at English as it was spoken in the period should not disturb one. We should even have welcomed a "Gadzooks" or two, but one had to be content with "learn" for "teach" and sundry inversions of nouns and verbs.

Of course Tom and Edward should be played by twins, but the Fairbanks sisters were probably engaged. As it was, Miss Findlay was pleasing to the eye, portraying the two boys for the most part in a necessarily girlish manner, not always expressing by voice and carriage the difference between the beggar boy and the prince. Not till the first scene in the fourth act did she bring vividly to mind the street boy against his will enthroned. She was more fortunate as the prince. Her scene with Miles in his lodging was played with verve and gusto, yet even here one was conscious that a young woman was masquerading as a boy.

Mr. Faversham with his ready sword, soldierly voice, and gallant bearing took us back to the days when he shone in romantic drama. He was throughout the play authoritative, convincing, and in the scene where he humored the mad boy—mad to him—he showed the tenderness that goes with true virility; tenderness accompanied with quiet humor. And so without any effort on his part, he was the commanding figure.

The company has been well chosen, so well chosen that when any actor or actress was the more prominent, it was due to the character assumed. Miss Bourbon was not only physically attractive as Elizabeth, she played with a dignity and a grace that were not too evidently assumed. Excellent also were the portrayals of the brutal father by Mr. Lloyd, of Mistress Canty by Miss Rehan. Madmen are expected in melodrama to howl and scream, but Mr. Yapp in other respects gave a strong characterization. In fact, the other members of the company were more than adequate.

The stage settings designed by Mr. Peters were simple and effective; while the costumes, also designed by him, added romanticism. A large audience gave many manifestations of approval.

"Buddies"

Three popular stage favorites returned to Boston last night in a comedy that has had New York standing up. It will be recalled that Donald Brian, Peggy Wood and Ralph Morgan were here last season in that delightful mixture of fun, pathos and music called by George V. Hobart "Buddies." Since that time the play and the players have spent a year on Broadway.

Last night at the Wilbur there was a large and friendly audience to welcome the co-stars, and the company, which, while small, is of adequate excellence.

The two acts and the epilogue were enjoyed as the story of the mixed love affairs of the boys in France awaiting the word to start for home was unfolded.

Donald Brian is always a favorite in Boston, so his welcome was nothing unusual; Peggy Wood in her uniform of the French officer and as the maiden of rural France, furnished two delightful picture, while her songs were mightily enjoyed. Ralph Morgan as Babe of Alleghany, he of the bashfulness, was as funny as ever. The show moves with a snap and dash that will make it even more popular here than in the metropolis.

BRADFORD ACADEMY FUND CONCERT ENJOYED

A concert in aid of the Endowment Fund of Bradford Academy was given by the music faculty of that institution yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The following, as the program read, took part: Laura Littlefield, soprano; Marie Nichols, violinist; Georges Miquelle, violoncellist; Alfred Holy, harpist; Harrison Potter, pianist; Frederick Johnson, organist. The program included a prelude by Damrosch for violin, 'cello, harp and organ; a Romance for the same instruments by Matthews; songs by Haydn, Sibelius and Henschel; violin pieces by Fahlsch, Grasse and Burleigh; 'cello pieces by Haydn and Dunkler; Holy's "In Springtime" for harp; piano pieces by MacDowell and Debussy; and organ pieces by Franck and Widor. The concert, which gave pleasure to an audience of good size, ended with an "Agnes Dei" for soprano, violin, harp and organ, an arrangement of a number in Bizet's music for "L'Arlesienna."

"Four Horsemen" Visualized on Tremont Temple Screen

KEITH'S THEATRE

Jack Norworth was billed as the headliner at Keith's this week, but instead of appearing alone, he introduced Janet Adair who had previously completed her own act, and the two worked through a dialogue on married life, which was laughable. They finished with a song, of course. Norworth has lost none of his popularity, and Adair was well received herself so the two went exceptionally big.

Clara Morton sang and danced with gusto; her buck and winging while playing the piano smacking of the days when the Mortons as a family used to be regular visitors here. Pearl Regay as a dancer left little to be desired. She had her own orchestra. George Ford and Flo Cunningham put over a married life argument, which was funny but rather long drawn out.

Bayonne Whipple and Walter Huston in a novelty sketch "hoes" deserved a better place on the bill. The act is novel, a bit naughty, a bit philosophical and altogether pleasing. Boyce Combe, apparently from England, sang some odd songs which were easy to listen to, and brighter than most. The Four Ortons opened the bill, with wire-walking. The comedian was quite effective, some of his stunts smacking of the circus. All told it is a well-balanced bill, with much fun.

SEASON OF POP CONCERTS OPEN

Though still under the spell of a certain melancholy that has enveloped them since the old popping days, the Pop concerts opened last night in Symphony Hall. The house was crowded and the throng had a more cosmopolitan appearance than ever. All parts of Boston seemed represented and a sizable part of the rest of the world also.

The program containing pieces by Wagner, Suppe, Tschaikowsky, Debussy, Dvorak and Grieg made a wide appeal that evidently had a thorough response. There were four selections by Slavonic composers and it was noticeable that these roused the most strenuous enthusiasm among the audience. One reason for this was that 200 seats had been provided for delegates attending a fraternal convention now in session in Boston and that a large proportion of the members are Russians.

The orchestra under the leadership of Agide Jacchia played with all its accustomed artistic skill, vim and vividness of expression. The musicians were generous in response to the acclaim of their hearers and an extra number was added after each regular selection. A fantasy based on Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" particularly took the people's fancy and in keeping with the Slavic predominance of the evening an arrangement of the Volga Boatman's song done by Mr. Jacchia was given. This called forth such a storm of approval that it was repeated.

Even without the old fizzing accompaniments of bygone days, the Pops are plainly as popular as ever and there can be no doubt that one of the most successful seasons in their long history was begun last night.

May 4, 1921

We were interested in the account of the devil child born at Schenectady, N. Y.: Schenectady, of all places in the world. This child has two horns about two inches long, coming out of his forehead, and a tail that trails on the floor. It is said that when he was only two hours old he talked learnedly with Dr. George W. Papen, Sr., and others. It is a relief to know that the child's tail is in proportion to the rest of his body, but it is not stated whether the tail is forked according to well-established precedent, or whether the child's feet are cloven.

Men and women have been born of God-fearing parents and yet have had horns protruding from their foreheads. There are pictures of two or three thus ornamented to be seen in R. S. Kirby's Wonderful and Eccentric Magazine (1803). Years ago Hildanus saw a man who came into the world with a horn in the midst of his forehead. This horn was inverted like that of a ram and turned upward to the top of his head. A perhaps still more remarkable case is reported in Zucat. Lusit. Prax. Adm. Book 3, observation 93, page 395: "In Portugal, near the town called Vill:
Amaena there lives a rich man, whose
wife was brought to bed of a man chil
which at his birth had a broad and har
knot upon his forehead; his parents b
the advice of the physicians, made littl
of it. The child being arrived to 5 year
of age, it also was in that time muc
grown out, so that the physicians betoc
themselves to frequent purgations; bu
all in vain, for the knot (without ar
pain) grew out into a pyramidical hor
of the length of a span; broad at t
root of it, and at the point the thic
ness of a man's thumb. Being grow
to man's estate, he would not suffer
to be cut off, though both physicia
and surgeons affirmed it might be do
without danger. He addicted hims
to his studies, and ... de singular pr
ress therein."

That the Schenectady child has a horn is not surprising. There may be the suggestion of a tail, but we doubt the length reported. The statement that he talked at the age of 2 months is not wholly incredible. The same has been said of celebrated men of centuries ago who were prophets, poets, founders of religious. Zoroaster, as is well known, laughed heartily the day he was born, and his brain so palpitated that it repelled a hand put on his head, which was a prognostic of his appalling knowledge.

WHY JOHN BARRETT WAS ABSENT

(From the Washington Notes in the Dartmouth Alumni Magazine)

The only blemish on the evening was the absence of Mr. John Barrett, '89. Owing to our impression that Mr. Barrett's International, financial and cultural interests had called him from Washington permanently, an invitation was not sent to him. Mr. Barrett was actually in the city, but not being advised of the dinner, of course, did not attend. Mr. Barrett, quite rightly, was somewhat put out, and the next day wrote advising that whereas, he had just returned from St. Augustine, whither he had gone at the personal invitation of President-elect Harding, that he still is making his headquarters in Washington and wishes to be notified of Dartmouth gatherings in the city. This explanation of Mr. Barrett's absence from the dinner through no fault of his own, is made in order that no Dartmouth man noting his absence from the list of speakers may think that such a loyal and notably distinguished son of the college would absent himself from the annual dinner except for the most unavoidable circumstances.

CHEER-OI

As the World Wags:

In regard to a subject recently touched upon in this column, the following lines seem distinctly apropos. I feel certain that they were written by Longfellow, though I don't know in what poem they occur. I quote from memory:

It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate;
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Oedipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than fourscore years:
How Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his "Characters of Men."
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales;
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years were past.

* * *

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say,
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light.

* * *

For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

I find these lines consoling and stimulating to those of us who are, as Dr. Holmes expressed it, "within range of the rifle pits." QUINCY KILBY.

Brookline.

The quoted lines are from Longfellow's "Morituri Salutamus," written for the 50th anniversary of the class of 1825 at Bowdoin College. It is said that Longfellow was at first unwilling to write a poem for the occasion, but he happened to see the picture of Gerome portraying gladiators saluting the Roman emperor and the inspiration came. We have taken the liberty of correcting a few slips in Mr. Kilby's memoirs. With Sophocles, Simonides and others, Verdi should now be named. His "Otello" was produced when he was in his 74th year; his "Falstaff" when he was in his 80th; his remarkable group of sacred works when he was .—Ed.

And as to you, Life, I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths:
(No doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before)."

BLACK AND TANS

If an editorial article in the New York Evening Post is to be believed, the German police dogs have "almost entirely supplanted the aristocrats of the dog world." The writer, reviewing the succession of favorites, says: "Back in the eighties and the nineties the black and tan rose and fell." It was earlier that that, dear sir; say, rather, in the late sixties and the early seventies. The black and tan was a yelping, wriggling dog, comparatively worthless, sycophantic to the last degree, yet a children's pet. The aristocrat in those years—at least, in our little village—was the dignified Newfoundland. The bulldog—not the bull terrier—and the setter stood high in estimation, while the coach dog and the greyhound were only tolerated. The coach dog was thought to be treacherous. Mr. Frank H. Vizetelly says that when Americans speak of the dog they accent "Newfoundland" on the second syllable; speaking of the island name, they accent the first. Some years ago we asked why Newfoundland dogs were usually named Carlo. No one has given us the reason.

TREMONT THEATRE—"The O'Brien Girl," musical comedy in two acts; book and lyrics by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel; music by Lou Hirsch; staged by Julian Mitchell, under the supervision of George M. Cohan. First performance in Boston. The cast:

Mrs. Hope	Fritzi Scheff
Alice O'Brien	Elizabeth Hines
Joe Fox	Alexander Yakovleff
Lawrence Patten	Stanley Forde
Humphrey Drexel	James Marlowe
Mrs. Drexel	Georgia Caine
Eloise Drexel	Ada Mae Weeks
Larry Patten	Jack Cagwin
Wilbur Weathersby	Andrew Tombes
Gerald Morgan	Carl Hemmer

Last night George M. Cohan, that wise and understanding purveyor of amusement, brought his second annual summer show to the Tremont Theatre. With "The O'Brien Girl" he seeks to duplicate the success that "Mary" enjoyed for so many weeks last spring and summer. Whether he will do so remains for the Boston theatre-going public to decide, a public, which in past years has held a friendly leaning for Mr. Cohan. And to give this same public ample chance to do him justice, Mr. Cohan has with seeming care avoided many of the little things, which so often car, perhaps even sidetrack, the late spring musical comedies. Too often these productions are markedly second class in quality as well as cast. The manager apparently wishes to venture a little on a spring **try-out.** If the show, thus handicapped, "proves anything" the summer months give sufficient time for a thorough overhauling before the New York opening. But Mr. Cohan is of another mind. He figures a thing worth doing is worth doing well. And so he brings "The O'Brien Girl" to Boston with a cast that is one of the best, a sprightly book, and well trained, handsome chorus.

A large portion of the show is composed of dancing, but there is a seemingly unending line of swift, rapid patter on timely topics, which specialize for the greater part on marriage, divorce and domestic tangles. And it is rare indeed when new twists and subtle pointings are not made. In between the bursts of fun and **humor are interspersed** varied expressions of love's young dream in the sentimental fashion that is uniquely Cohanesque.

But "The O'Brien Girl" is primarily a dancing show, which is keyed up about three notches faster than the most exhilarating farce. Speed is the watchword. The greater part of the dancing is given to Ada Mae Weeks and Andrew Tombes. Energy and skill they supplied, but the applause they won many times was due more to their genial farceries. In song and dance they introduced novelties that were amusing and varied. Comedians of high rank, they made the most of every opportunity. Even the cushions and ornaments were forced to supply their share of humor.

The plot, and there is a generous one, concerns a certain Humphrey Drexel, who in an ill-advised moment allows his two wives, divorced and present, and his stenographer to congregate in the same summer resort. A scheming mother-in-law tried to compel Larry Patten, the son of Drexel's partner, to marry debutante Eloise Drexel, and in the end he marries the girl he really loves—"the O'Brien girl"—who is none other than the stenographer.

All members of the cast are experienced and handle their parts accordingly. Indeed their names are, one and all, long known upon the lighter stage. Elizabeth Hines, who plays the title role, is an attractive young heroine, who can dance and sing, and whose smile is her fortune.

The present production is staged well above the ordinary. Many are the tricks which have been refurbished by little touches, such as the much used portrait of "the O'Brien girl." Last night there were some hitches, some creaks and groans. But that is only natural, for the production is still in the making. As revision succeeds revision it will constantly become smoother, better co-ordinated. As acted, staged, and played last night "The O'Brien Girl" bids fair to become a worthy sister to "Mary." Likewise will "Learn to Smile" rank beside "Love Nest." This show will be a success if for no other reason than that it agrees with Mr. Cohan's well known idea: "You know my philosophy. Specialize in smiles."

'DECEPTION'

Hugo Riesenfeld, who has made of the Rialto and the Rivoli in New York, motion picture theatres where one is nearly always sure of finding unusual entertainment, opened his Boston season at the Colonial Theatre last night with the presentation of "Deception," a film which tells the story of the love affair—if such it may be termed—of Henry the VIII and Anne Boleyn.

The film was made by the same German producers who made "Passion." There has been some talk that both films are "propaganda." It was difficult to find any propaganda in "Passion"; it will be more difficult still for any fair-minded person to find propaganda in "Deception." Surely the Germans can tell us little that we do not know already from English-written history about Henry the VIII or his amours.

Liberties with History

So, leaving "propaganda" out of the question, the subject of the film, as a play, may be taken up. Certain liberties have been taken with history, some of them we think unnecessarily. The six years of Henry's affair with Anne have been reduced to little more than a year, but that, of course, is justified; no film could stretch over those six years without dragging in extraneous matter.

The episode of the Princess Mary's bursting into Westminster at the coronation is an exaggeration. There are one or two lesser distortions. Taking it all in all, however, "Deception" transfers a bit of colorful history very successfully to the screen, with no lack of dramatic interest.

Drinkwater's play "Mary Stuart" has been criticised because it presupposes a rather accurate knowledge of history. The same criticism might apply to "Deception." It may be scouted, however, for the purpose of a film play is not to teach history; rather it is to dramatize it. And there are probably few people who will see "Deception" who will not be sufficiently familiar with the story of Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII to enjoy the picture.

It begins with Anne's first appearance at the court, and with Henry's first glimpse of her, continuing through the casting off of Katherine; Anne's marriage with the King; the birth of her child, later Queen Elizabeth of England; and ends with Anne's trial and execution, and Henry's marriage to her successor, Lady Jane Seymour.

King True to Life

The story is worked out logically and with striking dramatic effect. The characterization of the King—the part is played by Emil Jannings—is "bluff King Hal" to the life; sensual, stubborn, brutish, but always master of the situation. If a man is a strong villain, he at least commands a certain respect. Jannings accomplishes this in his portrayal of the King.

Henny Porten, a splendid actress, plays Anne Boleyn. She is very appealing, but why does she play the part as if Anne were a martyr? One does not gather that impression from reading history; the Anne of history is a beautiful, ambitious, and in many ways, a lovable woman, but she is never "more sinned against than sinning." Perhaps the part is played in this way in the film to gain conventional sympathy for the heroine. Miss Porten succeeds in this at any rate.

Costumes and backgrounds are picturesque and accurate. The photography is coherent and always artistic. Mr. Riesenfeld's musical program is a distinct achievement; here at last we have a film presented with appropriate music, excellently played.

may 5. 1921

One of the villains in "The Prince and the Pauper," now playing in Boston, speaks of "the beaks" pursuing the brutal father of Tom. A correspondent thinks that this is an anachronism. Let us see, says the blind man.

Edward VI mounted the throne in 1547. The earliest appearance of the word in English literature, according to The Oxford Dictionary, is dated 1573. The word is found connected with "harman," meaning the "stocks" in Harman's "Caveat" of that year, in the vocabulary of "Peddler's French": "The Harman beck, the counstable." No doubt, the word "beak" was in colloquial use before that. But "beak" came to mean a magistrate or justice of the peace. Dickens, "Oliver Twist": "Why, a beak's a madgst'rate; and when you walk by a beak's order, it's . . . always agoing up, and nivir acoming down agin." The word occurs frequently in Thackeray's "Ballads of Policeman X":

"An igstrawnary tail I vill tell you this veek—
I stood in the Court of A'Beckett the Beak."

See also Thackeray's "Jacob Homnium's Hoss," one of these ballads:

"The Judge of this year Court
Is a mellitary beak,
He knows no more of Lor
Than praps he does of Greek,
And prowides hisself a deputy
Because he cannot speak."

That "beak" originally meant "constable" is indisputable. Even in 1840 this meaning was retained, as is shown in Thackeray's grim story, "Catherine": "But Mrs. Polly . . . restored peace by exclaiming 'Hush, hush! the Beaks, the Beaks!' Upon which, with common instinct, the whole [illegible] made a rush for the garden [illegible] where [illegible] something in the very [illegible] constables which [illegible] then all a-flying."

[illegible] now quote from "Slang and its Analogues," article "Beak": "A policeman or guardian of the peace. As far as is known, this (as 'beck') is the oldest cant term for a member of a class of men who, perhaps, above all others have been the recipients of nicknames and epithets, and these, be it noted, not always of a complimentary nature." Beak, for magistrate, is a later, secondary sense.

The only definition of "beak" given in Matsell's "Vocabulum; or, The Rogue's Lexicon" (New York, 1859), is a magistrate; a judge.

If the word "beak" appeared in English literature as early as 1573, it probably was used in the London street when Edward VI was a prince.

CHESS AND THE MASTER

Mr. Capablanca is in appearance "utterly unlike the popular conception of a chess player." His attire, we read, is not careless; his shoulders are not rounded, "the beard, the spectacles, the furrowed brow—all these are absent. Furthermore, he is good-looking, smooth-shaven, of medium height, with a well-proportioned body of patrician mould, the head and brow being of particularly fine cast. He dresses with care, has excellent manners and converses in fluent English."

In other words, he might be taken for a prosperous broker or a poet whose verses are accepted by leading magazines.

What says old Robert Burton about chess? "It is a game too troublesome for some men's brains, too full of anxiety, all but as bad as study; besides it is a testy, choleric game, and very offensive to him that loseth the mate. . . . A sport fit for idle gentlewomen, soldiers in garrison, and courtiers that have nought but love matters to busy themselves about, but not altogether so convenient for such as are students. The like I may say of Col. Bruxer's philosophy game." Now, who was this presumably gallant Colonel and what was his little game?

We heard Mr. Capablanca referred to a few days ago by an enthusiastic player of chess, who bored us by talk about gambits and stale mates, as Mr. Casabianca.

THERE'S DEATH IN THE POT

Five o'clock tea-drinking in clubs is having its effect on formerly placid and amiable members. Their hands are shaking; they have little appetite for dinner; they are inclined to be irritable and captious in discussing topics of the day and settling the affairs of this now sorry world.

Fanny Kemble wrote that her introduction to afternoon tea took place during a visit to Belvoir in March, 1842. "I received on several occasions private and rather mysterious invitations to the Duchess of Bedford's room, and found her with a 'small and select' circle of female guests of the castle, busily employed in brewing and drinking tea, with her grace's own private teakettle. I do not believe that now universally honored and observed institution of 'five o'clock tea' dates farther back in the annals of English civilization than this very private and, I think, rather shamefaced practice of it."

SOUTH CAROLINIAN RHETORIC

(From the Anderson Daily Tribune.)

Practically every dollar this paper has is tied up in the Farmers and Merchants Bank. We are not alarmed over the situation. . . . Our advice, therefore, is to sit steady in the boat, head up and tail over the dash-board, with a hard and steady pull for the shore.

THE SONG-BIRD MODJESKA

(From the Los Angeles Examiner.)

"Nearly everybody has heard of Madame Modjeska. There are but few people who have not heard her sing. But aside from her fame as the 'California Songbird' there are very few people, particularly motorists, who have visited her wonderful home which is located in a secluded spot in Riverside County."

Yes, we remember hearing Mme. Modjeska, Edwin Booth and the great Salvini in "Il Trovatore." Booth's voice unfortunately cracked on the high C in "Di quella pira," for against the advice of the conductor, Lawrence Barrett, he would not transpose the air to a lower key. Salvini was a superbly blood-thirsty Count di Luna. Modjeska's acting and singing in the last scene were probably never surpassed.—Ed.

"FRANKIE AND JOHNNY"

As the World Wags:

I think the original, unexpurgated song, "Frankie and Johnny," was popular in so-called "parlor-houses" long before Pratt and Tierney in San Francisco interpreted [illegible]

son Mizner's masterpiece . . . Two other classics of the sort had a similar origin:

"I've got a girl in Baltimore,
Brussels carpet on the floor,
Street car run right by the door," etc.

and "The Old Black Bull Came a-Tearing Down the Mountain," all favorites with the cowboys of the eighties.

Boston. LANSING R. ROBINSON.

"Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!" undoubtedly had a low origin. Who was the author of "One-Eyed Riley"? Tradition has it that it is an old English convict song, some say of the 18th century. Does anyone know the original "Rambling Rake of Poverty"? The version once popular in colleges—at Yale during the seventies—is greatly chastened in spirit and in verbal expression.—Ed.

'DREAM STREET'

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"Dream Street," a photodramatic comedy, suggested by characters of Thomas Burke; scenario by Roy Sinclair. Produced by D. W. Griffith. First presentation in Boston. The cast:

Gypsy Fair	Miss Carol Dempster
Her Father	W. J. Ferguson
James "Spike" McFadden	Ralph Graves
Billie McFadden	Charles Emmett Mack
Sway Wan	Edward Peil
Samuel Jones	Porter Strong
A Police Inspector	Charles Slattery
Tom Chudder	George Neville
S[illegible]r of Old Truths	Tyrone Power
Th[illegible]ter of the Streets	Morgan Wallace

The foreword on the program states: "We are responsible for the ideas of 'Dream Street' to two stories, 'Gina of the Chinatown' and 'The Sign of the Lamp,' by Mr. Thomas Burke." Roy Sinclair, author of the scenario, has built "Dream Street" about the characters in these two stories.

The name of D. W. Griffith long since has come to stand for that which the rank and file of motion pictures woefully lack—poetry, consistency and a beautiful simplicity. All these seem to us to have culminated in this, his latest production. It is difficult to avoid being fulsome in writing of it. It is the sort of thing for which believers in the motion picture have long waited; a supremely beautiful and moving film drama.

The story, in brief, tells of the love of two brothers for Gypsy Fair, a dancer, the original of whom is "Gina of the Chinatown" in "Limehouse Nights." The older brother, "Spike" McFadden, is a Londonized "cave man." The younger, Billie, is a delicate, poetic boy. Each in his separate way makes love to Gypsy, but she at last confesses that it is "Spike" she loves.

That very day, Billie, discovering a thief rifling his small savings, shoots and kills the thief, and "Spike" takes the crime on his own shoulders. Gypsy tries to help him to escape, and it is here that one of the most telling incidents in the story of "Gina of the Chinatown" is employed. A neighboring Chinaman gives the signal to the police, by tipping the shade of a lamp, which leads to Spike's arrest. He believes that Gypsy has betrayed him. He comes to trial, but at the last moment Billie rushes into the court room and confesses. And from that moment the happy ending, which finishes the story, is assured. Some may criticize this happy ending, but in doing so, they should remember that the American public still clamors that it shall go home with the lovers living happily ever after, and Mr. Griffith has given them what they want.

But, apart from the story, "Dream Street" is the first motion picture we have ever seen which creates, as does great music, poetry and pictures, emotional beauty. It is eloquent with sentiment, yet it never slops over into sentimentality. The love scenes between Miss Dempster and Mr Graves are exquisite in their delicacy and poetry. With the exception of Miss Gish's and Mr. Barthelmess's acting in "Way Down East," we have seen nothing on the screen, and but little on the spoken stage, that can approximate the work of Miss Dempster, Mr. Graves and Mr Mack in this picture. Few sub-titles are necessary, their three eloquent young faces tell the story. And the supporting members of the cast are uniformly excellent. "La Boheme" has always seemed to us the embodiment on the stage of youth and romance. It has a rival now in "Dream Street."

The photography is near to perfect in composition, in telling lights and shades, and in the power of suggestion, so important in a truly artistic picture. The "close-ups" of Miss Dempster are as lovely as a Greuze painting. The accompanying music is appropriate and never too evident.

Mr. Griffith, at the close of the evening, made a little speech. He introduced to the audience Mr. Graves and Mr. Mack. A large audience was interested and greatly enthusiastic.

[illegible]alsh,ct
[illegible] Sweeney,r

May 6, 192

The mayor of Noeux les Mines, believing that music is ruining his fellow-citizens, has forbidden the use in all public buildings of pianos, phonographs or any other musical instrument. Perhaps he has been reading at this late day the bitter book, "Contre la Musique," by Victor La Prade, and given undue weight to it because the author was an academician. As a corrective he should have read Barbey d'Aurevilly's ferocious attack on La Prade. Or the mayor has been reading and misunderstanding remarks about music and its effects on citizens by the justly celebrated Plato. Being reasonably fond of music, or at least not afraid of it, we urge the mayor to read and ponder an essay of Plutarch's—Question V in the "Symposiacs," which is entitled "that we ought carefully to preserve ourselves from pleasures arising from bad music; and how it may be done." Plutarch did not urge the prohibition of music.

"But one that delights in mimics and buffoons, loose odes, or debauched songs, we can bring to Euripedes, Pindar, and Menander, that he might wash (as Plato phrases it) his salt hearing with fresh reason. . . . We in those possessions, amid all the madness of music and dancing, and 'we toss our hands with noise, and madly shout,' remembering those venerable and sacred writings and comparing with them . . . those vain empty compositions, shall not be altogether cheated by them, or permit ourselves to be carried away sidelong, as by a smooth and undisturbed stream."

So this mayor if he hears a phonograph or the town band, or some one thumping a piano in a moving picture theatre, need not aply the ear-caps of Xenocrates, but remember the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, or "The Misanthrope" of Moliere.

THE REVISED VERSION

(A Contemporary's plunge into the New Testament, apropos of "The Four Horsemen.")

"The Four Horsemen are Conquest, War, Famine and Death. It was John the Baptist who first made the prophecy of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

A CHOLERIC GAME

Miss Agatha Spoohen wrote to the New York Herald commending its suggestion that there might be need of a state croquet commission. Miss Spoohen quoted Mr. Walter Camp as saying that when croquet was played in every city and village, there was cheating, there were bitter quarrels. "Even the most straitlaced and precise of our forebears seemed not to be above a gentle moving of the ball with the foot when no one was looking, and many a lawn saw the beginnings of quarrels that sundered relatives and even disrupted church entertainments."

Miss Spoohen then gave her testimony: "One day in the early '70s my Uncle Jabez, who was engaged to a very beautiful young woman, saw her deliberately bend a wicket so as to make a shot difficult for an opponent. He never smiled, except in an alcoholic way, again.

"In 1876 my little nephew Azarias was transferred to the society of the angels through the eating of the paint from a new mallet. He would be 48 years old by now had it not been for croquet, and undoubtedly tall and handsome.

"Better far for this sweet country that we should have bear baiting or purring matches than a revival, on a large scale, of croquet. Only those into whose lives it has brought sorrow can know its wickedness."

FROM IRELAND TO AMERICA

The first treatise on croquet that came to our little village was by Mayne Reid. The book was first published in London in 1863; there was a New York edition in 1865; a Boston edition in 1866, about the time we first saw a croquet set. Some of the boys, disdaining the mallets on sale, had them made of fancy but heavy woods. The first stakes were tall, thick, with gorgeously colored rings to match the balls. The game encouraged flirtation among the older players. Young women were coquettish in putting a foot on a ball, and saw to it that they were handsomely shod.

Was croquet a development of the Dutch game, Closh, or did it pass from Brittany into Ireland? It certainly was played in Ireland before it was popular in England. It has been stated that it was played near Dublin under this name in 1834-5. The game and name were introduced into England in 1852. In 1858 a writer in Field said Croquet came into the north of Ireland some 12 years before from a French convent. Trollope's Mr. Crosbie played croquet in 1862. In 1877 an ivory-turner of London, one Dickson, remembered having made a set of croquet implements for Ireland 40 years before.

The game went out of fashion in this country when lawn tennis became the rage. The men that persisted in croquet were suspected of being passionately addicted to soda lemonade. There was at least a revival, with grand tournaments and strutting champions. Mr. Herkimer Johnson tells us that summer cottagers at Clamport play assiduously, even when it rains, and the whacking of the wooden balls often distracts him from the investigation of sociological problems.

IN BROTHERLY LOVE

As the World Wags:

The day when, as you so well say, "nerve specialists stood behind a bar and were dressed in tranquilizing white" has not yet quite vanished from one city at least. Philadelphia still vaunts her eminence as a centre of medical science. The federal agents long ago gave up trying to prevent the sale of drinks here, and the new state enforcement law has been greeted with howls of rage by the anti-saloonists.

Philadelphia still lifts her head above the desert as a great rock in a thirsty land. MIFFLIN MOORE McKEAN.

Philadelphia.

AN UNPARDONABLE OMISSION

The list of Mr. William McFee's "Sea Library" was recently printed in Mr. Christopher Morley's delightful column in the New York Evening Post. This list did not include the sea-story of all sea-stories: Herman Melville's "Moby Dick." We were surprised to find Melville's "White Jacket" also ignored. By the way, a reprint of "Moby Dick" has recently been published. It contains the table of contents which was omitted in the reprint of, say 20 years ago. The last time we priced the original edition the bookseller coldly said, "Five dollars." We have met very few who are familiar with Melville's strange novel, "Pierre, or the Ambiguities," and that wildly extravagant book, "The Confidence Man."

NOT THE SAME, NOT THE SAME

As the World Wags:

I noticed in a Boston morning newspaper of April 30th (not The Boston Herald) a picture of a minature model of the new schooner challenger Mayflower, which is said to correspond in all general details to the "newly launched schooner." It resembles it about as nearly as chalk does cheese. The model is said to be complete even in small details, such as "handrails" and "lifeboats." Handrails are certainly a new departure in the eyes of Gloucester fishermen, and the Salisbury dories nested on the deck are not exactly what one would call "lifeboats."

L. G. F.

May 7 1921

It was announced recently that Frieda Hempel, the singer, sent from this country to Germany the sum of 170,000 marks for a charitable purpose. The newspapers of Germany do not therefore break out in a chorus of tumultuous praise. They say that the sum, respectable as it seems, at the present rate of exchange represents only her fee for an operatic performance; that, a Saxon by birth, she denied her country in the United States, that this "Judas penny" will not open to her the door of Germany, which should be closed on her forever. My, my! Nevertheless, Miss Hempel, like Miss Tottie Coughdrop in the music-hall story, will oblige, in spite of these cat-calls and hootings from the German gallery.

ARTHUR P. SCHMIDT

Arthur P. Schmidt lived to see great changes here in the business of publishing music. He was largely instrumental in effecting these changes. Beginning modestly, by his fair dealing and foresight he established a house that has an international reputation. Cautious in some respects, he had faith in the American composer, when some other publishers were unwilling to run the risk of pecuniary loss. Mr. Schmidt did not consider this loss as of the first importance; he was willing to publish compositions of long breath for which he knew there would be no adequate return. He lived to reap the reward for his courage. He took a pride in his catalogue. He admitted to it the names of foreign composers, at the time comparatively or wholly unknown, who now have widespread and honorable reputation. While he was diligent in his business, he was interested in art, literature and world affairs. A German by birth, he was a German of the old school, abhorring Prussian militarism and Prussian arrogance. In the great war he was wholly American in feeling and in speech. A man of strong convictions and decided opinions, he was at times aggressive in the expression of them, so that those who did not know him well took a wrong view of his character; for at heart he was sympathetic and generous. His purse was open to any appeal for the unfortunate deserving. His advice was ready and helpful. To many he was a loyal friend.

SHAKESPEARE IN TWO LANGUAGES

Some of the Parisian newspapers make merry over the performances of "Othello" and "Macbeth" in Paris next month, in which Mr. Hackett will play in English with French actors. One journalist exclaims: "Can one push farther the entente cordiale! Pauvres spectateurs!" Yet many remember Salvini playing the Moor with Edwin Booth as Iago. We never saw Booth play with greater grace and force than when in Berlin he appeared as Hamlet, speaking English, with a German company. This was at the Residenz Theatre on Jan. 11, 1883.

AN INFANT PHENOMENON

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the the Schenectady prodigy, your citations of similar cases were, indeed, timely and interesting. But how comes it that you should have omitted to remind us of that famous child of Rabelais, who was born, not full armed from the head of Zeus, but merely from the head of a mother who had eaten over heartily of tripe? He not only discoursed entertainingly at birth, but also called loudly for beer.

Boston. SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

It is true that Gargantua came into the world out of the left ear of his mother, Gargamelle; but did he talk at length? No; but to the point. We quote from the wonderful translation by Sir Thomas Urquhart: "As soon as he was born, he cried not as other babes use to do, miez, miez, miez, miez, but with a high, sturdy, and big voice shouted about, Some drink, some drink, some drink, as inviting all the world to drink with him. . . . I doubt me, that you do not thoroughly believe the truth of this strange nativity. Though you believe it not, I care not much: but an honest man, and of good judgment, believeth still what is told him, and that which he finds written. . . . In the men while, to quiet the child, they give him to drink a tirelarigot, that is, till his throat was like to crack with it." Nothing is said about beer. There is mention of his "too much quaffing of the Septembral juice" at his birth. The heroes of Rabelais drank wine, not beer. The word "tirelarigot" has excited discussion. Extraordinary derivations have been invented, as may be seen by reading the exhaustve article, "Boire a tirelarigot" in that huge reservoir of cu rious learning, "Paremiologie Musicale," by Georges Kastner. Some make bol to say that the phrase originated wit the soldiers of Clovis after his victor over Alaric II. The French in celebra tion drank lustily and shouted: "Je b a ti, re Alaric Goth" ("I drink to thee King Alaric of the Goths"). There ar other fantastical derivations; as that i the 13th century Eudes Rigaud, arch bishop of Rouen, gave a big bell to th cathedral; this bell was named after th giver. The bell-ringers were therefor the more exhausted and drank th harder.

A HAPPY ENDING

Sir Thomas Urquhart! There's a ma we should have known; not only be cause he was a translator approache only by Sir Thomas North, Philem Holland and John Florio; not only b cause he wrote that he was "by line t 143d, by succession the 153d, fro Adam." In his treatise, "Logopande teison," he described a universal la guage, with four numbers and 11 ge ders; he wrote the life of the Admira Crichton with passionate eloquence; invented superb phrases as "pristina lobcocks," "blinkard minds," "secr angiports and dark posterns."

And his death! The most graphic a count of it we know is in "Noctes A brosianae." Grave biographers mer state that he died from immodera laughter at the restoration of his ma ter, Charles II; but listen to Christoph North:

"That dear old worthy royalist w domesticated Panurge among us, hearing of rascal Monk's message Breda, as he was sitting over a bla mutton-chop and a thimbleful of Ca Madeira in a dining parlor sunk sev feet odd inches beneath the level Fleetditch—ordered in a whole bot of the best port the beggarly pla could afford—tossed it off in an ecst of two rummers, and died on the sp of sheer joy; a touch in terminat of a queerly mixed life!"

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

A music publisher in New York received the following letter from firm in Leipsic:

"Gentleman:

"We beg to request You kindly, if Y know that many of our works, mak use of the favourable conjunctur, wh after our meaning, now arised pitch.—

"As we now have some pleas pieces with earnest and jovial cont in our sortment, we request You kin to let us know, if You wish, to get s of this works.

"On wish, we send You a little mission sending for a trial, for fortn and we hope that You will take with this and revise it exactly. which we await Your esteemed answer."

May 8 1921

Essays on Modern Dramatists" by liam Lyon Phelps, The Macmillian npany, New York.

r. Phelps of Yale University, con- rs Barrie, Shaw, Galsworthy, Fitch, eterlinck and Rostand; considers n and weighs the value of their ys to his own huge enjoyment. His k is readable. Opened at random, it es immediate entertainment. This fessor of English literature has de- ed, aggressive opinions; they are of- surprising to old theatre-goers and tudents of the drama. Mr. Phelps is k-sure of almost everything. Unfor- ately his knowledge of the subjects not always extensive; thus he says ge 239), that so far as he knows the y play of Shaw that has appeared on French stage is "Candida." "You ver Can Tell," was played at the atre des Arts, Paris, in January, 1913. ms and the Man," has been played the Comedie Montaigne, Paris, since publication of Mr. Phelp's book; but rs. Warren's Profession," was pro- ed at the Theatre des Arts in Paris far back as Feb. 16, 1912. So, after there is a limit to Mr. Phelp's owledge, loath as one is to admit it. first sentence in the book: "Perhaps most intelligent attitude to take to- d the plays of J. M. Barrie is un- ditional surrender." It will at once seen that Mr. Phelps writes in a it of lovely enthusiasm, to borrow et phrase from our friend Mr. Kreh- . "J. M. Barrie," says Mr. Phelps, the foremost English-writing-dram- t of our time, and his plays, taken ether, make the most important con- ution to the English drama since ridan." And so Mr. Pinero and all others must hide their diminshed ds. Listen to this: "He (Barrie) has intellectual grasp of Galsworthy, the ral earnestness of Jones, the ironical th of Synge, the unearthly fantasy Dunsany, the consistent logic of Er- e, the wit of Shaw, the technical ex- ence of Pinero." My darling, what uldst thou have more? But the irony Synge is far different and mightier n that of Barrie. Is "moral earnest- s" a salient characteristic of Barrie? r do we find the wit of Barrie akin any way to the wit of Shaw.

here is little use in quarreling with nan's opinions, especially when they e as from a burning bush. As the ry goes, Andrew Lang once said to rge Moore, "I prefer port to sherry." o you?" answered Mr. Moore. "I fer sherry to port." However ex- ordinary the opinions of Mr. Phelps y be to some, however irritating, they amusingly expressed; often the more using by reason of the violent affirm- on, by the air of finality. Mr. Phelps's ursions, digressions, obiter dicta are en delightful. In this essay on Bar- , who is "an admirable listener"— t is to say, he gave "serious atten- n" when Mr. Phelps talked to him, find this paragraph: "A certain ntleness goes with understanding; ur robustious fellows do not know ich about men and women. There are ny men whose family fireside con- rsation is a succession of stump eeches; do their wives understand em, or do they not? Do you think ey understand their wives? Is not silent listener at the hearth often judge as well as an audience? (By way, how much better it is to listen a stump speech that sounds like imate conversation than to, etc.)"

Coming to Barrie's "Little Minister," records the important fact that Mr. rman Hapgood, then a professional amatic critic, went to see this play e times. He quotes from one of Mr. pgood's articles.

"The Admirable Crichton" is "the eatest English drama of modern nes." Recovering our breath, we read: has given solid nourishment to dem- ideals for 17 years, and if its ence could be universally and roughly absorbed, it really would ke the world safe for democracy. n of letters have always done more demoocracy than statesmen." Then e half a dozen pages to show the ll-witted reader why "The Admirable ichton" is "the greatest English drama modern times." One is tempted to ow up both hands and say: "Just as u say, Mr. Phelps; anything to please u."

s for "What Every Woman Knows," Barrie had written only this play, e should know that he was a man genius. No amount of toil can turn t work like this: it is sheer revela- n." Of course Mr. Phelps, speaking Barrie, brings in Miss Maude Adams. hen she appeared as Maggie in New ven, in 1909, there was "a tenseness the atmosphere"; every one in the use was melted. "I remember one ay-bearded professor sitting near me, o, as the tears coursed down his iskers, exclaimed: 'I thought you d this was a comedy!'" And then undergraduate — the gray-bearded fessor still sobbing—stepped on the ge, announced that Miss Adams d been made an honorary member of Yale Dramatic Association, and sented a medal.

Mr. Phelps makes an able defence of "The Legend of Leonora." He thinks "Der Tag" is the worst war play; "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," the best.

This study of Barrie is followed by others equally readable and at times perplexing. We are told that Bernard Shaw is just the opposite of Hamlet; that he breathes the pure air of reason; that he enjoys splendid isolation in normal times; that the prefaco to "Heartbreak House" should be read with "sympathy, if not with reverence"; that "instead of being 'no playwright,' he is one of the greatest in the history of the stage." In this essay, which is acute and unexpectedly discriminative, Mr. Phelps says that the influence of Hauptmann on the art of the theatre, on playwriting, has been and is wide and deep. How, and where? Mr. Phelps also says that Pinero's "Thunderbolt" is his masterpiece. He qualifies this statement with the word "perhaps." Is it true that Mr. Shaw's "greatest single character, Candida, has no charm"; that in all his plays there is only one figure that has any charm and that is the Lion?

The study of Mr. Galsworthy is carefully appreciative. His four best plays, according to Mr. Phelps, are "The Silver Box," "Strife," "Justice" and "The Pigeon." "They are practically without the element of love and they have no sex interest. It is astonishing how successfully he can play the game without any trumps. His success emphasizes the fact that he appeals to the mind almost exclusively. . . . Of late years he has seemed to be falling into the obsession of sex, more in his novels, however, than in his dramas. It will be fatal to his genius. He is at his best when his mind is clearest." But what is to be said of this statement? Mr. Phelps is speaking of the production of "Strife" in New York: "The New Theatre had the best stock company ever seen in America—a company fully on a par with the Comedie Francaise." Mr. Phelps was born in 1865. He probably never saw the company at Wallack's, at the Union Square Theatre or at the Madison Square Theatre when those theatres were at the height of their reputation. What a slap-dash statement he makes! It is even more entertaining to read what happened what "Justice" was produced at New Haven. "As I inched along in the crowded aisle after the final curtain a lady asked me if I did not find this drama very depressing. I told her it had exactly the contrary effect on me; it was thrilling, exhilarating, transporting." Here we have the wished-for personal note. Here we read of the adventures of a soul among masterpieces. Noteworthy playwright as Mr. Galsworthy is, "he has not added Personalities to modern drama — personalities like Candida, or Peter Pan, or Cyrano. The reason is clear, I think; his persons are the embodiment of ideas—they are flesh and blood, they are real, but we are more interested in what they represent than in their own idiosyncrasies." The essay that stands out boldly in this volume, an essay that will be valuable to the student of the American drama in the years to come, is the one devoted to Clyde Fitch. It is of biographical, critical and literary interest. It is written from the heart and from the head.

M. Maeterlinck is treated as a man and a dramatist. Mr. Phelps believes that "Sister Beatrice" is one of Maeterlinck's "most beautiful, most important, and therefore most lasting" dramas.

The essay on Rostand begins with a swecping statement in Mr. Phelps's most dogmatic manner: "The twentieth century French drama has been over-rated.' The French modern playwrights have had a generally debasing effect; nor is the Parisian audience highly intelligent, sophisticated, discriminating. "The intelligent people stay at home, I suppose—and when they think of the price of a theatre ticket, they buy a good book." These opinions of Mr. Phelps are elaborated at length, for 18 pages or so, before we come to the consideration of Rostand, who is "a giant."

What is to be thought of a dramatic critic who has this to say about Maude Adams in "L'Aiglon" and "Chantecler"? Mr. Phelps writes: "I admired her Chantecler even more than her L'Aiglon. Physique is important perhaps, but not necessary to persons in the audience who have imagination; and it is never so important as brains." If ever there was an instance of vaulting and grotesque ambition, it was the audacity of Miss Adams wishing to play the part of Chantecler. The mere fact that she was a woman should have prevented her.

Mr. Flagler and the Musical Union

The annual report o fthe Symphony Society of New York, just made public by its president, Harry Harkness Flagler, discusses a possibility of sweeping changes in the operation of that and other similar organizations, basing their future plans on contracts with members of the Musical Mutual Protective Union. Mr. Flagler for some years has borne unaided the cost of maintaining the Damrosch orchestra, paying about $100,000 above all receipts each season, and last year adding a further sum reported at $250,000, as guarantee of the orchestra's European tour.

Mr. Flagler told the Symphony Society's associate directors, who advise on other than financial matte that the season now ended had been "a turbulent one" in the orchestral field, owing to several unusual causes, tho chief of which was, he said, "the attempt of the Musical Union to break up the perfectly valid contracts which the Symphony Society had signed with its players and which had been approved by the union at the time of signing." He said it had been demanded that the weekly pay be increased and rehearsals decreased except at a "prohibitive" figure, though he hoped that the counsel of the more conservative men in the union would yet prevail.

"If the worse element prevail," added Mr. Flagler, "I see but two courses open to us: one, to give up the maintenance of symphony orchestras, the output both in money and in strength not being worth what can be achieved under tho harassing conditions now imposed by the union; the other, the founding of non-union orchestras, in which the welfare of the men would be safeguarded by long contracts, enabling them to have a feeling of security in the profession which they have chosen as their life work.

"I have hearty sympathy," he concluded, "with the idea of the proper safeguarding of the musician's interest through the Musical Union, but the continued attempt by hampering restrictions and purely commercial methods to destroy artistic projects, which have been built up so carefully for many years must result in action along one of the lines I have indicated."—New York Times, May 4.

Not Forgotten

(For the Sunday Herald.)

If I should get to heaven when my work on earth is done,
I hope I'll meet the actors there whose forte was making fun.
I want my old friend Barnabee, harmonious Henry Clay,
To meet me at the summit of the steep and rugged way.
I hope that William Warren and that other Boston man,
Whom lovers of the theatre-entitled Handsome Dan,
Will be on hand to greet me, for wherever it may be,
The place where Dan Maguinnis is is good enough for me.

I hope that Stuart Robson with his methods so unique,
His earnest, jerky manner and his mirth-provcking squeak,
With John T. Raymond, Jefferson, Nat Goodwin close at hand,
Will make me feel at home when I have reached the Promised Land.
While those my cherished comrades in the days of long ago,
George Howard, Craven, Fortesque, will welcome me, I know.
However strange conditions are beyond the Silent Sea,
Where Denman Thompson makes his home is good enough for me.

And then when I am sailing through the Islands of the Blest,
I'd like to meet George Primrose and his partner, Billy West,
And listen to Luke Schoolcraft's voice, so clear but never sharp,
Insisting Mrs. Dittimus wants Coes's golden harp.
Jim Maffitt and Bartholomew, though naturally dumb,
Will say with Harry Bloodgood that they knew I'd "got to come."
While Billy Rice, Bob Slavin too, I'll naturally see,
Where Hughey Dougherty hangs out is good enough for me.

Gus Williams I expect to meet among the Mansions Bright—
If he's without a dialect it won't seem really right;
Pat Rooney with that walk of his we used to know so well;
Inimitable Harry and his brother John Kernell;
Plebeian Billy Barry and aristocrat Hugh Fay;
Joe Murphy making horseshoes as he used to in the play;
Milt Barlow, Carroll Johnson, I'm convinced that I shall see,
With Charley Yale, all in the place that is good enough for me.

ENVOI

The saints may find abiding-place
Convenient to the Throne of Grace,
But where comedians I'll see
Is plenty good enough for me.

Brookline. QUINCY KILBY.

Mr. Ryan's Sheaf of Memories

To the Editor of the Boston Herald:

The recent revival of "The Beggars' Opera" has suggested to my mind that possibly Richard Brinsley Sheridan's "The Duenna" might be pleasantly revived by some amateur musical society. It had great popularity when it was produced originally, and some thought it was even better than John Clay's amusing satire. During a theatre-going experience of over 70 years in Boston I have never seen it on the stage, though, doubtless, it may have been given during that time. In my boyhood, airs from it were often sung in private, but I did not know whence they came. The story is certainly an entertaining one, and I do not know whethe was original with Sheridan, for he Shakespeare, Mollere, Dion Bouc and others took his own where he found it. Arthur Murphy, in one of his plays, furnished some suggestions for "The School for Scandal," and the first draft of the comedy was different in many respects from the piece as eventually completed and successfully given for a long time with its remarkably efficient cast at Drury Lane Theatre, during its author's somewhat eccentric management, after David Garrick's precise and economic direction. It has, however, the divine afflatus and still lives. Long may it grace the boards as a model for succeeding dramatists!

"The Rivals" is another "hardy perennial" and has often been played in this city with remarkable distribution of characters, including one by the late Joseph Jefferson, in which he was the "Bob Acres," a rather finical, though finished one at that, with Sheridan 20 miles away, as William Warren, Jefferson's kinsman, facetiously remarked at Miss Fisher's theatrical boarding house on Bulfinch place.

"St. Patrick's Eve" and "A Trip to Scarboro" I never saw on the mimic scene, but I witnessed "Pizarro" many times in my green and salad days. I thought it a good tragedy then, though it has passed apparently into oblivion as far as the stage is concerned. The late John McCullough revived it, but with no great success. A picture of Rolla, the Peruvian hero, with Cora's rescued child in one arm, while he flourished a belligerent sword with the other, was one of the delights of my juvenility. But, after all, the play was only a faithful translation from Koetzboe, and it is a well known fact that the last act was not completed when the curtain rose on the initial one. This was like the dilatory habit of Sheridan. And what a cast the piece had originally with John Philip Kemble as Rolla, Mrs. Siddons as Elvira, Charles Kemble as Alonzo and Dora Jordan as Cora, before the days of her Nells and Hoydens, when Charles Lamb remembered her as Viola in "The Twelfth Night." Poor Sheridan. He lost his theatre by fire and died in almost abject poverty. Great dramatist, great orator! He was one of the sons of genius who was not gifted with plain common sense, but if immortality is any recompense for this omission he has it to tho full and running over.

Dorchester. JOHN W. RYAN.

Mr. W. A. Darlington on Stage and Film Technique

I was talking to a film-producer some time ago about the differences between stage-plays and screen-plays, when he uttered (from the enthusiastic playgoer's point of view) a damnable heresy: "Why do people write for the stage when there is the screen to write for? You have to waste such a lot of time over the technique of a stage-play that I cannot think why anybody takes the trouble to do it." His facts were sound enough, but his conclusions were horrible. It is true that the stage is the most difficult and the clumsiest medium for telling a story that exists especially in these days of realistic and elaborate scenery, when an author is condemned to confine the action of his characters into four periods of 40 minutes each, or three of 50. The novelist and the film-writer suffer from no such restrictions; they can change the scene as often as they like, they can pick out any isolated moments in the lives of their characters, and use them to carry on their story with a carcless ease that must reduce the dramatist to helpless envy. And yet the dramatist has the laugh on them in the end; for, whatever his restrictions, his is the finest and most soul-satisfying way of telling a story when all is said. The creations of a novelist exist as shadows in the mind of his reader; those of a film-writer, as shadows on a screen; but those of the dramatist exist as human beings, whom we can see speaking our language and thinking our thoughts. A film-play may be a genuinely beautiful piece of work, and may appeal powerfully to our emotions or to our imaginations, but it can never quite compete in either respect with the appeal of the stage-play. One reason for this is the invariability of the photographed version. You see, say, "The Admirable Crichton" on the film. Once you have seen it, you know all about it. You may want to see it again, but you know that if you do you will find it exactly the same, in every little particular, as it was the first time. But if you go twice to see "The Admirable Crichton" on the stage you know (even if your visits are made on two consecutive nights) that the two representations will be subtly different. The of the characters will be an replica of what they were the first

It is exactly the difference be hearing a gramophone record great singer and hearing the singer himself in the same song. One is mechanical, the other human. One is shadow, the other is substance. Even if, in the course of time, invention of new devices overcomes the present disabilities of the film; even supposing gramophone and the use of co photography can be brought to s pitch of perfection that the char on the screen shall seem to spea to have the complexion of life if the stereoscope can be em

give an illusion of space and dimension to the flat image—all this will not bring the cinema one step nearer to superseding the theatre. The more mechanically perfect the imitation becomes, the more inhuman it grows; Hans Andersen has told us what happens to people who prefer a mechanical imitation when they can get the real thing.

The film-producer I mentioned forgot one thing. The difficulty of stage technique is not a deterrent, but an incentive. The dramatist has before him at once a higher and a harder task than the film-writer. It is much more difficult to write a good stage play than a screen play of corresponding quality, but it is much better worth while when written. Conversely, the ease and flexibility of the technique in writing for the film is a temptation to facile work. Again, "The Admirable Crichton" furnishes me with an example. You may remember the use that Barrie makes, in the original play, of Henley's:

I was a king in Babylon
And you a Christian slave.

It is a passage that lingers in the memory as a thing of sheer beauty. When the film version came to be made the adapter evidently felt that he was on his mettle to get just as fine an effect out of this passage in his own medium. And, triumphant in his knowledge that while Barrie was bound to his stage setting, he (the adapter) could get to Babylon by candle-light—yes, and back again—he proceeded to insert into the fabric of his play a long Babylonian episode; a triumph of production, perhaps, but from the dramatic point of view a mere excrescence, and an artistic blunder of the crudest description.

Realism on the stage is an impossibility. The dramatist's aim is not so much to be like life as to look like life. The film-writer, on the other hand, can be as realistic as he pleases. As I said above, all he has to do is to select the incidents in his characters' lives which are best for the purpose of illustrating his story. The dramatist has not only to select those incidents, but to rearrange them and the cause that led up to them in such a way that they can occur within the narrow confines of his three or four acts and yet appear plausible. How difficult this task is we can see from the melancholy corpses of once hopeful plays that we see lying all around us. Pity the poor dramatist! He finds it absolutely necessary for John and Mary to meet in the third act and make up their quarrel. The scene must, for half-a-hundred reasons, be laid in Mary's mother's drawing room. How can John, having vowed never to see Mary more, be brought into that room? If the playwright simply says "Enter, John," and leaves it at that, he knows that there are dozens of ferocious and ravening critics waiting to leap upon his neck. How can John be got into that room? Can he fall out of an aeroplane as he happens to be passing over the house and appear down the chimney? Or mightn't that be a little far-fetched? . . . Meanwhile, the film-writer is conscious of no difficulty. John is walking down a country road; he turns a corner suddenly, and cannons into Mary, knocking the parcels she is carrying into the roadway. Over the picking up of the parcels their heads meet—well, it's too easy for words, isn't it?

No doubt it was some such scene as this that my friend the film-producer had in his mind. To him all the time and the solid brainwork that must be spent in contriving a plausible way of getting John into Mary's mother's drawing room is so much sheer waste. The mere idea of being held up by such trivial details irritates him. But is it waste? I doubt it very much. The difficulty is a spur to the dramatist's brain; however lazy he is, however lacking in a literary conscience, he is compelled to think his problems out. He has to contrive a plausible way out of his awkward situation, and in order to be plausible he must avoid a solution that will make John or Mary do anything contrary to their own characters. That is, he must get to know his John and his Mary well. The film writer can find a solution with a much more superficial knowledge of what his people are like. After all, anybody can walk down a road!

The flood of inferior films that has been poured on to the market in the past few years is the strongest possible condemnation of an easy technique. People without ideas, without knowledge of character, without—one would think—the smallest rudiments of taste or even education, have been able to get their miserable penny-novelette ideas filmed; if they had tried to cast their ideas in the form of stage plays their chances of being produced would have been about represented by that pleasant mathematical conception called "minus infinity." We have bad plays, heaven knows; but the badness of our worst plays is nothing like so bad as the badness of our worst films. And for that, with all due respect to my film-producing friend, the stage has to thank its difficult and cumbersome technique.—London Daily Telegraph.

May 9 1921

As in our boyhood days we were fascinated by the fashion plates and dress-patterns in Godey's Magazine for women and afterwards held Madame Demarest in high respect, so now we look with wonder at the pictures in Vogue and in the advertisement pages of rotogravure sections on Sunday, and on week-days turn impatiently to the articles by Mistress Anne Hittenhouse. In one of her more recent articles we read: "Not for many seasons have we been treated to a visitation of hand-held clothes." This set us a-thinking.

Many of the ancient statues of goddesses and demi-goddesses show that these adorable creatures must in life have worn hand-held clothes; only the clothes had a way of slipping from their hands. The position of the hands, as in the case of the Venus of Medicis, proves this beyond doubt and peradventure. Whether the Venus of Milo, poor girl, wore clothes of this description, we are unable to decide.

ISADORA IN MOSCOW

So the Reds wish Miss Isadora Duncan to be the director of a grand school of dancing which they purpose to establish at Moscow. In connection with this report, it is interesting to learn that last month in London Miss Duncan gave a series of dances interpreting Tragic Poland, Heroic Poland and Happy Poland. The Times then said of her: "She found dancing an art; she will leave it a language." Will the Reds insist on her teaching the Polish language by the dance?

WORLDLY WISDOM

As the World Wags:

Flappers, please note. I am not overly given to eavesdropping, nor is my hearing particularly acute, yet a passage between a diminutive and an amplitudinous chorus lady idling in front of a Broadway theatre, registered perfectly. The modus operandi indicated is gladly passed on by me to all acquisitive, attenuated members of the Merry-Merry.

The Little Un: "I'm gonna get an automobile this season or bust."

The Big Un: "Get the bust, dearie, get the bust. Then you'll get the auto."

Boston. DIX.

A SONG FOR THE PEOPLE

Our old friend Dr. Faust has appeared on the London stage in a new guise; in a burlesque entitled "Faust on Toast." There is a return to the old fashioned couplets in dialogue, which shows that London in spite of the Socialists, the "Laborites" and Mr. Lloyd George is still strongly conservative. Reading the reviews of this burlesque, we were struck by the title of a song sung by Oriental, the object of whose affections lived "in the six story window" while he "lived down in the cellar floor." If I remember rightly the thrifty Celestial introduced the price list of his laundry in his chanson.

The first time I heard this air was at a Boston Museum performance of "The Enchantress" 60 years ago. Even with Caroline Richings and her father, Pete, in the opera, would a modern audience sit that thing through?"

Boston, A. P. RIORI.

"The Enchantress!" we remember when a chorus from it "Ever be happy and light as thou art, Pride of the Pirate's Heart" was sang lustily in the "grand olio" of negro minstrel companies. It was heard with "O hail us, ye Free," an adaptation of the bandits' chorus in "Ernani," and "I hear the hoofs upon the hill" with music taken from Auber's "Bronze Horse." Good old days! "Mr. Frillman will now sing 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.'" In the obituary notices of Frank T. Ward, associated with the negro-minstrel companies in the course of his long career, mention is made of the fact that he was called "Old Pop" Ward; but he was also known as the "Terrible Judge" because he played that part when he was with John P. Curran in vaudeville. Ed.

A HEARTFELT WISH

(From the Chicago Tribune)

I wish I could be Father, and
Father could be me,
Because I'd like to show him how
fathers ought to be.
I'd bring him toys and candy 'bout
every other day,
And never be too busy to join him
in his play.
I'd answer all his questions so he
could understand;
Not hide behind a paper and wave
a "Go-'way" hand!
I'd take him to the movies 'most
every pleasant night,
And never say, "It's bedtime," while
yet the day was light.
I wouldn't change my Father for
any other man.
I know he loves me dearly, and does
the best he can,
And yet I can't help thinking how
great would be my joy
If he'd remember sometimes to be
once more a boy. IRIS.

men
spected
addicted to soda fo... has

GOING ON THE STAGE

A young woman in New York, one of "our best people," the granddaughter of a "Kentucky General"—we thought all male Kentuckians were Colonels—will "sacrifice her debut in society" to go on the stage. This is not surprising; but it is surprising to hear that she will study for the stage. We were under the impression that study in the dramatic art was no longer necessary or expected in the case of a high-born damsel: that all she had to do was to have "personality," social prestige, and a diligent, if not a passionate, press-agent. This granddaughter etc., has already taken a preparatory step: her photograph has been published in New York journals, showing a brilliant set of teeth as in the advertisement of a dentifrice.

OFF WITH THE DANCE

Mr. Riddles of the House of Representatives of Florida has introduced a bill to prohibit certain dances now in favor. He enumerates them and thus adds to the vocabulary of the dance: "shimmy-she-wabble," "buzzard lope," "chicken switch," "rabbit hop," "cheek-to-cheek," "Philadelphia twist," and the "turn-table gallop."

We are told that in the intoxicating dances of the Brazilians the man and his partner are clasped in a mad embrace, forehead glued to forehead, but the Brazilians have no slang name for this terpsichorean achievement.

May 10 1921

"Three Live Ghosts"

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE — First performance in Boston of "Three Live Ghosts," a comedy in three acts by Frederic S. Isham, founded on his novel. Produced by Max Marcin.

Mrs. Gubbins.....Daisy Belmore
Peggy Woofers.....Olive Reeves-Smith
Bolton.....Emmett Shackelford
Jimmie Gubbins.....Charles McNaughton
William Foster.....Walter Lewis
Spoofy.....Cyril Chadwick
Rose Gordon.....Elise Bartlett
Briggs.....Frank Monroe
Benson.....Arthur Metcalfe
Lady Leicester.....Cordelia MacDonald

An amusing comedy is made out of tragic incidents. Three soldiers return to London, the Cockney Jimmie, the American Foster, and Spoofy. Jimmie had been reported dead by the war office; Foster, who ran away from New York, for he had stolen bonds from his father's office, having enlisted in the British army, was taken prisoner with his pals Jimmie and Spoofy; this Spoofy, shellshocked could not remember his name and had developed a mania of taking things that did not belong to him in the most amiable manner imaginable. The three turn up at the house of Jimmie's step-mother, a gin-drinking, avaricious old woman; as garrulous as Mrs. Gamp, as inconsequential in her chatter and as amusing. She might have stepped out from one of Dickens's novels.

There is a reward of £1000 pounds offered for Foster, who enlisted as William Jones. An American detective of the kind known only on the stage enters the house and questions Mrs. Gubbins, offering her half of the reward if she aids in the capture of Foster. There is a girl, Rose Gordon, an American, who for the purposes of the play, finds herself in London, lodging in the house where her sweetheart Foster finds her. This gives opportunity for sentimental passages, dear to theatre audiences; heroic protestations of undying love when there is every prospect of imprisonment.

For Spoofy, irresponsible, leaving the house, enters a mansion at night and makes way with a role of money, pearls and diamonds, with a baby and a baby carriage and, smiling, brings his booty in triumph to the lodging house, where he gives the jewels to Mrs. Gubbins, who forthwith bedecks herself. Enter Briggs of Scotland Yard, another detective of the sort known only on the stage. He believes that all the men and the two women are a gang of crooks. He takes the jewels from Mrs. Gubbins, but as he turns his back for a minute, lo, they have disappeared. Enter the American detective with the news that Foster can now settle affairs in America, for he has fallen heir to an estate. Scotland Yard will not let him go.

The hardened theatre-goer seeing the name of Lady Leicester on the bill and noting Spoofy's courtly manners guesses easily how the happy ending is to be brought about.

A comedy with a wildly improbable plot, but a most amusing play by reason of the comic dialogue and the capital acting of Mr. McNaughton as Jimmie, of Miss Belmore as Mrs. Gubbins, and of Mr. Chadwick as Spoofy. The sensational passages, commonplace, are fortunately of short duration. Only in the third act when Scotland Yard is questioning at great length, does the pace slacken, and even here the replies of Mrs. Gubbins save the day.

Miss Belmore's personification and portrayal of Mrs. Gubbins deserve a careful analysis. Irresistibly funny, her characterization does not pass the bounds of reason; it does not descend to caricatured; it does not become farcical. The woman is drawn to the life; her humor, her readiness of invention, her grotesque imagination, her amazing vocabulary, her anxiety to secure the reward by alternate threats and wheedling. Her account of how she came into possession of the jewels kindles inextinguishable laughter. Even Scotland Yard did not know whether to laugh or to storm. And in her facial and bodily personification, she was the semi-disreputable, maudlin, shrewd, good-natured old baggage to the life.

Mr. McNaughton's Jimmie was also excellent in all respects. His good-humored recklessness, his imperturbable coolness, his light-heartedness were brought out without exaggeration, for he knows the force of under-emphasis, as was also shown in his devotion to his pals, when other actors might easily have been painfully melodramatic.

As for Mr. Chadwick, he made the eccentric part plausible, and at times, suggested the pathetic side of the character without forcing the note.

By the way, did Mrs. Gubbins receive the second instalment of the insurance money from the war office? Was Jimmie finally reinstated as a living man?

When Eleanora Duse returned to the stage at Turin last Friday after an absence of 15 years, she was presented with a bouquet of roses sent by Mr. d'Annunzio. Perhaps he thinks he has thus squared himself in the outrageous portrayal in "Fuoco" of his affair with her. In his violation of decent reticence Mr. d'Annunzio surpassed even Mr. George Moore.

"JAMES A. STILLMAN

Who Resigned Presidency of National City Bank of New York to Press His Divorce Suit"

(Headlines with Portrait)

As the World Wags:

What concerns me is the prodigality (in certain effeminate directions) of James A. Stillman, coupled with such a niggardliness as evidenced by the enclosed clipping, that he resigns so lucrative a presidency in order to secure time to press his divorce suit. I wonder if he was tempted to do it before putting on his wedding clothes.

Cambridge. W. Z. R.

Mr. Stillman certainly pressed his suit before the wedding. Ed.

APROPOS OF NEWS FROM NEW YORK AND ALSO FROM NEW JERSEY

(From Chekhov's Notebook, now Publishing in The Freeman)

Two wives: one in Petersburg, the other in Kertch. Constant rows, threats, telegrams. They nearly reduce him to suicide. At last he finds a way: he settles them both in the same house. They are perplexed, petrified; they grow silent and quiet down.

FROM A CATALOGUE OF THE ANDERSON GALLERIES IN NEW YORK

688 SILVER PLATED RITUAL IMPLEMENT OF UNKNOWN USE

Early American, pre-Volstead period. The cylindrical body, tapering toward the base. Domed cover, perforated inside. Monogram. Height, 6 inches.

189 PAINTED PORCELAIN PIPE
German, 19th century

Stem in the form of a twig. Bowl with peasant maiden dancing on a beer keg unmindful of the overflowing steins in her hands and of the days when beer would be meted out only by doctor's prescription. Length, 18 inche

THE OAK IN FOLKLORE

As the World Wags:

Two years ago, perhaps, you publishe some lines, an old saying about "Whe oak (?) leaves look like (?) ears . . time for planting." You see, I ha merely the ghost of a shadow of a me ory of them. I am hoping that it may enough for you to identify them a that you will agree with me that a r printing of them would be welcomed your readers. M. R. K.

Wellesley.

Is this the couplet?

"When the oak puts on his gosling gra
'Tis time to sow barley night or day."

There are many English rhymes abo the oak being in leaf before or after t ash. It is also thought that the gra seldom springs well before the o comes out. "If the oak bear much ma (acorns) it foreshadows a long and ha winter." A dream of an oak forete long life, also riches. If you suffer fr ague, walk around an oak and say:

"Good evening, thou good one old;
I bring thee the warm and the cold."

For gout, take hold of an oak or ol young shoot already felled, and repe these words:

"Oak-shoot, I to thee complain,
All the torturing gout plagues me;
I cannot go for it,
Thou canst stand it.
The first bird that flies above thee,
To him give it in his flight,
Let him take it with him in the air
If you take an oak apple from an
tree and find a little worm in it, t flies away, it signifies war; if it cre it betokens scarceness of corn; if it r about, look for the plague. And so a

the apple denotes war, a spider, pestilence. As for the sacred character of the oak and the worship paid it in many lands, see Frazer's "Golden Bough."—Ed.

"PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF"

As the World Wags:

Presumably the only Boston newspaper paying for jokes carries one daily in the most valuable space on its editorial page. In an adjacent column it is this week giving installments of "6 Great Hoaxes"; how interesting then to see today, as its daily joke, the story of a sailor on one of the most unpleasant class of our boats during the war who, asked if he would re-enlist, replied that, as soon as he could shed his naval uniform, he would shoulder an oar and start inland. "When I get to a town where folks say to me: 'What's that thing you are carrying?' I am going to drive it in the ground and stay there all my life."

In a discussion on the antiquity of folk stories (Folk-Lore, London, 1914, Vol. XXV, pp. 122-125) is adduced as an indisputable instance of survival, the case of the sailor who is told to put his oar on his shoulder and march on till he comes to a land where they say that it is a baker's peel." This was heard in Greece within a few years, and much earlier versions are given by one Polites, who "naturally refers to the prophecy about Odyssous's end, in which the hero is told to put his oar on his shoulder and travel until he comes to a land where the natives are ignorant of the sea. A wayfarer will meet him who mistakes his oar for a winnowing shovel. That will be the sign. There he is to stick his oar upright in the ground, perform sacrifices to Poseidon, and then return home and offer hecatombs to the immortal gods" (the apposite passages in Homer being referred to in the citation).

In a later letter in Folk-Lore (1919, XX, 316-317) a writer concludes: "It is clear . . . that the sailor's wish to settle among people who do not know an oar when they see one is a current saying in the British navy," and had been for many years. This matter was discussed in a series of letters in the (London) Times' Literary Supplement during the autumn of 1919, but enough has been given above to show that if anyone paid money for the "new story" he has been taken in by a hoary hoax.

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

JOY IN SOUTH SUTTON

(Kearsarge Independent and Times.)

Ma Sweet, the relict of the late Jed Sweet, and her seven talented daughters have arrived in town and will entertain later.

SIMPLICITY AND POMP

"There has been considerable discontent in the servants' quarters at the House of Doorn since the ex-Kaiserin's death. The servants were dissatisfied with the gratuities distributed at the time of the funeral."

William Hohenzollern probably insisted on simplicity, as did the late John Burroughs, giving directions for his funeral and his grave. Yet there is often a curious form of vanity and of ostentation in a "simple" funeral, as when Victor Hugo requested that his coffin should be that of a pauper; a vanity as great as that of Browning's Bishop ordering his sumptuous tomb. The Bishop might have said with Sir Thomas Browne: "But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature."

Was Southey right in thinking that Sir Thomas wrote "infimy" instead of "infamy"?

COPLEY THEATRE—"The Merchant of Venice," a comedy in five acts by William Shakespeare. The cast:

Antonio	Walter Kingsford
Salerino	E. F. Hast
Salanio	T. Gordon Blyth
Bassanio	Lawrence Cecil
Lorenzo	Clifford Turner
Gratiano	Frederick Roland
Shylock	Charles Warburton
Portia	Pamela Gaythorne
Jessica	Viola Roach
Balthazar	May Ediss
Prince of Morocco	Alexander Sarner
Prince of Arragon	Nicholas Joy
Launcelot Gobbo	Paul Hansell
Old Gobbo	E. E. Clive
Jessica	Katherine Standing
Leonardo	Jill Willis
Tubal	Alexander Sarner
Duke of Venice	H. Conway Wingfield
Clerk of the Court	William E. Watts
Stephano	Harold W. Bates

The Jewett Players last night gave a spirited and very interesting performance of what many consider Shakespeare's most appealing play. In the performance were none of the "limps" so often unavoidable at first nights when a company has been playing one arduous piece and rehearsing another. Costumes and stage settings were artistic and effective and the acting version, arranged by Mr. Jewett, was skilfully done.

Mr. Warburton chose to play Shylock with emphasis on the pathetic rather than on the comic, or the distasteful. His Shylock was a creature to be pitied rather than despised. In the scene where the Jew returns and finds his daughter gone, Mr. Warburton's simplicity was very touching; a little later, however, after the Christian "baiting," he ranted a little, so that the lines were not intelligible. The Copley Theatre is too small to permit of too violent displays of emotion. On the whole, however, Mr. Warburton's performance was thoughtful and wholly satisfying.

Miss Gaythorne as Portia carried off the honors, however. Here was a real flesh and blood woman, sweetly dignified, yet entirely human; not the advanced feminist type which is so often foisted upon us for Shakespeare's heroine. Miss Roach gave distinction to the lesser part of Nerissa. Mr. Cecil as Bassanio was a manly and fit lover for Portia. As the Prince of Morocco, Mr. Sarner did an excellent bit in the scene where he chooses between the gold and silver and lead caskets. Mr. Hansell was amusing in the part of Launcelot Gobbo.

Miss Standing, a recent addition to the Jewett Players, is a young woman of much charm and promise. She did an excellent small bit of work in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Last night, as Jessica, she gave a very creditable performance. The other members of the company were well cast.

'CAMEO GIRL'

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"The Cameo Girl," musical fantasy in two acts. Book by Bel Gallier and Neil Twomey. Lyrics by Ballard McDonald and Grant Clark, music by James Monaco and Bel Gallier. First performance in Boston.

In addition to Adelaide and Hughes, the cast includes Frank Lalor, John Philbrick, Marie Wells, George Trabert, Henrietta Lee, Gladys Miller, Stanley Hughes, Constance Brady, Dorothy Buckley and Mary Hitchkiss.

"The Cameo Girl," which came to the Hollis Street Theatre for its first Metropolitan performance, is an elaborate musical show that follows closely the lines of the average "Revue." It is full of striking effects not always successfully or artfully developed. Indeed, the whole performance suffers in that ideas and dances are obvious and easily to be anticipated by a not too overwise audience. The patter that forms a lengthy part of the play is only occasionally light and fresh. A first act that is a curious mixture of careful theatric valuation and trifling intrusion comes to a climax that is well named a Ballad of Confusion.

To the casual observer it has become increasingly apparent that the particular form of theatrical entertainment known as a "revue" is fast becoming obsolete. It no longer enjoys the tremendous vogue which it experienced in the hectic days of war. And seemingly this waning popularity is due to the awakening of an audience which no longer lets itself be lulled to sleep by facile artifices of the show shops.

It cares no more for mere quantity in girls, in exotic colorful displays, and in tympanic strains of jazz. Idle, time-passing amusement sufficed this easy-going public a year ago. But now it craves entertainment of a higher order. It somehow feels the wandering "teams" of vaudeville, which are wont to usurp our lighter stages, to be out of place. Rendered doubly sophisticated by some 12 months of war-time theatre commerce, the musical comedy audience has begun to realize that there is a wide difference between the 20 minutes, more or less, of vaudeville and the two hours of higher priced theatres. Entertainers who draw lavish applause as headliners may easily attract groans alone when appearing on the longer time.

And so it is that Adelaide and Hughes, even with the veteran humors of Frank Lalor, fail to amuse for a full evening. As dancers they win well-deserved praise similar to that they have so long reaped in vaudeville and at the Winter Garden. But as actors, as purveyors of a book never subtle, often familiar, they failed to receive more than casual appreciation.

The story of "The Cameo Girl" appears infrequently and concerns a young artist who searches vainly for the model that gave him inspiration. Diligent reading of "Mother Goose" and "The Arabian Nights" resulted in his finding "The Cameo Girl" to be his own little servant girl.

The music, typically jazz and some times reminiscent of facile and average Broadway tunes, is representative of the whole performance. It seems to be entirely lacking any desire for originality. While principals and cast work willingly, no one seems to care to seek out one idea or dance that can claim novelty. Features, and real features they were, such as the dancing of Miss Adelaide and the Toy Soldiers dance number came near being lost in the wealth of ordinary material that surrounded them.

Early in the performance "The Cameo Girl" tells us that "her middle name is Pep." If she would only live up to that name, she would be able to develop herself and rise above the commonplace.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Julian Eltinge, just back from a tour of various parts of the world, appeared at Keith's last evening with several new songs and wearing some beautiful Paris gowns. He was given the warm reception always accorded him here and fully deserved it.

Ralph Riggs and Katherine Ritchie in dance idylls gave five performances that were unusual and very attractive.

Miss Juliet in a one-girl revue impersonated various characters on the stage and in public life in the charming manner which has become familiar.

Merlin with his pack of cards performed some mystifying feats to the accompaniment of amusing patter.

Jean Adair and company in "In Any Home," presented the annual domestic tragedy of house-cleaning time and introduced a bit of domestic philosophy.

Josie O'Meara, the dainty artist, had the last act on the bill.

The changed program, by which the current events in motion pictures and Topics of the Day are placed at the close instead of the opening, did not entirely succeed in keeping the audience in the seats during the last feature.

May 11 1921

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, indefatigable in collecting material for his colossal work, "Man as a Social and Political Beast" (elephant folio, sold only by subscription), has been haunting the department stores in the hope of proving or disproving a statement published in a London journal:

"If you watch the bargain hunters at the sales you will notice that they are nearly all slender men and women. For the generously proportioned person knows that very few prizes will come his way. The writer, a mere man, has tried all over London to obtain shirts, collars and other more intimate articles of clothing at sale prices, but has failed. And yet he is not a Daniel Lambert in size, or even an 'extra out,' to use the jargon of the trade. It is simply because he does not happen to come within the limits of sale sizes, which are, apparently, as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians."

THE PERILS OF THE POLYSYLLABLE

(Sheboygan Press.)

Notice.—Susan Chickowski and Wilma Kurtz wish to apologize through The Press to the slander and insult they committed against Miss Goldie Russell. They were ignorant of what the word hemorrhage was. Signed by Wilma Kurtz, and Susan Chickowski.

THE CRASH CRUSADE

(A campaign is on foot for the removal of needless household ornaments.)

Martha thrust her testimonial
Into our astonished grasp;
On its face a crest baronial
Made us gasp.

But ere long the sound of tournaments
Brought us headlong to the room
Where her duster banished ornaments
To their doom.

Springing at them like a leopardess,
Down she brought the bric-a-brac
Now a dog and now a shepherdess
Went crick-crack.

When confronted with the particles,
Quoth the flushed but haughty maid,
"I have joined the Needless Articles
Crash Crusade."

—A. W. in the London Chronicle.

CONCERNING "MOBY DICK"

As the Werld Wags:

Having but recently joined Captain Ahab and his fascinated followers in their bloody pursuit of Moby Dick, your surprise at Mr. McFee's neglect (or is it ignorance?) excites in me a similar emotion. Melville, with whom I am, happily, familiar, indeed surpassed himself, and, I am sure, all other writers of sea stories, in this tale of extraordinary passion. Yet I think your caption, "An Unpardonable Omission," to be harsh. May we not absolve one who perhaps dislikes to swallow a literary potion of three parts heroic imagination and two parts scholarly cetology?

I have forced this same potion, so beneficial in our sickly literary generation, upon several of my friends, and with most admirable results. However, one asks, and, in asking, puzzles me: How can Melville put such sonorous mouthings, such fair phrases, on the tongues of rude fishers? I have told him of the influence of the Bible on the vocabularies of these God-fearing toilers of the sea, and have also said that perhaps Melville would plead poetic license, that apology for non-conformity which covers such a multitude of sins today.

Are there other reasons, or shall we lay all the poesy and fire to an artist's imagination?

RORY DILLON.

Boston.

You should read an article about "Moby Dick" published in the nation (London) of Jan. 1, 1921, in which "H. M. T.," wildly enthusiastic, says that Melville's words "soar to the limit of their hold on the known and reason- . . . they do not break loose. . . . scored almost every page for quotation. But it is no good trying to quote from the rainbow and the eclipse." Viola Meynell in her preface to the new Oxford Press edition of "Moby Dick" says: "To read it and absorb it is the crown of one's reading life."—Ed.

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

"H. M. T." says apropos of "Moby Dick" what might be said of Melville's "Mardi" and "Pierre."

"I think it very likely that any one who finds he cannot read 'Moby Dick' with delight, wonder, and some fear, has reason to doubt that he is more than learning to read.

A well known literary critic once assured me that there were not more than 5000 people who could read English. As soon as imagination begins to sport with the language, then the familiar words are changed; they take a look of mockery; they seem a little mad; they become free of our rules; they behave indecorously, seem giddy, are translated from dull, well known lumps into shadows and wraiths uncanny with varying lights and implications; they startle us with half-suggestions of powers we never knew existed; they flit too perilously near the horizon of what we call sanity and become speculative symbols in the distance weaving a mazy pattern of which we can but guess at the purport. Our own words then seem to have nothing in common with us. That gentleman who thought he had been using 'prose' all his life was wrong. All he had been doing was to make noises, prompted by a few primitive instincts, which experience had taught him would be understood by his neighbors."

MELVILLE'S DR. FRANKLIN

Now that there is talk about Benjamin Franklin, the description of him in the Latin Quarter to be found in Melville's "Israel Potter" should be quoted in full, especially the scenes in which John Paul Jones and Israel figure. Was Franklin's character ever better summed up?

"At times he had seriousness—extreme seriousness—for others, but never for himself. Tranquillity was to him instead of it. This philosophical levity of tranquillity, so to speak, is shown in his easy variety of pursuits. Printer, postmaster, almanac maker, essayist, chemist, orator, tinker, statesman, humorist, philosopher, parlor man, political economist, professor of housewifery, ambassador, projector, maxim-monger, herb doctor, wit—Jack of all, master of each and mastered by none—the type and genious of his land. Franklin was everything but a poet."

1833—1921

Fanny Kemble writing from Baltimore on Jan. 11, 1833, to Mrs. Anna Jameson, said:

"I mean to ride as long as I have a hand to hold a rein, or a leg to put over a pommel. By-the-by, I ought to beg your pardon for the last sentence; I ought to have said a foot to put into a stirrup: for if you are not ashamed of having legs you ought to be—at least, we are in this country, and never mention, or give the slightest token of having such things, except by wearing very short petticoats, which we don't consider objectionable."

Does anyone read Mrs. Jameson's book about Shakespeare's heroines today? We knew a dramatic critic in Boston—he is not living—who before a Shakespearian performance read what she had to say about the woman to be portrayed at night that he might dilate with the proper emotion.

May 12 1921

B. S. W. of Boston writes: "Will you please ask Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who knows more of people and things than most of us, why it is that within a year or two one publisher after another has taken to putting out books, the pages of which have to be cut at the bottom instead of at the top. It is about as convenient as it would be to have trousers made to button at the back."

If a book is purchased to be read, not merely because it is a large paper edition and handsomely bound, an ornament for a shelf or a table, uncut pages are an abomination, and especially when the paper knife must work at the bottom. We have seen impatient persons using a finger, a nail cleaner, or a card, for a paper knife. De Quincey had a sad experience. The collective works of Burge were in his library. "Wordsworth took down the volume; unfortunately it was uncut; fortunately, and by a special Providence as to him, it seemed, tea was proceeding at the time. Dry toast required butter; butter required knives, and knives then lay on the table; but sad it was for the Virgin purity of Mr. Burke's as yet unsunned pages, that every knife bore upon it blade testimony of the service it had rendered. Did that stop Wordsworth? Did that cause him to call for another knife? Not at all; he

Look'd at the knife that caus'd his pain;
And look'd and sigh'd, and look'd and
sigh'd again';

and then, after this moment . . . and . . . additional . . . gallon

to regret, he tore his way into the heart of the volume with this knife, that left its greasy honors behind it upon every page: and are they not there to this day?"

SILVER UNDER THE MASTS

As the World Wags:

How old is the custom of putting silver under the foot of the masts of a ship to bring the vessel good luck? And does the custom prevail in other lands? I note that when Donald B. MacMillan, the Arctic explorer, superintended the stepping of the masts of his ship, the Bowdoin, on the Maine coast the other day, he gave recognition to this sailor superstition. Under the mainmast he placed a half dollar given by the son of his college classmate, Ellis Spear, a Boston lawyer, and under the foremast he placed a silver dollar given by the twin sons of another classmate, Charles S. Sewall of Wiscasset, Me.

Watertown M. M.

We invite contributions on this subject.

Silver was not Neptune's metal. It was Diana's own metal in Greece, in Ephesus, and at Rome. Demetrius, who made the shrines, was a silversmith. In English provinces, perhaps in New England villages, there are some who turn silver in their pockets when they see the new moon for the first time. At English fairs, the seller, on being paid for cattle, gave back a silver coin "for luck." When the luck money was handed back to the buyer, he spat on it for luck. In eastern bazaars silver cases are sold to contain sentences from the Koran, which guard the wearer against the evil eye. Some years ago we attended the funeral of a child in the neighborhood. The father, a Roumanian by birth, who had lived in this country for at least 20 years, and was by no means an uneducated person, put silver coins in the coffin before it was lowered into the grave. Does not the traditional gypsy fortune teller ask that her palm should be crossed with silver?—Ed.

HERE IS A BARGAIN

(From the Eastport (Me.) Sentinel.)

Owing to my ill health, I will sell at my residence in Perry Maine, according to the government's survey, one plush raspberry cow, age sixteen years. She is of undoubted courage and gives milk frequently. She will not kick, except when being milked. To the man who does not fear death in any form, she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her present home with a stay chain, but she will be sold to anyone who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth Shorthorn and three-quarters hyena. I will also throw in a double barrel shot gun which goes with her. In May she usually goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall, red calf with wobbly legs. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a non-resident, the farther away the better. The price is right. If you are interested in the cow, or if you want

Better Milk and Better Service
telephone
Harry G. Dore
Tel. 2-12 PERRY, ME. R. F. D. 31

OLD WIVES FOR NEW

(For The Boston Herald)

Where are the "Lays of Ancient Rome"
And anacreontics fair?
'Tis strangely sweet, gadzooks, to meet,
A beau with Georgian air.
They're like the snows that Villon sought,
They're like the fish Munchausen caught.
Yes! Zounds! They're passing rare.

You said that Petrarch lived in vain,
And blind Milton's Satan's dead.
'Twere hardly pain, to live again,
With poets worth their bread.
We love to browse, amid the stalls,
Of some crabbed bookmen's dingy halls.
'Od's bodikins! They're dead.

Now good old Shylock's race is run,
Unlike sweet Shelly's skylark.
Potash, the name of modern Jew,
He's Montague Glass's high mark.
The harp that once thrilled Tara's halls,
In Olcott's hands "Macushla" stalls,
Diogenes! It's dark!

There used to be a man called Lamb,
And he didn't need rare mint sauce.
Of course George Ade, and Henry, too,
With ease his page emboss.
When Thack'ray wrote his Vanity Fair,
He didn't know the "Follies" rare,
Like silk it's finest floss.

The Russian Bolshevistic bear,
By Gorky tough is fed.
Where Turgenev, and Gogol lived,
The rivers late ran red.
Belgravia's folk on "Main Street" dwell,
And we've discarded Dante's Hell.
They say we've forged ahead.

—REV. L. TYLER.

[illegible]ertown, N. Y.

HE GALLANT EDITOR

[illegible] the American Swineherd.)

American Swineherd office was honored by a call from the newly married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Caverly of Toulon, Ill. We cannot resist complimenting them on their elegance and nobleness of person, the farm can well be proud of this health inspiring couple. The grace and loveliness of the bride and the handsome manliness of the groom, with their smiles of happiness will impress any company. They start out with three most important points; they stick to the farm, and have parents of the highest true worth. The editors and the whole office force wish them uninterrupted happiness.

"REUBEN AND CYNTHIA"

As the World Wags:

Isn't the music of the "Reuben-Cynthia" song something like the Chinese air in "Stradella"; the same as I heard 40 years ago in Connecticut in the love-song of the infatuated Martha, "I want a man to hold me." Miss Maisie Gay, we learn, singing this chaste ditty, "fairly brought down the house," like Samson in Holy Writ.

pied mar 13 1921

Reading the list of test questions prepared by Mr. Thomas Edison, we were surprised at the omission of two that have never been satisfactorily answered: "Who struck Billy Patterson?" and "Where was Moses when the light went out?" The correct answer would have made the deep thinker the superintendent of Mr. Edison's factory, not merely an inspector.

PRESIDENT BUTLER'S NOSE

President Butler of Columbia University was unable at a dinner of the engineering society of that institution to identify ten odors. Of the ten, he recognized only bay-rum, or near bay-rum. He thereupon said, not peevishly, we hope, that smelling is the least intellectual of the senses. Saying this he seemed to agree with our old friend Nathaniel Wantey, late M. A. and vicar of Trinity parish, Coventry: "By some one or other of the beasts, man is excelled and surpassed in every one of the senses; but in this of smelling by the most of them. It is true, we may better spare this (at least in the perfection of it) than any of the four others; notwithstanding which there are manifold uses of it, both for the recreations of spirits and the preservation of life."

Thus the Indians in America when the Spaniards first landed could smell gunpowder at a great distance, as crows do today, and could tell if there were any who carried pistols near them.

Blind Hamar, a caravan guide over the Lybian sands, by the wonderful sagacity of his smell, could tell of an inhabited place 40 miles away.

A little boy, known as John of Liege, afraid of invading soldiers, ran far into the woods and lived there many years, feeding on roots and wild fruit. Espied naked and all overgrown with hair, he smelt some who, believing him to be a satyr, were in wait for him. They took the wind out of him so advantageously, says Sir Kenelm Digby ("Treatise of Bodies," 1669), that they caught him in a snare. The wild man said that he could by the smell judge of the taste of anything that was to be eaten; and could at a great distance find by his nose where wholesome fruits and roots did grow.

One of the learned physicians named Bartolin remarked:

"That did always seem a wonderful thing to me, nor do I know the certain cause of it, why some men can smell things that are pleasant, but stinking things will not touch upon the sense, nor are they able to perceive them. Such a strange property as this, is known to be in my honored uncle, Mr. Jacobus Finchius, the senior Regius professor of physic in our university."

If President Butler thinks it best to establish a course in smelling at Columbia University, we make bold to recommend as textbooks Dr. H. Zwaardemaker's "Physiologie des Geruchs" (Leipsic, 1895); Leopold Bernard's "Les Odeurs dans les Romans de Zola" (Montpellier, 1889); H. Cloquet's "Osphresiologie" (Paris, 1821); Dr. Phil. Carl Max Geissler's "Wegweiser Zu einer Psychologie des Geruches" (Hamburg, 1894); Augustin Galopin's "Le Parfum de la Femme" (Paris, 1886), and Dr. Albert Hagen's "Die Sexuelle Osphresiologie" (Charlottenburg, 1901). There are many other treatises on this interesting subject, but the ones named above will do for the primary class.

HOW DOCTORS DISAGREE

Old Robert Burton says that smelling is an "outward sense, which apprehends by the nostrils drawing in air; and of all the rest it is the weakest sense in man. The organ is the nose . . . the medium the air to men, as water to fish; the object, smell, arising from a mixed body resolved, which, whether it be a quality, fume, vapor or exhalation, I will not now dispute."

Alcmaion believed that the principal part of the soul, residing in the brain, draws to itself odors by respiration. This seems plausible; but Empedocles was of the opinion that scents insert themselves into the breathing of the lungs; "for, when there is a great difficulty in breathing, odors are not perceived by reason of the sharpness; and this we experience in those who have the deflection of rheum."

PRESTO! CHANGE!

Mr. Georges Charpy of the academy of sciences of the Institute of France has changed a male frog into a female frog, and Mr. Edmond Perrier has expressed the belief that change of sex is possible with other animals, perhaps with human beings. Eminent as these Parisians are, they have been anticipated. There is the case of Tiresias, the renowned Theban soothsayer. Happening to kill a female snake on Mt. Cithaeron—some say Cyllene—it is immaterial—he was metamorphosed into a woman. Seven years later, killing a male snake, he became again a man. These little incidents in his life were treated amusingly by Lucian in his dialogues, and with a great showing of ourious learning by the justly celebrated Mr. Bayle. There is also the case of the maid named Coenis, who became a man and was known as Coenous. Montaigne tells of a similar metamorphosis that took place during his life. See also the extraordinary "Annus Mirabilis," written by Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope, on what was to happen in London on Dec. 29, 1722, on account of the conjunction of the planets Jupiter, Mars and Saturn.

"TAG" NOT "TAL"

As the World Wags:

The statement was recently made in The Herald by Mr. Quincey Kilby that the late Giovanni Tagliapietra, the second husband of Mme. Carreno, was familiarly known as "Tal," not "Tag." I was associated more or less intimately with Terisita, Teresona, or Teresa Carreno, not only on a trip through the United States with Dr. Leopold Damrosch and the N. Y. Smyphony Orchestra, as soprano, with Teresa as pianist, but also with her in London and Berlin, and I never heard her allude to Tagliapietra as other than "Tag." In London she was chiefly interested in how "Eugene" (d'Albert) might liberate himself from his Heligoland wife, and she applied for advice to my husband.

Boston. ISIDORA MARTINEZ.

This "Heligoland" wife is not mentioned by the biographers. They gave the list of d'Albert's more or less merry wives as follows: No. 1, Teresa Carreno, 1892, divorced 1895; No. 2, Hermine Finck, singer, 1895; No. 3, Ida Theuman, 1910, divorced 1912. This list is, of course, subject to correction. We are under the impression that d'Albert and Hermine Finck were divorced.—Ed.

MAR 14 1921

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, calling at the office yesterday, was in solemn mood. We anticipated the request of a slight loan, a "touch," to use the language of the street—say, $10, to be repaid a week from next Wednesday at 20 minutes past 11 A. M. We did the eminent sociologist an injustice. Sighing deeply, he lifted up his voice and said:

"A day or two ago you had something to say about simple and sumptuous burials; you spoke of John Borroughs, Victor Hugo and Browning's Bishop ordering his tomb; you quoted from Sir Thomas Browne—I wish I had known him; if he were in Boston today I should propose him as an honorary member of the Porphyry Club. I am surprised, old top"—Mr. Johnson is at times disgustingly familiar—"that you did not quote from the long discourse of the great Cyrus when he was dying; the discourse that Xenophon, the friend of our school days at Exeter, put into his mouth. I have written it down for you to print it. I used to know it by heart, but my memory is not what it was. Let me read it to you:

" 'As for my body, when I am dead, I would not have you lay it up in gold or silver or any coffin whatsoever, but give it back to the earth with all speed. What could be more blessed than to lie in the lap of Earth, the mother of all things beautiful, the nurse of all things good? I have been a lover of men all my life, and methinks I would fain become part of that which does good to man.' "

Having read these noble words with his vox humana stop in working order, Mr. Johnson confided to us that he was putting his house in order; arranging for the disposition of his manuscripts, including the invaluable magnum opus (now complete up to the third volume; the articles "Ale" and "Beer" are particularly exhaustive), his curiously selected library with many foxed, loosely bound or shivering folios, his medals presented by scientific societies, his decorations from kings and princes in their happier days, his shingled cottage at Clamport. He chilled our blood. "House in order." We recalled a verse in holy writ: "And when Ahithophel saw that his counsel was not followed, he saddled his ass, arose, and gat him home to his house, to his city, and put his household in order, and hanged himself and died, and was buried in the sepulchre of his father."

PARTNERSHIP NOTICE

As the World Wags:

The other day you noted that C. M. Walls sells office partitions. Apparently you overlooked James A. Glass, in the same business. Why not a partnership, the Glass-Walls Company. Eh, wot?

COMPANY JAY.

Boston.

O TEMPORA, O MORES, A. D. 1921

One torrid March day, uncomf'tably warm,
I wandered in town, my coat on my arm.
So wilted and parched I was by the heat,
I dropped into Shyler's and sank on a seat;
And as I eat sipping a cool orange crush,
Two damsels burst through the door in a rush.
Their eyebrows were shaved, they'd used a lip stick,
Their noses flat white, their rouge much too thick,
Their "cootie garages" were marvels to see,
They wore their silk skirts cut off at the knee.
Their slippers, pearl gray, were for show, not for wear,
With stockings to match at two fifty a pair.
And though it was hot to try any soul,
One's coat was of seal, the other's was mole!
Heat weary I pondered, perched on my stool,
"The poor working girls! Does pride keep them cool?"
They sat down by me and ordered a drink,
Then took out their mirrors and started to prink;
One said a bit later, chewing her straw,
"Come on 'n' buy choc'lates to take home to Maw."
She in sealskin replied, "Now don't get my goat!
It's all I can do to pay for my coat!"

In Rome old Horace satirized all,
But one girl lived then, if I rightly recall,
Of whom he could say in those days of yore,
"O matre pulchra filia pulchrior."
But now I am sure he would write of these others,
"O foolish daughters of more foolish mothers!"

MARION STREETER.

Chestnut Hill.

Our correspondent undoubtedly knows that Horace wrote this ode as an apology to a woman whom he had once lampooned. He craved forgiveness and a renewal of friendship. Possibly the "mater" and the "filia" of this ode were regarded by conservative Romans as "foolish," however beautiful they were.

A BIT SARCASTIC

As the World Wags:

Certain receptacles of metal on some Back Bay sidewalks in which rubbish (mostly old newspapers) is placed do not adequately accomplish their apparent purpose, the wide dissemination of their contents through the neighborhood; because they are partially covered. If they were wholly uncovered the wind would have a chance to whirl out the contents a little more rapidly and thoroughly than it now does.

Boston. "THE OLD 'UN."

ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

(Told by Taile ment des Reaux.)

She said that she thanked God for two things: One was that she was born a princess; the other was that she was the wife of M. the Marshal de la Meilleraye; "for," she said, "if I had not married him, I could not have prevented myself from loving him desperately." She lied like all the devils; he is a little man, badly made and jealous, and I know full well that one day at Bourbon, one of her waiting women, having laughingly tried on her a widow's headband which happened to be there, and having said to her: "How well that would become you, madam!" she began to laugh, and said to her: "You are crazy!" If she had not been afraid of the devil, she would have cuckoled him a thousand times.

THE CAUTIOUS TESTIMONIAL

(Daily Chronicle, London.)

An American magazine proudly quotes the following testimonial from a clergyman:

If I understand the principles of your magazine, I find myself in hearty sympathy with them.

This is true caution in testimonial writing, and it suggests many others that might be written. Thus:

If my face does not peel or drop off within the next few weeks, I shall not think so badly of your soap after all.

Or one might write to a patent medicine vendor:

If I have read your adverts' aright, your pills are just the thing the world has been waiting for.

And how pleasant to bring joy to the heart of a deserving member of the tobacco trade with this unsolicited testimonial:

If I understand the correct use of your cigarettes—and my wife is a wonderful cook—they are the most powerful disinfectant in the market.

May 15 1921

"Mary," that prospered greatly in Boston, has been produced at the Queen's Theatre, London. The Daily Telegraph said that "go-ey" would be a good description of the piece. "For 'go-ey' it certainly is—whenever, at least, the curiously feeble and tenuous plot is not allowed to intrude. And perhaps one should add at such moments, also, when the authors are not trying too laboriously to be funny. For in this they hardly ever succeed. The 'go-eyness,' of 'Mary' consists mainly in the dances, of which there are more than one can remember to have seen in any similar production before, and which are of many kinds, but mostly of the wild and whirling order. . . . Since the piece has been a huge success in the country of its birth, it is to be assumed, indeed, we have long had suspicions of this, that American audiences are not too particular about the quality of their musical plays so long as they are 'go-ey.' . . . Mr. Louis Hirsch kept this in mind when he set about providing 'Mary' with the harmless and necessary tunes."

Godfrey Tearle, playing Othello in London, was praised for his rich, resonant voice, and his showing Othello as a natural leader of men; but Mr. Walkley urged him to moderate his transports; he began "roaring a little too soon; consequently, before he has done roaring, you begin to get a little tired." In complexion, he was no darker than any sun-tanned foreigner; his hair was short and crisp, and he wore a slight, close-clipped beard. Mr. Rathbone's Iago was a handsome fellow, "not the leering, beetle-browed, face-making villain you sometimes see; his intellectual contempt for Othello, for Cassio, for Roderigo, for everybody, is subtly indicated, not flaunted in their faces." According to the Daily Telegraph, he was "a rather fantastic figure, elegantly attired, and with more of the courtier in it than the soldier."

The Stratford-on-Avon season opened on April 23. "When the Union Jack, at the head of the line of flags, was unfurled, the flagstaff bore a laurel wreath inscribed 'To the memory of the heroic dead who laid down their lives at Zeebrugge.' The birthday festival will now for all time commemorate the illustrious dead of every age and the greatness, not only of the poet, but of the country which he loved." The opening play was 'Antony and Cleopatra.' Dorothy Green played Cleopatra. "She realizes, as few players of the part in recent years have done, the infinite variety of the Queen's moods. Stately, sinuous, arrogant, seductive, pleading, passionate—Miss Green is everything in turn, but she rises to her greatest height in the scene of sheer fury wherein she learns from the messenger of Antony's marriage to Octavia, and all but strangles him in her madness."

The idea underlying the new burlesque at the Gaiety, London, "Faust on Toast," is that Marguerite is a favorite film actress—Renne Mayer was made up like Mary Pickford—that Faust being her on the screen fell in love with her; that Valentine is her agent as well as brother; and that after Mephistopheles has given Faust back his youth, everybody goes to Cinematown.

"Gaiety burlesque to be successful must have a really witty 'book' and that was the one ingredient which had not been provided."

There have been several revivals in London. "Olivia," with its "homely, simple, altogether pleasant atmosphere," with Gladys Cooper as Olivia, brought a peculiar balm, a breath of fresh air, the peaceful relief of art."

Congreve's "Love for Love" was revived by the Phoenix. "To listen to a Congreve revival is to sigh for a return to the other harmony of prose. We mean the fine art of prose, prose as Congreve knew how to write it, which has vanished from our stage as utterly as verse. But, say our playwrights, stage people must speak the language of real life, and in real life people do not practise prose as a fine art. Did they, then, in 1695? Assuredly not; yet that did not deter Congreve from so writing it for us as to make the sound of it a pleasure in itself, apart from the sense, and the rhythm of it as rich a feast as the wit."

The "Witch of Edmonton" was also revived by the Phoenix. "To enjoy 'The Witch of Edmonton' one must be simple-minded—or have an historic interest in the simple-mindedness of the populace in a past age. . . . If Rowley, Dekker, Ford and the other 'divers well-esteemed poets' who knocked 'The Witch of Edmonton' together were writing down to their public, they had the gift of keeping the tongue ostensibly out of the cheek. Probably they were sincere; certainly, being still of the 'Elizabethan' age, they had the power to give out suddenly, amid the poorest of hack work, some of the Elizabethan beauty, the Elizabethan grandeur, the incredible Elizabethan power of 'getting there,' as if by a mere childish directness."

The London Times said of the film "Pollyanna": "When England can discover a Mary Pickford, we shall be in a position to challenge the film supremacy of the United States. She is without question the best comedy actress that the screen world possesses."

Roland Hayes of Boston

(From the London Times of April 22.)

"Mr. Roland Hayes, who sang at the Wigmore Hall on Thursday, has been gradually making a reputation in London, and is now an exceptionally fine singer. His initial difficulties with the language—or languages, for he adds French, and pronounces it quite as clearly as he does English—have disappeared, and he has found his audience, and can sing straight to them. His voice is of most pleasant quality, and he uses it well, with, perhaps, the least tightening of the throat in the louder phrases. He has a well-sustained legato, and this is assisted by his way of singing on the m's and n's. He also sings throughout in perfect time, thereby putting himself in a small class.

"There are others who can do all this, but he has two gifts which justify our calling him 'exceptional.' He is a first-class musician. His rhythm is impeccable and his taste excellent. He allowed himself one license—a final high note for the groundlings, just to see what would happen, perhaps; and that happened which he no doubt expected—the groundlings cheered it to the echo. Apart from that there was everything to praise in his conception of a song, as music. He sang Koechlin and Debussy and Quilter and Fourdrain's 'Chevaux-ohee Cosaque' with just appreciation of their beauties.

"But his more invaluable gift is that of personality, which came out most in the songs of his own country. He meant them: whereas some other people who undertake them sing them because they are 'quaint.' That practice ruins the song and stamps the singer; whoever cannot get inside a song makes it a sham and the singing a pose. Incidentally, the harmonies, his own and his accompanist's, Mr. Lawrence Brown, the barest imaginable, were an object lesson for all whom it may concern; the simple was treated simply. At the end of the recital a curious thing happened. Nobody moved or took his eyes off the platform. They had had reality before them, and it had gone."

The Daily Telegraph, equally laudatory, ended its review: "The versatility of Mr. Hayes is remarkable, and few of our own singers could have carried through so exacting a program."

Josie Orton

"Perhaps you knew my uncle," said Edgar Allan Woolf, who wrote 'Love Birds.'" "Was it Ben Woolf, who wrote 'The Mighty Dollar'?" It was, and ho has now, as a memento of the visit, the program of the first night. "I wish you would come out and see a young lady who is in the box," said young Woolf, and the Mirror went and saw one of the loveliest women he had seen in many a day. Pretty as a picture and with a bewitching smile. She was only 84 years old, his Aunt Jo, and the Mirror reflects back her reflections.

Imagine the youngest of old ladies, still beautiful without aid, who made her debut at the old Bowery Theatre 70 years ago, when young Woolf's grandfather was leader of the orchestra there. She is Josephine Orton, many, many years ago alternating with Annie Clark as leading woman of the Boston Museum with William Warren, and who toured the country with him in the Warren-Orton company, playing in repertory such as they had in those days at the Museum and at Wallack's here.

She played Mary Gannon's part in "Rosedale" at its premiere in Boston, and Agnes Robertson's part in "Arrah na Pogue," also in Boston. That was in the early sixties. She was Juliet to Charlotte Cushman's Romeo. Katharina to Edwin Booth's Petruchio, supported Edwin Forrest at times, played Meg Merrilies, and in "Married Life" with John E. Owens, the great comedian, with his "bar'l of apple sass." In fact, she had to do anything from leading heavy to juvenile boys. They played many parts in those days.

What wonderful reflections are hers. Seven decades of the American stage since she first set foot upon it. Memories of the greatest of actors are hers, and in the quiet rest, well earned, what visions may be seen, what memories recalled. Here, indeed, are reflections of wondrous brilliance. It's good to be 84 years young and beautiful.—New York Evening Post.

The Inaudible Actor

During some recent theatrical "first nights" in London there have been vocal protests from pit and gallery against the inaudibility of modern acting. Now the matter has got into print, and there seems to be a verdict against the defendant. But the trouble is not so simple that it can be set right by a few discreet invitations to "speak up." The fact that a stage conversation not infrequently degenerates into a stage whisper is the logical outcome of modern methods of theatrical production. The convention of the "fourth wall" is the root of the decay of elocution. According to that convention, the audience is not so much seated in a theatre to witness a spectacle as generously admitted to watch events in a room whose fourth wall has been magically demolished—a point of view once emphasized by Granville Barker when he put fire-irons without a fire in front of the footlights; it was done in Stanley Houghton's "Younger Generation," too. Once be listened to without interruption that the program requested there should be no applause between movements. This some of the audience (perhaps those who had not programs) refused to grant. Their bursts of applause were greeted with sibilant noises from the other half of the audience, who wished to support the request. That is always a nuisance. Applause or no applause does not much matter, though we should prefer silence, but let us have one thing or the other."

But note the attitude of the Times on April 29: "Judging from yesterday's performance we do not think the London String Quartet have learned very much in America, but, on the contrary, have forgotten a little. Some virtues they had they still have; the enterprise, the sound technique, the unanimity of attack. But they have lost tone, with the exception of one of them who cannot make his voice effectively heard in the tuttis, and, what is worse, rhythm, which, though never a strong point, used often to lend impetus, if not momentum, to their interpretations.

". . . . One wonders whether they were well advised to undertake this so-called Beethoven festival at the Aeolian Hall. It is certain that many people want to hear these quartets, and that all who mean to understand the music of today ought to want. But they do not want to hear them as the piece of routine which they must, except under very special circumstances, become, when a whole week is spent upon them one after another; their cumulated weight risks those things being done to Beethoven which Mark Antony said he had, and which he said he had not, come to do to Caesar. And the devotees, who were there in large numbers, want them played with more of that devotion which we call musicianship. After all, taken as a collection, this is the greatest body of music the whole world knows of. Most of us are not fit company for the great; but if we venture into their presence we desire to be taken there by the initiated."

We do not suppose that Mr. Gordon Selfridge will be in any way saddened by the fact that when he takes up his residence at Lansdowne House he will not be able to avail himself of a musical freak that was planned by the first owner of this lordly pleasure house. This mad scheme involved the placing of an organ in a hermetically sealed chamber under ground, from which, by a system of pipes, music was to be conveyed mysteriously to any apartment in the house in which it was desired to provide this entertainment for the guests. It sounds very like a flight of imagination, but the Lord Lansdowne who was the "Nestor of the Whigs" confirmed it to Tom Moore and told him that the pipes were actually put in, and that some of them were discovered when structural alterations were being made.—London Daily Chronicle.

Perhaps the outstanding qualities of Mr. George Copeland's pianoforte playing as heard at his recital on Tuesday at the Aeolian Hall are its clarity and rhythm, not only in detail, but in respect of the treatment of a movement, as a whole. This fact, in itself, makee his performances interesting, since the mind is enabled the more easily to follow the course of the musical development. Mr. Copeland's merits, however, go farther than that, for ho has undoubtedly an excellent technique, sufficient control to play the Schumann "Etudes Symphoniques" in a really large and spacious style or touch off some slight Debussy piece with the utmost lightness, while his tone, if, perhaps, rather wanting in variety, is never hard or unmusical. It seemed as though in obtaining these many brilliant effects with such certainty and ease, Mr. Copeland had suppressed his own feelings about what he was playing. It was, in fact, the glow of the personal interest of interpretation that one missed; the hearer was left in a state of admiration rather than warm enthusiasm. The program included a number of Spanish dances of Albeniz, Granados and Chabrier, all most effectively given, as well as Ravel's little "Rigaudon" and John Ireland's picturesque "The Island Spell." — London Times.

Spirit of French Music

"The Spirit of French," by Pierre Lasserre, translated by Denis Turner, is published by Kegan Paul Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. 4s. 6d. The Daily Telegraph of April 23 published this review:

"Of the six essays of M. Pierre Lasserre which are now offered to British readers in the translation of Mr. D. Turner, only two are devoted to essentially French themes. The others owe their inspiration to the poetry and the music of Wagner, to the worth, or, rather, the weakness of Meyerbeer, to the modern Italians. M. Lasserre has something penetrating and interesting to tell us on all these, but neither Meyerbeer nor the modern Italians are likely to be of immediate interest to those who will be drawn to this book by the promise of its title. That promise, however, is realized in the two essays on Gretry and Rameau. The last, in particular, shows M. Lasserre's qualities at their best—his judgment in the selection of evidence, his anxiety to deal fairly with those whose views he criticises, his wholehearted belief in the cause he upholds. If enthusiasm leads him occasionally to make statements which cannot be accepted without some reservation, it must yet be granted that the cause of Gretry and Rameau, to be put adequately, must be put forcibly and eloquently or not at all. M. Lasserre in a very pertinent comparison between the methods of Wagner and Rameau confesses that the themes employed by the latter appeals to him in preference to those of Wagner's tetralogy; he allows us to infer that because classical mythology is richer in significance and humanity than the Scandinavian Saga, Rameau, who derived his inspiration from the first, was wiser than Wagner, who drew his subjecte from the latter. This is hardly just to Wagner. Classical mythology was a common storehouse for musical composers at all times. Germans and Italians wrote operas on Castor and Pollux; Sacchini, Stamitz and Paisello wrote music to libretti on Dardanus as well as Rameau. Wagner deserves some credit for going outside the usual track, and, above all, for realizing the value of a national story for national music. This, of course, does not detract in the least from the great claims of Rameau, in his time the hero and the butt of rival factions, to whom posterity has hardly done justice. The recent revival of interest and the efforts of the most enlightened musicians of modern France to restore to him his due make a most inspiring story. Vincent D'Indy, Paul Dukas, Debussy, Alexander Guilmant, and Reynaldo Hahn were all in that selected band chosen by M. Saint-Saens to help in bringing out a complete edition of the great Frenchman's works. M. Lasserre's essay adds another—not inconsiderable—tribute to Rameau's fame.

"The translation is hardly adequate—to say the least of it. What is the 'radiation of our letters and our arts'? Does Lohengrin really 'aspire' to find deliverance in the 'bosom' of 'Elsa, the unconscious, the spontaneous'? The last sentence is prefaced by the remark,—this is German! It may be. It certainly is not English."

THE POPS

MONDAY, MAY 16.

Cecilia Society Night.

Introduction to Act 3, "Lohengrin" ..... Wagner
Overture, "Jeanne d'Arc" ..... Verdi
Waltz, España ..... Waldteufel
Fantasia, "Samson and Delilah" ..... Saint-Saens
Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor" ..... Borodin
(With the Cecilia Society Chorus)
Hymn to Saint Cecilia ..... Gounod
Tarantelle ..... Jacchia
Hungarian March from "The Damnation of Faust" ..... Berlioz
Ballet music from "Platee" and Fetes d'Hebe ..... Rameau-Mottl
Whispering of the Flowers ..... Blon
Finale of the Fourth Symphony ..... Tschaikowsky

TUESDAY, MAY 17.

Wellesley College Night.

Prelude to "Carmen" ..... Bizet
Overture "Stradella" ..... Flotow
Solo for organ, "Pastorale" ..... K. K. Davis '21
Fantasia, "La Boheme" ..... Puccini
First Hungarian Rhapsody ..... Liszt
Ave Maria, solo violin, harp, strings and organ ..... Schubert-Wilhelmj
Ride of the Valkyries ..... Wagner
Wellesley Medley by Wellesley chorus with organ, Charlotte Homer, '21, leader, Laura Chandler, accompanist.
Selection, "Lady Billy" ..... Levey
Waltz "On the Beautiful Blue Danube" ..... Strauss
Pomp and Circumstance ..... Elgar

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18.

Boston City Club Night.

Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream" ..... Thomas
Waltz, "Pomone" ..... Waldteufel
Kammenoi Ostrow ..... Rubinstein
Fantasia, "Il Trovatore" ..... Verdi
Polonaise Militaire ..... Chopin-Glazounow
Solo for organ and orchestra, "Cypress et Lauriers" ..... Saint-Saens
Albert Snow
a. Cypress (organ solo) b. Laurels (organ and orchestra). First time in America.
Serenade ..... Schubert-Jacchia
Overture to "Rienzi" ..... Wagner
Selection, "Tales of Hoffmann" ..... Offenbach
Largo, solo violin, J. Hoffman ..... Handel
Harp, organ and strings.
Marche Slave ..... Tschaikowsky

THURSDAY, MAY 19.

Marche Militaire ..... Schubert
Overture, "Ilka" ..... Dopplei
Waltz, "Tres Jolie" ..... Waldteufel
Fantasia, "The Jewels of the Madonna" ..... Wolf-Ferrari
Scenes Alsaciennes ..... Massenet
a. Sunday Morning. b. Sunday Evening.
Prelude to "Carmen" ..... Bizet
Bolero ..... Mozkowski
Overture to "Tannhaeuser" ..... Wagner
Selection, "Cavallieria Rusticana" ..... Mascagni
Loin du Bal ..... Gillet
Polonaise, "Eugen Oneigin" ..... Tschaikowsky

FRIDAY, MAY 20.

Coronation March ..... Svendsen
Overture to "Raymond" ..... Thomas
Waltz, "Artist's Life" ..... Strauss
Fantasia, "Tosca" ..... Puccini
Suite, "Sigurd Jorsalfar" ..... Grieg
March of the Little Lead Soldiers ..... Pierne
Andante and Minuet (Viola d'Amour solo, Paul Shirley) ..... Milandre
Roumanian Rhapsody ..... Enesco
Selection, "The Tales of Hoffmann" ..... Offenbach
Waltz, "Girls of Baden" ..... Komzak
First Slavonic Dance ..... Dvorak

SATURDAY, MAY 21.

Wedding March from "Feramors" ..... Rubinstein
Overture to "Pique Dame" ..... Suppe
Waltz, "Thousand and One Nights" ..... Strauss
Fantasia, "Stabat Mater" ..... Rossini
Gypsy Suite ..... German
Violin solo, Jacques Hoffmann.
Whispering of the Flowers ..... Blon
Overture, "Maximilian Robespierre" ..... Litolff
Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser" ..... Wagner
Waltz, "Jolly Fellows" ..... Vollstedt
Stars and Stripes Forever ..... Sousa

this theory is accepted the march of realism is rapid, and of course a purely realistic dialogue would be completely inaudible to the occupants of the gallery. There was excellent reason for the realist reaction against theatrical bravura. The thing had been grossly overdone, and old-style elocution, treated in abstraction from the life and soul of the play, became a shiversome bogy to any one who looked for harmony of form and content. But the old actor had the root of the matter. For he knew, or at least he was summarily disciplined into believing, that art is not a matter of mere imitation, but of stress and of selection. Because his judgment was often at fault the principle on which he worked was swept aside. Now the wheel has come full circle, and the modern producer will be driven to think less harshly of his forebear whose maxim was, "Put it across, laddy; put it across."—Manchester Guardian.

Notes About Music New and Old and About Musicians

Stravinsky, speaking of French music says: "There are Bizet, Chabrier and Satie."

A ballet in one act, music by Gabriel Grovlez, was produced at the Paris Opera last month. The subject of "Malmouna" is an oriental one, with a sultana and a beautiful captive. The Caliph enamored of the captive, having taken a philtre to read her heart, dreams that sho is joined in a garden of the palace by an athlete, a musician, and a prince, who declare their love. The musician is apparently the favored one—a delicate tribute to art. Hassan awakes, wild with rage, but he spares the captive, urged by his sultana to whom he returns. It is said that the music is of a pantomimic nature, free from "aggressive modernity."

The overture to Roland Manuel's comic opera, "Isabelle et Pantaloon," was played at a Pasdeloup concert in Paris on April 21 and then described as agreeable chatter.

New piano music played by Edouard Risler in Paris: "Risleriana," five impressionistic pieces—one for the left hand alone, by Edmond Laurens, favorably received, and "Impressions Urbaines," by Mariotte, in which the composer seeks to evoke visions of factories, fanbourgs, out-of-town public houses, heaps of rubbish and railway stations.

Henri Duparc, whose songs are among the choicest in all musical literature, recently said to Francis Jammes, "I have burned the work of 20 years. I know nothing of my fame except what you have told me. I do not see, I scarcely hear any longer. What have I done to God that he heaps me with his favor? My friend, I am very happy."

Some of the Amsterdam journals complain that Willem Menzelberg has been Americanized owing to his sojourn in New York. This is shown now by the character of his programs and of the performances led by him, which are not so authoritative as formerly.

An opera, "Anima Allegra," by Vittadini, produced at Rome is highly praised.

That sour-voiced singer, Genevieve Vix, who did not please Boston when she was with the Chicago Opera Company, sang with Gilly, the baritone, in the production at Monte Carlo of Auguste Chapins's "Demoiselles de Saint-Cyr" based on the comedy of Dumas the elder.

Diaghileff's Ballet Russe will give performances at the Galte, Paris, May 17-24.

Rene Brancour's "Histoire des Instruments de Musique," with 16 plates, and a preface by Widor, has been published by H. Laurens, Paris. Price 25 francs. Three hundred and eighty-two instruments are described; 800 composers cited, and there is a bibliography of more than 400 words.

Mme. Lily Payling, an Australian, singing for the first time in London, on April 21, was praised for her beautiful voice. "A fine voice is a great gift, but it is also a great responsibility, and few, indeed, are the singers who know their limitations."

Apropos of Leonard Rayner, pianist, playing the "Escenas Romanticas" of Grannados, described on the program as "a musical aristocrat." "The cold, haughty, and aloof attitude in interpretation is hardly enough to please the average hearer, who may not like his blood curdled, but does at least like it stirred."

The London String Quartet is playing all of Beethoven's quartets in London. The Times of April 27 said: "This is the way to listen to Beethoven now, when nearly 100 years after his death people are just beginning to be aware that he had mannerisms of which it is possible to grow impatient. If one is inclined to be irked by a great man's mannerisms the cure is to listen to him whole. His manner then is taken for granted; one becomes re-absorbed in the wealth and variety of the matter. To hear the first three numbers of Op. 18 in succession is to be amazed afresh by the contrasts they present. And the London String Quartet played them in the way to bring out their characteristics, never fussing over details or emphasizing this or that mark of expression, never calling attention to the excellence of the playing (though it was excellent) but taking a long view, in fact, playing Beethoven whole. They were so anxious that each work should

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We like to find the New York Evening Post enthusiastic over a film play. Mr. P. F. Reniers saw Ernst Lubitch's "Carmen," in New York. It is there entitled "Gypsy Blood." Listen to this: "Whirling through these scenes of luminous beauty, of depth and solidity, and intense reality is the dynamic figure of Pola Negri. Here is characterization far in advance of her Du Barry, and one so instinct with life and chameleonic passion that, voice aside, the Carmen of the operatics (sic) is only a poor, pale substitute."

Yet Miss Negri if this eulogy is sent to her, may be offended, reading that her figure is "dynamic," "lithe," "sensuous," "voluptuous"—any one of these adjectives she might welcome; but "dynamic?" "Chameleonic" is a good word, a very good word, and we will defend it with our sword.

Mr. Reniers's eulogy will be pleasant reading for Miss Geraldine Farrar, whose family name is accented on the first syllable in Melrose and Boston, but on the last syllable in New York, to rhyme with "hussar." For Miss Farrar herself is a Carmen of the screen as well as of opera.

HISTORY ON THE SCREEN

Some one of considerable importance said that he had learned English history by reading Shakespeare. Will the younger generation learn history from film plays? What would Froude say to Henry the Eighth as now portrayed at the Colonial Theatre? A most estimable, highly respectable woman having seen "Deception," assured us that she would have run away with Henry as thus pictured, even if she knew that the axe or the stake would bring her end. Certainly, the character is admirably acted. In New York, Mr. James Sheerin complained that in "Deception" Cranmer is vilified. Others might say that Anne Boleyn is whitewashed. Poets and musicians might object to the characterization of Smeton. As for Anne, this may be said: She was, at least, an attractive creature. Her conduct has been inquired into curiously by the celebrated Mr. Bayle, whose article we commend for a rainy evening. Shakespeare's treatment of historical subjects does not bear rigid scrutiny. Scotchmen have insisted that Macbeth was a fine fellow, a true patriot, while Duncan was a bloody tyrant. Then there is the outrageous characterization of Joan of Arc, in the play that passes for Shakespeare's. His Richard III is undoubtedly a gross caricature. We still see Barry Sullivan "chewing soap" and biting the scenery as the crook-backed scoundrel.

A TALENTED FAMILY

As the World Wags:

In The Sunday Herald of April 17 I noticed an article about the song "The Dashing Young Man on the Flying Trapeze." The verse that says, he would "flip-flop all over the ring," referred, I am sure, to my brother, George (a Frenchman), "Signor Columbus." He was a head liner" in the Stone and Murray Circus, and was billed as "The Champion of the World; the India Rubber Man." Besides doing the flying trapeze, he was a great contortionist. One of his many feats was bending in two and going through an 18-inch hoop. He was a very close back-bender. I have never seen any one to come up to him. He would roll all up and roll around the ring like a ball. I understood that he was going to play on the flying trapeze over Niagara Falls. I believe he did. He was a friend of Mr. Stetson's and played the Devil for him in "The Black Crook" at the Howard, where it was first billed.

I also had another brother, William Le Vantine. He played with the Le Vantine Brothers. Then two of them died and then he was known as the Le Vantine of Le Vantine and Earl. He was a great acrobat. He could leap and turn a double somersault over 20 horses and three elephants. He, too, was a wonder of his day.

MRS. SOPHE M. SINCLAIR.

Cambridge.

"The Black Crook" was not played in Boston for the first time at the Howard.—Ed.

HE KNEW HOW TO RUN A HOTEL

(From the N. Y. Evening Post)

An American staying at a Bombay hotel was astonished on waking one mornnig to see a poisonous looking lizard crawling about the walls. Ignorant of the lizard's harmlessness and of its great usefulness as a fly-catcher, he sat down and wrote a note to the hotel management, calling attention to the presence of the beast. A few minutes later he received a reply.

"Dear Sir," it ran, "we thank you for calling our attention to the matter of your room lizard. We regret that the item was omitted from your weekly bill, and beg to inclose herewith special account for one rupee, which represents our weekly charge for the lizard's services. An early settlement will oblige. Manager."

ABOUT A HAT

When President Harding spoke at the dedication of the Bolivar statue he said nothing about the hat named in France after the liberator about 1826. "This hat was bell-crowned; shaped after Bolivar's, they say. The French, since the Restoration, have given the name to a hat of any shape, if Delvau is to be believed, but Aristide Bruant restricts the name to a tall hat. Victor Hugo gives interesting information: "It was the time of the South American conflict with the King of Spain, of Bolivar against Morillo. The narrow-brimmed hats were royalties and were called Morillos; the liberals wore broad brimmed hats called Bolivars." Hugo is famous for his great fund of miscellaneous misinformation. We believe that the Bolivar of 1826 was distinctively bell-crowned rather than broad-brimmed; perhaps the two characteristics were united. We now ask, was a hat of any shape ever familiarly known in Boston as a Bolivar? Was the word ever in English colloquial speech? We doubt it. George Augustus Sala in his "Hats of Humanity, Historically, Humorously and Aesthetically Considered," does not mention the word, the hat, or the liberator.

A CLEAN BILL FOR HUSBANDS

(The Boston Globe.)

For the Lady Who Requested Information About Her Parrot—I have a parrot about two years old, and I give him bread, but not butter, nothing with much salt, and coffee only once a week. I give him plenty of fresh water, oranges or apples, a little piece of raw potato occasionally, a small piece of doughnut mornings when we eat our breakfast, and wintergreen flavored candy. He is very fond of it and loves his sunflower seeds. I give him plenty of sand every day. My husband has attached to his cage a small tin that I put sand in—and how he will clean his mouth and bill in it. I hope this will benefit the sister. M. C. M.

CAPITALIZED BATTLEFIELDS

S. B. W., writes: "Former Mayor Fitzgerald's suggestion that Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill should be capitalized for the benefit of New England business" in 1925 seems the last word in sordidness. Those three names are not commonly associated with money making."

Nov 17 1921

"The Doctor's Dilemma"

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE — Revival of "The Doctor's Dilemma," a play in five acts by George Bernard Shaw. Performed by the Henry Jewett Players:

Emmy.....Viola Roach
Redpenny.....T. Gordon Blyth
Sir Colenso Ridgeon..H. Conway Wingfield
Dr. Schutzmacher.....Alexander Sarner
Sir Patrick Cullen.....Walter Kingsford
Cutler Walpole.....Nichols Joy
Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonington
Charles Warburton
Dr. Blenkinsop.....E. E. Clive
Mrs. Jennifer Dubedat..Pamela Gaythorne
Louis Dubedat.....Paul Hansell
Minnie Tinwell.....May Ediss
The newspaper man.....Lawrence Cecil
The secretary.....Frederick Roland

When this play was first performed at the Copley Theatre in January, 1919, the Misses Newcombe, Hamilton, Repton and Messrs. Pearmain, Leslie, Craske, Mathews, Podmore and Hewitt were in the cast. Last night Messrs. Wingfield, Joy and Clive were seen in the parts that they took in 1919; but Mr. Clive did not also take the part of the Newspaper Man as before, a part that he played in a most amusing manner.

Mr. Shaw's wit would enliven a performance even when the comedians were of only moderate ability, if they were able to enunciate distinctly and attain some degree of characterization. For these physicians and the surgeon are not, as is often said, merely speaking tubes for Mr. Shaw, voicing through them his opinions. Each one has a decided character; each one is fairly honest in his own way, believing in his specialty, however he may seem to be the victim of a delusion.

Last night these characters were well defined. Especially noteworthy was Mr. Kingsford's portrayal of Sir Patrick, the hard-headed, rather cynical, whimsical, lovable representative of the old-school practitioners. In appearance, carriage, speech, he gave one more than an idea of Shaw's conception of the man, the one doctor of all brought on the stage that seems to be possessed of human sympathy. Sir Ralph is a character that easily tempts caricature, and there were moments when Mr. Warburton almost yielded to it, but on the whole he answered Shaw's description even to his head "like a tall and slender egg." We have known doctors, practising among "our best people" who have Sir Ralph's booming voice and pompously reassuring bedside manner. Mr. Clive again gave his quickly pathetic representation of poor Blenkinsop, no doubt by nature the ablest physician of them all, and by his honesty, the one unsuccessful. Mr. Joy delivered his lines neatly; Mr. Wingfield played his part discreetly—the most colorless part invented by the dramatist; and Mr. Sarner suggested the shrewd Hebrew, who by his quackery, for his practice was essentially that of a quack, was able to retire early.

When we consider the character of Dubedat, we find the vent for Shaw's paradoxes, wild assertions, desire to make the bourgeois think as well as sit up. It is not reasonable to infer that Shaw, putting Dubedat on the stage, attempted to portray merely an "artistic temperament" any more than by drawing Jenniper's character he purposed to show the abiding faith and constancy of woman. She did not exaggerate, she was not apologizing for any self-delusion when in answer to Ridgeon's remark—most tactless, at the time—that her husband was a blackguard and a scoundrel, she said, "He made his wife the happiest woman in the world." She believed this. She would not admit that she had sacrificed herself, for her life to her was not a sacrifice. Mr. Phelps of Yale has reproached Shaw for not drawing any sympathetic character in his plays except the Lion. We find Jenniper sympathetic; not merely pathetic in her folly, for her adoration was to the physician folly. But to make this artistic, irresponsible, provoking husband and this devoted wife plausible, there is need of more authoritative comedians than those who took the parts last night.

Miss Roach played the impossible Emmy in broadly farcical manner, the only way to play her.

The play is long, but it would be a pity to cut it, though lines from the dying scene might perhaps be omitted. We noticed that last night, as in 1919, Sir Patrick's comment on Christian Scientists was omitted.

Doctors should enjoy the play, for each one would laugh at the absurdities of their colleagues on the stage and say to themselves: "Dr. X or Dr. Y should see themselves as Shaw has drawn them," not finding themselves in the pillory.

Curious articles were shown at the tobacco trade exhibition held recently in London, and there were curious competitions.

"Mr. Alfred Dunhill showed the large pipe of North American maple which Sir Walter Raleigh smoked on the scaffold in 1618." It is true that Sir Walter, to quote from old John Aubrey, "took a pipe of tobacco a little before he went to the scaffold, which some formal persons were scandalized at, but I think 'twas well, and properly done to settle his spirits." Near the mouthpiece of this pipe, says the reporter, is a whistle with which to summon a servant to refill the bowl, which will hold about one ounce of roughly rolled leaf tobacco. Did Raleigh smoke a pipe of maple that would hold an ounce?

Raleigh smoked his last pipe in 1618. John Aubrey was born in 1627, and talked with men who knew Raleigh well. Aubrey says that Raleigh was the first to bring tobacco into England and into fashion. The first pipes Aubrey saw smoked by the gentry were of silver. "The ordinary sort made use of a walnut shell and a straw. I have heard my grandfather Lyte say that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sir W. R. standing in a stand at Sr. Ro. Poyntz park at Acton, took a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quit it till he had done."

Sir Walter Raleigh has the reputation of having been the introducer of tobacco into England; but Sir John Hawkins probably brought a few specimens of the plant in 1565. Master Ralph Lane and his fellow-colonists, brought home to England in 1586 by Drake, were the first to import it in any quantity and to teach the manner of smoking. William Camden in his "Annales," published in Latin in 1615, says Lane and his fellows were the first to bring in the Indian plant, "which they used, being instructed by the Indians, against crudities of the stomach. And certes since that time it is grown so frequent in use, and of such price, that many, nay, the most part, with an insatiable desire to take of it, drawing into their mouth the smoke thereof, which is a strong scent, through a pipo made of earth, and venting it again through their nose; some for wantonness, or rather fashion sake, and others for health's sake."

Concerning the Raleigh legend, one may consult with profit Edward Arber's introduction to his edition of "A Counterblaste to Tobacco" by James I.

The question comes up, who came into possession of Sir Walter's "large pipe of North American maple"? William Oldys, a biographer of Sir Walter, visiting a museum at Leeds about 1725, saw Sir Walter's tobacco box. It looked to Oldys like "one of our modern muff-cases; about the same height and width, cover'd with red leather, and open'd at top (but with a hinge, I think) like one of those." Inside there was a cavity for a receiver of glass or metal which would hold from a half-pound to a pound of tobacco. "From the edge of the receiver at top, to the edge of the box, a circular stay or collar, with holes in it, to plant the tobacco about, with six or

eight pipes to smoke it in." Oldys adds that this box, it was reported, was "translated" to London.

There is do doubt that the smoke in Elizabethan and Jacobean years was blown through the nose. By the singularly accomplished it was passed through the ears. Ben Jonson describes a man as having "opened his nostrils with a poking stick, to give the smoke a more free delivery."

It is a singular fact that Shakespeare does not mention tobacco, while there are many allusions to it in the plays of Ben Jonson.

FOR THE LADIES

At this exhibition in London men competed to see who could make an eighth of an ounce of shag tobacco last the longest; "and for the women grace in smoking cigarettes with afternoon tea" was the test. Why cigarettes? Last December we cut this item out of a London's firm's price list of Christmas presents. (Two pages were devoted to women pipe smokers):

"Pipe smoking by ladies is becoming increasingly in vogue. If pipe and tobacco are carefully chosen, pipe-smoke need be very little stronger than that of the average cigarette.

"Vulcanite mouthpiece with gold mount, 33s. 6d.

"Tortoiseshell mouthpiece with gold mount, 60s.

"Vulcanite mouthpiece with ring of rose-diamonds, set in platinum, 190s."

Handbag smoking kits could be purchased from £4 4s. up to £6, 18s. 6d.

WHAT OLD BURTON THOUGHT

(From "The Anatomy of Melancholy.")

"Tobacco, divine, rare, super-excellent tobacco, which goes far beyond all the panaccas, potable gold, and philosopher's stones, a sovereign remedy to all diseases. A good vomit, I confess, a virtuous herb, if it be well qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally used; but as it is commonly abused by most men, which take it as tinkers do ale, 'tis a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health; hellish, devilish and damned tobacco, the ruin and overthrow of body and soul." My, my, captain, these be bitter words. Did not this outburst in 1652 give Charles Lamb the idea for his "Farewell to Tobacco?"

TESTS FOR STAGE-FOLK

We read in the N. Y. Tribune that Mr. Al. Woods, following the example of Mr. Edison has prepared a list of psychological tests for actors, managers, agents, stage hands, applying to him for positions. Here are some of the questions:

Why was Shakespeare born at Stratford?

What American playrights write in English?

Which of the Shuberts wrote the "unfinished" symphony?

How much does Olga Petrova weigh?

Is it necessary for a dramatic critic to be wrong in order to be a good critic?

What is David Belasco noted for? Is there any sense in wearing it that way?

Describe the method employed by an actor in getting a salary of $1000 a week. Tell what the manager is thinking of at the time.

What is Bernard Shaw's favorite vegetable?

Why was the Eltinge Theatre named after Julian Eltinge? Why not after Martin Van Buren? Why not after Dr. Munyon?

Name 10 plays in which the heroine does not use the phrase, "I am straight."

What famous comedy did Sheridan write on has famous ride?

WE INFER FROM THIS THAT THE GENTLEMAN KISSED THE LADY

(From "Rainbow," a novel.)

He kissed her, with his soft enveloping kisses, and she responded to them completely, her mind, her soul gone out.

Darkness cleaving to darkness, she hung close to him, pressed herself into the soft flow of his kiss, pressed herself down, down to the source and core of his kiss, herself covered and enveloped in the warm, fecund flow of his kiss that traveled over her, flowed over her, covered her, flowed over the last fibre of her, so they were one stream, one dark fecundity, and she clung at the core of him with lips holding open the very bottomest source of her.

KITTY GORDON IS ON KEITH'S BILL

Kitty Gordon, assisted by Marvel the dancer and a company of entertainers, is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week.

Miss Gordon's act is chiefly interesting by reason of her surrounding company. She sings a group of songs and is seen in a wardrobe that is daring in scheme and intensive in color. Later, when she supposedly intrudes the act of her husband, Jack Wilson, the comedienne is seen to better advantage.

Mr. Wilson has for once discarded the burnt-cork, and he is none the less funny for it. His agreeable, spontaneous style is still as convincing as ever.

One of the big hits of the bill was the act of Al and Fanny Stedman, brother and sister, and hailing from South Boston. The act is an exposition of a many sided talent, and there is an amount of uproarious burlesque that would satisfy the most ardent lover of this style of comedy.

Other acts on the bill were Gene Hughes and company in a sketch; Swift and Kelly in a neat act of pattor and song; Mabel Burke, singer; Caits Brothers, dancers, and Chester and Warren, acrobats.

Edward N. L'Africain.

MALDEN, Mass., May 16.—Edward N. L'Africain, 69, who served two years overseas as bandmaster of the 101st Regiment, and was said to have been the oldest bandmaster in active service in the war, died here to-day. Prior to the war he was bandmaster of the Massachusetts Naval Brigade and had travelled extensively in this country with its band. For seventeen years he was a trumpeter with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

'BIRTH OF A NATION' CLOSES BOSTON HOUSE

Theatre License Suspended on Protest of Negroes.

BOSTON, May 16.—The Municipal Licensing Board, of which Mayor Peters is a member, late to-day suspended for an indefinite period the license of the Shubert Theatre. The action was taken on recommendation of the Municipal Censorship Board, which had viewed at a private exhibition a motion picture which was to have been presented to-night.

Earlier in the day a large delegation of negro men and women had appeared at City Hall to protest against the picture on the ground that its representation of scenes in the South under reconstruction after the Civil War would arouse racial antagonism and might provoke disorder. The picture was shown publicly in this city several years ago.

At the offices of the Messrs. Shubert in this city it was said last night that the motion picture referred to in the Boston despatch was "The Birth of a Nation" and that the presentation was to have been made by D. W. Griffith, its producer.

May 18. 1921

An English novel, "Torchlight," introducing Napoleon, written by the Baroness Leonie Aminoff, who was born in Finland, is published apropos of the centenary. The London Daily Chronicle asks, "who has written the greatest novel in which Napoleon is a prominent figure?"

Here is a question for Mr. Edison's young men. Napoleon is introduced in "Les Miserables," Tolstoi's "War and Peace," stories by Erckmann-Chatrian, Stendhal—did not Louise Muehlbach bring him into one, at least, of her trashy and once popular romances? Some might say that the life of Napoleon by the Rev. John S. C. Abbott should be included in the list of novels. Was it Emerson who said that the Rev. Mr. Abbott's biography was written to show that Napoleon's purpose in waging war was to put Sunday schools on a firm footing in France?

DID HE SAY IT?

Apropos of Napoleon. One hundred years ago a London miscellany, the Olio, printed several columns of anecdotes from "a highly interesting work recently published". One of these anecdotes described Napoleon's first entry into Berlin. Prussian clergymen received him with entreaties on behalf of the "good city" and the "good citizens."

Napoleon, according to the anecdote, replied:

"It is you, gentlemen, who are the occasion of this war; you alone do I accuse; your King, I am persuaded, would never have undertaken it but for your insinuations. You have caused prayers to be offered in the churches, and songs to be chanted in the theatres, recommending the war with Napoleon, and calling it a just and proper war. Well, you have had it, and here I am, you fools. Forty thousand French soldiers shall be quartered for three months at Berlin, and you will afterward be able to tell me whether or not this war is proper. Hence, begone!"

Can anyone tell us whether this reply is to be found in any trustworthy life of Napoleon? The reply has a peculiar significance today.

THEORY V. PRACTICE

The London Daily Chronicle tells a story that should please both Mr. Edison and the indignant college presidents, professors and graduates.

"The forthcoming examination of a thousand policemen in geography, astronomy and domestic science recalls that delightful rhymed story by Mary E. Manners, of the schoolmaster on holiday who was plumbing the depths of his boatman's ignorance of the 'ologies. The boat capsizing enabled the sailor to turn the tables on his catechizer, with the query, 'Dost know t' science o' swimology?'

"Robert might easily score off his examiners with a range of questions about obscure London streets."

MR. ARTHUR ELLIS FINDS NO BUSINESS DEPRESSION IN CANADA

(Special Dispatch to The Herald.)

OTTAWA, Ont.—"I had a big year, and let me tell you, there was not a single hitch in anything I carried out," said Arthur Ellis, Canada's official hangman, at Montreal. It is said that during the past year he made $12,500 by executing men for the government. He has a problem on hand now. On July 8 five condemned men mount the scafford at Vancouver, and two are to be executed at Quebec. As he cannot be in both places on the same day, he has decided to accept the Vancouver job." job."

What a contrast to business in the English provinces. A visitor recently asked the sexton of a country church, whom he found busy cutting the grass in the churchyard, whether he was hard-worked these days. "No, sir. Nothing doin' at all. We hain't buried a living soul this month."

THE MORE FORTUNATE MR. HAYES

The great success of Mr. Roland Hayes of Boston in London—he has given his sixth recital there—recalls a strange story by Leonard Merrick, "The Quaint Companions," in which a negro tenor, the idol of the British public, marries an English girl. In the novel the popularity of the tenor wanes, nor was he invited to sing before the royal family. Mr. Hayes has expressed his gratitude in a modest letter addressed to the editor of the Daily Telegraph. In it he announces his intention of visiting the land of his forefathers for the purpose of studying the origin of negro music and, as far as he is able, assisting in its development.

"LEAVES, LEAVES! THE SPIRIT GRIEVES"

As the World Wags:

I believe that this practice of leaving the pages of a book uncut at the bottom—a practice to which I have already referred—is nothing but a childish craving of the publishers for novelty. The inclosed refers to a three-volume book which I sent back to have cut. If everybody would do the like, we might, possibly, get some satisfaction.

Boston. B. S. W.

The "enclosed" is a letter from a Boston bookseller. "I fear it is impossible for me to answer your questions as to why the publishers have in some cases chosen to fold their signatures so that the books need to be cut at the bottom. It is like many other things of these days when certain forms and actions are carried out without apparent good reason, and, while it is possible that the printers may have some reasonable explanation, I certainly have never heard it given."

SILVER UNDER THE MAST

As the World Wags:

In answer to M. M. asking how old is the custom of putting silver under the foot of a ship's mast in order to bring the vessel good luck:

Was it not an old custom to put a coin of the year in which the vessel was built under the mast? I remember the story of a coin-collector who, on hearing that a ship of the year 1804 was to be broken up, purchased the hulk and found in the mast-step one of the precious 1804 dollars. A good tale, if only dollars of the current year were always easily obtainable, especially in the early days of the nation. A. F.

Concord.

CORN AND COMETS

As the World Wags:

Would not this answer better the question M. R. K. asks about "When oak leaves look like ears * * * time for planting"? The Pilgrims were told by the Indians to plant corn when the oak leaves were as big as a mouse's ear. By the way, that is about the time our farmers plant corn to this day.

Somerville. C. R. D.

A SELF-APPRECIATOR

As we have before remarked, Mr. Josef Willem Mengelberg, who by his spectacular conducting of an orchestra in New York threw many palpitating ladies into spasms of delight, does not hate himself. On his return to Amsterdam, the report was at once circulated that he had been asked, say, rather, begged, to conduct for the season of 1921-22 in New York at the salary of $150,000, a house in Fifth avenue and two motor cars. Two? Why not half-a-dozen? Mr. Mengelberg undoubtedly thinks he should have received this offer.

May 19. 1921

Mr. Halliday Witherspoon's strange story, published in last Sunday's Herald, recalls that grisly tale "What Was It?" written by Fitz-James O'Brien at odd moments in the lodging of his friend, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in Clinton place, New York. That is to say, the horror of something cruel, formidable, but unseen, is the same in the two stories. In "What Was It?" a plaster of Paris cast of the mysterious thing was taken; for this Thing though invisible had form and substance.

When there is talk about American writers of short stories, there is the decorous allusion to O'Brien's "The Diamond Lens," and "The Wonder-smith," which were published, respectively, in the Atlantic Monthly of January, 1858, and October, 1859; but there is no mention of O'Brien's "What Was It," "The Lost Room," or other fantastical tales. Fitz Hugh Ludlow is, alas, forgotten, nor are "The Piazza Tales" of Herman Melville read except possibly by some old fogies who remember them as appearing in Putnam's Magazine.

C. O. D. BY ALL MEANS

As the World Wags:

Here I find myself in a quandary and so sincerely solicit your worthy and well-qualified advice.

John P. Shaming signs order No. 56392 in this morning's mail.

Shall I send merchandise to Pittsburgh on this assurance?

Cambridge CANTHARIS.

EDISONIANS

(From The Morning Telegraph.)

R. W., after struggling with the test, finds that he can answer only four of the forty-two questions. Unabashed by his miserable showing, he has sent in the answers:

Q.—What character in fiction was almost a gentleman, but not quite? A.—George Sand.

Q.—Who wrote:

"O the little more, and how much it is!
"O the little less, and what worlds away!"

A.—Ponzi.

Q.—Who had a leg? A.—Frankie Bailey.

Q.—Who regretted that he had only one life to give for his country? A.—Grover Bergdoll.

This reminds us that Mr. Willard Flint thinks that the question, "How old is Ann?" should have been in Mr. Edison's list.

Some one should ask Mr. Edison whether he likes his portrait as drawn by Villiers de l'Isle Adam in his extraordinary romance, "L'Eve Future." Pontavice de Heussey says that Edison appreciated the novel of which he is the hero, but a more authoritative biographer, M. Rougemont, says that friends of Villiers sent the novel to Edison when he was in Paris, but he made no reply.

PERHAPS HATS WERE NAMED BY ALICE'S MAD HATTER

As the World Wags:

As long as you have asked about a hat called the Bolivar, will you let me ask if ever in Boston a silk hat was known as a Caroline hat? Or did you ever hear it called a castor? As castor is another name for beaver, the connection there is not hard to trace, but why Caroline?

Caroline, don't you think, is ever so much more dignified than the names by which the silk hat is known hereabouts? I remember how shocked I was as a boy coming to America to hear a Caroline referred to as a "plug hat," and it seemed to me the name "stove-pipe" was the limit in vulgarity. In the north of Ireland a silk hat is a castor hat. At least I have never heard that name from any other people save Ulster folk, but except in the particular part of Tipperary where I was brought up I never heard the name Caroline given to a silk hat.

I think the nicknames given to straw hats are very funny. "Grass lid" never ceases to get a smile from me, and it is many a year since as a boy in Ireland I heard a straw hat referred to as a "cow's breakfast."

DENIS A. McCARTHY.

Arlington Heights.

The word "Caroline" or "Carolina" was applied in London to a certain form of black hat toward the end of the 17th century. In Ireland in the 19th century "Caroline" was also applied to a kind of black hat. In Carleton's "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry" a man is described as "going about with a shop cloth coat, cassimoor small-clothes and a caroline hat." "Castor" is an old word for hat, nearly three centuries old. In days when Jem Mace and others that drank delight of battle with their peers and with bare fists, each contestant "shyed his castor into the ring." Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes knew the castor and sported one. He also

wrote: "The last effort of decayed fortune is expended in smoothing its dilapidated castor. The hat is the ultimum moriens of 'respectability.'"—Ed.

AFTER ALL, BRETHREN, WHAT IS IT TO THE INFINITE?

As the World Wags:

Great is the astonishment and regret of all the patrons of the Copley Theatre to learn that the Jewett Players are about to lose two of their most important members, Miss Viola Roach and Mr. H. Conway Wingfield. These two talented people have by their constant, untiring and excellent work gained a warm place in our hearts.

When a representative of the Jewetts was approached about this matter, she said: "What difference does it make if these players do leave? Mr. Jewett and his ideals still remain."

Now the Jewetts have not hesitated to call upon Greater Boston to help them build a repertory theatre. Some of us who have been asked to give money, service and time, in our turn, ask Mr. and Mrs. Jewett: "Why must we lose our favorites who have helped the Copley Theatre to its present success as much as Mr. Jewett's ideals?"

Brookline. MARION STREETER.

"TAL," NOT "TAG"

As the World Wags

When I spoke of Tagliapietra's intimates calling him "Tal" I was referring to a time 40 years ago, when his cronies were Jack St. Maur, George H. Jessup and Frederick Archer, whom I myself heard call him "Tal." I don't dispute that Teresa Carreno called him "Tag," but if she did so, she did in fun, for any one with a slight knowledge of Italian knows that the proper way to pronounce his name is 'Tal-ye-ah-pe-ay-tra. "Tal" is for gentle birth and polished intellect; "Tag" for the sordid huckster and besotted hind.

Brookline. QUINCY KILBY.

FIRST CLASS IN HISTORY

As the World Wags:

Please name the 15 decisive battles preceding that of the Marne, which Ambassador Wallace alluded to in his address presenting the Marne Memorial at Paris on May 13. W. E. A.

According to Prof. Creasy, these great battles affected the destiny of mankind: 1. Marathon, B. C. 490. 2. Syracuse, B. C. 413. 3. Arbela, B. C. 331. 4. Metaurus, B. C. 207. 5. Teutoburg, A D. 9. 6. Chalons, 451. 7. Tours, 732. 8. Hastings, 1066. 9. Orleans, 1429. 10. Spanish Armada, 1588. 11. Blenheim, 1704. 12. Pultowa, 1709. 13. Saratoga, 1777. 14. Valmy, 1792. 15. Waterloo, 1815. Others have been more concise and have said that the three great battles of the world were Marathon, Tours, the Marne.—Ed.

PIERIAN SODALITY GIVES SPRING CONCERT

Performance at Copley Theatre Gratifying Success

The Pierian Sodality of Harvard University gave the spring concert of its 111th season yesterday afternoon at the Copley Theatre. E. H. Hoffman, '18, and a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted in an intelligent and spirited manner; the program was as follows: Meyerbeer, Coronation March from "the Prophet"; Massenet, overture to "Phedre"; Kreisler, "the Old Refrain," violin solo, (J. H. Rosenberg, '22); Harvard marches, "Up the Street" by Morse and "Our Director" by Bigelow; Strauss, Waltz, Wine, Woman and Song; Behe, Nocturne, Flute solo (W. F. Manning, '22); Bizet, Overture, Adagietto and Farandole from the music to "L'Arlesienne"; Strube, Fair Harvard.

The Pierian Sodality departed from its custom by giving a concert in Boston. The success was so gratifying that the Sodality now purposes to make an extended trip in the summer of 1922 and lesser trips at the next Christmas and Easter vacations. The performance yesterday gave pleasure to the audience. The soloists were recalled and the orchestra and conductor were warmly welcomed.

May 20 1921

A publisher in Boston has received an order from Mr. P. O. Posthumus.

The publisher writes to us: "Our energetic advertising department has fully covered the little world that we live in and is now canvassing the other side."

We at first thought that Mr. Posthumus was the author of many works in prose and poetry, but it appears that he is still living; that his calling is a gentler one; he is a paper-hanger in a New Jersey village.

THAT GOOD OLD SONG

I notice in The Herald this morning that you had an article on April 17 on "The Dashing Young Man on the Flying Trapeze." As I remember the words it was "daring" young man instead of "dashing" young man.

In this connection recurs to me the parody which was current at the time. I have forgotten the verses, but the chorus was:

"He rides around the ring
With the greatest of ease;
He turns a flip-flop
And comes down on his knees.
He goes through the hoop
Like a bullet through cheese,
The man on the cream-colored horse."

The word was "daring," not "dashing," and "daring" was printed in The Herald of April 17. The contributor of May 16 substituted "dashing."—Ed.

AN OLD TIME MERRY-MAKER

Many of us remember William Horace Lingard, who visited Boston with "Dicky" Lingard and the beautiful Alice Dunning (his wife); remember his songs of London music halls, some of them slightly altered to "Americanize" them. The Lingards were here in the seventies, but Alice Dunning was playing in this country in the eighties; she was an excellent Cyrienne in "Divorcons." We thought that Lingard was dead, but there was "a testimonial benefit matinee" for him on April 29 at the Savoy Theatre, London. He has been associated with the theatre as actor and manager for 67 years, and is now 84 years old.

A GREATLY ABUSED PLAYWRIGHT

Mr. John Masefield, delivering the annual Shakespeare lecture at King's College, London, hit from the shoulder. "No man had had odder things said about him by his admirers. He had heard of books and articles written to prove that Shakespeare was God, the devil, an Irishman, a Welshman, an Italian and a Scotsman; that he was a butcher, schoolmaster, soldier, printer and a criminal lunatic; that he was an illiterate boor, a political conspirator, a courtier, a lady, and another that he did not exist at all. Than all these silly things there was one sillier, and that was that the plays known as Shakespeare were written by Bacon. He did not know whether any Baconian had died for his theory, but he still hoped.

"We all care for the spirit of Shakespeare intensely," said Mr. Masefield, "but in ways that would seem strange to Shakespeare. The dead things about him move us profoundly, but we have no theatre built so that we may see Shakespeare's plays performed in the way he meant. And what have we done for the living things of Shakespeare?"

WHY THE MAKE-UP MAN LEFT TOWN SUDDENLY

(From the Fair Haven, N. Y., Register.)

Don't let this stop your bringing in news items and auction sales to the Register office. We don't get any home brew, so there'll be no mix-up of copy. Somebody, however, sent the editor of the Poketown Gazette a few bottles of the brew, and the same day he received for publication an account of a wedding and also a notice of an auction sale. Here is what appeared in the paper: "William Smith and Miss Lucy Anderson were disposed of at public auction at my farm one mile east of a beautiful cluster of roses on her breast, and two white calves, before a background of farm implements too numerous to mention in the presence of about 75 guests, including two milch cows, six mules and one bob sled. The Rev. Jackson tied the nuptial knot with 200 feet of rope, and the bridal couple left on one good John Deere gang plow for an extended trip with terms to suit purchasers. They will be at home to their friends with one good baby buggy and a number of kitchen utensils after one year from date of sale to responsible parties and congratulations on notes bearing interest and about 50 chickens in a bridal gown of brussels carpet trimmed with hoes, pitch forks, shovels and a wedding dinner of hay, straw and a quantity of cornstalks."

LIGHT READING FOR SPRING

(From "Pure Thought and the Riddle of the Universe," by Francis Sedlak.)

"We have realized that Presence as such is indeed only a form of Being. Although ushered on the scene in supersession of the untenable contradiction of Origin and Decease, it does not altogether abrogato Becoming. The contradiction of Being and Nothing reappears in its own Inwardness. Even though it itself does not come to be, it makes its meaning explicit as an unrestful unity of Reality and Negation. Reality is not Negation, Negation is not Reality; but just because either *is not* the other, either just as much also *is* the other."

ODIOUS ODORS

As the World Wags:

"Missing Maidens" was the title of a recent, harrowing, editorial, but what can be expected when the girls seem to be trying to convert this into a Land of Cockaigne, where little roasted pigs run around crying: "Come, eat me!" One can avoid looking at the girls' flaunted feet (themselves a "fetish" according to the psycho-sharps) and at what is shown, practically without limit, above; can abstain from gazing at the inflamed triangle on the unpigmented, exposed, chests (really suicidal as leading to mammary cancer, as explained here hitherto); can resist believing in the recent but old-fashioned view of an English writer that any woman wearing red has something the matter with her morals (this summer's fashion article in the Herald of May 12 stating "Women appear to be determined to wear red in its brightest tone," regardless of its well-known effect as an erotic excitant); but how can one prevent inhaling aroma from the perfumes with which apparently respectable women deluge themselves? Certain parts of the city have hitherto had drug stores selling a disproportionate amount of pungent perfumes, the women there requiring these in their business, partly as efficient lures and partly to disguise offensive odors from diseased conditions; one of the worst of these diseases was long thought to have arisen from evil influences because of conjunction of malign planets—the original "influenza"; but is it possible that a similar epidemic, leading to widespread patronage of perfume sellers, is upon us, with helpless men as the indirect victims?

Boston. CHARLES EDWARD AAB.

May 21 1921

When Marshal Foch, reviewing the character of Napoleon sought the underlying reason for his downfall, said: "He forgot that a man cannot be God; that above the individual there is the nation; that, above men there is the moral law, and that war is not the highest goal, since above it there is peace," had he in mind the saying of Victor Hugo in his description of Waterloo?

"Napoleon had been denounced in the Infinite and his fall was decided. He disturbed God. Waterloo is not a battle; it is the change of front for the universe."

In the same chapter Hugo said: "The excessive weight of this man (Napoleon) in human destiny troubled the equilibrium. This individual regarded himself rather than the universal group."

By the way, do many in Boston read "Les Miserables" today? We remember the sensation made by the English translation when it came out in five tall volumes. One of the curiosities of criticism is that Walter Pater, who greatly admired Flaubert, also marvelled at the "energy, freshness, intelligent and masterly disposition" of Hugo when "his alchemy is complete, in certain figures, like Marius and Cosette," while Flaubert found neither truth nor grandeur in "Les Miserables." (See his letter to Mme. Roger des Genettes in 1862.) Would any one expect to find an allusion to Balzac and Hugo in the works of Artemus Ward? Yet he, describing life in his village, wrote that his neighbors were rather bloodthirsty in a literary point of view. "Jean Valjean, gloomily picking his way through the sewers of Paris, with the spoony young man of the name of Marius upon his back, awakens no interest in our breasts. I say Jean Valjean picked his way gloomily and I repeat it. No man under those circumstances could have skipped gaily.

Some day, when our contributors are lazy or on vacation, we may fill this column by reprinting Arteumus Ward's "Marion: a Romance of the French school," which was probably suggested by Feydeau's "Fanny."

CONCERNING RECENT GOSSIP ABOUT MR. JEWETT AND HIS PLAYERS

As the World Wags:

I think that Miss Marion Streeter in her letter about certain players at the Copley Theatre does Mr. Jewett an injustice. I am told on good authority that Mr. Wingfield was asked several times to renew his contract, but he preferred to play elsewhere in a drama written by Leon Gordon. I am also informed that Miss Roach leaves at her own wish. Mr. Jewett has established a repertory theatre that has given great pleasure to many of us. Players have come and gone, but the theatre remains; that it will remain is the hope of all truly interested in the drama. We all know that actresses are temperamental creatures. Neither they nor opera singers are always amenable to reason; they even at times, to quote a phrase of Shakespeare's, prescribe to themselves too preposterously. The lot of a theatre manager is not a happy one; when he is working for the interest of the theatre and the public he is often misunderstood, sometimes abused. MARCELLUS GRAVES

Boston.

OLD-TIME COURTESY

(From John Aubrey's Life of William Butler, Physician.)

Dr. Gale of St. Paul's schoole assures me that a French man came one time from London to Cambridge, purposely to see him (Butler), whom he made stay two houres for him in his gallery, and then he came out to him in an old blew gowne. The French gentleman makes him 2 or 3 very lowe bowes downe to the grounde; Dr. Butler whippes his leggo over his head, and away goes into his chamber, and did not speake with him.

VERBAL TRIPLETS

As the World Wags:

I notice that The Herald this morning in its leading editorial prints this passage from Pope:

"Ask where's the North? At York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland at the Orcades; and there
At Greenland, or the Lord knows where."

and calls it a "triplet." Perhaps Mr. Herkimer Johnson can tell us if there is "any sich animal" and if there is whether it can contain a rhymeless line.

I also find on the baseball page Mr. John Evers referred to as having been a "domestic." "Once in the dear dead days beyond recall" we hired a domestic. She swept, dusted and washed dishes. Was that the vocation of Mr. Evers, or can it be that editors and sporting writers are brothers under the skin? SHERWIN L. COOK.

Boston, May 17.

We quote from the Oxford English Dictionary: "Triplet. 2-A. Three successive lines of verse, esp. when riming together and of the same length." But not necessarily riming, you will note.—Ed.

MR. JOHNSON FEELS TOO DEEPLY ON THE SUBJECT TO ANSWER

As the World Wags:

Cannot Mr. Herkimer Johnson, out of his almost encyclopedic knowledge give some idea of the monetary cost of prohibition to the good people of these United States?

I do not refer to the cost as represented by the excessive price of alcoholic liquids, nor to the sums expended in amateur attempts—too often, alas, futile—to manufacture hooch or home brew, nor to the doctors' fees and sometimes undertakers bills, due to indulgence in the products.

I refer the actual cost as represented by salaries and expenses of prohibition agents plus the loss due to lack of income from the abolition of license fees.

It seems to me that all of these must add an appreciable amount of the taxes with which we are at present burdened—and that Mr. Johnson might possibly convey a boon to suffering humanity by turning the light of his massive intellect upon the question.

I put it to his conscience. XENES.

Chestnut Hill.

DOES "F. A. W." STILL HAVE HIS TROUSERS PRESSED THERE?

As the World Wags:

Some years ago when I lived in Dorchester I used to patronize a tailor on Washington street near the car barns, because of the sign prominently displayed over the door of his shop: "Trousers pressed as you wait." The good man died several years ago, but the widow and the daughter carry on the business successfully. The sign is still there. F. A. W.

Boston.

DAVID IN HEAVEN

(Lord Derby announces that Mr. George has entered the Tory heaven.)

Put a crown upon his head,
In his little hand a palm,
While, the Marseillaise forgot,
David chants the Hundredth Psalm

See him thread the gilded maze.
Lord it in the jewelled way,
And with tales of Black-and-tan
Soothe the ear of Castlereagh.

Or, from out the golden bar,
Watch the Masses foam and fret,
While the baffled Reds below
Hold their sulphurous Soviet.

A WAYFARER.

—In the Nation and the Athenaeum

Harvard Students Are Assisted by Girls from Radcliffe

By PHILIP HALE

Harvard Dramatic Club gave an tainment yesterday afternoon at Vilbur Theatre. The bill included romo," a Japanese play; Mae-'s "The Blind," and Milne's one act comedy "Wurzel-Flummery." Dramatic Club was assisted by Idler Club of Radcliffe. The follo took part:

"HAGOROMO."

horus: W. R. Sherwood '24, C. D. Morgan '24, P. von H. Wooldridge '23.
property man ....Conrad Sallinger '23
fisherman.....Henderson Matthews '23
akuryo.....Leonard Ware '21
onnin.....Madelino Brine '22

"THE BLIND."

irst blind man.....G. M. Kendall '24
econd blind man.....R. C. Burrell unc
hird blind man.....K. O. Mott-Smith '22
ldest blind man.....Conrad Sallinger '23
ldest blind woman..Ethel Woodworth '23
xth blind man .....F. S. Pollak '23
lind girl.....Florence Scully unc
ifth blind man.....P. R. Harmel '23
blind madwoman.....Grace Cobb '21
hree praying blind women: Louise Dalbey '22, Louise Daly '24, Janet Fairbanks unc.

"WURZEL-FLUMMERY."

lola Crawshaw.....Dorothy Somerset '21
Richard Merlton, M. P.....R. T. Pell '24
obert Crawshaw.....J. F. Lincoln '23
Margaret Crawshaw Katherine MacLarnie '21
enis Clifton.....W. C. Jackson '22

The club showed courage in undertaking the performance of the first two days. It is not easy for Americans by speech, gesture, attitude, or music to create a Japanese illusion. The effort yesterday was commendably sincere, but hardly successful. A "Noh" play, like confidence, is a plant of slow growth. The gestures of the Fisherman and Hakuryo were multifarious, superfluous and without signficance. Miss Brine was pleasing to the eye. The poetic remarks of the chorus were clearly enunciated but not with romantic euphony. The voices, to be effective in recitation, should be rich, melodious, haunting.

The performance of "The Blind," that symbolic and pathetic little play of Maeterlinck—it was first seen in Paris in 1891—was surprisingly effective. We say "surprisingly," for it would be easy for even trained actors to fail in suggesting the sadness and the quiet horror of the scene and dialogue. The play might easily seem grotesque if not absurd. The male characters yesterday were well differentiated; Miss Woodworth and Miss Scully voiced their emotions in a telling manner.

Mr. Milne's comedy is an amusing, whimsical little piece that at once found favor with the audience. Much is made of a very small theme; the satire is mild but it makes its way. Mr. Jackson played the part of the solicitor-playwright in a spirited manner and with genuine appreciation of the character, showing keen enjoyment of his uncle Anthony's strange will.

The three pieces will be performed at Wellesley tomorrow.

PACK HOUSE FOR ACTORS' BENEFIT

Stars of the "Legit" and Screen Stage Give Notable Performance

VINCENT CLUB GIRLS PRESENT TWO ACTS

Stars of the legitimate stage and of the motion picture world, Boston society girls, Harvard University players and U. S. sailors joined forces yesterday afternoon on the stage of the Tremont Theatre in perhaps the best attended benefit performance for the Actors' Fund of America ever staged in Boston. More than an hour before curtain time

May 22, 1921

The operetta by Gilbert and Sullivan that will be performed this week at the Copley Theatre has had a rather curious history. When it was produced at the Savoy, London, on Jan. 22, 1887, it was announced as "Ruddygore." On Jan. 27, 1887, the title was changed to "Ruddigore."

Percy Fitzgerald, in his history of the Savoy Opera, says: "With an odd crotchetiness, often exhibited by the public, much unmeaning objection was taken to the title. This, owing to a printer's mistake, had been announced as 'Ruddygore.' A friend wrote gravely to remonstrate against such a title as 'Bloodygore'." The printer did not make a mistake. The original title was "Ruddygore." Gilbert thus declared himself: "When the press shuddered with convulsive horror (as it did) at the detestable title, I endeavored to induce my collaborateur to consent to the title being changed to 'Kensington Gore, or Robert and Richard were two pretty men,' as being more idyllic, but Sullivan wouldn't consent."

There had been lively expectation of this new operetta which followed "The Mikado." It had been stated that the locale would be Egypt, India, or Tamboetoo. It was also stated that Gilbert had written a wild burlesque of "Hamlet." The title was not disclosed so the Pall Mall Gazette published a picture of Gilbert and Sullivan as melodramatic conspirators. The heading was, "Scene—The Savoy—Time, Midnight." There was this descriptive dialogue

Sir Arthur Sullivan—So that's settled—the name of our new opera shall be—

Mr. Gilbert—Hush! We are observed.

Sir Arthur Sullivan—Allegro, crescendo! Tempo di valse! Who is it?

Mr. Gilbert—'Tis the cat; she may have heard all—let us dissemble.

(They dissemble and mysterious paragraphs giving wrong cognomen of their opera appear in the papers.)

The operetta disappointed even the warmest friends of the two. For once booing was heard in the Savoy. The ballad sung by Richard on his entrance angered the French and vexed even the British, especially this verse:

Then our Captain he up, and he says, says he,
"That chap we need not fear,
We can take her, if we like.
She is sartin for to strike.
For she's only a darned Mounseer.
D'ye see?
She's only a darned Mounseer!
But to fight a French fal-lah—it's like hittin' of a gal—
It's a lubberly thing for to do:
For we with all our faults,
Why we're sturdy British salts,
While she's only a Parley-voo.
D'ye see?
A miserable Parley-voo!"

It is said that at least 30 French officers engaged to call the author to account. The excuse was made that Gilbert intended to ridicule the chauvinistic boastings of old days, but the French took the ballad as a deliberate affront.

It was also said that Gilbert had borrowed a leading idea from an early short piece of his, "Ages Ago."

In London the chief parts were taken by the Misses Braham, Bond and Brandram and Messrs. Grossmith, Lely, Barrington, Lewis and Temple.

The first performance in the United States was at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, on Feb. 24, 1887. The company, brought over by D'Oyly Carte, was an English company with the exception of Geraldine Ulmar, an American, who had created the part of Yum-Yum in "The Mikado" at the Savoy, two years before. The other players in "Ruddigore" were the Misses Foster and Cameron and Messrs. Thorne, Pounds, Kloss, Billington and Federici. Mr. Halton conducted.

The manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre at the time was John Stetson. The New York newspapers of March, 1887, stated that he was not satisfied with the receipts. It appears that there was disagreement between Stetson and Carte. A notice was posted in the green room that after April 9 the services of the company would not be required.

The operetta was not revived in New York until Jan. 19, 1920, when the company at the Park Theatre consisted of the Misses Caldwell, Tracy, Edwards and Messrs. Moulan, Campbell, Danforth and Peacock. The production was by the Society of American Singers. There was a long and prosperous run.

The first performance in Boston was at the Globe Theatre on April 4, 1887.

Robin Oakapple.....Charles Reed
Richard Dauntless.....Phil Branson
Sir Despard Murgatroyd.....Signor Brocolini
Sir Roderic Murgatroyd....George Frothingham
Old Adam Goodheart.....Jos. Fay
Rose Mayhud.....Helen Lamont
Mad Margaret.....Alice Carle
Dame Hannah.....Emma Baker
Zorah.....Edith Jeunesse
Ruth.....Hattie Clark

Mr. Frothingham replaced George Broderick, who was taken suddenly ill, "which caused a short delay and the repetition of the first part of the second act."

"Ruddigore" was performed in Jordan Hall by the Lend-a-Hand Dramatic Club on March 4, 1913.

Mr. Charles Pike Sawyer published in the New York Evening Post of May 4, 1920, a letter from a correspondent concerning the first performance in New York, and he commented on it. The letter and the answer are now reprinted.

"Am I right in my recollection that the so-called failure of 'Ruddigore' when first presented in New York was due not to an inherent defect, but to the unfortunate attitude of D'Oyly Carte and the newspapers?" writes a correspondent. "Did he not refuse any and all information in advance of the first night—a most unusual thing? Were not the papers very desirous of printing advance information of the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera—and did not the impresario take the mistaken line of refusing all suggestions as to plot, words, costumes, music?

"And was not the Casino thronged to suffocation, with hundreds standing in the aisles and more turned away that first night, with a similar experience for the week? And did not the papers omit practically all mention of the opera, giving it but slight attention? And did not this fact that the New York papers gave it little or no publicity react on the theatregoers from near and far, so that the opera did actually languish and was withdrawn? Is it not a mistake for a manager to withhold advance information thus, even if with the thought that, having so good a thing, he was justified in springing it full-grown on his public?"

While little advance information was given about "Ruddigore" by D'Oyly Carte, contrary to custom, that was not considered to play any part in the failure on its first presentation at the Casino. The house was packed to the doors on the opening night, but that was true of any important first night in those days, and the mere fact that it was a new Gilbert and Sullivan operetta would be sufficient to overcrowd any theatre. But it was a dismal failure from the outset. People had been treated to the light, airy words and music of "The Mikado," "Patience," "Pinafore," etc., and "Ruddigore" was too sombre for them. It was received in deadly silence until near the end when a duet was fancied and the audience applauded for the first time. The criticisms, as a rule, were unfavorable and the house began to fall off after the second night, the receipts for the week being under $7,000, and after that became so small as to cause its hasty withdrawal. There was no reason for the newspapers to give it further notice. The critics knew that it fell flat and there was nothing to do but let D'Oyly Carte down as easily as posible. Advance information given by a manager regarding a play has mighty little to do with its success or failure. It is better to claim nothing than too much. Another thing might be taken into consideration with the present success. The original company was English and drilled in the real D'Oyly Carte manner. The present company is American and considerably more flexible, which may have a lot to do with it.

Anne Boleyn, the Heroine of Plays; Apropos of "Deception"

A play, "Anne Boleyn," was produced in New York on May 14, 1839, with Josephine Clifton as the heroine. Who was the author?

The Anne of Shakespeare's "Henry VIII." is familiar to playgoers in Boston. Was "Virtue Betrayed, or Anna Bullen," by John Banks, ever seen in this city? The drama was produced at Dorset Garden, London, in 1682, when Mrs. Barry was the "Anna Bullen," Betterton, the Piercy; Mr. Smith, the royal Harry, and Mr. Gillow, Cardinal Wolsey. In this drama "Piercy" and Anne love one another till the end, and when she is beheaded he dies of a broken heart. The play is described as poor, but successful. Banks was reproached for his gibes at the city, as when the King, accusing Anne of adultery with her brother, Norris, and a musician, exclaimed:

I have more horns than any forest yields;
Than Finsbury, or all the city musters
Upon a training, or a Lord Mayor's day.

This drama kept the stage in London until 1766.

Milman wrote a dramatic poem, "Anne Boleyn," which was published in 1826.

George H. Boker wrote a tragedy, "Anne Boleyn," which was published in 1850.

An "Anne Boleyn" by Bowles was produced at the Royalty, London, in 1872.

In 1876 two plays with Anne as the heroine were produced. Tom Taylor's, in five acts, was written for Adelaide Neilson and brought out at the Haymarket. The first line was "Who yawned?" The critic of the London Standard wrote that if this question had been put to the audience at the close of the first night's performance a large majority would have admitted their jaws had been expanded by weariness. The play was described by Dutton Cook as a dramatic version of the text-books, dispiriting and fatiguing in no ordinary degree. Anne was portrayed as a paragon of virtue; Jane Seymour as mock-modest, cunning and designing, while Anne was "fully endowed with the many good qualities that usually find enumeration upon tombstones." She married Henry out of the purest affection. Wyatt and Smeaton were in love with her. As Queen "Anne distinguishes herself by her abuse of the Pope, and by the kind patronage and applause she bestows on the New Testament." She threatens to shoot Jane with bow and arrow and nearly strangles her. Norris, Weston, Brereton and George Boleyn deliver last dying speeches on their way to the scaffold. "The play occupies four hours in representation; nevertheless the management has the heartlessness to print in the programs a request that 'the audience will kindly remain seated until the curtain falls!'" Mr. Cook did not like Miss Neilson's acting. "The king might have stepped out of a pantomime, he was so exuberant of action and grotesque of air."

Anna Dickinson's "A Crown of Thorns, or Anne Boleyn" was produced at the Globe Theatre, Boston, May 8, 1876. She then made her first appearance as an actress. The cast was as follows:

Henry VIII.....T. L. Conner
Wolsey.....J. C. Cowper
Percy.....H. S. Murdock
Cromwell.....J. W. Lonergan
Norreys.....R. J. Dillon
Smeaton.....R. Struthers
Anne Boleyn.....Anna Dickinson
Lady Jane.....Lillian Conway

Anne was again represented as a long-suffering, cruelly abused person. Much was made of a forged letter to bring her downfall. The play ran at the Globe two weeks. She took the play to New York, where it was produced at the Eagle Theatre on April 2, 1877, according to Col. Brown, who is often inaccurate. He says that she had personally invested $20,000 in the production before the curtain went up at the Globe Theatre; that when she finally retired from the stage she had lost $60,000. She was not fortunate in New York with her "Crown of Thorns." "Dissensions arose between her and the manager, and on April 16 she took the MSS. of her drama and left the theatre. Some of the readers of The Herald may remember him as Hamlet.

A play, "Anne Boleyn, or the Jester's Oath," in four acts, by R. Dodson, was brought out in London in 1873.

Donizetti's opera, "Anna Bolena" produced at Milan in 1822, was performed for the first time in Boston on March 29, 1850. Famous singers have appeared in it: Lablache as Henry VIII., Grisi as Anne, Mario as Percy, Mme. Alboni as Smeaton. At the Howard Athenaeum in 1850 the cast was as follows: Henry, Novelli; Anna Bolena, Mme. Bertucca; Lady Seymour, Amelia Patti; Smeaton, Perrini; Lord Percy, Forti. Max Maretek conducted.

Saint-Saens's "Henry VIII." was produced at the Paris Opera on March 5, 1883. Catherine d'Aragon, Mme. Krauss. Anne de Boleyn, Mme. Richard; Henry VIII., Lassalle; Dom Gomez de Feria Derelms, Smeaton, Norris, Percy, are not introduced. There is a wild travesty of history. Anne is in love with a young Spaniard. Catherine has a letter written by Anne to her in which, recommending him, she admits her tender interest. Henry tries to obtain this letter, and so makes violent love to Anne in the presence of the Queen, but she throws the letter in the fire and falls exhausted while Henry exclaims:

Morte avec son secret! Mais si j'apprends jamais
Qu'on s'est raillé de moi, la hache desormais.

In "Deception," the film play recently seen here, Anne is again beyond reproach. As a matter of fact, Anne was never betrothed to Norris. At a tournament the King did leave abruptly, because, it has been said, he saw Anne drop a handkerchief that a knight favored by her might wipe his face. In "Deception" Sir Francis Weston, Lord Rochford, Brereton do not figure as suspected lovers. Anne was undoubtedly indiscreet; whether she was guilty or not is still disputed, though the latest biographers are inclined in her favor. Was she beautiful? A contemporary described her thus: She was of middling stature, swarthy complexion, long neck, wide mouth, bosom not much raised. In fact, she had nothing attractive but her eyes, which were black and beautiful, and her long, flowing hair. Otherwise "the King's great appetite" had no excuse. Cranmer admired her when "she sat in her hair on a horse litter" at her coronation. Sir William Kingston said of her that she had much joy and pleasure in life and in death, for all admitted that she died bravely and recorded the fact that the executioner was brought over from Calais.

Busoni's New Rondo

A new orchestral work by Busoni was brought out in London last month at Miss Ethel Frank's second concert, a "Rondeau Arlequinesque." "The score is well provided by its composer with explanations of its inner meaning. Harlequin's language, we are told, is universal. 'Sometimes he holds forth on the trumpet; then he whistles through the earth with the voice of the piccolo; mutters with the hasses, sighs through the violoncello, soars into the distance on the violins.' One confesses to having recognized all this—when it was so nicely pointed out beforehand. But one's real trouble only begins at that point. The composer, on his own admission, starts off to give us 'the portrait of the hero in two profiles and one full face'—which reads uncommonly like an absurdity. Thereafter he proceeds to suggest the philosophy and love of Harlequin—via a rather charming serenade, the withdrawal of Harlequin from scenes of love and discord; and his ultimate withdrawal to a 'safer distance.' The score provides a part for tenor voice singing a lively and mocking 'la, la,' in this last scene. For this Miss Frank volunteered her soprano as substitute, retiring to the 'safer distance' of organ loft to achieve complete anonymity, and this portion of the music was undoubtedly effective. But it cannot be said that the work was rapturously received, Busino seeming to lack the kind of genius that is able to communicate to others, in terms of orchestral art, solutions of intellectual and emotional problems propounded by himself."

Notes About Music

Daisy Kennedy, violinist, and wife of Mr. Moisiewitch, the excellent pianist, having returned to London, spoke of a criticism appearing in a New Zealand journal after her first appearance: "The violinist is a woman. There is no doubt she has gone quite as far as a woman can go, and that is saying much!"

They played a Divertimento (Mozart), the Dumky trio (Dvorak), and Brahms's quartet in G minor. What is it in Mozart that makes people look round always to their neighbors for sympathy? Beethoven makes them commune in the chamber of their hearts, and be still; Brahms sets them thinking "how pleasures of thought surpass eating and drinking"; Dvorak evokes the sights and sounds of a spring day. But Mozart creeps at once into our affections with his nameless kindnesses and innocent ways and instinctive grace. He does not hammer beauty out of the re-

calcitrant mass, or achieve it by elimination of the ugly, he just goes unerringly where beauty is.—London Times.

The London Times did not find Fredcrick Lamond playing Liszt's concerto in E flat an ideal Liszt player. "He made the mistake, for one thing, of trying to persuade us—or so it seemed—that the themes are really fine and noble, whereas they are frankly vulgar and the only successful way of dealing with them is to take them at their face value. By doing so the work becomes entertaining and even stimulating. Mr. Lamond's interpretation, apart from the brilliance of the execution, was heavy-handed and unvital. The 'Todten-Tanz' is worse than vulgar; it is stupid and tiring."

A Ballade in A minor by Cyril Scott was played in London on April 29 for the first time. The Daily Telegraph:

"The program informed us that this is one of the composer's most recent productions, while the published score tells us that it is based upon a few bars of an old troubador song. To be perfectly frank, this is the kind of thing that any talented harmonist might sit down and camp in an idle moment and be quite content to forget five minutes afterwards. Neither in structure nor in rhythm has it the slightest claim to serious attention; harmonically it palls. Miss Winter played it well—for she is musician enough to make the best of it—but even the music of MacDowell's 'Tragica,' which followed, second-rate as it is, rises supreme over stuff so ostentatious and shallow as this."

Ethel Smyth's opera "The Wreckers" has been published for voice and piano.

For unripe singers: "There are two kinds of assurance, one that comes from experience and another that comes from command over one's powers. That Miss Barr should not possess the former is natural enough, but no singer should appear in public without the latter, though, unfortunately, only too many do. Another two or three years of study would make a world of difference to her, and might well enable her to take a place to which her natural abilities seem to entitle her. Mr. Edward Nichol, who assisted her, is in much the same predicament. It was perfectly evident, when he was able to let himself go, that he has that most valuable possession, a tenor voice of very good quality. But it was equally evident that he has not perfect control over it, for whenever he was called upon to sing a mezzo-voce passage, it slipped back into his throat, and became veiled and muffled. And so we yet get more examples of the evils of the modern system of attempted intensive culture. Both of these singers would probably do really well if they would realize that it is impossible to do in two or three years what, in days of less rush and hurry, took six or seven, and that the additional time spent in study would be repaid in the end not a hundred but a thousand fold."—London Daily Telegraph.

It is said that Mme. (or Dame) Melba wishes to add the part of the Queen in Isidore de Lara's opera "The Three Musketeers," which was recently produced at Cannes. In June she will return to Australia "for a prolonged rest."

Season of 1920-1921 at the Hollis Street Theatre

The season of 1920-1921 closed last evening after being open for 39 weeks. The house opened on Aug. 30, newly decorated and refitted, to all purposes a new playhouse. The season just closed was the 35th of its existence as a playhouse. The order and dates of the attractions are as follows:

Aug. 30—"Three Wise Fools," two weeks.
Sept. 13—Walker Whiteside in "The Master of Ballantrae," four weeks
Oct. 4—"Transplanting Jean," Arthur Byron and Martha Hedman; four weeks.
Nov. 1—William Collier in "The Hottentot" five weeks.
Dec. 6—"The Acquittal," Crystal Herne, George Parsons and Edward Harrigan; four weeks.
Jan. 3—"Clarence," six weeks.
Feb. 14—"Abraham Lincoln," Frank McGlynn; seven weeks.
April 4—Henry Miller, Blanche Bates, "The Famous Mrs. Fair"; five weeks.
May 9—Adelaide and Hughes, "The Cameo Girl" two weeks.

For Violinists

(London Daily Telegraph.)

When Prof. Sevcik published his famous violin method it seemed as if the last word in violin studies had been said. For Prof. Sevcik, the first to look upon violin playing as a mere mechanical and muscular effort, had detached technique from its musical soul and worked out all possible finger tricks and combinations on a purely mathematical basis. The system, of its kind, was excellent, and has undoubtedly done much to raise the general standard of technique. But, after all, as Prof. Sevcik's pupils conclusively prove, it is impossible to place music on the dissecting table without incurring some grave risks. And it is encouraging to see evident signs of a reaction against the materialism of the Sevcik method. M. Armand Parent, of the Schola Cantorum, has just published Ten Studies (L'Independance Des Deigts; Edition H. Herelle, Paris, the purpose of which is the acquirement of suppleness and independence in the fingers of the left hand, which is also, of course, the sole aim of Sevcik. But M. Parent is infinitely more human than the Bohemian teacher. Mechanical as the studies are of necessity, they are never hideous or unmusical. But more useful, because more original, are the same author's "Six Cents Morceaux de Lecture" (H. Herelle, Paris), intended to prepare the young violinist for the task of reading at first sight. Nothing of the kind exists in the literature of the violin, and these studies are sure to be appreciated by thoughtful and far-sighted teachers. Reading at sight is not usually a special gift. If it were every player in a third-class orchestra would be a genius. It is acquired by practice. M. Parent's studies are devised in such a way as to give the student the benefit of experience. They are quite short, and they are musician's studies—some of them composed by no less a person than Vincent d'Indy—and contain varied examples of tricks of rhythm and harmonic changes which embarrass the inexpert reader. The English version of the preface is not only clumsy but misleading. "Epharmonie" does not mean "inharmony," but an enharmonic change.

AT POPS

Monday, May 23.

RUSSIAN TSCHAIKOWSKY PROGRAM.

Procession of the Sardar, Ippolitoga-Ivanoff
Prelude ..... Rachmaninoff
Valse Caprice.....Rubenstein
Fantasia, "Eugen Oniegin"..Tschaikowsky
Marche Slave. Andante Cantabile (for strings). From the "Nutcracker" Suite. Ouverture Solennelle, "1812" Tschaikowsky
Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor" ..... Borodin
Two Russian Folk Songs.
(a) Volga Bargemen's Song.
(b) Dubinushka. Arr. by Jacchia
Cortege from "Mlada"..Rimsky-Korsakoff

Tuesday, May 24.

SIMMONS COLLEGE NIGHT.

Marche Militaire.....Schubert
Overture, "Le Forza del Destino"...Verdi
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube"..... Strauss
Simmons College Songs:
(a) Simmons Marching Song, Emma Burchenal
(b) Our Alma Mater...Marion Fitch '19
(c) Stand by Simmons..Marion Fitch '19
(Words by Louise Andrews Kent).
Fantasia, "Carmen".....Bizet
"Hindu Song" from the Opera "Sadko".....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Ave Maria, solo violin, harp, organ and strings .....Bach-Gounod
Rhapsody Espana ..... Chabrier
College Hymn.
(Words by Sarah Louise Arnold).
Selection, "Lady Billy" .....Levey
Song of the Volga Boatmen, Arr. by Jacchia
Charge of the Hussars..... ....Spindler

Wednesday, May 25.

Entrance of the Boyards.....Harvosen
Overture to "Mignon".....Thomas
Waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song" Strauss
Fantasia, "Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo
Love-Death, from "Tristan and Isolde"..... Wagner
Pizzicato ..... Foote
Enfantillage ("Children at Play") van Westerhout
Hymn to the Sun, from "Iris"..Mascagni
"'S Kommt ein Vogel Geflogen," Folk song with variations in the style of Haydn, Mozart, J. Strauss, Verdi, Wagner .....Ochs
Intermezzo, Act III, "The Jewels of the Madonna" .....Wolf-Ferrari
Hungarian Dance No. 1 in G minor, Brahms

Thursday, May 26.

ROXBURY LATIN SCHOOL NIGHT.

March, "Old Roxbury".....Zach
Overture, "Light Cavalry".....Suppe
Waltz, "Estudiontina"....Waldteufel
Fantasia, "Aida" .....Verdi
Second Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt
Harp solo, Fantasy.....Kovarovic
Mr. Alfred Holy.
Kammenoi Ostrow.....Rubinstein
Ouverture Solennelle, "1812".Tschaikowsky
Selection, "The Shamrock".....Myddleton
Waltz, "Roses from the South.....Strauss
Introduction to Act 3, "Lohengrin". Wagner

Friday, May 27.

RADCLIFFE COLLEGE NIGHT.

Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea"..Suppe
Waltz, "Vienna Blood".....Strauss
Fantasia, "Madame Butterfly"...Puccini
Choral pieces by the Radcliffe Club Chorus and Radcliffe Choral Society. (Conductor, Dr. Davison):
(a) June Rhapsody....Mabel Daniels, '00
(b) German Dances.....Schubert
Danse Macabre.....Saint-Saens
Soprano Solo, "Depuis le Jour," from "Louise".....Charpentier
(Laura Littlefield '04)
Procession to the Cathedral, from Act II, "Lohengrin" ..... Wagner
(a) Polonaise, "Eugen Oneigin" Tschaikowsky
(b) College Songs:
1. Cherry Ribbon, Mildred Clarke Crook '14
2. Just on the Other Side, Sophie Morris '18
3. Bring a Brick....Rosamond Eliot '17
Leader, Sibyl Bingham '18
Accompanist, Emily Walle '18.
Selection, "Apple Blossoms" Kreisler-Jacobi
Tarantelle .....Jacchia
Hungarian March .....Berlioz
"Now We Rise to Greet Thee" Emily Coolidge '00

Saturday, May 28.

Overture to "Zampa" .....Herold
Waltz, "Bei uns zu Haus".....Strauss
Letter of Manon .....Gillet
Fantasia "L'Oracolo".....Leoni
Norwegian Artists' Carnival.....Svendsen
'Cello Solo (Mr. Keller)
Sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor" Donizetti
Overture to "Tannhauser" .....Wagner
Finale of the Fourth Symphony, Tschaikowsky
Valse Bluette ..... Drigo
American Patrol .....Meacham

May 23 1921

The Herald received the following letter: As the World Wags:

We are all interested in whatever Mr. McCarthy may write or Mr. Herkimer Johnson may say to us through your column. I am especially interested in Mr. McCarthy's statement that "castor is another name for beaver." Can you tell me why? Will Mr. Johnson explain it in his book of dimensions that has been so long on the way? Does he know? Has Mr. Johnson ever read "The Itinerary Through Wales," by Giraldus Cambrensis? N. P. GLIDDEN.

Boston.

In the absence of Mr. Johnson—his landlady was in the office last Saturday inquiring anxiously, we might say tearfully, about him—we make bold to answer.

"Castor" is the Latin name for beaver, and for many years the name of the beaver in English, as early as 1398 and as late as 1875 (Ure's Dictionary of the Arts), Dryden wrote of "hunted castors, conscious of their store." In the 16th century "castor" was the French word for beaver. The Greek word was "kastor" (long "o").

In the 17th century "castor" came to mean in England a hat, originally either of beaver's fur, or intended to be taken as such; in the end of the 17th and the beginning of the 18th century, distinguished from 'beaver' and said to be of rabbit's fur; at that time also spelled 'caster.' Now (1893) mainly colloquial or slang." Gray castors were worn at the end of the 17th century, when the hat was sometimes made of "coney wool mixt with Polony wool." Sir Walter Scott in 1827 wrote of a white castor. Castors were imported for the provincial governors in New England: Pepperell ordered six dozen from England in one invoice.

Philip Stubbes wrote about English hats in 1583. Having described their shape, he adds: "For some are of silk, some of velvet, some of taffeta, some of sarsenet, some of wool, and, which is more curious, some of a certain kind of fine hair; these they call beaver hats, or xx, xxx, or xl. shillings price, fetched from beyond the seas, from whence a great sort of other vanities do come besides. And so common a thing it is, that every servingman, countryman, and other, even all indifferently, do wear of these hats." Beaver hats were thought to have curative properties; to restore a man's hearing, and spur his memory, especially if the oil of castor was rubbed in his hair.

Mr. Edward Topsel, describing the beaver in his "History of Four-footed Beasts and Serpents" (Ed. of 1658) notes that the skin was precious in "Polonia" for gloves and garments. "And of the bellies, which are like felt wool, they make caps and stockings against rain and foul weather." Mr. Topsel ended his account of the beaver by telling the story of a strange beast like unto a beaver, a story related by Dunranus Campusbellus, "a noble knight," and recorded by Hector Boethius, whose follos were praised by Erasmus. We quote Mr. Topsel's words:

"There are in Arcadia seven great lakes some 30 miles compass, and some lesse, whereof one is called Garloil, out of which in Anno 1510 about the midst of Summer, in a morning came a beast about the bigness of a water Dog, having feet like a Goose, who with his tail easily threw down small trees, and presently with a swift pace he made after some men that he saw, and with three strokes he likewise overthrew ... of them, the residue climbing up into trees escaped, and the beast without any long tarrying, returned back again into the water, which beast hath at other times been seen, and it is observed, that this appearance of the Monster did give warning of some strange evils upon the land."

MR. JOHNSON: HIS READING

Mr. Glidden asks if Mr. Herkimer Johnson has read "The Itinerary Through Wales" by Giraldus Cambrensis?

Mr. Johnson is a man of prodigious reading. We happened to speak of George Borrow's "Bible in Spain" now being translated into Spanish for the first time by Signor Manuel Azana. This led Mr. Johnson to mention Borrow's "Wild Wales," which he found less interesting because Borrow's wife insisted on making the trip with him. Mr. Johnson then said: "Speaking of Wales, you should read 'The Itinerary of Cambria,' by Girald Barry, otherwise known as Giraldus Cambrensis. He wrote 14 or 15 other books, but I recommend the Itinerary." Was the Eminent Sociologist bluffing? Had he read the "Itinerary," or "The Topographia Hiberniae" or any other one of the 15 books? Not to appear grossly ignorant, we said: "Yes, yes; a mighty entertaining book, but have you read any one of the nine tragedies by Giraldus Cinthius, the Italian, or his 'Hecatommithi nel Monteregall appresso Lionardo Torrentino' in two volumes? Perhaps you would find it easier to read the French translation of 1583." We are inclined to think we had him, to drop into familiar speech.

AN EGREGIOUS ADVENTURE IN THE REALM OF ALCHEMY

As the World Wags:

We have just moved to the seashore. Last summer finding some ambrosial Hennessy "Fine," and calculating on doubling its efficiency I procured a large jug which I filled with luscious, juicy wild cherries, and then, pouring the "Fine" into the interstices among them, I locked the whole coup d' ssal securely in the closet under the stairs.

Imagin our consternation this afternoon on visiting the empirical experiment with the idea of quaffing an "aperitif" in honor of the advent of summer to find no ingemination, no cherries, no bounce; nothing but a jug of pellucid fluid resembling water.

I am stumped, so hasten to write you in the hope that some chemist among your learned readers may be able to write the formula for this extraordinary chemical reaction.

Cohasset. LINDAV.

SAVING DAYLIGHT IN 1925

(Daily Chronicle of London)

I rose at eight—('twas really four)—
And hurried down to break my fast
At twenty past.
To catch my train I left my door
At nine to join the busy hive—
('Twas really five).

At ten o'clock—('twas really six)—
I plied my daily task like fun,
And lunched at one—
('Twas really nine). I ceased to mix
With strife at four, or quite as soon
('Twas really noon).

I sat me down to dine at sev'n—
('Twas really three), and afterwards
We started cards.
Till sixty minutes past elev'n
We played. Then yawned, "By Jove,
how late!"
('Twas really eight).

A. B. M.

M'CORMACK IN RELIEF CONCERT

Nearly $23,000 was raised for the Irish relief fund through the concert by John McCormack at the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon. A large audience attested its appreciation of the cause and the efforts of the singers.

Much of the program was devoted to old Irish songs, which were received with enthusiasm, and Miss Lily Meagher, soprano, shared in the honors of Mr. McCormack.

The Set Program Follows

O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave me? Handel
The Poor Irish Lad.....Handel
Umbrai mai fu (Largo).....Handel
Mr. McCormack
O Mio Babbino Caro.....Puccini
Valzer di Musetta.....Puccini
Miss Meagher
When Night Descends.....Rachmaninoff
A Fairy Story by the Fire.....Merikanto
Triste ritorno.....Barthelemy
Mr. McCormack
Irish Folk Songs:
The Bard of Armagh.....Arr. by Hughes
The Light of the Moon.....Arr. by Hughes
Una Baum.....Arr. by Hardebeck
Mr. McCormack
Bendemeer's Stream...Arr. by Scott Gatty
Kitty of Coleraine.....Arr. by Chas. Baptie
The Harp That Once..Arr. by Hardenbeck
Miss Meagher
She Is Far from the Land.....Lambert
When the Dew Is Falling.....Schneider
The Lord Is My Light.....Allitsen
Mr. McCormack

It was Mr. McCormack's first appearance here this year as well as his last concert of the season and he was in excellent voice and humor, being unusually generous in his encores. He sang Messager's "La Maison Grise," Theresa Del Rigo's "Thank God for a Garden" and Thomas Dunhill's "The Cloths of Heaven" as encores during the first part of the concert. Other encores included "Mother Machree," "Kitty Malone," "Dear Old Pal of Mine" and "The Last Rose of Summer." The famous tenor caused a great burst of laughter when in the midst of the rollicking "Molly Branigan," he was compelled to give it up and explain that he could not remember the words.

Edwin Schneider accompanied both singers with his usual sympathy and was compelled time and again to acknowledge the applause after Mr. McCormack had sung his song, "When the Dew is Falling."

Miss Meagher's sweet voice was at its best in her simpler song "Kitty of Coleraine" and "The Harp That Once Thought Tara's Halls" and especially in her encore "Killarney."

May 26 1921

'RUDDIGORE' AT

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—"Ruddigore, or e Witch's Curse," a supernatural era in two acts by W. S. Gilbert and thur Sullivan. Performed by the ston English Opera Company, Carl- n Burton, conductor. Produced by lward M. Beck.

bin Oakapple	Stanley Deacon
hard Dauntless	George Bogues
Despard Murgatroyd	Bertram Peacock
l Adam Goodheart	Gus Vaughn
so Maybud	Helena Morrill
d Margaret	Alice May Carley
me Hannah	Eva Quintard
rah	Clara Shear
th	Margaret Gilbert
Roderick Murgatroyd	Claud Kay

"Ruddigore" has been under-valued d over-praised. It is not easy to see ly it failed dismally when it was first ought out in New York, or why it was successful in that city in 1920. (It is ne that the cast a year ago January as a strong one. Mr. Peacock, the Sir spard of last night, then took the rt of Old Adam.)

While Gilbert's libretto suffers in com- rison with those that preceded it; hile "Ruddigore" coming after "The ikado" seemed flat and dull to the voy audience; while there is weak rbal trifling as in the talk about rging one's own will and the forging Old Adam's check, nevertheless there o enough amusing lines to stock two three musical comedies as they are w constructed. Those that con- mned the motive of the play, forgot at Gilbert's purpose was to ridicule e British melodrama of the wicked ronet, a form of entertainment that ill survives, not only in the English ovinces, but in London.

Gilbert's text was on the whole re- pected last evening. It was to be pected that "Danvers" or the name some town near Boston, would be bstituted for Gilbert's "Basingstoke." hen the operetta was first performed Boston, the libretto read "Buffalo." New York last year the town was Yonkers." Nor was there so much owning as has been noticed in late ears when other operettas of Gilbert ere revived. We do not agree at all ith Mr. Bogues in his conception of ichard, nor did we relish his mugging nd his constant facial appeals to the udience. Nor was it necessary for r. Peacock to drop into farce towards e end of the second act; nor was ere any need of his trick umbrella. perettas by Gilbert should be per- rmed with the utmost seriousness; therwise they miss the mark.

Sullivan wrote many delightful pages r "Rudigore," although his vein was ot so uniformly rich as in his other perettas that have lived. He was eculiarly happy in his orchestration. ast night the orchestra was numeric- lly inadequate. No one in the audience, nacquainted with the score, could have ained any idea of it. This is greatly o be regretted.

On the other hand, the chorus had een well trained and the voices of the rincipal comedians were better than hose often heard in late revivals. Miss orrill sang intelligently, except when he forced her tones, which then be- ame thin and shrill. Her acting was n the Gilbertian spirit, as was that of Ir. Deacon, whose singing was enjoy- ble. Miss Carley has a rich, warm oice; she played the mad woman with- ut farcical exaggeration and, restored o sanity, in her sober black, had, to use good old phrase, a "personal preten- ion." Miss Quintard, singing, was not o fussy as she was in action. Mr. eacock was impressive by his scowl. is desperate villainy, his sonorous oice.

All in all, the entertainment was greeable; one that excited laughter and applause. Fatiguing repetitions of verses prolonged the performance un- luly. At times these repetitions were not demanded by the audience.

HELEN MacKELLAR SEEN IN 'BUDDIES'

Former Star of "The Storm" Replaces Miss Wood

"Buddies," the popular play in which Donald Brian, Peggy Wood and Ralph Morgan have been appearing at the Wilbur Theatre, moved over to the Park Square Theatre last night. Miss Wood has left the company, and Helen MacKellar, seen here recently in "The Storm," has taken her place, playing the part of Julie for the first time in this city at last night's performance. Miss MacKellar once played Julie as an experiment at a matinee in Chicago, when she and Miss Wood "swapped" parts, the latter playing the part of Manette in "The Storm."

Miss MacKellar brings to the part the

Lan-

same sympathy and intelligence she displayed in the part of Manette. In the latter, as a French Canadian, she spoke English with a guttural accent. As Julie in the present piece, she speaks in the musical tones of the native French woman, and does it very well. Miss MacKellar has unusual ability; furthermore, she never succumbs to the temptation of piling on the pathetic; at all times she practices a nice restraint.

Donald Brian and Ralph Morgan remain in their respective roles of Sonny and Babe.

A thick octavo, even a huge folio volume, could easily be filled with the diatribes of prophets, satirists, clergymen, essayists, sociologists, from the time of Isaiah to this year of our Lord, against "foolish" or "sinful" costumes of women. These diatribes have been direct and indirect. Reading "The Fardle of Facions," published at London nearly four centuries ago, a history of the world with a description of various peoples, we find the author in his account of the Hindu women attacking the women of England. We modernize the spelling:

"The women are not set out to allure, nor pinched in to please, nor garnished to gaze at. No hair dyed, no locks outlaid, no face painted, no skin slicked, no counterfeit countenance, nor mincing of pass (pace). No apothecary practice, no inkhorn terms, nor pithless prattling. Finally no colors of hypocrisy, no means to set out more beauty than nature hath given them."

Thus Mr. William Watreman, who began his labor with the thought of translating into English the "Omnium Gentium Mores" of the learned Boemus.

"THE FALSE DELICATE"

Perhaps few today ever read "Noctes Ambrosianae," yet there is a sound and forcible attack on "The False Delicate" in the number for November, 1828.

"North. There are poor, feeble, fastidious fribbles, James, who would have turned aside their faces, clapped a handkerchief to their eyes, and deviated down a lane, had they suddenly met Eve in Paradise.

"Shepherd. Hoo the mother of mankind would hae despised the Atheists! For what better than Atheists are they who blush for the handiwork of their Maker?

"North. Their tailor stands between them and God.

* * *

"Shepherd. Their cana, sir, be a mair fatal symptom a' the decline and corruption o' national morals than what's ca'd squeamlsiness."

TWINS FOR SALE

As the World Wags:

Traffic in human beings was abolished long ago in all the civilized world, but the inclosed circular from the far-away "harbor of Mahon" indicates that, in the Balearic islands, at least, white twins can be bought by the dozen pairs at prices ranging from ptas. 32.50 to 60.50.

This ludicrous mistake arises, of course, from the fact that the Spanish word "gemelos," meaning "twins," is used colloquially as the word for "cuff links," and the whole circular shows the futility of translating words instead of ideas One who understands idiomatic Spanish can trace phrases in Sr. Femenias's interesting circular that are literal English translations.

In the same way many an industrious translator having only the background of a high school course in Spanish and being provided with a Spanish-English dictionary turns out letters, circulars and catalogues that are as mirth-provoking to our Latin-American friends as the inclosed letter is to us. Let us hope that Sr. Femenias's French and Italian correspondence is more classical than his English. RALPH F. MacKENDRICK.

Taunton.

This circular is good reading. "Napkin's circles" in silver, we understand, although Mr. Herkimer Johnson assures us that napkin rings are vulgar; that "our best people" have fresh napkins for every meal. But what are "imperdibles" and "fermatures"?

Here are two extracts from the circular. "By this letter I offer to you the bags, purses, chains (by metre), cigarretes cases, imperdibles, twins, napkin's circles, etc. in silver, and gilded silver (18 kilates), wich fabrication here, it is very important and by this reasons we send them to all parts of the world, by the goodness of the main of work, like for the low prices that we have.

"Also further, this your home, not having travellers, and then withouts this charges, (in contrary case of any others of the same article) it is in position to concurrence to the sames, also like in proses, like in fashionable works, like in noveltys and also further, like in the goodnesss of the marchandisse."

PRESIDENTIAL ENGLISH

(London Daily Chronicle.)

The full text of President Harding's message to Congress, as published in the American papers now to hand, contains several passages that would cause a shudder in academic circles. He describes America

a member of

as "illy prepared for war's aftermath." He says she is "ready to cooperate with other nations to approximate disarmament." He refers to the over-lapping of functions "which fritters energies," and talks of "protesting outlay" when what he means is "protesting against outlay." Mr. Harding is accustomed to take desperate ventures in the coinage of new words. In his election addresses he invented the hideous "normalcy." This message gives us "hospitalization," which the English-speaking world might surely have done very well without.

We are not defending President Harding's strange use of the English language, but he did not "invent" the word "normalcy." In Davies and Peck's "Mathematical Dictionary" (1857) the writers say: "If we denote the co-ordinates of the point of contact, and normalcy by," etc. The Nation (July 30, 1893): "Believers in the mathematical normalcy of the female mind." Poe in his "Eureka" preferred "normality." "Hospitalization" is, indeed, of vile coinage, yet "hospitation," meaning hospitable entertainment, is to be found in the Oxford Dictionary. Thomas Jefferson wrote of "frittering" simple doctrines into subtleties, but the use of the transitive verb "to fritter" is now rare.

One should subscribe to the Fair Haven Register if only for its original poetry. The following quatrain recently headed "Gossip in General:"

Mary had a little frock,
The latest style, no doubt,
And when she got inside it
She was over half way out.

A DEPLORABLE PRACTICE

As the World Wags:

The practice of leaving the pages of a book uncut at the bottom instead of at the top has one argument in its favor at least, and that is cleanliness. Rough edges gather dust quickly and retain it persistently. If any edge must be uncut let it be the bottom, by all means, though it is probable that nearly all readers, and especially librarians, would prefer books ready for use when purchased. BOOKLOVER.

Dudley.

COMETS AND CORN

Again there is talk of sun-spots and comets. In the calendar, May, 1818, of the Farmer's Almanack, Uncle Jethro told his readers not to be discouraged about raising corn, for the good old Indian summers would return. "He is a great philosopher and astronomer and ascribes our frosty seasons, which have been so troublesome of late, to the spots on the sun, which, however, he says, will soon be entirely obliterated. The tail of the comet is shortly to pass over the sun's disk, like a dusting brush, and they will be seen no more." Prof. George Lyman Kittredge, commenting on this extract from the Almanack in his entertaining study of that annual, has something to say about Increase Mather's terrifying sermon inspired by the comet of 1680; also Mather's "Discourse Concerning Comets," published here in 1683, due to another comet visible at Boston the year before.

This comet of 1680 led the justly celebrated Mr. Bayle to write his "Pensees Diverses a l'occasion de la Comete, etc." The book, in four volumes, was not published until 1721. Bayle gives the reason in his preface. This book, a storehouse of learning, written in a vein of delightful irony, reached at least a sixth edition. One of the chapters is entitled "Why the holy fathers did not condemn those who believed in the portents of comets."

COLONIAL THEATRE—"The Woman God Changed," story by Donn Byrne; adapted by Doty Hobart; directed by Robert G. Vignola, A Paramount picture. A Cosmopolitan production. The cast:

Anna Jannsen	Seena Owen
Officer McCarthy	E. K. Lincoln
Henry DeVries	Henry Sedley
Lilly	Lillian Walker
Donegan	H. Cooper Cliffe
District-Attorney	Paul Nicholson
Police Commissioner	Joseph Smiley
French Commissionaire	Templer Sax

Last night Hugo Riesenfeld introduced his second program, featuring "The Woman God Changed." The big picture is surrounded by an entertainment done in the Riesenfeld manner, which is extremely pleasing, particularly the drawings of Marcus.

In "The Woman God Changed" the various authors of magazine and screen have secured a rather novel combination of two very popular forms of entertainment. The one is the courtroom drama, long familiar to our spoken stage in such pieces as "On trial" and "Nemesis." The other, a product of our cinema industry, is the unsavory revelation of sex in a setting of palm trees and back to nature clothes. For further details see "Male and Female" or almost any Theda Bara film.

The story of this picture tells of a dancer, who, being accused of shooting her common law husband, flees to a desert island near Tahiti. Why do these pretty little butterflies, who flutter amid the bright lights and luxuries of Broadway, always flee to desert islands? A detective, imbued with an adamantine spirit of duty, follows in order to return the fair dancer to the tender mercies of justice. But by the long arm of continuity, he is wrecked upon the very island where the woman has sought refuge. Of course he finds himself alone with her, and sweet pleasure quickly overpowers his hitherto adamantine spirit of duty. But the beautiful, passionate, wicked woman cannot allow him to throw away his life upon her. Hence, after a three years' honeymoon upon the island, the overwhelming forces of nature compel her to go back and face a jury of her fellowmen. We let the reader work out the denouement for himself. Suffice to say that we are able to leave the theatre with a firm conviction that "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world."

by three

The chief raison d'etre of the present production is that it takes this workaday tale of the show shops and handles it in a manner that is seldom incongruous, more often gripping. A picture that is distinctively above the ordinary, "The Woman God Changed" nevertheless suffers from several weaknesses, seemingly common to all screen dramas. The action, which is graphic and rising at times to well ordered climaxes, is clogged again and again by headings that are tediously verbose. Then, too, no opportunity—and the flash-back story telling method allows of many—has been neglected to drag in conventional scenario material. The colorful cabaret and sinking ship scenes are but two examples of this over-elaboration.

Perhaps the most noticeable weakness of the production is the regeneration of Anna Jannsen, through contact with the great outdoors. An intangible premise at best, this moral change is told completely. The audience has got to take the author at his word, because never once does the latter deign to show Anna's climb to virtue.

Despite these faults, which are not peculiar to this particular play, "The Woman God Changed" is a striking picture. H. Cooper Cliffe, attorney for the defence, contributes a considerable bit of acting that is forceful and subtle character study. One wonders if his contempt for screen technique is perhaps the reason. Certainly it is the outstanding feature of the show. Seena Owen and E. K. Lincoln fill the principal parts capably, though the former is uneven. Her best moments make one regret the weaker parts, as when her common law husband deserts her.

Pictorially the play is one of the best. It has rarely been equalled for clear cut photography. The staging of the courtroom scene suggests that the movies may soon transcend the limits of their sometimes restricted field.

As a movie, "The Woman God Changed" pleases the easy-going patron. Pictorially, artistically it has few rivals. Its weakness lies in the fact that having viewed it, you are twice doubly sure that it was not God who changed her.

GRAND OPERA AT GLOBE THEATRE

At the Globe Theatre, the Fleck Grand Opera Company opened its season last night with the double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci." The characters in "Cavalleria" were taken by the following: Santuzza, Hazel Eden; Lola, Helen Divonia; Mamma Lucia, Madam Frankel; Turridu, Theodore Pranski; Alfio, Felice DeGregoria. Those in "Pagliacci" were: Nedda, Elsa Foerster; Tonio, Harold Lindau; Canio, Joseph Martel; Silvio, Signor DeGregoria; Harlequin, Signor De Blasi.

The company showed itself well equipped and well balanced for the production of the two tragic Italian operas. The chorus was excellently trained, both in singing and in the bits of byplay that can add so much to the success of this form of musical entertainment; the soloists as a whole were suitably cast, and filled their roles very satisfactorily. "Pagliacci" was, however, much better performed than its predecessor. Harold Lindau as Tonio used an excellent baritone voice with judgment and effect, especially in the prologue, and his acting of the part of the hunchback clown was fully up to the standard of the regular stage.

Elsa Foerster has a clear, brilliant voice well under control, a dramatic sense sufficient to inject life even into the wooden conventions of the opera, and besides has the advantage of looking her part when cast as she was last night. With a few more years' experience to add depth to her interpretations, she should go far.

Joseph Martel as Canio was the sensation of the evening. From the first notes of his invitation to the performance, to the murderous scenes that ends the drama, he played upon his audience's emotions at will with his fluent, powerful voice, exhibiting a dramatic power that is seldom combined with [illegible] in a mono[illegible] and an add[illegible] gallon [illegible]

golden a voice. At the conclusion of his last recitative in the first act ("Recitar! . . . mentre preso dal delirio") the galleries rose cheering in enthusiasm that was fully shared by the floor. He was recalled several times, and had finally to repeat the recitative before the hearers were content.

There was nothing noteworthy about the performance of "Cavalleria." Hazel Eden and Felice DeGregoria were conspicuous for their acting, not so much for its actual excellence as because it contrasted favorably with that of the others. The act dragged as a whole, though in one or two places it quickened momentarily to the tempo demanded by the plot.

FLORENCE MOORE

Florence Moore, comedienne, assisted by Cliff Friend at the piano, heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. She sings a group of interesting songs in her spirited style, and has much laughable chatter.

One of the best acts on the bill was that of Franklyn and Charles. The act is unique in its variety and unflagging fun and the many-sided talents of the principals. Their burlesque of the Apache dance is one of the treats of vaudeville.

Other acts were La Dora and Beckman, comedians; Lane and Hendricks, in "nut" comedy; Marie and Mary McFarland, vocalists; Jack Benny, in monologue; Frawley and Louise, in a comedy sketch; Palo and Palet, instrumentalists; and the Sterlings, in a roller skating act.

SHUBERT-WILBUR—"Up in the Clouds," musical comedy, book by Will B. Johnstone, music by Tom Johnstone. First time in Boston. The cast:

Archie Dawson .....Hal Van Rensselaer
Curtis Dawson .....Arthur Cunningham
Betty Dawson .....Florence Hedges
Ferdie Simpson .....Mark Smith
Jeffreys .....Page Spencer
Millicent Towne .....Gladys Coburn
Bud Usher .....Skeet Gallagher
Louise .....Marie Dahm
J. Herbert Blake .....William N. Bailey
Jean Jones .....Patricia O'Hearn
Ruby Airedale .....Gertrude O'Connor
Gypsey Venus .....Marjorie Sweet
William Tuttle ..... Van J. Melino
Will Tuttle .....John J. Weis
Willie Tuttle .....William Rhodes
Premiere Danseuse.....Louise Brunell
In the Ballet .....Angelo Romeo
In the Ballet .....Arthur Corey
The Entertainers ....Ten Eych and Welly

This latest addition to the musical comedy offerings of the season, presented last night at the Wilbur Theatre before a large appreciative and applausive audience, has many things to recommend it to popular favor. In melody it ranks high with those whose "songs" have become the property of the whistler, in plot it has so liberal a supply that it might furnish groundwork for several, it surprises, it appeals, and in genuine zip and dash, costumes and specialty it flourishes.

"Up in the Clouds," in story, is pretentious if seriously considered, but in putting over the point, which borders upon propaganda, the author has so skilfully mingled the absurd, the grotesque and the unusual, that, as in all musical plays, one finds it really doesn't matter after all so far as wealth and labor, working in unison, to go over the top, for peace is cocerned, though the movie idea won out. The farcical handling of the project, the dream of an idealist, and its ultimate realization furnish an evening of rare enjoyment, for while there is no individual star billed, each part is cast as if selected for types in a movie, about which, by the way, the story centres, "The Berth of America."

Talk of war, buddies, courage, the possession of great wealth, the effort to steal ideas of another, all seem foreign to musical comedy. Still Will B. Johnstone has succeeded and in his "book" there is much to commend, while the music is delightful.

All shows of the girl type have one song—"Up in the Clouds" is no exception. The melody from which the comedy derives its name is a sister to those familiar "record" songs of other years. Nor is it a one-song piece. "Nobody Knows," and "I See Your Face," are other numbers of equal excellence and appeal. There is dancing of all kinds and the chorus is young, pretty and well trained.

Hal Van Rensselaer as the idealist proved a figure convincing and tunefully pleasing in his numbers with Patricia O'Hearn, a dainty, winsome little lady, whose voice, while not large, is melodious and clear. Mark Smith's impersonation of "an heir to millions" was one of the hits of the piece, while Skeet Gallagher as "Bud Usher," the camera man, was a small show all by himself.

Gertrude O'Connor as the faded society bud, who is described as appearing like a "well kempt grave," furnished a large share of the fun-making and added another surprise by dancing as only the trained artist can. Marjorie Sweet, as a movie villainess of the type so familiar, was a breeze from Jazzland.

"Up in the Clouds" is novel in its [illegible] clever in its presentation, satisfy[illegible] music, and furnishes a genu[illegible] at the end in solution of [illegible]angle.

May 25 1921

GOUNOD'S 'FAUST'

At the Globe Theatre, the Fleck Grand Opera Company gave for its second performance last night Gounod's "Faust." The cast:

Marguerite.....Elsa Foerster
Martha.....Isabelle Rodgers
Faust.....Mr. Charles Mehlau
Mephistopheles.....Pierre Remington
Valentine.....Joseph Martel
Siebel.....Helen Divonia

The company deserves much credit for the manner in which it overcame great obstacles last night. It was forced through attempted union dictation to utilize a chorus and orchestra of none too experienced talent gathered from neighboring sources. And to cap undue climax, a new tenor to fill the part of Faust had to be obtained at a few hours notice. Indeed Monsieur Charles Mehlau, who undertook this difficult task, deserves no end of praise. Arriving at the theatre in street dress close on to quarter of nine, he gave a finished performance. A forbearing, generous audience was quick to note his real dramatic power, pleasing voice, and facile co-ordination with an unknown company.

Perhaps his work was made easier by this same company, uniformly well cast and for the most part capable of good dramatic qualities. The only doubtful character of the evening was Pierre Remington's Mephistopheles. A commanding presence failed to make up for the all too absent sardonic sublety. Again one felt that Elsa Foerster might have made her quaintly demure Marguerite a trifle more vivacious, especially in the famous Jewel song, where she sang with a restraint that did not allow full opportunity for her really beautiful high notes.

The company handled all the well known arias satisfactorily, but the neighborly, chatty, even gossipy Martha of Isabelle Rodgers did much to bring real worth out of the famous quartette at the close of the third act. Her voice is thin spun and she is an actress to the life. Last night's performance was a much cut and garbed version of "Faust," but under the circumstances a pleasing and passing production was given. In more auspicious opportunities, one and all should act as well, perhaps sing better.

May 26 1921

There is an old story of a man who went into a restaurant and asked a waiter whether he could eat well there. "Best eating in the city," said the waiter. "I'd like to speak to the proprietor." "Sorry, sir, but he's just stepped out for luncheon."

This story has been classed with others as manufactured; but a somewhat similar incident was reported from Paris last Saturday. Duval, the proprietor of the famous restaurants, where moderate prices have prevailed for years, was asked by the French Chamber to install one in the Palais Bourbon so that the deputies could eat there without spending the whole of their salaries; for the prices in other restaurants are exorbitant. Duval opened this restaurant on Friday, did the honors in person, extolled the cookery, and then—went out to lunch at Maxim's.

Some of us, students in Paris, remember gratefully the restaurants of Duval. There were soups that cannot in perfection be obtained in Boston at any price in hotel or in the dining rooms of the preposterously rich; there was the Conde, a species of black bean soup; the Poteron, which can be made from squash as well as pumpkin; an onion soup that would persuade the sojourner to pitch his tent in Paris for ever; a pot-au-feu with shredded cabbage and other vegetables—the extravagant added grated cheese. The meats were wholesome; the bread truly Parisian. The bonne brought a little stool for the feet of "Madame," and she was grateful for the modest tip.

And there was a romantic interest in these restaurants. One of the Duvals squandered a fortune and wrecked himself, infatuated with Cora Pearl, the daughter of Frederick Nicholls Crouch, who, born at London, wrote the song "Kathleen Mavourneen." Crouch came to the United States in 1849 and lived the life of a musician in various cities. For a time his dwelling-place was Portland, Me., where he excited attention by keeping snakes loose in his room. He died in 1896; some biographers say at Portland; others say, at Baltimore. If her portraits do not do her injustice, it is not easy to see why anyone was enamored of her. According to the report of contemporaries, she was stupid and vulgar, yet she was for a time a glittering ornament of the Second Empire, and her adventures were chronicled in the newspapers of this country.

WHAT'S THE NEWS?

(Plutarch: "Of Inquisitiveness Into Things Impertinent.")

But the busy cit hates the country, as a dull unfashionable thing, and void of mischief; and therefore keeps himself to the town, that he may be among the crowds that throng the courts, Exchange, and wharfs, and pick up all the idle stories. Here he goes about pumping, What news d'ye hear? Were you not upon the Exchange today, sir? The city's in a very ticklish posture, what d'ye think on't?.....It was (methinks) a good piece of policy among the Locrians, that if any person coming from abroad but once asked concerning news, he was presently confined for his curiosity.

HARVEY SAUCE FOR BRITISH BEEF

("Mr. Harvey drank only water at the banquet.")

As the World Wags:

With Harvey's calmly written speech so frisky,
Thank Heaven, he's cut out whiskey!

Milton. R. H. G.

LOST LATIN

As the World Wags:

On Mother's Day (of all days to mangle the name of one's Alma Mater!) the Harvard Associated Clubs sent me Program of their 23d annual meeting. On this the College Seal looked queer, but it took some examination to find that the unconscious feeling of mistake arose from "Harvardiane" wherein the final syllable should have been "ae", to be Latin. Most of the graduates who signed the Program seemed to be of recent years, so it looks as though their Latin did not sink in very deep when it is so soon forgotten.

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

AMONG THE ANCIENT ROMANS

As the World Wags:

The report published in The Herald of May 16 of Dr. David M. Robinson recently discovering that the ancient Romans were "no laggards in the advertising game" and even had press agents, is not "news" to many people. The first advertisement quoted in the article is probably meant for the following:

"Insular Arriana Polliana Cn. Allei Nigidi Mai locantur ex (K) Julius primis tabernae cum pergulis suis et cenacula equestria et domus. Conductor, Convenito Primum Cn. Allei Nigidi Mai ser."

"The Arria Pollia block of Cn. Alleirius Nigidius Maius to let from first of July next, shops with their show windows, first-class gentlemen's chambers and a dwelling. Apply to Primus, slave of Cn. Alleius Nigidius Maius."

The verb, meaning to advertise, was "proscribere."

I copied the above from the notes in "Second Year Latin" edited by Greenough, D'Ooze and Daniell, and published by Ginn & Company in 1899.

Forest Hills. F. L. W.

"Pergula" was a projection or shed in the front of a house used as a booth, stall, or shop. "Coenaculum" meant first of all a dining room, usually in an upper story; then an upper story, an upper room, garret, attic. All the rooms above the ground-floor were called "coenacula." Rich Romans lived in their own houses; poorer persons in flats or single rooms in the upper stories of houses which were called "insulae." The lodgers were "coenacularii." The poet Martial lived up three pair of stairs. Other distinguished authors lived in garrets. It was customary for annual tenants to change their lodgings on the Kalends of July. The stairs to the private apartments often led upwards from the streets outside. There was sometimes roof-gardens, called "solaria," with trees, shrubs, flowers. In Cicero's time lodgings were let even as high as 30,000 sesterces (from $1200 to $1500).
—Ed.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME

As the World Wags:

I am the occasional proud possessor of a breath, a real arrogance producing breath, a breath that puffs me up indeed, bringing to my ears, as it frequently does of late, a remark fast becoming bromidic: "The lucky stiff. I wonder where he gets it."

And yet, not so very long ago, its exhalation carried a stigma, elevated many an eyebrow, made dainty Roman noses retrousse and called forth such bits of appreciation as "The big stiff. I wonder why he does it," making me dodge, cringe, slink. Verily, blessings brighten as they take their flight.

Boston. DIX.

WHY "CHEAP RECORD"

"We have a good position for a man who is honest, with good personality, cheap record and fair education; must also have initiative and determination."
—Local advt.

'AIDA' GIVEN

The Fleck Grand Opera Company increased their repertory last night with a performance of "Aida." The cast:

Aida.....Elsa Foerster
King of Egypt.....Anthony Caroia
Amonasro.....Joseph Martel
Radames.....Harold Lindau
Amneris.....Katherine Richards
High Priest.....Pierre Remington

The production showed a marked improvement over the "Faust" of the previous night. Harold Lindau and Joseph Martel were the outstanding performers, and the others contributed excellent powers and gave a smooth co-operation to the whole. The one marring detail was the chorus, good in voice, but lacking uniformity or grace of movement. As the season progresses this fault should be quickly eliminated.

Elsa Foerster made a rugged Aida with a tendency to a metallic timbre in her middle range. But she was not alone in this respect, for in nearly all the arias a metallic overtone was not infrequently apparent. In the sextette Harold Lindau and Joseph Martel gave spirited performances. These two would make good nucleus for any company.

Of the Fleck grand opera company it might be said in passing that their's is not the smooth and polished performance of a long-practised, beautifully-set Metropolitan or Chicago production. Nor is their audience one that would sit with accustomed ease in the far-famed diamond horseshoe. Rather is it a cosmopolitan gathering, from which one can with not too searching glance pick out many a "music lover" or even stray musician. One and all they are seekers after a moderate priced substitute for the jeweled productions which are beyond reach of their slender purses. Likewise those behind "the foots" are endowed with a yearning for real opera. Perhaps some day they will be the recruits from which a coming generation of operatic stars will rise. Perhaps not. But one and all sing and act their parts with an enthusiasm bred of no mere search for mercenary gain. As a stepping stone to a good but less luxurious opera production, more suited to the average American income, the Fleck grand opera company deserves no mean encouragement.

May 27 1921

Some days ago The Herald published a letter from Marion Streeter. The writer commented on recent reports concerning changes in Mr. Jewett's company of players. To this letter Marcellus Graves replied. Here is a reply to Mr. Graves. The correspondence is now at an end. Each side has had its inning. That the changes are made is regretted by many who have the interests of this repertory theatre at heart. Miss Viola Roach has written to The Herald: "Let me thank the many kind friends I have in Boston, some of them unknown to me personally, who have written me charming letters regretting my departure."

To Mr. Marcellus Graves:

Mr. Jewett is known in Boston as the managing director of a company organized, as most companies are, for the purpose of making money for its stockholders. Mr. Jewett is not misunderstood, because we realize he has something to sell the public, and is dependent on that public for the success of his enterprise. Mr. Jewett is not abused because many of us have appreciated his efforts and have paid so much good money to see his productions this past season that we have made it financially the most prosperous one he has ever had in Boston.

It is Mr. Jewett who does not understand that most of us do not pay to go to his theatre entirely on account of his ideals or to educate ourselves in drama. We do it for the simple pleasure we derive in the good work of some of the players. To them some credit should be given for helping to make his venture a paying proposition.

I do not "understand on good authority," but know personally that Miss Roach is the antithesis of temperamental. She is a singularly well poised talented, honest and charming woman with hosts of friends. She has had experience in acting on three continents.

Miss Roach is leaving her present position for better conditions and salary as is Mr. Wingfield. Their admirers and friends wish that Mr. Jewett could have offered to two such excellent actors conditions which would keep them in his company. MARION STREETER

Brookline.

Reading Mr. Graves's letter again, we find that he said nothing about understanding "on good authority" that Miss Roach is "temperamental." Nearly all actors and actresses that are worth their salt have what is vaguely known as temperament. And even men and women leading more private lives need not be ashamed of possessing at least a spark of temperament.—Ed.

STORMS IN TEACUPS

Why is a tea-party not always as
nfortable as it might be? asks a lady
ter.)

Why am I doomed, at social teas,
o nurse a greedy Pekingese
Who struggles for my cake?
Why, if I chide or check the pet,
Vill Fido's mistress look upset
s does the cup that, warm and wet,
Has made my lap a lake?

Why will my hostess lose esteem
y filling up her cakes with cream
That tricles on one's knee?
Why need a second cup be pressed
pon a palpitating guest
bsorbed with eager interest
In current scandalese?
—A. W. in the London Daily Chronicle.

e are glad to learn that the writer
ted in the parenthesis is a "lady."—

t. WITHERSPOON'S SEAMANSHIP

the World Wags:

n the comment in this column on
liday Witherspoon's queer story in
Sunday Herald, no notice was
en of some grotesque statements of
writer. The incidents related are
posed to have occurred on a brig.
1898, the date given, there were a few
gs to be found, here and there, but
y few; there were none, however, in
trade referred to, and hadn't been
a lifetime. Then this brig is sent
the Suez canal, a sailing vessel
nd from the East to England! The
w is given as one of 30 men. This
uld have been ample for a 2000-ton
per in the palmy days. I was once,
f a century ago, on an American
g, 450 tons register, and six men be-
e the mast were thought sufficient.
ther loose writing, it seems to me.
Malden. B. B. E.

the World Wags:

id you notice the following headline
The Sunday Herald?
Plane Trip Delights Postmaster-Gen-
l, Hays Makes Flight from Capital
Mincola in TWO YEARS."
t must be that Mr. Hays used one of
arleson's airplanes. G. L. M.
Fitchburg.

"W." of Melrose comments as follows
the same headlines:

"You will please note by the above
ption that there is some improvement
our mail transit service over that of
e preceding administration. As Mr.
ays said he would take a train on his
turn to Washington, it is to be hoped
at he will arrive before the close of
s present term."

FOR WEEK-END HOSTS

(Mr. James Boswell, Reporter)

Johnson: Don't set up for what is
lled hospitality: it is a waste of time,
d a waste of money: you are eaten
, and not the more respected for your
erality. If your house be like an inn,
body cares for you. A man who stays
week with another, makes him a slave
r a week.

Boswell: But there are people, sir,
o make their houses a home to their
ests, and are themselves quite easy.

Johnson: Then, sir, home must be
e same to the guests, and they need
t come.

Augustus Lawson, Pianist, and W. H. Richardson, Baritone, at Jordan Hall

By PHILIP HALE

A concert was given in Jordan Hall
st evening under the auspices of the
oleridge-Taylor Association (Clarence
meron White, president), by R. Au-
stus Lawson, pianist, assisted by Wil-
m H. Richardson, baritone, and
aud Cuney Hare, accompanist. Mr.
awson, whose home is in Hartford,
t., played these pieces: Beethoven,
ndante, Arensky, Etude, MacDowell,
oncert Etude, op. 36; Schubert, Im-
romptu; Glazounoff, Gavotte, op.
, No. 3. Chopin, Etude op. 10, No. 5,
nd Ballade, op. 47; Sibelius, Romance;
rett, Negro Dance; Schubert-Liszt,
lark, Hark, the Lark; Debussy, Clair
e Lune; Moszkowski, Valse, E major.
Mr. Richardsons selections were as fol-
ws: Hahn, L'Heure Exquise; Mas-
enet, Fleeting Vision from "Herodi-
de"; Coleridge-Taylor, Until; F. Bridge,
o Not, Happy Day; Gilberte, Two
oses.

Mr. Lawson played here, we believe,
r the first time. He has a fluent, even
nd polished technic, an agreeable
ouch, and a firm control of dynamic
dations. His phrasing is that of a
ell-grounded musician who has indi-
idual feeling. In brilliant passages his
one is warm; his strength is sufficient
n stormy measures, while the limita-
ions of the piano are recognized and
espected. The program was well chosen
nd served to bring out the finer as well
s the more obvious qualities of a
houghtful and serious pianist, who had
n mind the dictum of Mozart: "Music
must always sound."

The Herald has on more than one oc-
asion paid tribute to the virile, rich and
eautiful voice of Mr. Richardson. Since
we last heard him, he has gained in the
rt of interpretation. Last evening he
ot only sang artistically, as far as
are singing was concerned; he gave
significance to the music as the expres-
sion of the verse. Formerly he was in-
clined to abuse open tones in the upper
register; last night his skilful use of
closed tones brought out charming ef-
fects.

The ingratiating personality of the
two artists added to the hearers' en-
joyment.

Mrs. Hare played helpful and sympa-
thetic accompaniments.

The purpose of the concert was to
raise funds for the establishment in
Boston of a music centre, "not merely
for the association members, but for the
numerous students who come to Bos-
ton each year for study. Such a centre
would be a home for them, furnishing
the proper atmosphere for student life."

May 28, 1921

Who was it that defined a "highbrow"
as "a person educated beyond his intelli-
gence"? A writer in the London Times
quotes this definition in an article con-
cerning the delight of "highbrows" in a
musical composition by Darius Milhaud,
based on Brazilian dance tunes. The
writer remarks:

"Education has preceded intelligence;
it has taught unintelligent people to
play the cornet, to score for full orches-
tra, and to attend concerts. Any one
can make a noise like a musician, and
every one who does is sure to be ad-
mired and copied by somebody."

RELIEF FROM RELATIVITY EXPERTS

(From "Leaves of Grass")

"Knowing the perfect fitness and
equanimity of things, while they
discuss I am silent, and go bathe
and admire myself."

OUR FAMILY DOCTOR

(John Aubrey's Life of Dr. Wm. Harvey)

"He was much and often troubled
with the gout, and his way of cure
was thus: he would then sit with his
legs bare, if it were frost, on the
leads of Cockaine house, put them
into a pail of water, till he was al-
most dead with cold, and betake
himself to his stove, and so 'twas
gone."

COINS AND SHIPS

As the World Wags:

The solution of the practice of plac-
ing money under the mast of a ship
must be sought on the primitive idea
of animism.

To secure the favor of the gods, good
luck and ward off the evil spirits from
his home and family, the builder of a
new house in very ancient times
placed under the threshold or corners
of the house little images of the gods—
pieces of metal, gold and silver were
most potent and efficacious.

The lineal descendant of this custom
still exists in the ceremony of inclos-
ing various coins in the corner-stone
box at the dedication of imposing
buildings.

The prevalence of this idea accounts
for the different modifications in which
it appears. A copper or silver coin is
put in the hand of the new-born child—
a piece of money, gold coin is placed
in the mouth of the dying as also in
the mouth of the dead. The classic in-
stance is the well known one of the
obolus inserted in the mouth of the
corpse which Charon ferries across the
river Styx. The old explanation of its
being the passage-money must yield to
the more accepted view of the coin in
its apotropaeic significance.

In case of a newly constructed ship
"evil influences are nailed down by
driving a silver nail into the keel of
a vessel on the launch-day." Some-
times a bag of coins was suspended
from the masthead; again "a piece of
silver, preferably an old coin, is placed
under the heel of the mast of a new
ship as then she will make profitable
voyages."

These maritime customs and associ-
ates with details are given in Bassett's
"Sea Legs and Superstitions."

Boston. E. W. S.

LITERARY NOTE

Distressing news from London: Sir
Hall Caine's new novel will soon be pub-
lished. Cheer up: Lady Russell, the
author of "Elizabeth and Her German
Garden," is at Florence writing a book.
She was Mary Beauchamp, who married
Baron Henning von Arnim, "The Man
of Wrath," and thus became a German.
The baron died. Early in the war, a
widow for some years, she took out nat-
uralization papers in England. Five
years ago she married Earl Russell, who
had been twice married before.

"IMPERDIBLES"

Quoting from a Spanish circular last
Tuesday, we asked the meaning of
"imperdible." Mr. Sylvester Baxter
writes: "'Imperdible' is a safety-pin.
The word means 'unlosable,' or 'that
which cannot be lost.'"

WHO CAN PRONOUNCE IT?

M. E. McL. asks: "Where is Lympne,
England, situated? It was named as the
meeting place of the foreign ministers
to discuss affairs at the house of Sir
Philip Sassoon. I have been unable to
locate the town (?) on any map of Eng-
land. How do you pronounce the
word?"

Lympne Castle, which has become a
modern mansion, is near Hythe, in Kent.
We do not dare to pronounce "Lympne."
The pronunciation is probably known
only to the good Lord and to those
dwelling in the neighborhood. "Lymn"
is a name found near Hythe. Perhaps
"Lympne" is pronounced "Lime" or
"Limb," or "Jorrocks."

ADVERTISING ADVERSITY

Commerce continues to make the
best of a bad "line" in respect of
scratched plate-glass. Not far from
London bridge is a music shop which
announces in red letters:

MY FAVOURITE SONG.
MR. WINDOWSLASHER WILL
OBLIGE
"I PASSED BY YOUR WINDOW."

The uses of adversity were sweet
in this case, if judged by the number
of people who did not pass by until
they had seen everything in the win-
dow.—London Daily Chronicle.

May 29, 1921

Several interesting volumes concern-
ing folksong have been recently pub-
lished. The Herald has received from
Harcourt, Brace and Howe, New York,
"Father Allan's Island," by Amy Mur-
ray. Miss Murray with her little harp in
her hand went to an island, Eriskay,
one of a chain to be found on the up-
per left-hand corner of a map of Scot-
land. There she heard songs of the
Islanders and put them in notation.
Padraic Colum contributes a preface
which he calls a "foreword." He asks
where she found her style in narration.
"Her phrase, her curious words, her rare
gift of appropriate lyrical description,
give atmosphere to this dramatic pres-
entation. But the style itself, its inner
rhythm, must have come to her as
something living. Undoubtedly she
found it in the black houses that she
writes about. Sitting by the peat fire
at the 'ceilidh,' where 'the first tale is
from the host and tales from the guests
until daylight,' she learnt of those ca-
dences and emphasises that give to the
folk-tale its dramatic flow." The style
at first seems affected; little by little
the reader is brought to believe that this
book could not have been written other-
wise, and even the Gaelic words that,
English, seem at first a stumbling-
block, add charm to the narration. Mr.
Colum, saying that comparisons might
be made between the book and Synge's
"The Aran Islands," insists that the
books are far apart. "Synge's is in-
trospective, analytical — even psycho-
analytical, while Miss Murray's has the
spirit of clear adventure. In Synge,
too, we are aware of a community; for
all his solitariness, all his distrust of
political methods, there are in his book
the marginal notes of a sociologist. In
'Father Allan's Island' there is just a
man and perhaps a dozen neighbors."

The adventures of Miss Murray were
in quest of the song; songs of the sea,
sea maidens and water horses, songs
romantic, and of love; songs of the
family, of tragedy and lamentation.
These songs she has noted after the
manner of a musician, and the musician
will be interested in them, while they
will not disturb the reader that first of
all would know about this simple folk,
their manners, superstitions—if super-
stitions they be—honesty, faith, hospi-
tality and bravery. Miss Murray did not
find the "Celtic gloom" of Fiona Mac-
leod. She lived with these far-off people,
knew them and loved them, especially
Father Allan, a noble and very human
figure, who is sympathetically described.

Mrs. Maud Cuney Hare of Boston has
collected "Six Creole Folk Songs," trans-
lated the text and arranged the music.
The volume is published by Carl Fischer
of Boston, New York and Chicago. Mrs.
Hare has lectured in an intelligent and
interesting manner here and in other
cities on Creole and negro songs, and
they have been sung after her explana-
tions. In a preface she says that the
music of the Creole folksongs, mainly
African in rhythm, was brought to
South American countries and to the
West Indians, thence to Louisiana,
where it received a French and Span-
ish-American imprint. The majority of
the surviving songs show French influ-
ence; a few are known in variant form
in France. They are closely associated
with the history of Louisiana, and in
many instances linked to the dance. In
singing, "the rules for French pronunci-
ation are to be followed." The themes
are few and of primitive emotions;
many love songs; many satirical and
mocking; few of a religious nature.
Each song is annotated. The accompani-
ments are appropriately simple, and do
not by a vain show of harmonic skill
war with the spirit of the tune and th
words.

Silver, Burdett & Co. of Boston pub-
lish a volume of songs pertaining to
Porto Rico. There are many folk and
art songs peculiar to the island; also
some Spanish, French and Italian songs
and even English songs that have been
adopted by the Porto Ricans and sung
by them in Spanish. We even find
Schubert's "Serenade" with a Spanish
text in this volume. The texts are not
translated into English, but many of
them have an explanatory note. Miss
Allena Luco made the collection and
edited it, not only with the Porto Ricans
in view, but with the purpose of mak-
ing American students of Spanish ac-
quainted with the relations of Spanish-
American music to song and the dance.
As Mr. J. D. M. Ford of Harvard Uni-
versity remarks in a preparatory note:
"When we have sung the songs with
which the Porto Rican stirs or allays
his emotions, and when we have sav-
ored the strains to which he moves his
feet in rhythmic steps and turns, we
shall certainly discover ourselves pos-
sessed of an additional incentive to the
study of all the various manifestations
of the Spanish-American moods and
talents." It is to be regretted that the
Spanish texts are not translated; a short
argument at least might have been
provided.

"Songs and Tales from the Dark Con-
tinent" have been collected by Natalie
Curtis, who recorded them from the
singing and the sayings of C. Kamba
Simango of the Ndau tribe, Portuguese
East Africa, and Madikane Cele of the
Zulu tribe, Natal, Zululand, South Africa.
The volume, 179 large pages, is published
by G. Schirmer of Boston and New York.
Mrs. Curtis (Mrs. Paul Burlin), a niece of
George William Curtis, was already
known to musical folklorists, by her
studies of North American Indian and
negro music. The records of the present
volume were made from the singing of
two young Africans, who came directly
from their continent to Hampton In-
stitute. The book is in reality a study
of general folklore as known to the
representatives of the Ndau and Zulu
tribes. It is not confined to the native
song and dance. Mrs. Curtis contributes
a long introduction on Africa and the
Africans. She speaks of the great diffi-
culty in the recording of the songs.
"Besides studying the songs directly
from the singers, phonograph records
were made for careful comparison, and
when the song was polyphonic, a record
was made of each part, sung separ-
ately. Then one part was played on the
machine and the African sang the other
part, thus performing a duet with his
phonograph double, enabling the recor-
der to hear both parts together. The
same device was used in recording
drums and hand-clapping." She follows
this introduction with an interesting
biographical sketch of Mr. Simango,
who informed her at length of the be-
liefs and customs of the Ndau tribe.
Mr. Cele, who is of royal Zulu blood—
his father was a Governor of rank,
who went as a missionary to his own
people into the interior of pagan Zulu-
land, where the boy grew up—tells his
own story. The songs of various cere-
monies and of all kinds, war, love,
religious, of labor, songs for children,
dance songs are fully described and
folk-tales concerning men and beasts are
told by the two. There are about 70
pages of music. This music, as record-
ed, is far from being primitive. It is
rhythmically interesting, showing the
negro's gift for syncopation. The
rhythmic complexity should fascinate
the extreme wing of the French com-
posers: as when a solo voice and chorus
sing in harmony against three drums
beating in variegated rhythm, while the
slow dance serves as a foundation. Some
of the songs show a fine melodic feel-
ing. A Zulu song of love might have
come from the Orient:

I saw some maidens coming from the
Southland,
Whose water-jars were filled with pain
of lovers,
They came unto the lake and poured the
pain out;
Then came to me, the Troubler, came
and trembled.
O, Troubler, drive me northward to
the upper country,
To seek a maid of single heart and
faithful—
For the heart of these is false and
double.

The tales of the children recall Uncle
Remus. Perhaps his stories crossed the
Atlantic years ago. Mrs. Curtis has
ably edited a volume of great etno-
logical as well as musical interest.

A volume of "Twenty Kentucky Moun-
tain songs" collected and arranged by
Loraine Wyman and Howard Brockway,
is published by Oliver Ditson Company,
Boston. Miss Wyman in her modest
preface says that, with few exceptions,
the origin of each song can be traced
to its English, Scottish or Irish source.
"Because of their preservation by ora
tradition, they have been invested wit
a characteristic charm of their own,
which we have made every effort to re-
tain. No melody has been remodelled.
The text has been changed only in a
very few instances where memory failed
to record words, lines, or stanzas neces-
sary to complete a version." Some of
the verses are pleasingly naive, as
"Fair Nottiman Town."

met a King and a Queen and a company more.
A-hiding behind and a-walking before:
And a stark-naked drummer-boy beat his drum,
With his heels in his bosom a-marching along.

Note the abrupt opening of "Little Mathew Grove."

The first came in was dressed in red,
The next came down in green,

The next came down was Lord Daniel's wife,
As fine as any queen.

This is a variant of the old ballad, "Little Musgrave." In "The Swapping Song" we find the old nursery rhyme:

When I was a little boy I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I had I kept upon the shelf.

"Lord Orland's Wife" is another version of "Little Musgrave," who in Kentucky is "Matthew Grew" or "Matthew Grove." "Gonesome" is an expressive word in the title of a Knott county song, "The Gonesome Scenes of Winter." "Fanny Blair" is worthy of quotation in full.

I

One morning, one morning in May,
As I went a-walking to breathe the sweet air:
A young man came to me, these words he did say:
"There's vengeance sworn against you by young Fanny Blair!"

II

"There is young Fanny Blair, scarce eleven years old,
I'm a-going to die, so the truth I'll unfold.
I never had dealing with her in my time,
'Tis hard to die for another man's crime."

III

Just before they counted table young Fanny was there,
Brought up to profess herself she did prepare,
Of the judge's hard swearing I'm ashamed for to tell.
Says the judge: "Your old mother has tutored you well."

IV.

"There is one more thing of my old parents I crave
In the midst of their garden for to dig my grave;
I come of respectable parents, that's what you may know,
I was born in old England, brought up in Tyrone."

There are 20 of these Kentucky songs, entertaining in themselves; thrice entertaining when Miss Wyman sings them. Perhaps she knows the meaning of "Just before they counted table" in "Fanny Blair." In certain English provinces a "count-table" was the desk at which a scholar in arithmetic sat.

As we have been discussing books of folk-songs, the following article from the London Times is pertinent:

"Highbrows" and Folksong; or the Nemesis of Theory

An old man who died a few years ago said that music was essentially an aristocratic art, which must instantly become vulgarized by contact with the masses. The dictum seemed peculiarly perverse coming from one whose life had been spent in contact with the main musical movements of the last century, and no doubt it had in it something of the flickering irritability of old age. For during that period the cry of "Trust the People!" was almost as insistent in music as in politics, even though in both departments the criers made some selection from among the people for the repose of their trust.

Every country remembered that it had a folksong—the Slavonic races first, ourselves last (the Germans had never forgotten it); each in turn revelled in the possession of a popular dialect, by the command of which the aristocrats of the art might converse with the masses. Such converse would result in the marriage of true minds, and so the artistic stock would be renewed and flourish abundantly. It was a beautiful idea, and in certain cases it seemed to be something more.

But then people began to ask, "What is folksong?" While experts racked their brains for definitions, the ordinary man said that a folksong is the song of the folk, and that folk is an old fashioned word for people in general, and that the barrel organ and the cornet outside the public house at the street corner were playing the tunes of the people, which were certainly something very different from what the experts called folksongs.

During the war an odd thing happened. An officer in France wrote to The Times to ask the name and origin of a tune which was haunting him, and indeed the whole battalion, in the trenches. They could not help humming and whistling it in season and out of season, and they could not think where it came from. Neither could The Times, which obligingly printed the tune and asked for. Literally hundreds of replies were received to say that the tune was called "Chalk Farm to Camberwell Green," and that it belonged to a revue of the moment. Had it been called "Bushes and Briars" or "Bridgewater Fair" possibly at most half-a-dozen correspondents would have identified it. "Chalk Farm to Camberwell Green" was as it were caught in the act of becoming a folksong. "Bushes and Briars" and "Bridgewater Fair" have ceased to be folksongs according to the ordinary man's definition. They have become the property of a modern musical aristocracy.

This week we have enjoyed a new manifestation of the "Trust the people" theory. We have seen the Aeolian Hall filled with an audience of the "highbrows" of London (a current revue, by the way, supplies an admirable definition of that term as "people educated beyond their intelligence") all engaged in listening solemnly to a "symphony" made up out of musical refuse of the cafes and sweepings of the streets, collected in Brazil, we were told, though such things are equally obtainable in Paris and London. This was to push the "Trust the people" theory to the point of trusting every one, especially those who have the appearance of being untrustworthy. British logic would not have sufficed to carry it so far, but British imitativeness was strong enough to applaud the deed. M. Milhaud, the composer, need not be taken seriously. The serious thing was the attitude of our "highbrows," who were afraid of losing importance by failing to find something important in his jeu d'esprit.

One made the brilliant discovery that the work was "in rondo form;" another said, "Oh, but it is all made up of South American airs, you know"—the sacred folksong again! Those of us who were pledged to hear the thing to the bitter end could only envy the few free agents, a very few, who, having recognized that it was rubbish in the first few minutes, slipped out of the hall. It needed no advanced intelligence to make the discovery, only a little independence of action, for here there was no suggestion of the new art, which is repellent until it becomes familiar. It was familiar at once as vulgarity rampant, and, what is worse, imitated vulgarity.

We are all democratic enough nowadays to admit that the man with the cornet outside the public house (or inside it for that matter) may be a source of musical inspiration, the untutored soul of the people outpoured in melody, but is he? The fact that music may be found here, there, and everywhere, and is not, as once it was thought, the product of a few curiously constituted brains highly trained for the purpose, lays on us the greater responsibility to discriminate, to find out the real thing wherever it appears and to discard all base imitations. Time did it with the older music, especially that which escaped written record and, like folksong, survived by an aural tradition. To do it at once with the new music, without the help of time, requires individual intelligence. Education has preceded intelligence; it has taught unintelligent people to play the cornet, to score for full orchestra, and to attend concerts. Anyone can make a noise like a musician, and every one who does is sure to be admired and copied by somebody. Hence we have M. Milhaud admiring the street cornet player and an audience of British highbrows admiring M. Milhaud. No wonder that bewildered souls sigh for the ancien regime.

New English Plays

Mr. A. B. Walkley wrote a few lines about Mr. Keble Howard's new play at the Shaftesbury, London. This is what he had to say about "Sweet William": "Simple tales about romantic sweethearts and forbidding aunts and comic charwomen evidently have their public. It is a public which still finds a fresh delight in the time-honored stage confusion of persons—as when a gentleman proposes marriage to a lady, who supposes him to be referring to her aunt, or when another gentleman, asked to be best man, mistakes the bride's cousin for the bride. It is a public which likes to see lovers on ladders, and if by moonlight so much the better. It is a public which is gratified when the charwoman flourishes a rasher of bacon and is in ecstasies when she plays the pianola. In short, it is the public, the great public, whose heart is in the right place and whose task is a great fact. And it is a very demonstrative public or was at Shaftesbury rapturously applauding 'Sweet William,' which was the very thing for it."

Mr. Walkley was equally patronizing towards "Hunky Dory," produced at the Kingsway. "A little human nature and simplicity will go a long way, especially when expressed in the Scottish tongue. These are the features of 'Hunky Dory,' which persuade you to be indulgently blind to the puerility of its 'fable' and its lack of dramatic force. Little scenes of Scottish character and lingo, artlessly juxtaposed rather than growing out of one another, provide a succession of dialogues and monologues of no great novelty to be sure, but sincere in feeling and agreeable in their homeliness."

Notes About Music, New and Old and Musicians

Malpiero is now professor of composition at the Parma Conservatory. He has completed his "San Francisco d'Assisi" and is at work on two comic pieces.

L. Dunton Green of London reviewing new music for The Chesterian pays this tribute to a Bostonian. "The Far East has inspired Warren Storey-Smith, an American, through the medium of a charming poem by Richard Le Gellienne (sic)—'A Caravan from China comes.' Its color is perhaps not entirely original, it seems to have been tinged by Russian dyes before reaching the Far West, but what of that? It is a carefully and no doubt lovingly written little work, and it does breathe the spirit of the words." Mr. Green says of music set to three fables of La Fontaine by Andre Caplet—once conductor at the Boston Opera House—"You may not like his music, qua music; I frankly do not, but you cannot deny him originality of expression. Given a greater musical talent, these fables might have been more interesting still—as it is, the composer shows wit and a fine sense of declamation." We hear from Paris that Mr. Caplet has become devoutly religious and is writing music in that spirit.

Leigh Henry contributes an entertaining "London Letter" to The Chesterian of May. He says of Stanford's "At the Abbey Gate:" "Mr. Justice Darling's text proved that being the 'darling of the gods' in lawcourt comedy gives no entry to Olympus; and the music maintaining the level of the words with a fidelity demonstrating touching correspondence between writer and composer. Spliced split hairs dished at the Bar are evidently poor nourishment for the Tragic Muse." Describing Miss Ethel Frank of Boston as an intelligent singer, he adds that she "contended against injudicious press 'puffs' beforehand." Albert Coates's rendering of Tschaikowski's 5th symphony is characterized as another novelty. "He emulated another popular favorite, Schubert's 'Unfinished'; at least there was no perceptible end other than Coates's usual grandiloquent gesture when his baton ceased gyrating—after the orchestra!"

Orefice, a professor at the Milan Conservatory, has written a Prelude and Fugue on the Romance of Ines in "L'Africaine."

At the sixth Dante centenary at Florence a hymn in memory of the poet composed by Renato Brozi was conducted by him.

From a letter by Rene Chalupt, Paris: "At the Opera-Comique we had a mediocre revival of 'Pelleas.' The merits of a work must be great indeed if it can resist the passing of time (it is nearly 20 years since the first performance), the change of fashions, a dusty production that dates most terribly, a murderous interpretation, and orchestral playing that is worthy of conscientious officials, for in spite of all this, the emotion remains as pure, as direct and as compelling as ever."

"The Shadow of the Pageant" will be performed at Charlottesville, Va., on the evening of June 1, in connection with the centennial celebration of the University of Virginia. The overture and interludes are by John Powell; the choral music is by George Harris, Jr.

Thomas Jefferson labored in founding the university. "The interludes set forth his classic ideals which are delivered by Grecian characters and accompanied by music and dancing." The pageant has been written by Mrs. Francis O. J. Gaither of Fairhope, Ala. Arthur Fickenscher of the University of Virginia is the musical director.

The pageant tells of the difficulties under which the London Times congratulated a singer last month for declining encores. "The question is a difficult one. In itself an encore is like the second slice of melon—never as good as the first. In its context it keeps other things waiting, and people. In a concert it may make a brother artist miss a train: It is seldom what an audience really wants; they only meant to say, 'Thank you; do sing us something more'—by which they mean 'else.' On the other hand, the singer's whole object is to please, and if that song has done it he naturally is much cheered in his work. Anyone who can go on pleasing, then, without being cheered in this particular way shows courage."

The Berkshire Chamber Music prize of 1921 ($1000), offered by Mrs. F. S. Coolidge for the best piano trio, will be awarded by the following jury: Ernest Hutcheson, Efrem Zimbalist, David Stanley Smith, Willem Willeke and Oscar Sonneck. The prize winning composition will have its original performance at the coming Berkshire Chamber Music Festival (Pittsfield, Mass., Sept. 29-30 and Oct. 1) by the Elshnuco Trio.

"She" (Megan Foster in London) "has an apparently artless but really artistic way of singing that leaves every one thinking—What a capital song this is; I must get it and see if I can't sing it myself."

THE POP CONCERTS

Monday.

Father of Victory.....Ganne
Overture to Orpheus.....Offenbach
Waltz, "Dornroeschen".....Tschaikowsky
Fantasia, "Lohengrin".....Wagner
From the Suite, "Caliirhoe"....Chaminade
a. Scarf Dance.
b. Cymbal Dance.
Ave Maria.....Schubert-Wilhelmj
Solo violin, harp, organ and strings.
Pavane.....German
Ballet music from "La Gioconda" Ponchielli
Fantasia, "Cavalleria Rusticana" Mascagni
Miserere from "Il Trovatore".....Verdi
Procession of the Sardar Ippolitoff-Ivanoff

HARVARD NIGHT.

Tuesday

March, "El Capitan".....Sousa
Overture, "Phedre".....Massenet
Waltz, "Artists' Life".....Strauss
Harvard Glee Club (with orchestra)
Three Pictures from the "Tower of Babel".....Rubenstein
From the Suite, "Peer Gynt".....Grieg
Excerpts from the Hasty Pudding Club shows:
a. "Rameses" from "Barnum Was Right" 1920.....A. Steinert
b. "The Voodoo Dance" from "Wetmore Ho" 1921.....A. Steinert
Bacchanale (Der Venusberg) Act 1, "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner
Harvard Glee Club—
Love Songs.....Brahms
Chorus of Bacchantes from "Philemon and Baucis".....Gounod
Cavalier Song.....Stanford
(Dr. Davison, conductor.)
Fantasia, "Rigoletto".....Verdi
Invitation to the Dance....Webber-Berlioz
Cruiser Harvard.....Strube
Fair Harvard

PROFESSIONAL WOMEN'S CLUB NIGHT

Wednesday.

Coronation March from "The Prophet" Meyerbeer
Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" Mozart
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube".....Strauss
Fantasia, "Mephistofele".....Boito
Tempest scene from "Othello".....Verdi
Spring.....Grieg
Aragonaise from "The Cid".....Massenet
Overture to "Sakuntala".....Goldmark
Excerpts from "Carmen".....Bizet
Marche Miniature.....Tschaikowsky
Cortege from "The Queen of Sheba" Gounod

BOSTON CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC NIGHT

Thursday.

Prelude to "Carmen".....Bizet
Overture to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg".....Wagner
Scherzo from "A Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn
Fantasia, "Aida".....Verdi
Finlandia.....Sibelius
Violoncello solo, "Intermezzo" from the Concerto.....Lalo
Enrico Fabrizio.
Theme with variations in the style of Haydn, Mozart, J. Strauss, Verdi, Wagner.....Ochs
Overture Solennelle, "1812" Tschaikowsky
Rhapsody, "Italia".....Casella
Waltz, "Jolly Fellows".....Vollstedt
"In the Hall of the Mountain King" from "Peer Gynt".....Grieg

Friday.

March from "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner
Overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor" Nicolai
Waltzes from "Der Rosenkavalier" R. Strauss
Fantasia, "Faust".....Gounod
From the Ballet Suite, "Sylvia"....Delibes
Sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor" Donizetti
Norwegian Dance No. 2.....Grieg
Second Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt
Baccanale from "Samson and Delilah" Saint-Saens
Largo (Harp, organ and strings)..Handel
Violin solo, J. Hoffman
American Patrol.....Meacham

Saturday

Wedding march from "A Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn
Overture, "Morning, Noon and Night in Vienna".....Suppe
Andante Cantabile.....W. S. Smith
Hymn to the Sun from "Iris".....Mascagni
Prelude to "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Hungarian Dance in D major.....Brahms
Minuet.....Boccherini
Overture to "Oberon".....Weber
Selection, "Eva".....Lehar
Valse, "Espana".....Waldteufel
March, "Lorraine".....Ganne

IL TROVATORE'

GLOBE THEATRE—The Fleck Gran Opera Company presented "Il Trovatore" at their matinee performance yesterday afternoon. The cast:

Count Di Luna.....Forna
Countess Leonora.....Hazel Ard
Azucena.....May Barr
Mandrico.....Signor Boscac
Ferando.....Pierre Remingt
Inez.....Marion Harp
Ruiz.....Anthony Cart

While the tinkling melodies of Ver are admirably suited to the talents the Fleck Company, yesterday's p formance was not as spirited as so of those that have preceded. Perha this was due to the absence of Jose Martel and Harold Lindau. The ch male parts were handled effectively Fornari and Signor Romeo Boscac Fornari, especially, was dramatic, a coldly repelling as the wicked old cou

But May Barron easily took first h ors. Possessed of a clear and color voice of wide range, she brought sympathetic and dramatic interpretat to the part of Azucena. She won p longed applause in the duet with M rico, making ready use of the manif opportunities that Verdi always gi his singers to introduce both vocal dramatic expression. Signor Bosc was at his best in Manrico's fam solo "Di Quella Pira," which he s with much enthusiasm.

Hazel Harden made an attractive not particularly spectacular countess til the "Miserere" aria, where she see to find herself. She has a good v

cannot always resist temptation to ch for notes too high for her. Her e is too good in the lower register her to thus lose its effect.
l Trovatore" as given yesterday is apable performance, but the Fleck nd Opera Company can do better.

May 31 1921

ANTHER'S CUB'

By PHILIP HALE

Majestic Theatre: First showing in ston of the film play, "The Black nther's Cub": The story by Ethel nohor adapted by Philip Bartholomae: ected by Emile Chautard; produced W. K. Ziegfeld, orchestral conductor, Garmissen.

Before the play began, a gentleman in ening dress read verses from a poem, hich he said was addressed "To Faus-c." The program stated that this em was written by "Charles Algernon Inburne" who is generally known in literary world as Algernon Charles inburne. There are allusions to 'austine" throughout the play, and rses serve as explanatory or moraliz-texts. It is strange that there was allusion to Swinburne's "At a nth's End" in which the sorrowing d abusive lover describes the once be-ved one as a "sleek, black pantheress," d exclaims that she is to his soul as he wild beast mark of panther's ngs."

The Black Panther of the film play pt a fashionable gambling-hell in aris. Famed for her beauty and her tiless disposition, she was told to her ee by a stern-visaged Englishman that e was a re-incarnation of Faustina, esumably the wife of Marcus Aurelius, though there was another Roman Em-ess Faustina of equally unsavory putation. The Black Panther glories the reproach, and we see the Em-ess ordering thumbs down at a gladi-torial combat and gloating over the rusting of a sword into the "innards" the one overcome. On account of a arful scandal—the precise nature of it unfortunately not stated—the Black anther leaves Paris, but not until she as entrusted her baby daughter to the arl of Maudsley, assuring him that she as born in holy wedlock.

The girl Mary grows up. Sir Marling rayham falls in love with her, and as is Leap Year she woos him boldly. He new her mother, but is ignorant of Mary's parentage. He has much to say bout a spot of bad blood, the influence f heredity and environment. The Earl, bout to tell him all, is killed while hunt-ng. His son, a wild youth, finding bank otes in a safe, pays a heavy debt to a money lender. These bills had been left vith the Earl by a charitable society for afe keeping. The boy is in despair. Mary is told the secret of her birth. She s urged to appear in Paris as Faustine, o reopen the gambling house; otherwise he money cannot be paid back and the onor of her adopted father will be ruined. She reappears, to the wonder of he Parisians; but she gives back to a oor ruined devil the francs he had lost t roulette. A Russian, Count Boris, ays her indelicate attentions. Sir Mar-ing finds her. At a night party in the Apache Quarter she meets her mother. Boris, in an upper room, begins to give n imitation of Scarpia chasing Tosca bout, but Mary is rescued, while Faus-ine receives a bullet which Boris intend-d for Marling, who breaks in. Faustine, aken to her old home, resents the usur-ation of her daughter, and dies. Mar-ing takes Mary back to England, after the young Earl tells him why Mary urned gambler. Boris disappeared down he stairs of that Apache dive. It is taken for granted that Mary paid the treasurer of the charitable association, also arranged about the mortgages on the estate. It's a highly moral film-play, with agreeably contrasting scenes of fast high life and dreadful doings in the underworld.

The play is admirably acted by Flor-ence Reed as the Black Panther in her glory and her degradation, the Roman Empress and Mary Maudsley; Norman Trevor as Marling; Henry Stephenson as the old Earl; Earle Foxe as the wild son; William Rosselle as Hampton Grayham, the son's friend; and Tyrone Power as the lustful Russian. Miss Reed gives a singularly powerful per-formance of the Panther in her last days and is attractive as the courtesan at the height of her fame, also as Mary. There are some striking effects when mother and daughter are shown together; the versatility of the actress is equalled by the photographic skill in depicting her. The minor parts are well taken; the scenes of English rural life, of the gambling hell, and of the Apaches in their dive are excellent.

After the film play a little piece by George V. Hobart, "Words Mean Noth-ing," was played by Miss Paula Shay and Messrs. Mussett, Foxe and Ros-selle. A tragedy with "the eternal triangle" as a subject was performed by the actors speaking only unmean-ing and absurd words.

The title of a new Scottish comedy produced in London is "Hunky Dory." Some searched vainly for the words with a definition in the Rev. Dr. John Jamie-son's Dictionary of the Scottish Lan-guage. Having been informed that the phrase was American slang, they won-dered at the association with a Scottish play. "Slang and Its Analogues," a monumental work, sometimes falls one. The compilers include: "Hunky," mean-ing good, jolly; a general superlative, and they quote from Artemus Ward's account of his visit to the Shakers. "Elder Uriah, in particler, exhibirted a right smart chance of spryness in his legs, considerin his time of life, and as he cum a dubble shuffle near where I sot, I rewarded him with a approvin smile, and sed: 'Hunky boy! Go it, my gay and festiv cuss!'" There is also a quotation from Justin McCarthy's "Fair Saxon." The compilers mention "Hunkidorrum," but ignore "Hunky Dory." Bartlett, in his Dictionary of Americanisms, spells the word "hunki-dori." "It is said to be a word intro-duced by Japanese Tommy and to be derived from the name of a street or a bazaar in Yeddo." Mr. R. H. Thornton does not include the word in his later and more valuable "American Glossary."

AN EARLY WAR CORDESPONDENT

As the World Wags:

Your reference to Giraldus Cambren-sis, who may be called the first Eng-lish war correspondent in Ireland, in-asmuch as he reported the Norman-Welsh expedition under Strongbow, re-calls a very interesting personality. His "Expugnatio," says F. P. Barnard, M. A., "is a remarkable farrago of history, poetry, acuteness, credulity, egotism, zeal for the cloth (he was a clergyman) kinsman-worship, fairness, partiality, good nature, malignity, and pomposity, adorned with a medley of alliteration, conceits, puns, wit, satire, humor, sometimes sheer buffoonery, and now and then downright nonsense."

He was born about 1147 and first went to Ireland in 1183. This was more than 20 years after the expedition of Strong-bow, but while the conquest was still going on. He accompanied Prince John as tutor.

Although it is presumed that every one now knows enough not to be mis-led by the writings of Giraldus, it is only natural to suppose that for cen-turies after he wrote, his accounts of Irish savagery were accepted as true. Yet he is not averse to a good story even when the point is turned against himself and his own countrymen. For instance he tells in his "Topographia" of having reproached the Irish Arch-bishop of Cashee with the fact that Ireland could not show any martyrs for the cause of Christianity, as other nations could, whereupon the arch-bishop replied, alluding to the recent murder of Thomas A Becket by Henry II, who was conquering Ireland in the name of civilization. "Very true, be-cause although our people may seem rude, fierce and barbarous, yet they have always paid great honor and reverence to ecclesiastics, and have never on any occasion raised their hands against God's holy saints. But now there have come into the island men of a nation that knows how to make martyrs and is accustomed to it. Henceforth, Ireland like other countries will have its martyrs."

Giraldus, repeating the archbishop's answer calls it a side-thrust witty enough, "but not to the point."

In his "Topographia" Cambrensis tells a lot of the most extraordinary yarns. Here is one of his fish stories:

"Not long before the coming of the English into the island there was caught at Carlingford, in Ulster, a fish of im-mense size and of a peculiar kind. Amongst other remarkable points about it, it had, so the story goes, three golden teeth, weighing together 50 ounces."

Again he tells of a river which abounds in fish, but "lest the too common greed of man be tempted to turn this same abundance to marketable account, a remedy has been provided which re-sembles that of the manna, for never will these fish keep a single night after their taking. Though they be salted as thoroughly as possible, they are always liable to turn putrid and remain taste-less and insipid; nor can they by any device be preserved till the morrow, so as to be of the slightest use value as an eatable."

He has much to say, too, about the scarcity of snakes and other reptiles in Ireland and the cause thereof. "I have heard sea-going merchants state," he says, "that now and again when un-loading in Irish ports they have come across toads in the hold of their ships, and on throwing them alive on to the land, they at once turned on their backs, and in the presence of a crowd of wondering bystanders burst their bellies and died."

It is said of Cambrensis, or Barry (for that was his real name), that he had one great ambition and that was to be archbishop of St. David's. He never achieved it. His death took place about 1220. DENIS A. McCARTHY.

Arlington Heights.

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE

(It is naturally hard for the Kurds to learn that they are not the cheese.—Boston Herald, May 27.)

As the World Wags:

Though I read this paragraph at an early hour, and hastened to the mail-box, I must be at least the second one to inform you that the Kurds are un-doubtedly seeking the whey. R. H.

Boston.

BELATED COLLEGE NEWS

As the World Wags:

[illegible]n from The Dartmouth 50 years [illegible]his May. One member of the graduating class was married and had six children at that time. Twenty of this class wore full beards, and all of them wore beards or mustaches. Horn blowing and horn serenading were frowned on by the faculty.

Taken from The Dartmouth 40 years ago this May. "The college clock is now run by Boston railway time in-stead of by the sun." Tuition was $90 a year. Next year (1921-1922) it will be $250. C.

Hanover, N. H.

A BARGAIN IN WIDOWS

(From Classified Advts.)

REDUCED FROM $6500.

AGED widow must sell. Now priced at $5000," etc.

"OLOGIES"

As the World Wags:

Your recent item on "swimology" re-minds one of the great and growing list in which "Oology" is perhaps the sim-plest, the "Oo" meaning "of eggs," and the "logy" being "the science of." "Paleospongiology" is one of the easiest of the long ones, it referring to ancient sponges; "Anophelology" is new and perhaps heads the list alphabetically (relating to the mosquito and the dis-eases which it conveys), the list possi bly ending with "Zatrikiology" which appears in "The Chess Player's Alpha-bet." "Babyology," "Footology," etc., are evidently intended to be humorous, but the worst, sober, hybrid remembered is at the head of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal of March 31 last, where an official of a local women's league poses as "Ratologist."

CHARLES A. EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

"TAG" AND "BOLIVAR"

Mme. Isidore Martinez, repeating her statement that Mme. Teresa Carreno was in the habit of calling her second husband "Tag" and not "Tad," writes: "Now concerning Bolivar. When I was first learning English in New York, I was much puzzled at hearing what you would call a large fat scallop cooky called a Bolivar. The why or wherefore I was never able to ascertain. The name applied to a hat is interestingly new to me; a much more respectful application of the liberator's name than the one I knew."

Mr. Lansing R. Robinson of Boston writes: "Why did I ever start this 'Tag' discussion? Thank Mr. Quincy Kilby for explaining that we who called the baritone 'Tag' are be-sotted hinds and sordid 'hucksters.' It was for the very reason that 'Tag' should really be 'Tal' that we called him 'Tag' (a paradox, a paradox, a most ingenious paradox), playful American humor. I knew a professor of Romance languages who called him 'Tag,' surely the professor could make a fair stab at pronouncing 'Tagliapietra' correctly at a pinch. Tag! You're it!'"

IN KEITH'S SHOW

A diverting, light-hearted bill was ushered in with the holiday at Keith's Theatre. Harry Watson, Jr., as "The Young Kid Battling Dugan," and Lillian Shaw in inimitable Shavian character studies shared the honors as headliners, in applause as well as on the bill-boards and programs. Something un-usual for headliners.

Miss Shaw, as the "wampire" of East Broadway and the bride with unqueenly English, who hesitates between the fry-ing-pan of spinsterhood and the fire of marriage, did more than her share to brighten a tired holiday audience. Lillian speaks Italian and Yiddish fluently—in East Side United States. Lillian is more than a scream, she's a riot.

Battling Dugan is no "piker" either. He meets any man 40 pounds under his weight, and goes down for the count like a man paid to do it. Mr. Watson threw in his hilarious telephone scene for good measure.

Dane Claudius and Lillian Scarlet soothed their listeners with "The Call of the Sixties," in which a delightfully surprised audience found itself joining in the singing of songs of another day, the words of which were flashed on the screen.

Then the Cameron sisters—something different in rhythm, if you know what we mean.

William Gaxton & Co. pleased with "The Junior Partner." Several other novel acts and "Topics of the Day" completed the entertaining program.

June 2 1921

About the time that optimists swore this country would never be bone-dry, a collector left an order with a bookseller in this town for all the volumes he could find relating to strong waters and malt liquors, their use and abuse. We saw and examined a tall pile of these volumes, curious reading, a revelation of the wisdom, whims, follies, passions of mankind.

Surely by this time the collection in-cludes "The Old Soak, and Hail and Farewell," by Don Marquis, published by Doubleday, Page & Co. of Gar-den City. We shall put this volume, when it has served its time as a bed-companion, on a shelf between "Ebrieta-tis Enconium, or the Praise of Drunk-enness" (a 1910 reprint from the London edition of 1723), and "Anti-Bacchus, an Essay on the Evils Connected With the Use of Intoxicating Drinks," by the Rev. B. Parsons of Stroud, Gloucestershire, Eng., revised and amended, with an in-troduction, by the Rev. John Marsh (New York, 1840.)

The reminiscences and lamentations of the Old Soak and the 29 poems were first published in the New York Sun, to the exceeding joy of its readers. They were the more fortunate, for they could chuckle over a chapter at a time, look forward impatiently to the following evening, and count that evening lost if by any chance Old Soak did not hold forth on the evils of prohibition; but the reader of the book is tempted to drink it at a draught, and then regret that there is no more to come.

THE BAR-ROOM AS AN EDUCATOR

The Old Soak mourns the disappear-ance of the bar-room for reasons that should appeal to the sternest prohibi-tionist. "In comes a girl and says to contribute to the cause. Well, 'what cause are you?' You ask her. Well, she says, Salvation Army or the Volun-teers, or what not, and so forth, as the case may be, or maybe she was boost-ing for some of these new religions that gets out a paper and these girls go around and sell it for 10 cents, which they always set a date for the world coming to an end. Well, then you got a line on her religion, and you was ashamed not to give her a quarter, for you had spent a dollar for drinks al-ready that morning. And then all through the day there was other re-ligions come in, one after another, or maybe the same religion over and over again. Well, then you kept in touch with religions and it made a better man out of you."

One kept up with politics. "My eyes ain't what they used to be and the newspapers are different from each other so who can tell what to believe, but in the old days you could keep in touch with politics in the bar-rooms. It made a better citizen out of you for every man ought to vote for what his consciousness tells him is right and to abide in politics by his consciousness. Well, closing the bar-room has shut off my chance to be imbrued with political dope and who to bet on in the next election and I am not so good a citi-zen as before the saloons were closed."

"All chance of sociability is shut off by the government from the plain people." There were pictures on the walls. "Since they have been taken away what chance has a busy man like me got to go to a museum and see all them works of art hand-painted by artists and looking as slick and shiny as one of these here circus litho-graphs." The government has also taken away singing from the plain people.

"Another kick I got on the abvolition of the bar-room is the fact that you got to stay around home so much and that naturally leads to having a row with your wife." Christmas used to make the tender-hearted Old Soak sad; he thought of dead friends and the poor. "In years past, the remedy was at hand. A few drinks and I could look even Christmas in the face. A few more and I'd stand under the mistletoe and sing, 'God Rest Ye Merry, Gentle-men.'"

He fears for the growing children; that they will learn to drink liquor too young.

No longer is there "kind feeling about respect for the old, especially to parents and them that has departed." Fellows "get all tanked up" and sing songs about home and mother and to treat her right now that her hair has turned gray. "Whether I helped sing them or not all them songs would make a better man of me. . . . Lots of times when I was a young feller after hearing them songs for awhile I would say to myself I will set right down and write a letter to my mother, I ain't wrote her for five or six months."

"Liquor kept your Home Life dun-ning along O. K. You would get mad with your wife and then you would get sorry for her and give her an excuse to make up with you again. But now, with no chance to get a drink when I am away from home if I treat the Old Woman mean in the morning I don't give her a chance to get on my good side again. And I can see sometimes that it is breaking her heart."

ALL JOY HAS NOT FLED.

Yet the Old Soak is not wholly disconsolate. Remembering the long brass rail, he has one in his own bedroom; "so when I get tired setting down I can go and stand up and rest my feet one at a time."

And he still has liquor. "It may get me through a year, and it may run me only about 10 months. But I don't want to much as I use to, for some reason. In course, no gentleman of the old school fingers on less than a quart a day, but there has been times when I exceeded that there limit. Looking back on them times, I don't know whether to be glad or sorry. It's a satisfaction to remember that I had the liquor, but it's a grief to know I won't never have that same liquor again. But at a quart a day, if I'm careful, and don't give any parties to new acquaintances that is took sudden with a love and admiration for me, I'll toddle along fer 10 or 12 months yet. And by that time, something or other will happen in my favor; you see if it don't. Either the cuntry will backslide into iniquity again in spots; or else somebody will die and leave me an island down near Cuba."

Old Soak is fairly well stocked, for he married his daughter to a revenue agent. "I see by the papers they are always trackin' down a couple thousand gallons somewheres or other, and I don't hear no glass crashin' nowheres to indicate where them bottles is bein' busted." His son also became a "revenooer."

MISS MARY CLARK'S TOP-NOTE

(The Brockton Enterprise.)

Miss Clark is called a second Melba and can reach the highest noto of any one yet.

No, Mr. Marquis's wizardry is not lost, and it is only fair to suppose that many of his whimsical Bacchanalian fancies and ingenious rhymes were, and are now, inspired by cold water. He that drives fat oxen need not himself be fat. Mr. Marquis's wit and humor need no alcoholic whip or spur.

June 3 1921

Some time ago the New York Evening Post published a poem by William Rose Benet, entitled "The Fight." The poem was inspired by the mill between Messrs. Wilson and O'Dowd in Madison Square Garden. There are books about boxers and prize fights in days of yore, as "Fistiana," "Boxiana," but there is no anthology of the ring. We should like to see a volume containing Hazlitt's famous essay; choice extracts from Homer and Virgil; Maginn's hexameters, "An Idyl on the Battle" (the fight between Spring and Bill Neat), and his "Luctus on the Death of Sir Daniel Donnelly, Late Champion of Ireland"; Fitz James O'Brien's verses, "The Prize Fight"; the encounter of Lavengro with the Flaming Tinman; Victor Hugo's extraordinary account in "L'Homme qui rit" if the little affair between the "Irishman of Tipperary, called by the name of his native mountain, Phelem-ghe-Madone, and a Scotsman called Helmsgail," with bets exceeding 40,000 guineas, not counting the stakes; pages from "An Amazing Marriage," "Kenelm Chillingley" and "Cashel Byron's Profession." There should be room for George Arnold's "Ballad of Fistiana," published in Vanity Fair of April 14, 1859, a parody of Tennyson's "Oriana." Would that we had room for all the verses; three must suffice, the second, fifth and seventh:

Once, my fame was widely growing,
Fistiana,
Day and night my friends were crowing,
Fistiana;
I was blowing, wine was flowing,
When I was to battle going,
Fistiana;
But, alas! 'twas nought but blowing,
Fistiana.

My heavy counter went aside,
Fistiana,—
The false, false counter went aside;
Fistiana,—
The cursed counter glanced aside;
I missed his nob; my, blow was wide,
Fistiana,—
My blow was very wild and wide,
Fistiana!

O! feeble nose, why didst thou break?
Fistiana!
O! me, so pale and limp and weak,
Fistiana,
I took a smile, but could not speak,
With such a jaw, and lip, and cheek,
Fistiana;
Where fists had played at hide and seek,
Fistiana.

And there should be excerpts from Charles Reade's "The Coming Man" in which Reade speaks of knock-out blows delivered with the left hand in his plea for ambidexterity.

O PARADISE! O PARADISE!

As the World Wags:

I foresee that the size of my garden is going to require the help of a man before the season is much further advanced. To make certain of getting one who will fulfil the requirements, I propose to submit to him the following questions:

Should horse-radish be transplanted when there are mare's tails in the eastern or western skies?

Are potatoes edible if those planted were crosseyed?

By what peculiarities do you distinguish a dead beet?

Do toads in the garden cause warts on Hubbard squashes?

What are the inferences if one sees more than five snakes in the garden.

At what exact distance from his ears does a snake's tail begin?

Did Dean Swift have witch grass in his garden? If so, why did he write that anyone who could make "two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind . . . than the whole race of politicians put together"?

What celebrated gardener wrote, "Soft rain slides to the root, and nourishes, where great storms make a noise, wet but the skin i'th earth, and run away in a channel"? G. S. W. K.

Newtonville.

P. S.—Readers of "As the World Wags" are to consider the position as open, and, if desirous of the job, may send answers in care of the editor.

"HAIL AND FAREWELL"

The character of Mr. Marquis's verse may be known by the titles: "The Last Case of Gin," "In the Old Days," "The Battle of the Keyholes," "Chant Royal of the Dejected Dipsomaniac." Perhaps the most amusing poem is "A Kansas Tragedy." We make room for "In the Old Days":

Liquor there is, but, oh! the Bar is gone!
The long Brass Rail above the Sawdust Floor,
The gay Hot Dog, the gleaming Cuspidore,
The bright, brave Nose that brave, bright lights shone on.

The jocund Barkeep, Ed or Al or John,
The ribald jest I loved, the answering roar
That jangled the glasses, shook the swinging door—
Liquor there is, but these delights are done!

In the old days when bubbles winked at me,
In the glad days when I was steeped in Rum,
I played the Prospero to fantasy,
I drank and bade my Ariel fancies come . .
But I have lost my ancient wizardry,
And mine old self, my lyric self, is dumb.

MARTINEZ QUARTET GIVES CONCERT

Program of Wide Range Presented in Jordan Hall

Under the auspices of the American and British Federation the Martinez quartet gave a concert last night in Jordan Hall. Assisting artists were: Ruth Collingbourne, violinist; Elizabeth Siedoff, pianist, and Hubert Holleck, flutist. A lengthy program meandered pleasingly from "Rockin' in de Win'" to the "Cielo e Mar" aria of "La Gioconda." The Martinez quartet is not a very experienced one, but the members sang effectively both as an ensemble and as individuals. Miss Irene Pelghaire, soprano, was perhaps the most accomplished, because what she lacked in experience she readily made up in a wealth of enthusiasm and appreciation of what she sang.

June 5 1921

Little, Brown & Co. have published the third volume of "Little Theatre Classics," plays adapted and edited by Samuel A. Eliot, Jr. These plays are "Bushido," adapted from "Terakoya" or "The Village School," otherwise called "Matsu, the Pine Tree," by Takeda Idzumo (1746); George Peele's "The Old Wife's Tale" (written about 1595); "Pericles" from Shakespeare's play (published in 1609); and "The Duchess of Pavy," adapted from John Ford's "Love's Sacrifice" (1633).

"Bushido" was performed in M. C. Marcus's version by the Washington Square Players, New York, in 1916. It has been performed since then in several Little Theatres. It is a tragic episode showing the ancient idea of honor among the Japanese, even among the children, and to what length this idea of loyalty to a ruler will carry them. In this respect the play may be classed with John Masefield's "The Faithful," a dramatization of a story told by Chikamatsu Monzaemon in a play narrating an exploit of the Forty-Seven Ronin; but "Bushido" is pathetic to a greater degree, painfully pathetic, and it has for an element, surprise. Skilfully constructed, it leads to one great climax.

Peele's comedy is a parody of the popular delight in fairy dramas. It is conspicuous for picturesqueness and the joyous, hearty humor we find in Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday." Like Peele's "David and Bethsabe," it shows the author a poet rather than a dramatist. The play is loosely made, but it is entertaining. As Mr. Eliot says, it is for production by Little Theatres or amateurs; he might have added, also for a special, sympathetic audience.

"Pericles" has long been a stumbling block to Shakespearian scholars, and there has been hot discussion concerning the authorship. The coarseness of the scenes attributed to Rowley, scenes that are similar in character to some in "The Custom of the Country" by Beaumont and Fletcher, have prevented some from doing justice to the finer pages. In its day the play was popular. In 1854 Samuel Phelps revived it with elaborately spectacular effects, for heavy demands are made on the scene painter and the stage mechanics. Phelps, however, omitted old Gower's lines in narration of the story. In the condensed version published by Mr. Eliot the story of Marina gains in value; the poetical beauty is more pronounced. There is need, Mr. Eliot says, of much music: an overture expressing "the smiling treachery of the sea"; a prelude picturing the dumb grief of Pericles; storm music and also dreamy music. "Of course no earthly instrument should attempt to represent that music of the spheres which only Pericles in the clairaudient transport of his joy can bear. For Marina's song, a beautifully sad, strange melody can be improvised by anyone with musical sense; but for the hymns of Diana's priestesses which prelude and conclude Scene III, something should be formally composed or searched out from the vestiges of old Greek music." Here Mr. Eliot ventures on foreign ground. What "vestiges of old Greek music" could be found for this purpose? There is music of Gluck that might serve: it may be said and without a desire to be paradoxical that Gluck in three of his operas was more Grecian in spirit than were the Greeks themselves, if one can judge from the scanty "vestiges" that have come down to us. When Possart brought out a version of "Pericles" in Munich, Karl Freiherr von Perfall wrote music for it, which probably was forgotten long ago by those who heard it, for Perfall was a solemn, dignified person who, a lawyer and government official, studied music at Leipsic in the forties, founded an oratorio society in Munich and was Intendant of the Court Theatre from 1867 till 1893, writing operas and chorus works: a composer ex-officio one might say. "Pericles," in Mr. Eliot's version would be worth seeing, though Barrett Wendell speaking of it and "Timon of Athens" maintained that Shakespeare when he wrote them felt a sort of lethargy creeping over him.

Some may be surprised that Mr. Eliot chose Ford's "Love's Sacrifice" praises it for "the stunning combination of theatric effusion of unreal sensations and true convincing analysis of a woman's soul"; that he extols Bianca's "humanness"; that she "could not be more perfect." Certain modern admirers of Ford's genius, like Swinburne and Havelock Ellis, have not been able to stomach Bianca. Mr. Ellis says: "The story of the youth who falls in love with his friend's wife, and when he has aroused in her stronger nature a passion far deeper than his own, shrinks back realizing his falsehood, is true to nature and wrought with Ford's finest art and insight. But we can only smile when we hear these lovers—

'Hid in a rock of fire,
Guarded by ministers of flaming hell'—

celebrated as miracles of chastity and truth. In so complete a moral collapse as this (unless we choose to regard it as intentional irony). . . . Ford shows that he was the child of a society tainted by the affectation of purity."

Swinburne was characteristically vehement in denunciation. "I trust that I shall not be liable to any charge of puritan prudery though I avow that this play of "Love's Sacrifice" is to me intolerable. In the literal and genuine sense of the word, it is utterly indecent, unseemly and unfit for handling. The conception is essentially foul because it is essentially false; and in the sight of art nothing is so foul as falsehood. The incestuous indulgence of Giovanni and Annabella" (in Ford's great play), "is not improper for dramatic treatment; the obscene abstinence of Fernando and Bianca is wholly improper. . . . For once, to my own wonder and regret, I find myself at one with the venomous moralist Gifford on a question of morals, when he observes of 'that most innocent lady' that 'she is, in fact, a gross and profligate adulteress, and her ridiculous reservations, while they mark her lubricity, only enhance her shame.'"

Hazlitt confessed that he could not write con amore about John Ford. He found him "finical and fastidious." He admitted he thus dissented with diffidence from the judgment of some. He probably had Charles Lamb in mind. It is not easy to understand how Hazlitt failed to appreciate the great tragedy of Giovanni and Anabella. Surely the title did not offend him, for he praises the play of Dekker which has the same strong old biblical monosyllable in the title. When this tragedy in a somewhat softened version by Maeterlinck was produced at the Theatre de l'Oeuvre in Paris (Nov. 6, 1894), the title was changed to "Annabella."

Mr. Eliot has supplied informing introductions, full directions for the scenic production, and an analysis of each character in the plays. He has also given minute stage directions in order that the players may dilate with the proper emotions. Take Ford's tragedy, for example. Here is Mr. Eliot's description of Duke Caraffa, "degenerate," the husband of Bianca.

"He is about 30 years old, but terribly wasted, from bad blood inherited, and his own dissolute youth. He is hysterical to the point of epilepsy, and his reason is likely at any moment to give place to passion approaching mania. When not tense with excitement, he is so feeble that he must lean heavily on his attendants. His eyes are half-closed normally, but can flash lightnings. His dress should be the most flamboyant, eye-alluring, of them all; but when he enters for the last scene it should be much disordered and bespatttered. Perhaps he and his followers in this entrance should wear black half-masks which he would doff when left facing Bianca." Is there any warrant in the play itself for the details of this description? And see what Mr. Eliot has to say about Bianca, "a simple gentlewoman."

"Not frivolously but with tragic mind resolved to surrender and there end her life, she comes to Fernando's bed; and his refusal of the sacrifice, betray although it does his shallowness, only increases her desire. She learns to know herself, the profoundly passionate elements within her, and in this full, frank self-consciousness, healthy, nigh glad, and free from fear, she confronts the poor crazed Duke and for self-realization dies." Was Ford aware that he was thus a psychologist?

Let us see how Mr. Eliot has amplified the original stage directions. "Love's Sacrifice" was acted at the Phoenix in Drury Lane and published in 1633 as "a tragedy received generally well." The source of the story is not known. It has been said that the passages in which the Duke's secretary excites his master's jealousy were suggested by "Othello." In his condensation Mr. Eliot joins the first scene of act 5 to the fourth scene of act 2, making one scene—a bedchamber in the palace, whereas in the original the latter scene is in Fernando's bedroom, the former in the bedchamber of the Duchess. We give a few directions found in the original — we quote from the Mermaid edition—and in Mr. Eliot's version.

FORD: Enter Bianca, her hair loose, in her night mantle. She draws a curtain, and Fernando is discovered in bed, sleeping. She sets down the candle and goes to the bedside.

ELIOT: A candle flickers, off right, nearer and nearer. Slowly Bianca enters, her hair loose, clad only in white nightgown and black mantle. She steals to the bed and studies Fernando, shielding his face from the candle-light.

Then come many directions not in the original.

ELIOT. Bianca is speaking: "To witness that I speak in truth, look here! (She lays off her mantle). Thus singly (grasping her nightgown) I adventure," etc.

Here Mr. Eliot possibly had in mind the note of Gifford that "singly" refers not to the absence of attendants, but to the single garment in which she was clad. But Mr. Eliot supplies her with a mantle as well as a nightgown.

After Fernando's speech to her:

"Use that force
And make me perjur-ed; for whiles your lips
Are made the book, it is a sport to swear,
And glory to forswear."

Mr. Eliot adds: (They kiss delirously, repeatedly).

Bianca confronts the Duke:

THE DUKE: Prepare to die!

FORD: Bianca (opens her bosom) I do.

ELIOT: Bianca with both hands pulls her nightgown as low in front as it will go.

And so through all the plays in this volume Mr. Eliot leads the veriest amateur by the hand. The book will be of great assistance to amateur societies purposing a production. The introductions to the plays may be read with profit by students of the drama. There are four illustrations: two of scenes in "Bushido," one from "The Old Wife's Tale," as produced by Bryn Mawr College and one from "Pericles," as produced by the Smith College Theatre Workshop.

For Pianists

(From the London Times)

The elder school of players put the music first and themselves second. They regarded the pianoforte as a musical instrument which had a nature of its own and a treatment proper to it. It never occurred to them that the classics needed to be brought up to date—to be apologized for, in fact—by extreme emphasis or exaggerated tempo. They valued and did not flout, convention; because without convention music falls to pieces just as chess would if you took seven or nine rows of squares instead of eight. And so when they played the model they had something to tell us about them; they could bring to them a ga

...ed wisdom. . . . Neither do half-hearted people make any real distinctions between one line of country and another. They do not see that the trivial round furnishes all they need to ask, and so when the prophet bids them to do some great thing they are not ready. . . . It follows that such people never get the full size of the man on whom, by their playing, they are writing an essay. They play Chopin for many reasons—because they have read that he had a feather touch and they think they have, because he is full of climaxes and they love climaxes, because they have a special theory of rubato to promulgate, or just because no program would be complete without him. They have not divined, music has never whispered in their ear, that he was a man who produced a revolution (both in the art as a whole and in their special department), and said nothing about it.

Elsa Foerster

Elsa Foerster, whose performance of Aida at the Globe Theatre won the warm approval of critics and audiences, appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House when she was 9 years old, taking the child's part in Humperdinck's "Koenigskinder." Her father was then a member of the orchestra. Although she was at the Metropolitan Opera House for four and a half seasons, she kept this fact from her schoolmates. In New York and in Philadelphia she sang the off-scene solo in "L'Amore dei Tre Re." After serious study, she joined a year and a half ago the Fleck company, and has sung the operas of the repertoire: Aida one night, Marguerite the next, Nedda, and so on. Young and ambitious, interested in the future of opera in this country, Miss Foerster confidently looks forward to the time when she will again be on the Metropolitan Opera House stage, but not as a singer of child parts.

In the Playhouse

To the Editor of The Herald:

The allusion to "The Enchantress" and your reminiscences of the good old opening choruses at minstrel shows were interesting. I missed only "Hail Smiling Morn!" and the chorus that commenced "The Tiger Crouched in the Wood." What was the latter from? And wasn't the second part of the entertainment that was called "Olio" while the opening was called "The First Part"?

The last time I saw Ward and Curran in "The Terrible Judge," Ward was "Hap Ward," not "Pop" Ward. I saw the Richings at the old Selwyn's Theatre with the Buckley Minstrels in a burlesque of "La Sonnambula." A consideration of the best of the many Song and Dance teams—from them came several of our comic opera comedians, as Francis Wilson, Golden, Dixie, Jimmie Powers, Charlie Reed (in "Ruddigore") and others—not omitting Harrigan and Hart in the "Little Frauds" would be interesting. There never has been anything to replace the good old song and dance. But the more recent "Bunth and Rudd" in a soft shoe dance was funnier than even the old-timers.

Well, JAMES B. RUSSELL.

Mr. Russell refers to the old glee "The Tiger Couches" (not "crouched") as he has it) "in the wood." It is to be found in Sir Henry R. Bishop's opera, "The Maniac, or The Swiss Banditti," which was produced in London on March 15, 1810. The words are by S. J. Arnold. The glee is for solo alto, two tenors and bass. The solo was first sung by an ode to rejoicing in the name of J. Smith. "The Maniac" was first performed by the Drury Lane company at the Lyceum, as the Drury Lane Theatre was burned to the ground in 1809. The first lines of the glee are:

The tiger couches in the wood
And waits to shed the traveler's blood,
And so couch we.

Mr. Russell is right about the position of the "olio" in the minstrel show. Who originated the phrase, "opening load"?

Bryant's Minstrels in Fourteenth Street, New York, in the late sixties, the 1 stated that "the felicity will eventuate at"—and then the hour was named. Halcyon days!—Ed.

Reminiscences of Tom Thumb in the Forties and the Fifties

To the Editor of The Herald:

In answer to this inquiry a dear old lady of 82 wrote the other day to the Observant Citizen" that she saw him years ago with Barnum's Circus, then performing at St. Louis; that "he was dressed in Gen. Putnam style, with cocked hat and a white feather; and he talked to the people and sang several songs in a pleasing manner." Charles S. Stratton, known to all the "crowned heads" of Europe as well as to thousands of ordinary people as "Gen. Tom Thumb," was born in 1838 in Bridgeport, Ct., long afterwards the winter home of the Barnum & Bailey show, and the residence of the great showman himself. So when this old lady saw him she was 6 years old and he was a promising lad of 7. I think I must have seen him first in 1855 or thereabouts, when he was about 16 and I was 7 or 8. He used to give impersonations of "Napoleon at St. Helena," with folded arms, the familiar cocked hat and a stern, not to say truculent, look on his face; "Ajax Defying the Lightning" in white cashmere tights, etc., and when he left the stage to "change" he would always make a polite bow and say "I will return in a very few moments." There was a song he used to sing in a squeaky falsetto, the refrain of which was, "I kissed George and George kissed me as we went bobbin' around."

I have seen him many times, both on the stage and riding about in his little coach, with his coachman on the box and one or two footmen behind. This coachman was Maj. Nutt, who was a client of mine many years ago, and when he came in to consult me he always stood up so that his head came just above the arm of my chair. He was a nice little chap, though, and knew what he wanted and what his rights were. Sometimes he would bring his wife in with him—a full-grown fine-looking woman, as I remember her, and I believe they had a couple of children, perhaps more. I was going up the subway steps one evening at Boylston street and I saw ahead of me a small figure climbing slowly up the stairs, and when I overtook him and saw who it was I said: "Well, major, how are you and where are you going this evening?" "Oh," said he, "this is lodge night and I am going to my lodge." I suppose this gave him the additional distinction of being the smallest "Free and Accepted Mason" in the state, or possibly the country.

However, my object in writing was to give a personal recollection of the general as a private citizen which I hope may be of interest. When I was a schoolboy, which was quite a while ago, and the old Marlboro Hotel still stood on Washington street, the firm of Fowle & Co., known to most Boston people of those days as carpet dealers, occupied a store on the opposite side of the street. One summer morning I came down from Roxbury (where I was born, by the way) with my father, who took me with him to call on one of the firm who was an intimate friend of his, and while they were talking in the show room on the second floor, I amused myself by looking out of the window, when suddenly I heard something rattling against the window panes, as if a handful of pebbles or shot had been thrown against them; and, looking across the street, I saw just above the sill of an open window of the hotel a large, round head, which I at once recognized as that of the general. While I was looking at him he raised a pea-shooter to his lips, distended his cheeks, and a shower of peas came spattering against the window pane. As he was only two feet high, according to the encyclopedia, he must have been standing on a footstool, and even at that he could not look down into the street, where some of the peas, of course, fell on the people passing along the sidewalk, who were unable to tell where they came from, as his head could not have been seen from the ground. I watched him for some time, and, as well as I could see from across the street, he seemed to be enjoying himself very much. There was a man in the room with him, but whether it was the great P. T. himself, or only an attendant, I am unable to say.

So I think I have answered the query, "Has anybody seen Tom Thumb?" (not Kelley), as few, if any, persons can do. There are doubtless hundreds, or thousands, of old people who have seen him on the stage or in public prior to 1883; when he died, but I saw the great little man taking his diversion at a moment of relaxation from his professional labors, and that, I believe, is more than many can say, unless, perhaps, those who were his usual associates in private life. L. G. FARMER.

Boston.

Gen. Tom Thumb was introduced to the public at Barnum's Museum, New York, in December, 1842. It is said that Barnum found him in Bridgeport, Ct., at the age of 5, and advertised him as being 11 years old; that Barnum secured him for four weeks at a salary of $3 and board for himself and his mother; that at the end of four weeks the salary was raised to $7.—Ed.

Martial Teneo Discourses About the Theatre in Paris

M. Martial Teneo is contributing to the London Daily Telegraph interesting articles about new and old plays at Parisian theatres.

Speaking of the revival of "Ariane and Barbe-Bleu" at the Opera-Comique in his letter of May 12, he says that the managers gave out that they yielded to the unanimous desire of the "true" musicians. "Who are the 'true' musicians? Without any doubt they are the disciples and passionate admirers of composers of high, exceptional merit from the symphonic point of view, but devoid of the theatrical gift, without which, though one had the genius of a Beethoven, one would me unable to conquer the great public. It is certain that the managers of our second lyrical theatre have no illusions in that respect. No more today than yesterday is the work of MM. Maurice Maeterlinck and Paul Dukas destined to become popular. Admirable music, no doubt, it is, but the art is sealed to the eyes of the crowd, and therefore above and beyond their taste and understanding." M. Teneo praises warmly, as singer and actress, Mlle. Balguerie, who took the part of Ariane. "She displayed a most lively intelligence in avoiding all the theatrical conventions. It is extremely difficult to be simple and noble at one and the same time. That is only the achievement of instinct."

"I experience an instinctive horror for everything that is not the fruit of a sincere temperament. I may add—is it an effect of the war?—that I love life—the life that is ardent and truly human. But M. Paul Claudel, a mighty traveler before the Lord, and, in addition, a consul, that is to say, a representative functionary, does not love life. His mystery, 'L'Annonce faite a Marie,' produced at the Comodie-Montaigne, is, on his own confession, a play 'steeped in liturgy and mediaeval faith.' That resembles the confused light which would be strained through Gothic windows. It is the work of a romantic mystic which has nothing at all of Christian humanity; it cries aloud of pride and the love of the abstruse, and makes no avowal of unstudied loyalty. It has been called a masterpiece. That is possible. But then it is a masterpiece in which the search for singularity is added to contempt for our human tendernesses. Finally, to bring everything back to the question which concerns me, does it belong to the theatre? No, a thousand times, no! Not all the magic of that admirable creator, M. Gemier, can make our souls in these days after carnage place the idea of passive charity above the idea of justice, or cause them to agree that obscurity proves depth of thought, that mannerism is superior to clearness in words, and that the want of action is preferable to the movements aroused by human, that is to say, combative, feelings. M. Claudel may entrench himself behind 'la verite catholique,' but I shall not go to seek him in order to discuss the theatre with him. I would rather read St. Augustine when I want to keep in contact with the interior dramas of our humanity."

Mr. Teneo, when he saw the first performance of "L'Assommoir"—it was in 1879—was a young man. He then admired the drama as a piece of revolutionary daring: "greatly to the scandal of the circle of silly parvenus in which I was compelled to live in those days. Its realism seemed to me horrible, but it was, therefore, moral according to the theory of the master of Medan. Now that which appeared to be daring strikes me as dull; the pleasantries of Mes-Bottes have assumed the lamentable tone of the wit of the cafe-concert; I smile at the tirades of honest Goujet, and the misfortunes of Gervaise permit my pity to sleep in peace. That is due chiefly to the decrepitude of the mise-en-scene. The 'assommoir' of Pere Colombe dates back to the end of the Empire and no longer exists. It has been replaced by the glittering, attractive bar, filled with the noise of a gramophone or an orchestrion. Why not have rejuvenated the external side of the drama, so that the drama itself should still have an application? That is all the more desirable because, by a clearer appreciation of reality, after having seen so much 'verisme' succeed to the 'naturalisme' which claimed to cure vice by the horror of its calculated effects, we are no longer interested in the sophisticated truth. . . . The lesson to be drawn from this somewhat untimely revival is that the theatre, if it is to retain its capacity for living, must not depend upon passing exceptions, but upon the eternal veritics."

A play by the Norwegian Wiers-Jenssen may be reduced to this: "A young woman of good family, cajoled by a servant, has yielded to a boor, who makes her a mother. She dies of moral anguish and shame in giving birth to a child, which is destined to follow her very shortly to the grave. Then the father, since he is authorized thereto by the Norwegian law, demands his rights and becomes proprietor of a fine chateau and master of an appreciable fortune. The company of that excellent manager, M. Darzens, did its best in attempting to arouse our interest in this "fait-divers" diluted into three acts. Strindberg's 'Madameoiselle Julie' dates from a time when we were being poisoned by a highly seasoned literature, both bookish and theatrical. The heroine, daughter of a noble race, brought up to despise men, falls in love one day with her father's valet. She is not seduced; she deliberately imposes herself on the servant. Then, confronted by the enormity of her sin and the possible consequences, after long internal battles, which I freely admit are not without beauty, she commits suicide.

M. Pitoeff, whose summary, curtailed talent, all in impotent spasms, I confess I do not understand—I beg the pardon of those who, out of snobbery, find it admirable—makes a singularly equivocal and droll character out of the valet. As for Mme. Pitoeff, generally so delightful, in attempting a role which is not in her line, she presented us with an ingenuous and timid Mademoiselle Julie, instead of a fantastic, headstrong being who acts only by impulse. A great mistake! Who was it that said, "Light comes to us from the north?"

Paul Claudel's Symbolism

M. Teneo's opinion of Paul Claudel's "L'Annonce faite a Marie" is quoted above. As the play is unusual, the following review (dated May 6) by the Paris correspondent of the London Times is interesting:

"M. Paul Claudel is an author whom one either passionately admires or violently dislikes, and the revival of his mystery play, 'L'Annonce faite a Marie'—M. Gemie has just put it on again at the Comedie-Montaigne—was therefore awaited with curiosity by a good many people. In 1912, when M. Lugne-Poe produced it at the Maison de l'Oeuvre, the hostile voices were almost drowned in the chorus that acclaimed a new 'masterpiece.' Now, after nine years, there do not seem to be quite so many whose enthusiasm goes as far as that, and those who find beauty in M. Claudel's work, even though they are not devotees like the true disciples, seem to be more courageous in their criticism. Now even the most timid and artistically snobbish person can safely complain of the obscurity and the 'longeurs' of M. Claudel without fear of ostracizing himself.

"The true believer savors the work of M. Claudel like a perfume, and says, quite reasonably, that he cannot explain his enthusiasm. Either you are moved by Claudel or you are not. The sensation cannot be communicated to another. The frank unbeliever, on the other hand, is exasperated to a fury of impatience and then relapses into helpless boredom. For these two M. Claudel presents no difficulties, but for the rest of the world he is a very 'difficult' writer. To see 'L'Annonce faite a Marie' means a curious evening of exaltation bewilderment and boredom—and then again exaltation, bewilderment and boredom.

"What is the meaning of this story of a young girl, the douce Violaine, who chastely kisses her young man because he is sad, and by her kiss cures him of leprosy but becomes herself stricken with the disease, so that she has silently to leave her real lover and let him think she has been unfaithful rather than that she is doomed to die? When he marries her wicked sister and they have a child that dies, the wife takes the dead infant to the refuge in the forest where the leper girl lives as a saint, and the saint restores the child to life—but with blue eyes like her own instead of brown eyes like the mother's. What meaning has this? In the original version of the play, written many years ago, Violaine was struck not leprous but blind, and it was not life but only sight that she gave back to the child. Now there is the resurrection instead of healing. What symbol is here? And when Violaine dies, killed by her ungrateful sister, who thinks that the husband still loves the stricken woman, the young man who had been cured of leprosy appears again and he has become a builder of cathedrals.

"One feels M. Claudel's devotion to the Catholic Church, but what means this builder of churches who was a leper and is cured? And why do trumpets occasionally blare outside while the characters talk obscurely of the King of France? M. Claudel believes in King and Church, but in the play what does he mean? Part of one's mind is always wandering from the action of the play to wonder, and yet that wonder is continually swept away by some music in the words or some profound human feeling in the characters. The acting is admirable, particularly the douce, douce Violaine of Mlle. Eve Francis. The chants to the music written by the Abbe Brun are very beautiful, and, though its simplicity is somewhat pretentious, the scenery is good. It was an anti-Claudelian who dismissed it contemptuously as 'Reinhardt and Vichy.'"

THE POPS

making his programs. One of the most popular of the season will be the operatic program, which occurs next Tuesday, June 7. The Y. W. C. A. and Boston University have taken next Monday and next Friday nights respectively for their own celebrations. All other nights of the week, however, are open to the public, including Business Women's Club Night on Tuesday, Technology Night next Wednesday, with a particularly lively program, and Euclid Lodge night next Thursday. The programs of the week follow:

Tuesday

OPERATIC PROGRAM

Cortege from "The Queen of Sheba".....Gounod
Overture to "The Sicilian Vespers".....Verdi
Waltz from "Eugen Onegin".....Tschaikowsky
Fantasia, "Madame Butterfly".....Puccini
Prelude to the "Mastersingers of Nuremberg" Wagner
Dance of the Priestesses from "Samson and Delilah".....Saint-Saens
Ballet Music from "La Gioconda".....Ponchielli
Intermezzo from "Cleopatra's Night"...Hadley
Selection, "Carmen".....Bizet
Intermezzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana"....Mascagni
Coronation March from "The Prophet." Meyerbeer

Wednesday

TECHNOLOGY NIGHT

French Military March.....Saint-Saens
Overture to "Rienzi".....Wagner
Waltz, "La Barcarolle".....Waldteufel
Sketch, "Happiness Blues".....Gage '22
Rhapsody, "Espana".....Chabrier
Minuet.....Boccherini
Fantasia, "Il Trovatore".....Verdi
"Tech" songs (with organ)
Selection, "Cavalleria Rusticana"....Mascagni
"Love's Dream After the Ball".....Czibulka
"Stars and Stripes Forever".....Sousa

Thursday

Military Polonaise.....Chopin-Glazounoff
Waltzes from "Der Rosenkavalier".R. Strauss
Song (selected)
Fantasia, "Samson and Delilah"..Saint-Saens
Finlandia.....Sibelius
Solo for Organ with Orchestra.
Fantaisie Dialoguee.....Boellmann
Homer Humphrey.

Elli, Elli,
(Arranged for orchestra by Jacchia)
Overture to "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner
Selection from the Filene show "Home Brew".....R. L. Harlow
Waltz, "Jolly Fellows".....Vollstedt
Finale from the Fourth Symphony.Tschaikowsky

Saturday

Charge of the Hussars.....Spindler
Overture to "Mignon".....Thomas
Waltz, "The Kiss".....Arditi
Fantasia, "The Tales of Hoffmann".Offenbach
Finale of "Scheherazade"....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Valse Triste.....Sibelius
German Dance, "The Sleigh Ride".....Mozart
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner
Selection, "The Fortune Teller".....Herbert
Waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song".....Strauss
March, "Semper Fidelis".....Sousa

June 6. 192

There was talk at the Porphyry about week-end visits, dinner parties, what is known to some as "social enjoyment." Old Auger, conservative and thrifty, sermonized on the text that no one should accept hospitality unless he was able to return it. He went so far as to be personal. "Look at Harold Ferguson and his wife. They accept every invitation that is offered, but they never give a dinner and Mrs. Ferguson never entertains her friends at luncheon. Ferguson once said to me: 'You know we have only one servant; our flat is small; I cannot afford to give my friends the sort of a dinner they would expect.' Then, why is he willing, I won't say eager, to dine out so much?"

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, while old Auger was prating, showed signs of impatience. At last he broke out: "Auger, there are some hosts and hostesses, strange as it may seem to you, who do not keep a set of books. They don't put down: 'Jan. 6, dinner at Golightly's; returned May 16. Feb. 18, the Fergusons dined with us. June 1, the Fergusons have not returned our dinner. Mem. Not to ask them again.' Did it ever occur to you that Harold Ferguson is an uncommonly entertaining and intelligent man; that any guest would be happy to sit next to Mrs. Ferguson? I have met her only once, but I found her a delightful person, for when she talked with me I was led to believe that I was the only man in the world. The Fergusons enliven a dinner party, and the Lord knows that a dinner in Boston is often a dull affair, especially when the guests are among 'our best people,' to use the haberdasher's pet phrase. If I were a rich man and entertained lavishly, I should invite the Fergusons often. Ferguson might say to Croesus: 'You supply a good dinner; I have more than ordinary intelligence; I am rather amusing; I and my wife make your party a success.' A prominent Bostonian, a man of international reputation as a writer on economical and political subjects—he died some years ago—was once reproached by a cad for having courted and won a rich woman. He answered: 'We are very happy; she furnishes the money; I provide brains.' Furthermore, Croesus, if he were invited to the Fergusons, would probably not enjoy himself. Unless, like the man in Thackeray's story, he could content himself with chops, potatoes and ale. Now, alas, there's no ale. I was reading Thomas Walker's 'The Original' yesterday, and made notes for my sociological volumes—I may have mentioned my magnum opus to you. Here is one I happen to have with me. Let me read it to you: 'Poor men of good birth are often excluded from mixed society by their own folly, and by other causes; but where they are men of the world, they are generally among the most ready to partake of its good things without troubling themselves overmuch about the return; and I never knew one of such who was foolish enough to be restrained in its intercourse by notions of strict reciprocity.' At the same time, Auger, give me a chop at the Fergusons' rather than a pompous, swollen feast at the house of John D. Croesus." Old Auger puffed and snorted; then took up the evening newspaper and turned at once to the report of the stock market. Mr. Johnson told us as we were leaving the club that he was to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Croesus next Tuesday, and asked us whether in June a dinner coat would be in good form, or would he be obliged to don a claw-hammer. As if we knew!

MR. WITHERSPOON'S REJOINDER

As the World Wags:

Whenever I write a really good yarn about the sea it always happens that some pink whiskered ancient mariner who knows more about ships than Noah ever did, bobs up and fixes his glittering eye on my brain child, sounds the loud bassoon and proceeds to make me look like 30 Austrian kronen.

At the same time I hold that the story about the Mount Royal wasn't loose. It may have been licentious. I took the Mount Royal through the canal because it was convenient, and put 30 men aboard her for the same reason. If B. B. E. had wanted to be really critical he should have noted the fact that any ship with 30 men forward would have had more than two officers.

Your correspondent is wrong about there being no big square riggers in the Far Eastern trade in the nineties. There was quite a scattering of them. Some even made this port. Along in '96 or '97 I remember one moonlight night seeing a full rigged ship under a mountain of canvas, a couple of hundred miles off the coast stepping along towards Boston. She looked as big as the pyramid of Cheops, and if she had fewer than 25 men she was short handed. I forget her name, but heard afterwards that she was from the East. I dare say some of the waterfront reporters of the time would remember.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Boston.

FITTING BUT LIMITED INCOME

As The World Wags:

I have no doubt that Mr. Herkimer Johnson, eminent no less as an economist than as a sociologist, is, like myself, in favor of a limitation of incomes. My own has been limited for a long time. I should be very glad to supply a differential equation for a graduated income tax, which was really graduated. (Not at this moment, since I am en route for the other side of the pond, but I shall be back directly I have sold my dog, as the English dramatist makes Lincoln say). Well, I see that in Florida a law is to be passed limiting the income of lawyers to $3000 per annum. I cordially agree with this principle, but it should be carried farther, as is doubtless intended in the sunny South, in that state whose capital Mr. Edison tells us is Tallahassee. I therefore beg to submit the following tablo of incomes to be "not over":

Lawyer	$3,000
Banker	10,000
Minister, ordinary (they are used to it)	700
Minister, good	10,000
Washerwoman, plain	800
Washerwoman (can wash shirts without dissolving them)	3,000
Stenographer, ordinary	800
Stenographer (can spell)	2,500
Stenographers (can speli and listen)	6,000
Plumber, ordinary	500
Plumber (can plumb without string and putty)	5,000
Mathematical physicist	50,000
Engineer, ordinary	2,000
Bond salesman	100
Engineer, real	10,000
Engineer (first-class, Hoover)	200,000
Questionairist	250

This is merely a sample, but will do to start conversation.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Montreal.

June 7 192

'RIGHT GIRL'

By PHILIP HALE

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Right Girl," a musical comedy in three acts; book and lyrics by Raymond W. Peck; music by Percy Wenrich (orchestrated by Arthur Lange). J. Albert Browne, musical conductor. Produced by Virgil Randolph.

Anthony Stanton	Charles Purcell
Henry Watkins	Robert Woolsey
John Freeman	Frank Munnell
Barry Darcy	Tom Lewis
Dera Darcy	Ruth Rollins
Molly Darcy	Dolly Connolly
Arthur Cadman	Harry Redding
Valera Valador	Francesca Rotoli
A Bootlegger	Louis F. Spaulding
One of Anthony's friends	Elma Decker
Messenger	Bud Davidson

When a large audience laughs uproariously at every word and gesture of a hard-working comedian; when nearly every song is applauded so that it is repeated over and over again, a musical comedy may be truthfully said to be a success as far as the public is concerned. It is hardly necessary, therefore, to inquire into the quality of this entertainment. The material has nothing of so novel a nature that it will perplex or startle an audience. We see again the young man who is told that he is penniless, while in fact he possesses a valuable oil field in Mexico. Again there is the smooth schemer who wishes to cheat the ignorant and poor young man, also his future father-in-law. The schemer plots to rob Anthony of his sweetheart. Mexico naturally suggests an attractive and fiery Spanish girl, used as a tool by the villain. We see again the choleric and thirsty old gentleman. This time he has a niece who sings and dances. There is a comic ex-justice from New Jersey. There are many jests about prohibition, but at the time we left the theatre there had not been any merry quips about Mr. Einstein or Mr. Edison, nor had there been any allusion to the Bolsheviki. For this deliberate reticence or pardonable forgetfulness on the part of the librettist we were deeply grateful.

The costumes are pretty; the piece is well mounted; there is the requisite animation on the part of the principals and chorus; there is sentimental and lively music. Miss Connolly has much to do and does it with aplomb. Her arch delivery of "You'll Get Nothing from Me" was a feature of the evening. Miss Rotoli, pleasing to the eye, experienced in legitimate comedy, gave distinction to a part that played by another would have seemed of little importance. Miss Rollins has the voice traditionally assigned by moralists to consoience.

Mr. Purcell sang and acted in manly fashion. Mr. Lewis was amusing in the good old-fashioned manner, not relying on an eccentric delivery or mugging, or foolish lines; a man of genuine humor, whose thirst was contagious. As we have hinted, Mr. Woolsey was indefatigable, always the Johnny-on-the-spot, funny at times; at times exciting the sympathy of some on account of his long sentence to hard labor.

Two of the minor characters—they were only on the stage for a few minutes—Mr. Spaulding, the bootlegger, and Mr. Davidson, the messenger boy, were genuinely funny. The young women of the chorus were more conspicuous vocally than as dancers. The dancing was, for the most part, perfunctory, if not amateurish.

F. C. F. has favored The Herald with this letter:

"I went into a restaurant on Boylston street for my luncheon. I asked the waitress if there was a place where I could wash my hands. 'No,' she answered, 'all we have here is a lavatory.'"

The answer of the waitress is peculiarly interesting, for it shows the changes in the history of a word.

"Lavatory" first meant a vessel for washing, a laver, a bath. In Thomas Blount's "Glossographia; or a Dictionary Interpreting the Hard Words of Whatsoever Language Now Used in Our refined English Tongue"—a curious book, erroneously described by Allibone as "a dictionary of obscure legal terms"—we find "Lavatory, a vessel or place to wash in, such is that at the Buttery door of the Inner Temple, where the Gentlemen wash their hands; also a Laundry." (We quote from the 5th edition, 1681). The word also meant a lotion, a wash. It still means today the ritual washing of the celebrant's hands, at the offertory or after the cleansing of the vessels following the communion. Stevenson in his "Inland Voyage" uses "a floating lavatory" for "a floating laundry."

HOW WORDS CHANGE

We have been asked the derivation of the word "toilet." How this word has changed in meaning through the centuries! It comes from the French, "toilette," a diminutive of "toile," meaning cloth. In English it first meant a piece of stuff used as a wrapper for clothes, especially night-clothes, and Peter Lund Simmonds in his "Dictionary of Trade-Products, etc.," (1858), so defined it. In the 17th century a toilet was a towel or cloth to be put over the shoulders during the dressing of the hair; a shawl; also a cloth cover for a dressing table—"toilet cover" is still in use. The word came to mean the articles required in dressing, the furniture of the toilet-table (Chambers' Cyclopaedia, 1727-1741). "The dressing box, wherein are kept the paints, pomatums, essences, patches, etc., the pincushion, powder box, brushes, etc., are esteemed parts of the equipage of a lady's toilet." At the end of the 17th century toilet was also the table on which the articles were placed.

Not till late in the 17th century did toilet come to mean, the process of dressing, probably from the phrase "at her toilet" (or toilet table).

A singular use of the word came into fashion early in the 18th century: "the reception of visitors by a lady during the concluding stages of her toilet." Lord Chesterfield wrote: "I carried him a little time ago to a lady's toilette, who was delighted with him."

In the 19th century "toilet" was a manner or style of dressing, also a costume, a gown. Truth, 1883: "Lady Dudley's black toilette was much admired."

When Byron portrayed Donna Julia indignant with her husband:

"There is the closet, there the toilet, there
The antechamber—search them under, over;
There is the sofa, there the great arm chair,
The chimney—which would really hold a lover."

The word "toilet" stood for "dressing room."

Late in the 19th century the cleansing of a part after a surgical operation became known as the toilet. The Daily Telegraph spoke of the necessity of flushing the streets with water for the "toilet of London."

Then there is a curious use of the word now common in the United States. There is a vile verb "to toilet" meaning to wash and attire oneself. We find Charles Godfrey Leland in his egotistical but amusing memoirs writing "As soon as I had toilettcd and gone below."

SIZED-UP

As the World Wags:

I have been variously appraised at from much to little, indeed, very little. One personal appreciation I remember made me feel somewhat like, and would have rendered in precipitate, but the proverbial 30 pieces of copper. But for a valuation approximating the negligible, permit me to commend to you, and who shall say he does not qualify as an expert, our new and verdant elevator boy.

Excepting him, rattling the door, (I believe this is Elevatorese for "Get a move on"), the cage had but one other occupant as I entered it.

The Boy—"Floor please?"

Other Occupant—"Five."

Me—"Five."

The Boy—"Two for five," and up we shot.

BEN DIX.

Boston.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE

We translate from an article headed "Nos Villes d'eaux: l'Arrivec des Americains," and published in a Parisian journal:

"In the huge park at Cognac, a crowd of fashionable men and women drink the petits verres so health-giving. The American portion, driven from the United States by the Prohibition laws, furnish at Cognac an important contingent of at least 10,000 drinkers."

The town of Cognac, Mr. Herkimer Johnson informs us, is in the district of Charente. The church of St. Leger has a Gothic rose window that is appropriately florid. A huge brandy storehouse stands on the site of the castle in which Francis I of France was born.

OPERA RUN AT GLOBE STOPPED

Holders of tickets for "Carmen," which was to have been given last evening at the Globe Theatre by the Fleck Grand Opera Company, received their money back and were told that owing to the illness of Harold Lindau, tenor, performances would indefinitely be postponed.

But principals and members of the chorus, finding on their arrival back stage that Donald and Harold Fleck were not in evidence, felt that their engagement had come to an abrupt conclusion.

They had rehearsed all day. Many of them were penniless. Agnes Kraemer had been brought from New York Sunday night to sing the title part in last night's opera. Henry Lalond, stage manager, said he had received no salary since joining the troupe in Ogdensburg, N. Y. Marceau Leotti and William Belotti, musical directors, had not been paid, they said.

They learned that the Fleck brothers had checked out of the Fritz-Carleton Hotel yesterday morning and that the hotel management was holding their baggage. The company adjourned to a hotel, where the members talked over plans for a benefit performance, the proceeds to take the place of their overdue salaries.

Frank Meagher, manager of the theatre, said last night that the Flecks had gone to New York to find additional singers for the company, and that performances would be resumed tomorrow. But this, the stranded singers doubt, as does M. Douglas Flattery, managing director, who said last night that it was due to a loan, not yet returned made by him to the Flecks, that the engagement lasted as long as it did.

The company opened its Boston run on Monday, May 23. Soon after the opening, the leading tenor was taken sick and for several nights substitutes were rushed at the last minute from other cities. Attendance dwindled and it is thought by the singers that the managers decided to follow the lead of the company which abruptly closed its engagement on Saturday at the Copley Theatre.

'THIRTEEN SIRENS' CHARM AT KEITH'S

Frank Dobson and his "Thirteen Sirens," a musical burlesque, by Frank Stammers, is the feature of a diversified bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week.

Mr. Dobson, who plays a rough Romeo, has a splendid outlet in this musical number for his rugged style of comedy. Besides, the comedian entertains in no less degree with his dancing, and he works untiringly throughout the entire act. There is a group of pretty girls and several changes of costumes, and two of the numbers are musically significant.

Another act that scored was that of Jack Donahue, late of the "Follies." Mr. Donahue has a unique style, to say the least, in the manipulation of his legs. Then he has an uncommonly good

ie of chatter that has the added ad-
ntage of being up to the moment.
ther acts on the bill were J. Rosa-
ond Johnson, the composer, and his
mpany of singers and instrumental-
s, in an interesting program, not the
ast of which was the negro spiritual,
ng in the highest style of the art;
t and Julia Levolo in an acrobatic
t; Claudo and Marlon in song and
tter; Horace Wright and Rene Diet-
h in an exceptionally clevor singing
t; Marshal Montgomery, ventrillo-
ist; Lexey and O'Connor, dancers,
d Jack Hanley, an exceptionally
ver comedy juggler.

June 4 1921
(out of place)

Mr. Christopher Morley recently pub-
hed in his delightful column, "The
owling Green" (N. Y. Evening Post),
list of books for summer reading. He
odestly refrained from mentioning his
test volume, "Tales from a Rolltop
esk," which is published by Doubleday,
age & Co., a book that is for a
eranda with a pipe on a hot day, for
rainy day, for any time and season.
he stories were published originally in
arious periodicals.

It is hardly necessary at this late day
speak of Mr. Morley's acquaintance
ith books, especially with those that
e quaint and not familiar; of his
rely interest in all things pertaining
humanity; of his cheerful spirit, his
umor and his wit. We suspect him of
vention in translaton. A few days
go he gave an account of a man who,
ishing to go to a certain city, took the
rong train. There was spirited con-
ersation between the wretch and the
onductor. While they were talkng Mr.
orley remembered a Chinese transla-
on he had once made. It went some-
ing like this:

A SUSPICIOUS NATURE

Whenever I travel
I ask at least three train-men
If this is the right train
For where I am going.
Even then
I hardly believe them.

Should we envy Mr. Morley his knowl-
ige of the Chinese language?

In the "Tales from a Rolltop Desk"
r. Morley recounts the curious adven-
ures of stenographers, proprietors,
erks, reporters, authors, nor does even
o humble domestic servant escape
im. Only once does he tell a story of
ystery and the supernatural, of the
ctor Edwards in the tragedy of Dun-
ar. In his gently ironical view of life,
his whimsical spirit, Mr. Morley re-
inds one of Frank Stockton. The open-
g page of "The Climacteric" shows
r. Morley's tricksy fancy.

CONCERNING MR. VEAL

"Mr. Eustace Veal was a manufac-
urer of cuspidors. His beautiful fac-
ory was one of the finest of its kind,
quipped with complete automatic
prinklers, wire-glass windows, cafete-
a on the top floor, pensions for super-
nnuated employes, rosewood directors'
ining room, mottoes from Orison Swett
Iarden on the weekly pay envelopes,
nd a clever young man in tortoise-shell
pectacles hired at $80 a week to write
he house-organ (which was called El
Cuspidorado).

"Mr. Veal in the exclusive and clean-
haven suburb of Mandrake Park,
where he had built a stucco mansion
with Venetian blinds, a croquet lawn
with a revolving spray on it on hot
ays, and a mansard butler. Here Mrs.
Veal and the two Veal girls, Dora and
etunia, led the blameless life of the
mbonpoint classes."

Now note Mr. Veal's ingenuity in
usiness:

"Mr. Veal, hampered as he was by
he restrictions of success, was still full
f the enjoyment of life. He had writ-
en a little brochure on 'The Cuspidor:
ts Use and Abuse Since the Times of
he Pharaohs,' which was very well
poken of in the trade. A morocco-
ound copy lay on the console table
n Mrs. Veal's salon. It was he who
nvented the papier-mache spittoon, and
he collapsible paper 'companion' for
travelling salesmen. It was he who had
presented a solid silver spittoon de luxe
o the King of Siam when that worthy
visited the United States. And it was
his idea, too, to name the beautiful
shining brass model, especially recom-
mended for hotel lobbies, El Cuspi-
dorado. This was a stroke of imagin-
tive genius, and several rival manu-
facturers wept because they had not
thought of it first."

How can any reader having thus been
introduced to Mr. Veal rest before he
is informed by Mr. Morley of the crush-
ing blow that in the twinkling of an
eye saddened the manufacturer, made
him a changed man, even in his dress?
And this fable may be applied to all
of us who have 50 years behind us.

NEWSPAPER OFFICES IN FICTION

It would not be easy to name the
most amusing of Mr. Morley's stories.
When a teller of tales is concerned with
a newspaper office one trembles for
him. In the ordinary story of journal-
istic life, the proprietor is venal, the
managing editor is a brute, and the
hero is either a young reporter, supposed
to be a simpleton, who secures for his
paper an amazing "scoop," or a broken-
down, rum-soaked old reporter, who
saves the reputation of the Bugle by
writing at 2 A. M. a wonderful account
of some fire, accident, or political up-
heaval, that did not attract the atten-
tion of the rival sheets. The young re-
porter then marries the daughter of the
proprietor and turns the newspaper into
an organ of reform. The old reporter
expires on a newspaper file or in the
squalid room of a lodging house, where
his pitying co-mates find a letter say-
ing that the elopement of his wife for-
ty years before had wrecked his life
and left him a prey to the Demon Rum.

Mr. Morley's young authors and news-
paper men are truer to life. To young
women who are writing "sob" stories
or editing departments in which letters
from correspondents are published, we
commend "Advice to the Lovelorn" and
hope that their future will be as happy
as Miss Ann Austin's of The Evening
Planet.

June 9 1921

The world is curious concerning the habits of men and women thought to be great. There is questioning about their diet, their favorite drink and game, their amount of sleep and their underclothes. Reading the letters of Franz Liszt to the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein, we came across this passage:

"May I beg you to have forwarded to my address 500 Roman cigars, strong ones, Virginia leaf? It is the one cigar of my choice, almost indispensable to me, and it is the only thing of which I am jealous, for I never offer one to any man whoever he may be. If by chance some one, not knowing this, asks me to let him try one, I answer disdainfully: 'You are not up to the height of this ideal at a bajocco a piece.' " Now the Roman bajocco of the early Seventies corresponded to our cent. Did Liszt really enjoy these cigars? There are rich men in Boston who pride themselves on the cheapness of their cigars. They offer you one, and if you do not know their favorite brand, you light it confidently. When there is a stench in the air as if rags were burning, they look at you and say: "What do you think of it? And what do you suppose I pay for them a hundred?" Wealth rejoices sometimes in ostentation of economy.

The Princess Carolyn Sayn-Wittgenstein—they say Liszt became an abbe to dodge a wedding ceremony—smoked enormous cigars. She was puffing one when the composer Henri Marechal called on her at Rome; she courteously offered him one. Another friend of Liszt, the excellent George Sand, smoked strong cigars. At a rehearsal of one of her plays, "Le Roi Attend!" she sat in a wing astride a chair smoking a black clay pipe. Madame Judith, the actress, describes the scene maliciously in her scandalous and amusing memoirs.

A POLITICAL NOTE

(Thomas Walker in "The Original.")

The cheapest government is not the best, but the best government is the cheapest; that is, God's fear at the top, well paid by God's many.

FASHION NOTES

As the World Wags:

Speaking of hats—on page 759 of Alice Morse Earle's "Two Centuries of Costume in America" is a picture of a lady in "a Bolivar hat." Unfortunately, nothing in the accompanying text refers to it. The style of the hat and of the lady's dress indicates that it is of the fashion of the First Empire, but probably as late as 1815, when Bolivar's fame was becoming world-wide and there was some liklihood that he might turn out to be a new world Napoleon. By the way, how did the derby hat get its name? In England that style of hat is known as a bowler or billy-cock. Murray calls "derby" an Americanism, but I have always supposed that at one of the famous race meetings at Epsom Downs some noble lord blossomed out with the first hat of that style, and that thereupon it became the proper thing to wear a hat of that lik at the Derby, just as the Assot tie got its name from being worn at the races on Ascot Heath. The Ascot seems to be the particular form of tie affected by horsey gentlemen, and forms part of the livery of coachmen and footmen; but theirs is a made-up affair, very different from that which the elder J. P. Morgan used to wear during banking hours. Returning to hats again, I recall that during Grant's first campaign the hat stores in Albany blossomed out with a "Grant hat" made of straw. It wss built on the lines of the familiar slouch hat that Grant wore in the field. I had one of a dark brown shade. In those days I think white straw hats were unknown—that is for men and boys. It was just after the war and people practised economies that would make this generation cry murder. The quality folks in Albany wore paper collars, and dark hats that would go a season or two without too conspicuously showing their age. If "derby hat" is an Americanism, so evidently is "Prince Albert" or frock coat. Murray does not admit it to the Oxford Dictionary, but we have it in the Standard. The footgear that we call Bluchers are not like the boots that Bluecher wore. His came half-way to the knee, with a tassel hanging from their fore-top. I have seen no Bluchers in Boston thus be-tasseled. Poor Bluecher has always been the victim of a phrase, at any rate in England. He visited London after Waterloo, and was taken up into the dome of St. Paul's to get a view of the great city. After gazing out over the roofs for a few minutes he exclaimed, "Was fuer Plunder!" Whatever Englishman heard this and recorded it, translated the remark as "What a place to plunder," but, as I understand it, the old field-marshal had a mor contemptous idea in his head, and meant actually, "What trash!"

Boston. W. E. K.

There is still a dispute about the word of Bluecher, as there is about the more famous word of Cambronne. If Bluecher exclaimed "Pluenderel" he meant pillaging; if the word was "Plunder" he meant trash, trumpery stuff, as our correspondent says. There was also the Wellington boot, but we do not recall a Napoleon. It is said that Napoleon's favorite boot was the Hessian, high, with tassels in front at the top. Did not Wellington wear a "plain blue surtout, buckskins and hessians at Waterloo"? Who invented and named the Congress gaiter? Did Chateaubriand consume vast quantities of the beefsteaks to which he gave his name? Was Nesselrode helped twice to the pudding named after him? Let Mr. Edison answer.—Ed.

FRENCH HEAD-LINES IN 1815

As the World Wags:

In these days when the centennial anniversary of Napoleon's death has brought the great conqueror's memory to our minds—it may be interesting to recall an anecdote of the manner in which the Paris "Moniteur, the official government organ, is said to have chronicled the sucessive stages of the Emperor's return from Elba, in its daily issues, something to this effect:

"The Man-Eater has escaped.
"The Corsican ogre has landed.
"The Usurper has slept at Grenoble.
"The tyrant is at Lyons.
"Bonaparte advances towards Paris—but will never enter it.
"Napoleon will be under our walls tomorrow.
"His Imperial Majesty, Napoleon, this morning entered the Tuilleries, amidst the acclamations of his devoted and loyal subjects."

All of which tends to show that the headline writer was flourishing and proficient, a century ago, and even then kept a close watch on public opinion.

DAVID G. HASKINS, JR.

Boston.

FOR OPTIMISTS

(W. E. Henley.)

Like an old shoe,
The sea spurns and the land abhors, you lie
About the beach of time, till by and by,
Death, that derides you, too—
Death, as he goes
His ragman's round, espies you where you stray,
With half-an-eye, and kicks you out of his way.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

Miss Hilda S. Maraniss calls our attention to the Business-Industrial page in an issue of the Chicago Examiner. In less than half a column the hideous word "normalcy" appears three times. In the English dictionaries of 1950 the name of President Harding will probably be entered as a guarantor of this word's worth.

June 10 1921

"The Age of Innocence" by Edith Wharton has been chosen by men of alleged authority as "the best novel of 1920." The novel is indeed a good one. The reader, acquainted with Mrs. Wharton's earlier stories, is relieved to find that in "The Age of Innocence" a butler and a second inside man are not at once introduced, nor is a bishop of the Episcopal church an important and overwhelming character. There are some strange statements, however, in this novel. The wedding of the hero and heroine takes place in the year that Christine Nillson sang in opera for the first time in New York. The opera named is "Faust" with Capoul the tenor. But did not Mme. Nillson make her first operatic appearance in New York as Lucia? The story opens in the year 1871, if the mention of "Faust" gives a clue.

One of Mrs. Wharton's characters is invited in that year to hear Joachim. If the violinist is meant, he never visited the United States; if the reference is to Mme. Joachim, she did not come to this country until the season of 1891-92.

At the wedding the bride went up the aisle to the music of "Handel's March." What march? The Dead March from "Saul"?

The hero in Boston called a cab to take him from the Somerset Club to the Parker House. From Mrs. Wharton's description it would seem that the distance was long and tiresome.

O TEMPORA! O MORES! A. D. 1921

(With no apologies to Owen Meredith)

I'm sure I can't write a greater Alcaic,
Hexameter's hard and much too spondaic,
So I'll borrow the Earl of Lytton's rhymes
To picture one phase of these wonderful times.

• • •

At Boston it was, at the Copley, there;
She looked like a queen in a deck that night,
With a henna rinse on her marcelled hair,
And the rouge on her face, so bright.

Of all the plays modern authors have penned,
The best, to my taste, are Bernard Shaw's;
He does always cant and hypocrisy rend
And makes us wince at our flaws.

Well, there in our front row seats we sat,
Side by side, this baby doll and I.
My gaze was fixed on her diamonds fat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent — what was her thought?
Like a queen she leaned on her full, white arm;
Though her tongue was quiet, her jaws were not,
Fast she chewed, with never a qualm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking some
Of her latest model touring car;
But, oh! the scent of that spearmint gum—
'Twas worse than a bad cigar!

It smelt so strong, it smelt all about,
It made me creep and it made me cold!
All the while Shaw's brilliant words rang out
As the plot of the play did unfold.

Oh, the sickish smell of that spearmint gum!
And, oh, the acting! and, oh, the way
I wondered why she had ever come
To such a highbrow play!

Marblehead. MARION STREETER.

FOR MR. WITHERSPOON

As the World Wags:

Mr. Witherspoon seems to be about as accurate in quotation as in nautical description. I did not assert that there were no full-rigged vessels in the Far East trade in the '90's; there are a few even yet. What I wrote was that there were no brigs, but perhaps all rigs look alike to him. As to the merits of the story, no criticism was made. Mr. Witherspoon is satisfied with it, so that should suffice. B. B. E.

Malden.

"SNOWBOUND"

As the World Wags:

We were not poets, nor especially inclined toward poetry, but we were in Tom Moore's house in Bermuda, in his very room, having a "tea," which in my case consisted, appropriately enough, of Dublin stout. In the course of said "tea," and with due recognition of the environment and the concomitants, we became poets.

We discussed at length the famous row between Moore and Lord Byron that led to a duel. As an Irishman, after controversy, without which no Irishman is at home, and seldom then, I admitted that Byron was a greater poet than Moore, Moore at his best being only a high-grade balladist, and at his worst a poor translator of other tongues.

I had happened at about the fourth flagon of this "tea" to mention the fact that a poetaster, a contemporary of Moore, had written not only the best Irish ballad, a ballad that put all of Moore's melodies into the shade, but probably the best ballad extant, "The Exile of Erin."

At the fifth stage of the "tea" we rose to the higher realms of poetry, Dante, Shakespeare and the poetic-musical genius, Wagner. A charming lady in the company said that she had tried all three and numerous others approaching their greatness, but could not understand them. The afternoon becoming a little sultry, it was not out of place, I suppose, for her to claim that "Snowbound" was the greatest poem ever written. That, you may say, practically ended our adventure into the fields of literature, and we returned to Hamilton sadder men and wiser women.

I had heard casually of "Snowbound" and it occurred to me in the few lucid moments on the way to New York, the ship being British, that I had a copy of Whittier at home which I meant to consult earlier or later. I did. I rea

"Snowbound" down to about the sixth line, when I came upon the following couplet:

"Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,
Brought in the wood from out of doors."

Ah! what grandeur. I stopped transfixed, fascinated, and even when I returned to myself I could go no further with the poem. "Snowbound" had me spellbound. When I become unusually sad I take down this volume, turn to "Snowbound" and read as far as "Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, brought in the wood from out of doors."

Had Francis Bacon written these immortal lines, Shakespeare, I trow, would have freebooted them into the last act of "Hamlet." L. X. CATALONIA.

June 11 1921

We were interested in "W. E. K's" letter about hats. He should have mentioned the Kevenhueller, named after an Austrian general: a high cock was given to a broad brimmed hat in the middle of the 18th century. The crown was hidden and the middle front of the brim was the highest point. There was also the Ramillies. The back flap of it was higher than the crown. The Wellington was long and narrow; American soldiers wore it even in the 19th century. These hats were known in New England. In 1732 the fashionable width of the brim was seven inches; in 1742 a narrow brim was in fashion.

When Anna reigned and Kuvenhueller fought,
The hat its title from the hero caught.

"W. E. K." discussed the "derby" hat, known in England as a "billycock" or a "bowler." William Coke of Holkham (Eng.), who promoted scientific farming, refused a peerage seven times, and spent £250,000 on his 13 elections to the House of Commons, thought of a hat that would stay on his head in wind and not be seriously damaged by rain. He conveyed his ideas to one William Bowler, his hatter, living in the borough. Coke retired from the House of Commons in 1833.

Does anyone wear a brown derby today? It was in fashion for at least 10 years. In 1902 the N. Y. Sun said that it was popular only in one city: "Boston likes it still and calls for it both in winter and in summer." The same newspaper in December, 1911, published a letter from "H. P. C." of Boston saying that Bostonians still wore the soft "Kossuth" hat all the year and thus showed their common sense; that they have worn this hat since Kossuth visited Boston in 1851-52.

We remember the "green Trilby." In 1907 King Edward adopted the green Tyrolean, with the bow at the back. He ordered three in the fall of that year from the royal hatter. Some wore a feather in the band. Who wrote these verses?

"The buck, or blood, or fop, or
City clerk whose mien is proper,
Should sit upon his topper
Till it's flat.
"He must walk down Piccadilly
Quite Teutonically silly,
Wearing feathers, willy-nilly
In his hat."

There was talk in this column some weeks ago about "Carolinas." A writer in the London Daily Chronicle—it was before the great war, but unfortunately the clipping sent to us by Mr. Herkimer Johnson is undated—said that the "Carolina" was in imitation of the "beaver," but while the beaver cost as much as five pounds, the Carolina sold at from 24 to 48 shillings.

According to annual reports in London journals the top-hat, chimney-pot, plug, sliker, is always going out of fashion. It survives all attacks and laughs at all rumors. In the early nineties cermembers of the Municipal Council of Courtenic, France, proposed the abolition of the silk hat. These reasons were given: 1—It constitutes a humiliation for those who cannot afford it; 2—it is worn only by aristocrats who live by the sweat of the poor; 3—It is unaesthetic and not a necessary part of man's attire; 4—its disappearance would contribute to the establishment of equality among the citizens of the republic. The hat found defenders. The measure was thrown out.

Mr. Johnson, to whom we are indebted for these notes, should write an article, "Favorite Hats of Famous Men." Senator Evarts wore a "shocking bad hat." Jay Cooke, the financier, wore a felt hat of a pale fawn color, light and soft, curiously shaped, made from 24 tiny Andean squirrels. Each squirrel contributed not more than a square inch of his pelt. These hats, given to Mr. Cooke by John B. Stetson, were not in the market. In Boston the hats of Judge Charles Levi Woodbury, and Mr. Hadlock—the lawyer who thought he looked like Daniel Webster—were noteworthy. Auber, the composer, wore his hat when he was at work, at his meals, and in a box at the theatre. He once said, "I never feel so much at home anywhere, not even in my own house, as in a synagogue," and he would frequently visit one for the pleasure of sitting among a lot of people with his hat on. Yet he had probably never read Walt Whitman's proud assertion:

"Whimpering and truckling fold with powder for invalids, conformity goes to the fourth-remov'd,
I wear my hat as I please indoors or out."

Professor H. Gross of the Psychological Laboratory of Leipsic University published a pamphlet on criminal psychology, in which he made a unmber of observations on the relation of wearing the hat to mental and moral character. Thus a hat worn perpendicular to the vertical axis of the head is a sign that the man is upright in character but a bit of a pedant if not an unqualified bore. The learned professor did not mention the popular saying "Home is where the hat is." When Algernon Charles Swinburne was vexed at something in a London club, he threw down in a fine poetic frenzy the hats of members present and danced upon them wildly. Some were so uncharitable as to attribute his fury to immoderate use of alcoholic beverages. This incident inspired a remarkable parody, "Atalanta in Calydon." The parody was published in the Portland Press. The final chorus is as follows:

"Who on our silk hands shall stand
Dance on them or do them wrong?
Who shall burst binding or hand?
Who then shall kick them along?
The Englishman's hat is as sacred,
As English traditions are strong."

OF CONTEMPORANEOUS INTEREST

Perhaps the most whimsical story in the volume is "Gloria and the Garden of Sweden" with the father of the superb Gloria, by the aid of a singularly constructed motor truck, taking coal from cellars when he was supposed to be delivering it. Another story of pathetic contemporaneous interest is "The Commutation Chophouse" in Ann street, New York, where 100 meals for $10 were advertised, with its card reading: "K. Jefferson Gastric, the best-fed man south of 42nd street, takes this opportunity of urging you to become a steakholder in the Commutation Chophouse. Why pay for overhead exepense? In the Commutation Chophouse all unnecessaries are discarded, and you pay only for food, not for finger bowls and a lovely female cashier."

On nearly every page of this volume is some quip, some sportive allusion to the petty ills or joys of life. Throughout is revealed the sympathetic nature of the humorist, who at his wildest shows his respect for literature. To collectors of first editions "The Case of Kenelm Digby" should make a special appeal.

ALAS, B. L. T.'S "LINE" IS BROKEN

As the World Wags:

Your readers may wish to applaud the following appointment made known by the Greenwich (N. Y.) Journal:

NORTH ARGYLE

Miss Clara Fish has been hired to teach the Hook school the coming year. R. F. L.

Medford.

ONE COLD BONE

As the World Wags:

"Back to normalcy" and the use of leftovers. The administration leads the way by putting a bone in the refrigerator. I read

"SCOTT C. BONE NAMED GOVERNOR OF ALASKA"

R. F. M.

Taunton.

June 12 1921

The Milan correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph (May 14) forwarded this review of Mascagni's new opera:

"Mascagni's new opera, 'The Little Marat,' was produced on May 3 at the Costanzi Theatre in Rome before a full auditorium and, according to first reports, it was a big success. The subject is about the same as that of Giordano's opera, 'Andrea Chenier,' the text of which is by Illica; while the book of 'The Little Marat' was written by Forzano, a fact, it is alleged, which started a lawsuit by Illica for plagiarism. It is a very attractive and dramatic subject, well adapted for musical drama. Mascagni's music, although the maestro is well in his 60th year, is as fresh and interesting as ever.

"The first act is mostly interesting on account of its powerful choruses, especially so in a turbulent double-chorus scene, when the Sansculottes are acting against the Marat party. The condemned prisoners' pathetic chanting with which the act begins, and also closes, is very moving, and so is the scene between Little Marat and his imprisoned mother. The second act is a much quieter one, but, musically speaking, the best, and the one where Mascagni's well known favorite style of quickly modulating melody mainly prevails. Beautiful is the Mariella chanson, all gentleness and ingenuity, which is followed by a duet between Mariella (soprano) with the Carpenter (baritone). But the clou of the whole performance is the 'Vamoroso' duet between Mariella and Little Marat. Here Mascagni excels. The duet was encored, and the maestro, who conducted, received an ovation. The third act has less importance, and was mainly appreciated on account of a characteristic sotto voce chorus of the hussars.

"It will not be long before Giordano's new opera, the 'Cena della Beffe,' at which he is now hard at work, is completed, and Puccini also announces a new opera, 'Turandot,' a Chinese fairy tale. Thus the three well known composers are keeping up their contest for musical supremacy."

Brieux's "Les Trois Bons Amis" has been brought out at the Odeon, Paris. He has written this time an ironical comedy of manners, not a play discussing social problems. Rombier and his wife, provincial merchants, have an associate and friend in Limerot. Mme. Rombier is equally tender towards the two, and the husband is coddled by the wife and the lover. Complete happiness—until Rombier receives an anonymous letter. He does not wish to believe in his misfortune. The guilty ones confess. And then Rombier mourns not so much the infidelity as the distruction of his habits, his loneliness, so that wife and lover see that if they were wrong in yielding to their passion they committed a graver fault by the confession. They retract and assure Rombier that they had only been indiscreet. Happiness reigns again.

Lucien Descaves' one-act comedy, "Les Vestales," has also been produced at the Odeon. A war widow remarries. She loves No. 2 but she cannot forget her hero, who in her eyes is as the conquerer in a legend. She accidentally learns that women were his weakness. Far from feeling retrospective anger, she says to herself that men of action, animated by a sort of sacred fire, are in need of vestales, who keep the flame aglow. So she pardons the late lamented, continues to respect his memory, but will give her undivided love to the second husband.

"La Dauphine," a comedy in three acts, and in verse, by Francois Porche, was brought out at the Vieux Colombier, Paris. It describes the little sorrows of a princess fated to be queen of a fantastic Scotland of the 18th century. At the age of 12 she is joyous, unsuspicious of political intrigues woven about her, careless of the fact that the king, her uncle, is stupid and wicked; that her grandmother is proud and rebellious. The king is overthrown, but Jacobin clubs prevent her succession, and with her grandmother she seeks refuge in the mountains at an old sailor's house. She plays with his children, to whom she is only a little cousin. Soon she and Donald, the son of the sailor, fall in love. Frightened by the advances of a youth in the neighborhood, she confides her fears to Donald, who, devoted to her cause, looks upon the fellow as a traitor and kills him. The revolution is put down; there is searching for the little queen that she may enter triumphantly into the capital. Her subjects bear her away.

Louis Payen's "Tamyris," a piece in three acts and in verse, brought out by Gemier at the People's Theatre, Paris, was reviewed by the Paris correspondent of the London Times: "We have nothing of this sort in England—Stephen Phillips approached it more nearly than any other writer for the English stage, and he never tried to be severely classical. So long as 'Phedre' and 'Les Plaideurs' exist, so long will French writers for the stage try to adapt themselves to a style which has not been really native since Euripides. 'Tamyris' is as serious as an antique drama, its French is as carefully pruned and trained as if the Academy itself had 'labored it to grow,' and its subject is classic. But it inevitably has a slight modern tang. Malchus and Ithobaal, co-kings of Carthage, swear to have but one will, so that the people may be wisely ruled. Like other brothers in literature and in life, they fall in love with the same woman—and that's the end of the one will. Then there are prisons and revolts and counter-armies, and the lady gets her eyes put out by the brother she doesn't prefer, but the other one conquers the angry rejected one, and sticks to the lady though she is blind. So that's all right, and it only wants Lewis Waller and W. D. Abingdon as the brothers to be a fine blood-and-thunder piece; but in its guise of a fancy-dress classic it has greatly pleased its popular audience."

Ferdinand Herold's "Cleopatra," produced at the Comedie Francais, Paris, did not please. M. Teneo described it, in the plentitude of its mediocrity, as the natural result of the symbolist school. Having kicked, in passing, the Symbolists, M. Teneo accuses the Committee of the Comedie Francaise of complacency or incompetence in accepting unanimously this tragedy. Then he finds fault, as do others, with Mme. Segond-Weber, the Cleopatra. "This historical figure typifies cruelty in selection, pride in caprice, ingenuity in wickedness, treacherous sweetness in pleasure, and many other qualities. It demands also a delicate plasticity, an almost fluid and hovering personality." All this Mme. Weber failed to symbolize. As for the dramatist, he dipped into Suetonius, borrowed from Plutarch, annotated Shakespeare, and to what purpose? M. Teneo says he succeeded only in the achievement of banality. Another critic says that Herold's woman is Shakespeare's in a classical form; that of Voltaire rather than of Shakespeare or Racine. The play was cheaply mounted.

The Incorporated Stage Society of London brought out on May 23 "The Race with the Shadow" by Wilhelm Von Scholz (translation by Graham and Tristan Rawson). The play is described as tiresome, morbid, unwholesome twaddle. Only an unimportant maidservant is fairly sane. Dr. Martin is writing a novel. He has recently delivered a lecture embodying some of the incidents. Suddenly a stranger comes into his sanctum and says that Martins has reproduced in his novel certain events of his life. Martins denies it. "Subsequently the audience learns that his wife, Bertha, was before their marriage, the Stranger's mistress, and that by some amazing psychical influence he, although ignorant of the truth, has been inspired to write the story of their by no means creditable relations. Also—wonder of wonders!—he holds their destinies in his hands, for however he may decide to continue and conclude the tale, so will it be continued and concluded in reality. The absurdity of such a thesis is too apparent to be insisted on. It is only one of many, for when once the author has set forth upon his mad career, there is no stopping him."

The French critic, Jacques Riviere has drawn an interesting distinction in the work of Bernard Shaw, apropos of "Arms and the Man". "A careful distinction must be drawn between the dramatist and the psychologist in Bernard Shaw. I find the latter mediocre. A preconceived opinion of human nature, whether it be optimistic or pessimistic, cannot, under any circumstances, serve as a basis for the invention of characters. . . . On the other hand, Bernard Shaw is an extremely skilful dramatist. In default of the gift of tragedy . . . he possesses the art of constantly renewing dramatic incidents and of never allowing our attention to wander." This is all the more remarkable, the critic concludes, because his resources are exceedingly limited, but "doubtless he is helped by the inconstancy and the instability of his ideas. All he has to do is to indulge in his irritating mania for doing violence to any given situation."—New York Evening Post.

Lady Gregory, talking in aid of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, quoted Bernard Shaw as saying that she had been "the fairy godmother of the Irish stage." This, she said, was far too romantic and poetic. Personally she considered herself the "charwoman of the Irish stage."

The French film based on "The Count of Monte Cristo" is a serial story with 15 chapters. Each chapter is made up of two reels. Dumas's romance is faithfully followed. The escape from the dungeon of the Chateau d'If is said to be particularly well portrayed. Leon Mathot takes the part of Edmond Dantes.

Prokofieff's Ballet

"Le Choux" ("The Buffoon"), a ballet with music by Prokofieff, was performed last month in Paris by Diaghileff's company. A young buffoon and his wife play a little joke on the seven old buffoons who visit them in their little futurist parlor. He pretends to order a meal; she pretends to refuse; whereupon he pretends to kill her, and at last revives her by cracking his whip at her. The old fellows are delighted. They buy the whip and go home to try the trick on their assembled wives. They is killing sure enough, but the whip does not work the miracle. The scene is near a countyard, where the young buffoon, fearing the wrath of the old men, is disguised by his wife's clothes. His movements betray him, and, still in his wife's clothes, he is carried off as a servant. The old men have gay daughters whom they wish to dispose of in marriage. A rich merchant turns up, inspects the dancing girls and chooses the young buffoon: a terrible complication. Amusing scenes follow. The music is said by some to be very pleasing. The Menestrell says that the composer evidently wished to suit the buffoonery of the scenario: "He succeeds only too well by means of thunderous outbreaks and incongruous noises."

A New Quintet by Gabriel Faure; Other Notes About Music

A new and unpublished piano quintet No. 2, by Gabriel Faure, was played at a concert of the National Society of Music, Paris, on May 21. The composition was highly praised. "What youthfulness, what life, animates the work! After the viola states the first theme there is a feeling of absolute security; there are complete, but not tedious, developments; there is a perfect employment of each instrument with all its resources, yet without apparent effort; a thorough understanding of what chamber music should be, without ambition for an orchestral realization. The movement of a decided character in contrast with the more broken, easily followed, line of the scherzo, the passionate and songful adaglo is a magnificent preface to the finale, in which the fancy is ruled by an inexo

him which gives a firm backbone to dramatic character." The pianist Robert Lortat.
reason of his "Vieux Coffret" and resse," for orchestra, Andre Caplet recently acclaimed in Paris as the authentically endowed disciple of ussy. It seems that this music and onducting of it had "a sort of feline lation."
monument to Alexandre Guilmant dedicated at the Trocadero, Paris, lay 21. A medallion of bronze por- s him. There is a frieze represent- the singers of Lucca della Robbia. he dedicatory services Widor spoke he Paris Conservatory and d'Indy

ho Schola Cantorum. Louis Vierne vised on the theme based on Guil- s initials, F. A. G., and also played by Bach.
l Muck will conduct the Con- ebouw orchestra at Amsterdam the middle of next January to the f March. It is said that there are cements between the orchestra and engelberg.
opera "Chitra," poem by Rabin- th Tagore, music by Wilhelm nmer, has been produced in Swe- "The opera has been applauded as elation of beauty."
npetitors for the French prix de . now writing at Fontainebleau, equired to compose a symphonic le as well as the cantata "Her- ."
members of the Flonzaley quartet received the French Academic

el Smyth, the English composer, es that a conductor should move his arm; the body should be rig- immovable. To attain this she s herself to a chair in her cham- r to a tree in her garden, and then ts an imaginary orchestra.
nists new to London: Leon Eus- n, a young Greek (May 12). "Bril- y of technic with an erratic tem- ment." Eva Clare, a Canadian (May A rather hard touch, and no very ite idea as to her interpretative s was conveyed.
no Moisevich discovered a young oser, Roy Agnew, in Australia, and d two of his piano pieces in Lon- last month, "Deirdre's Lament" "The Dance of the Wild Men." hopes that one day the young art-

have such respect for the story rdre that he will think twice be- ortraying her grief."
ishmen are talking of giving in India and Burma. "A diffi- ties in the temperature, which habit of unsticking the glue of , and another rests with the which seem to like the wind in- ents."
rt Coates, the conductor, has not ell since he returned to London Vienna. Insufficient food of the quality in Vienna is thought to cause.
W. H. Grattan Flood has writ- life of John Field, (1782, Dublin; Moscow). It is published by Mar- ster of Dublin. Field, who is now nbered by pianists on account of Nocturnes—his first three were hed when Chopin was only four old—appeared in Dublin as a y in 1792. His playing excited siasm in London in 1799 and in ln 1802, when he and Clementi, and master, salesman and manu- er, appeared in the latter city. then played music by Bach, el, Clementi and others. Glinka to him for lessons between 1815- nd afterwards wrote of him: l's playing was at once sweet and and characterized by admirable ion. His fingers fell on the keys ge drops of rain that spread them- like iridescent pearls. Here let y—and I am sure that my opin- shared by many who have heard —that I do not share the view of who told me on one occasion that und Field's playing 'sleepy.' No, laying of Field was strong, ca- ous and improvised. In particu- e never descended to charlatanism oduce his effects." The Daily raph of London, reviewing the bi- hy, says: "His (Field's) life story, ccinctly told by Dr. Grattan Flood, e that of many another famous so. What we want now is a critical ate of his creative work in which word 'wonderful' does not appear ften."
is, who wrote about Field at h, says: "It is unfortunate that an not express in words the irre- le seduction of his nocturnes when ayed them." He also said: "His is like the conversation of a n more seductive than beautiful, r rather than witty."
o "Sardanes" for orchestra, by eta, have been performed at Bar- a by the Orchestra Casals. Raoul rra praises them and says that ardane, a favorite dance of the lonians, is accompanied by the l, a sort of child's whistle-pipe.
revival of Berlioz's "Les Troyens" whole was announced for June 3 e Paris Opera.
ile Simonnet is dead. Born at in 1863, having taken first prizes at Lille Conservatory, she made her t at Monte Carlo in 1885, with Pas- p and in that year she took the of Lakme at the Opera Comique.

Paris, after the departure of Marie Van Zandt. She created parts in "Le Roi d'ys" (Rozann), "Dante," and "Le Reve," and took many chief roles in the repertoire. Having sung at Brussels, Nice, London, Monte Carlo, she left the stage some years ago. She had talent and beauty.

Nicholas Gatty's "Three Short Odes," for chorus and orchestra, text by Clough and Shelley, were heard for the first time in London on May 12. (They were produced about a year ago at Harrow.) The Times said: "They are too short; the composer has not given himself room to expand. In what he does say he must be allowed the merit of having taken in his hand, like David with Goliath, implementa whose use he thoroughly understands, and he is not experimenting. . . . We do not think that such abstract thought as the words contained is suited for singing, which needs above all things concrete images, but we can respect the dignity and appropriateness of the setting."

The Abbey organist's request to the congregation that they should not "make up" harmonies, adds point to a Punch cartoon. A village choirmaster, leaning forward and waving his baton in the face of a singer, says: "If your sing bass, sing bass; if you sing tenor, sing tenor; but none of your shandygaff."—London Daily Chronicle.

The new work was Senor Manuel de Falla's group of three pieces for piano and orchestra called "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," and this had the additional interest that the piano part was played by the composer. The three pieces are continuous, and the piano part has rather the character of a prominent obbligato in the orchestral texture than of a solo. The composer says that his music is meant to be expressive rather than descriptive; it is a reverie in which picturesque images crowd on one another and are suggested in rich coloring and some vivid dance rhythms. His sense of beauty is keener than his love of novelty, and that gives to his music a certain ease of manner which gains sympathy quickly. The work was very well received.—London Times, May 18.

Mrs. Wheler Describes Doings of the Buckley Serenaders

To the Editor of The Herald:

One of your correspondents in The Herald of June 5 states that he saw the Richings in a burlesque of "La Sonnambula" with the Buckley minstrels at Selwyn's Theatre. Possibly. On Monday evening, June 10, 1870, I witnessed a performance by Buckley's Serenaders, "the original and only burlesque troupe in America," at Selwyn's Theatre. The program started with a "first part," with comic songs by G. Swaine Buckley and Pete Lee, and ballads by J. H. Murphy and J. A. Basquin. The "Olio" was as follows: Song and dance, Hogan and Hughes; trolicsome interlude, Pete Lee, G. Swaine Buckley in his new and original "act of all acts, or musical moments," playing on 12 different instruments; operatic selections, J. A. Basquin: "I Really Shall Expire," Hogan and Hughes. After a selection by the orchestra the performance concluded with Buckley's travestie in three acts on Bellini's beautiful opera of "La Somnambula," with Medora Becker as Amini, supported by J. A. Basquin, Johnny Rice, R. Hughes, J. Hogan, G. Swaine Buckley and Pete Lee. The music was that of the opera itself, with negro interpolations.

James Buckley, the father of R. Bishop, G. Swaine and Fred Buckley, was the organizer of the Buckley Serenaders. Mr. Buckley was leader of the orchestra at Harrington's Museum in Boston, in 1840, and in 1843 organized the Congo Melodists, giving their first performance at the Tremont Theatre; in October they were playing the Tabernacle, the present site of the Howard Athenaeum. Their first performance in New York was in 1845; the following year they went to England, remaining about two years. The Buckleys visited California in 1852, playing in tents at $3 per ticket. Returning to New York in June, 1853, they remained there until May, 1858, when they began a brief engagement at Ordway Hall in Boston, and in November, same year, were at Allston Hall, Tremont street. Returning to New York, in July, 1859, they sailed again to England, in March, 1860. Returning to America in 1861: after playing several engagements, they returned to Boston, opening at Allston Hall, in October, 1862. After a few more engagements in New York, they again visited Boston, and on June 15, 1863, appeared at the new hall, corner Chauncy and Summer streets, remaining until April 9, 1866. James Buckley retired, Fred Buckley died in Boston, Sept. 12, 1864. R. Bishop Buckley died in Quincy, Mass, June 6, 1867. G. Swaine Buckley reorganized the company, toured with intermittent success and failure until about 1876, when Buckley's Serenaders went into oblivion. In the fall of 1871, G. Swaine Buckley played a star engagement at the Boston Theatre, in a sensational drama entitled "On the Track," impersonating seven characters, and playing upon various musical instruments. He was supported by Frank Roche, J. J. Sullivan, Ferd Hight, Linn Harris, William Scallan, J. H. Connor, Miss Ida Savory, Miss Lizzie Anderson and Mrs. W. L. Ayling.

I also have a program of "Buckley's New Minstrel Hall and Aquarial Gardens," corner of Summer and Chauncy streets, Boston, April, 1864. In the first part, songs were rendered b G. Swaine Buckley, J. A. Palmer, C. Pettengill, J. H. Murphy, R. Bishop Buckley, and the Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust" was given by a brass band. In part two, variety, there was a clog dance by Masters Joseph and Peter, comic song by R. Bishop Buckley; "Sally, Come up," G. Swaine Buckley; fancy dance, C. Villiers; sketch, R. Bishop Buckley and J. K. Campbell; banjo solo, G. Swaine Buckley; "The Hungry Warblers," Campbell, Palmer, Dana and Pettengill; song and dance, Master Joseph. The performance concluded with the musical burletta of the "Two Pompeys," with G. Swaine and R Bishop Buckley, R. Dana, C. Pettengill, J. A. Palmer, J. K. Campbell, J. H. Murphy, George Lonsdale and Master Howard in the cast. George Swaine Buckley was born in Bolton, Eng., August, 1829, he died in Quincy, Mass., June 25, 1879.

Medford. JOSEPH H. WHEELER.

Mr. Wheeler was possibly indebted in preparing this sketch to "Monarchs of Minstrelsy" by Edw. Le Roy Rice. In some instances he, apparently, followed Mr. Rice word for word, as, when he writes: "In October they were playing the Tabernacle, the present site of the Howard Athenaeum," the two omit the "at" before "the Tabernacle."—Ed.

Hugo Kortschak, in care of the Institute of Musical Art, 120 Claremont avenue, New York city.

JACCHIA AT THE POPS

The programs of the week follow:

MONDAY, JUNE 13.

Overture to "Orpheus" ....Offenbach
Waltz, "A Night in Venice" ....Strauss
"Kammenoi Ostrow" (with organ)..Rubinstein
Fantasia, "Manon Lescaut" ....Puccini
"Roumanian Rhapsody" ....Enesco
"Aurora" ....Dunham
Cymbal Dance from "Callirhoe"....Chaminade
Ouverture Solennelle, "1812"....Tschaikowsky
Selection, "L'Oracolo" ....Leoni
Valse, "Tres Jolie" ....Waldteufel
"Stars and Stripes Forever" ....Sousa

TUESDAY, JUNE 14.

Hungarian March........Berlioz
Overture to "Poet and Peasant"........Suppe
"The Lost Chord"........Sullivan
Fantasia, "Lobengrin"........Wagner
From the "Petite Suite"........Debussy
a, En Bateau. b, Cortege.
Trombone Quartet:
"Serenade" ....Haertel
"The Tear"........Witt
(Messrs. Hampe, Adam, Mausebach and Kenfield.)
"Dance of the Desert Girls"........Hadley
"Marche Slave"........Tschaikowsky
Selection, "The Jewels of the Madonna" Wolf-Ferrari
Waltz, "Girls of Baden"........Komzak
"Procession of Bacchus"........Delibes

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15,

English High School Night.

March, "Second Connecticut"........Reeves
Overture, "Light Cavalry"........Suppe
Waltz, "Estudiantina"........Waldteufel
Fantasia, "Cavalerria Rustimana"...Mascagni
"Second Hungarian Rhapsody"........Liszt
"Souvenir" ....Drdla
"Pomp and Circumstance" (with organ)..Elgar
Overture, "William Tell"........Rossini
"Dance of the Hours," from "La Gioconda" Ponchielli
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube".Strauss
Polonaise from "Eugen Onegin"..Tschaikowsky

THURSDAY, JUNE 16,

Tufts College Night.

"March of the Gladiators"........Fucik
Overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor" Nicolai
Waltz, "Vienna Blood"........Strauss
College Songs:
"Tuftonia's Day"........Hayes '16
"Ain't You Glad"........Newton '90
"Alma Mater's Day" (new)........Hayes '16
Overture to "Sakuntala"........Goldmark
Selection, "The Tales of Hoffmann".Offenbach
Procession to the Cathedral, from "Lohengrin" ....Wagner
College Songs:
"Spell It Out"........Williams '19
"Dear Alma Mater"........Lewis '87
Medley, Fantasia on Tufts Airs......Morton '11
Prelude ....Rachmaninoff
"Entrance of the Boyards"........Halvorsen

FRIDAY, JUNE 17.

"Marche Tartare"........Ganne
Overture to "Fra Diavolo"........Auber
Waltz, "1001 Nights"........Strauss
Fantasia, "Othello"........Verdi
"Star Spangled Banner"
Prelude to "Carmen"........Bizet
Largo from the "New World" Symphony.Dvorak
"Ride of the Valkyries"........Wagner
Hymn to the Sun, from "Iris"........Mascagni
Night, Dawn, Sunrise.
Grand American Military Fantasy, Arr. by Rollinson
"En Sourdine"........Tellam
"Invitation to the Dance"........Weber-Berlioz

SATURDAY, JUNE 18.

March, "The Favorite Regiment"........Ertl
Overture to "Norma"........Bellini
Waltz, "Violets"........Waldteufel
Fantasia, "Tannhauser"........Wagner
Triumphal Procession from "Sigurd Jorsalfar" ....Grieg
Violin Solo, "Spanish Dance"........Sarasate
Julius Theodorowicz
Aragonaise from "Carmen"........Bizet
Ouverture Solennelle, "1812"....Tschaikowsky
Selection, "Lady Billy"........Levey
Waltz, "Tales from the Vienna Woods".Strauss
Bacchanale from "Philemon and Baucis" Gounod

June 13 1921

We have been asked to reprint the parody on Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," of which mention has been made in this column. We regret to say that "Algernon in London" is too long for this column. Two or three extracts will give a fair idea of the parodist's wit. First of all is the argument.

"Mr. Algernon C. Swinburne, having heavily drunken of strong wine, would fain set his face homeward; but not finding the hat of him, was wroth because of it; and danced upon the hats of other men in such mad wise that he became banished for this cause from the Arts Club."

Here is the opening chorus of club men:

"When the steeds of Spring have broken the traces,
The weather reports for mountains and plain
Fill the newspaper column spaces
With caution signals and areas of rain;
And the medical men are unanimous
That this sort of weather is bad for us;
It takes a man in all sorts of places,
With colds in the head and rheumatic pain.
What worth is Spring, and what would we take for her?
Shivering, we sit by the fire and sing,
O that our feet were as fire and could make for her,
Fire—or anything warm for Spring!
For the evening and morning are dismaller
Than the tunes of an amateur harpplayer.
To cheer the time that we shiver and shake for her
Wine and cigars are the only thing!"

Here is another famous chorus strangely changed:

"Before the beginning of years,
There went to the making of man
Nine tailors with their shears,
A coupe and a tiger and span,
Umbrellas and neckties and canes,
An ulster, a coat and all that—
But the crowning glory remains,
His last best gift was his hat.
And the mad hatters took in hand
Skins of the beaver, and felt,
And straw from the isthmus land,
And silk and black bear's pelt,
And wrought with prophetic passion,
Designed on the newest plan,
They made in the height of fashion
The hat for the wearing of man."

One more extract:

ALGERNON

"I would that with feet
Too heavily shod,
Overbold, over-fleet,
I had danced not nor trod
On the hats that lie scattered about me, as autumn leaves crushed on the sod."

CHORUS

"Ah! remember your praise.
How the Club cheered you on,
In those happier days
When our dear Algernon
Had just published his classical drama
"Atalanta in Calydon."

MUSICAL NOISES

As the World Wags:

Many of the elements of the horrid din which impels our ears in the public streets are unavoidable since they furnish warnings that save some lives from the destructive engines which threaten them. (Might not jangling crash of the electric car at crossings be subdued by some emollient on track and bearings?) The point to be made is that there is no reason why sensitive people should be crucified and some of their lives shortened by the absolute license given to motor owners to outdo each other in every form of Brobdingnaglan cough, sneeze, shriek and yell. Let there be a Motor Car Musical director with absolute authority to soften their interjections into decency and peace; to key them up or down to some sort of harmony so that while only in Sybaris—if motors ever get entrance there—could there be thus rendered a symphonic poem—there might be no monstrous discords, no wild slaughter of the circumambient air!

Boston. THE OLD 'UN.

SIGNS AND "ADS"

As the World Wags:

I suppose it can be said that a notice that is noticed is a success. Here is one from a Washington street tailor's shop:

"Stor cloised
Imickand of deth
Will posetev be open
Monday ove"

Belmont. E. J. H.

June 14 1921

B.F.KEITH'S
THE AMUSEMENT CENTRE OF BOSTON
Twice Daily at 2 & 8. Tel Beach 1724
The Zest and Speed of a Sea Breeze
THE ONE—TED LEWIS—THE ONLY
AND HIS METROPOLITAN BAND
FRANK WILCOX & COMPANY
DILLON & PARKER V. & E. STANTON
HARRY & GRACE ELLSWORTH MME. RIALTA & CO.
LEON GAUTIER'S "BRICKLAYERS"
Extra!—VAN HOVEN—*Extra!*

Strike of printers

June 15, 1921

Mr. T. P. O'Connor has contributed to the Daily Telegraph of London personal recollections of Lady Bancroft, the actress who died last month. He tells us that when she and her husband left the stage their fortune was ample. The profits of the Haymarket enterprise alone amounted to £180,000. The husband might have been a great hotel keeper. At his house in Berkeley square he produced dish after dish "cooked better than in hotel or restaurant in Europe; and all with a touch of originality." Lady Bancroft had a keen sense of the ridiculous and told excellent stories. "I still remember," says Mr. O'Connor, "a story of two women of the lower middle class discussing the eternal question of the triangle. The triangle is not a purely aristocratic problem, as those who know the East end can testify. The conversation took place in a boarding house at Margate. 'Wot you should do,' said the wise and experienced wife whom the jealous one was consulting, 'is to wait some day till you see her passing under your window; and then spit on her, and she'll know you don't think her a lady.'"

A Boston Weather Prophet

As the World Wags:

Those interested in the temperature of the summer will be pleased to learn that it will be pleasant. July, usually the hottest month, will be particularly cool. The lack of heat will compensate for the usual dry spells. The autumn will become rainy. Thunder showers will be more moderate, though the coolness will have some tendency to cause hail (which can be insured against). A. D. ELMER.

Boston.

Have a Light?

(From "Algernon in London")

He bit off the end of his weed,
As the frost in the field a flower;
He threw the small end away—
His face is lit redder than day,
His face is made glorious, indeed,
With the light of the match, and its power!
He lit his cigar with fire.
He kindled a flame with his breath.
As the mouth of a flute-player
So did his mouth appear;
The smoke rises higher and higher—
He is crowned with smoke for a wreath!

Travel That Broadens

As the World Wags:

T. S. Poon maintains a tailor shop on the "Back Bund" in Canton, China, and Ah Men caters in a sartorial way to his Britannic majesty's subjects (and others) in his shop on Queen's road central under the glare of the Hongkong sun?

Or that Wei Rong, the money-changer, flaunts his gilt sign close beside the Hotel Kalee in Shanghai?

Or that Sick Lee & Co., Ld., "contracts" something or other in a building way on the Rathah soiled Canton bund near the Kwangtung Electric Light & Supply Co., Ltd. (Adv.)?

Travel does so broaden one's outlook, don't you think?

CARLOS SPINALDOS.

San Francisco, Cal.

We Know Not the Song

As the World Wags:

Did you ever hear that curious old comic song, "A Trip to Niagara Falls, Sir"? It tells of a family outing to visit the falls and describes the mishaps. After each verse there is a curious feature, a "spoken" when the singer interrupts the song and drops into prose for a line or two; a sort of monologue between the verses. What is the origin of the custom?

Boston. LANSING R. ROBINSON.

The "spoken" in the course of a song is an old device to amuse the audience in England, France, the United States; no doubt in other countries.—Ed.

A Strictly American Institution

As the World Wags:

Talking about the saloon (which you seem to love to) and the dear dread drinks beyond recall, I see that a minister in New York has said that the saloon was a "foreign institution."

Was it? It was my impression that the saloon was a distinctively native American institution, racy of the soil. I cannot qualify as an expert, but it seems from what I have heard and read that there was nothing exactly like the American saloon anywhere else in the world save as other places may have copied from us. It was my impression that whereas in other lands, people sat down leisurely in cafes and beer gardens and imbibed slowly the "leprous distilment," the bar, the foot-rail and the hasty perpendicular drink were products of our American genius for getting quick action.

The saloon at present seems to have gone the way of that other peculiar social institution, slavery, but when it flourished among us it was as something not brought in from abroad, but springing from our own soil and the product of our own conditions. It is true, as the minister whose words I am commenting on, says, that there were many foreigners engaged in the saloon business, but so there are a good many foreigners in the bootblacking business and in the shaving business and in the clothes-pressing business, but we can hardly say that these in themselves are foreign institutions.

No, bad as the saloon was, it proudly bore on its banner the words, "American saloon" or "American bar." It does not deserve the opprobium the New York man seeks to cast upon its memory. Let us be just in its regard. It was not foreign.

DENIS A. McCARTHY.

Arlington Heights

A Forgotten Hero

As the World Wags:

In your notes "Fistiana" you mention Donnelly, champion of Ireland. When I was a lad in Connecticut I used to hear a little Irishman, who, by the way, had a broken neck, sing the ballad of "The Great Fight of Donnelly and Cooper" on the Curragh of Kildare. I have never heard it since, nor found it in any volume of Irish ballads. It is too long to print in your column, but no doubt many would like to see a verse of it.

Westminster. S. H.

Daniel Donnelly, a carpenter by trade, was very tall, strong and agile. "His skill in throwing was great; his straightforward blow would almost fell an ox; but he was deficient in science." He fought two great battles—the one referred to by "S. H.," the other in July, 1819, with Oliver in England. Having wasted his battle money, he returned to Dublin with only 40 shillings in his pocket. His ending was a sad one. As landlord of the Shining Daisy in Pill lane, in February, 1820, "having drank an almost incredible number of tumblers of punch at one sitting (out of mere bravado) and swallowed half a bucket of cold water, while in a state of profuse perspiration, after the aforesaid tumblers, he burst a blood vessel and departed this life in the 44th year of his age." One hundred carriages, 400 horsemen and over 50,000 of the rag, tag and bobtail were in the funeral procession. It is a curious fact that "curragh" means a moor, bog, fen, also a small boat or skiff. Does any one know the ballad which "S. H." heard in his youth?—Ed.

June 16 1921

Some days ago we quoted the remarks of Old Soak, reported faithfully by Mr. Don Marquis, to the effect that one of the evils brought upon the United States by prohibition is the falling off in religious interest. Old Soak in the barroom was often asked by Salvation Army girls for a contribution. He gladly handed out ten cents or a quarter, and as there were appeals in the barroom for pecuniary aid to other religious denominations, he inevitably became interested in religion of some sort.

Readers no doubt smiled or laughed at this whimsical fancy of Mr. Marquis and thought him extravagant in jesting.

Mr. Elias Barncastle sends us an issue of the Bristol (R. I.) Phoenix containing an article on the Salvation Army Campaign. The writer says: "It is a strange fact that this campaign form of raising money is made necessary by the coming of prohibition. In the days when saloons were open the Salvation Army lassies, with their tambourines collected in drinking places about three quarters of the money needed for the Army relief work. Men who frequented saloons were generous and cheerful givers to the cause, many of them having been helped by the Army's various forms of charity when they were 'down.' Now this form of revenue is cut off."

And so Old Soak turns out to be a sociologist, a keen observer, a colleague in more ways than one of our esteemed friend, Mr. Herkimer Johnson.

Probably Quincy Kilby Knows

M. M. S. writes to us: "Was there ever a play at the Boston Theatre, with this motto on the program, a saying attributed to Oliver Cromwell: 'Trust in God and keep your powder dry'?"

A Warning Shirt

As the World Wags:

Many of the Old Colony street railway runs are discontinued, viz: This morning from the trolley wire between Quincy and Wollaston parallel to the New York, New Haven & Hartford rails, there hangs what remains of a red flannel shirt. Attached to one sleeve is a disgorged can of squash weighted with stones. Is this a subtle symbol of sinister sovietism, or shall we attribute it to youthful impudence? CANTHARIS.

Cambridge.

Admiral Sims's Predecessor

(N. Y. Evening Post)

The earliest admiral we know of, the man who commanded the associated navies of the world, would seem to have been a fair-spoken man on board ship; but even Noah got into trouble when he struck land.

Man, the Forked Radish

As the World Wags:

F. A. W. need not think that he is the only one who keeps his eye open for eccentric signs. For the past 10 years, or more, I have made my daily visits to the postoffice, passing through Arch street, but have never noticed specially the signs along the street, right or left. After reading F. A. W.'s odd experience with his former tailor, in Dorchester, I happened to look at the right into a basement tailor shop and noticed an apparently brand new sign in the window, which reads thus:

PRESSED AS YOU WAIT
Coats, 50c; trousers, 20c.

There are others! W. H. E.

The "Skin" Game

(There is a great resemblance between shopping and fox hunting — Evening Paper.)

D'ye ken Joan Peel in her furs so gray,
D'ye ken Joan Peel on her shopping day,
With her purse in her muff and her car under way,
With a hoot of its horn in the morning?

'Twas the sound of her voice turned the shopgirls red,
And her thick-soled boots had a martial tread,
When hard on the scent, with a toss of her head,
She went hunting the fox that morning!

D'ye ken Joan Peel with her cheeks of "pink"
As she tracks down coney and fox and mink,
With the air of having a real "high jink,"
As the light in her eye gives warning.

She will tramp through the show rooms, mile on mile,
With a hunter's glee and a fox's guile,
As the scent leads on to her favorite "style,"
And a "brush" before lunch this morning!

—A. W. in the London Daily Chronicle.

The Two Admirals (Not J. F. Cooper's)

As the World Wags:

Pep in the Grand Fleet had begun to ebb. Monotonous routine was begetting lackadaisical laxity. It was time to start something.

Aware of the need, and exercising the resource and sagacity inoctrinated by his long training, the admiral commanding the squadron of American battleships (berthed in the outermost anchorage) one morning espying the Beef Boat of the Royal Navy (distinguished by a huge pennant bearing a lusty bull rampant on a green field) rounding the Point and standing in toward the gate in the net guarding the harbor, jumped into his barge, and streaked along the interminable columns of ships until he boarded the "Q. E."

At the conclusion of the requisite formalities, he turned to the British admiral and casually remarked, "It seems strange that I should have been over here so long and yet never saw the Royal Standard of Great Britain until this morning."

"What's that?" cried the Britisher? "The Royal Standard! The King paying a surprise visit to the Grand Fleet and the admiralty never informed me! Preposterous! I say! (to his flag officer). Flash a message to all ships of the fleet to stand by and pay homage to his majesty!"

Ten minutes passed, during which he wore a path in the quarter-deck by pacing to and fro. "Can't understand," he was heard to murmur on one of his turns, "why some ship doesn't report his presence."

Then minutes more passed, and halting opposite the American admiral he asked, "Are you certain you saw the Royal Standard?"

"Why, yes," replied the American, "in fact (looking through his binoculars), isn't that ship just passing beneath the Forth bridge flying the Royal Standard of Great Britain?"

The Britisher jerked his glasses to his eyes, his attention riveted through them. Presently a sickly grin began to spread from the corners of his iron mouth, whereupon the "Q. E." not being carried in the register of the U. S. navy, and the sun being over the yard-arm, he piped the American admiral below to splice the main brace.

* * * *

Some three weeks later one of the illustrated London weeklies carried a full-page photograph showing a close-up view of a naval distinguishing pennant bearing a lusty bull rampant. Over it was the caption, "Blunders of our Allies" and beneath it the title, "The Distinguishing Pennant of the Beef Boat of the Royal Navy," and below it still, the following explanatory legend, "It is reported on high authority that a celebrated American admiral recently mistook the above pennant for the Royal Standard of the King, and caused the ships of his squadron to man the rail while the Beef Boat sailed serenely past."

Thus did the British admiral get even.

LIVDAV.

June 17 1921

Has Mr. Max Beerbohm lost his cunning as a caricaturist? It would seem that he has lost it, if criticisms of his exhibition in London are just. The Times thinks that the popularity of his show is ominous. "The British public, and especially the fashionable public, are apt suddenly to discover some one just when he has exhausted himself. All together they see the rocket, and cry Ah! when it has burst and begun to fall." (This is true of the public in other cities—even Boston.)

According to the critic of the Times, Mr. Beerbohm, first of all, often fails in his likenesses, "and a caricature ought to be more like the victim than he is like himself. The best of his caricatures did make the victim, in the flesh, look like a feeble, tentative attempt to rival Mr. Beerbohm's fantasty." Then the satires upon Labor are labored. Is it all due to the sorry state of the world? "Politically he seems now to be too depressed to laugh. There is a lowered vitality in some of his cartoons, as if his wit were beaten by the brute force of things and he could not express his fears baldly and directly like any man in an omnibus." Among the successful cartoons are those of Paderewski asking D'Annunzio to read him one of the dramas of his youth and D'Annunzio asking Paderewski to play him one of his admirable sonatas. A captain of industry tells a curate that the desire of the manual workers to be paid exorbitant wages is a sure sign that they have lost their faith in a future life. "Wilson's peace" (1930) is another one. The worn-out President is in the forefront; in the background Lloyd George is saying to Clemenceau, "Thought he was going to get the better of you and I." It is said that the figure of the President is a masterpiece; but the other two are puppets. Gordon Craig is shown asking of leading actors "a sacrifice worthy of their calling and their ideals." "Doubles" were done in the war. There is an explanation in the catalogue: "You fold a sheet of paper in half, you make some random blotch on it, fold it again instantly, unfold it, see what possibility it suggests, and proceed to make blotches of a more calculated kind. A little cheating—a very little of it—is within the rules of the game. Mr. Beerbohm plays it very well, especially where he cheats; and perhaps he means it for a satire on the accidental methods of modern art, but it is more amusing, no doubt, to players than to lookers-on."

THE GENTLE ART OF CRITICISM

Mr. William Atheling reviews concerts for the New Age, London. He liked the fiddling of Olga Rudge when Hela Ziemska was the pianist. "Miss Rudge committed a serious error in changing partners and was unable to overcome the wooden burden of Mlle. Renata Borgatti's piano whack."

One poor wretch was thus disposed of: "Gertrude Blomfield is depressing."

WOMEN IN THE CHAIR

Mr. H. V. Storey, editor of English, objects vigorously to the use of "Madam Chair" for the female president of a meeting. He insists that "chairwoman" is the only word. Unfortunately it might be mistaken for "charwoman." Nor is "Miss or Mrs. Chairwoman" euphonious. "Mr. Chairman" is not so bad.

CONSOLATION IN BOOKS AND DREAMS

As the World Wags:

That "Old Soak" stuff in a recent issue was as balm to the souls of many of us who look to your column for the garnish on the pabulum of life; but, too, a secondary and subsequent effect of this fascinating "wet" literature was irritating, like the suggestive pictures in the movies which the censors would like to eliminate but mortals would miss. With me personally it caused a mental panic and drove me to Ho Biblos for sustaining strength in the hour of temptation, and there I found it in the words "oil to make him of a cheerful countenance and wine to gladden the heart of man." That swung the pendulum the other way and I pulled down Anthon's Horace—fat old friend of my youth—and I fumbled over the pages that so carefully discuss the whole subject of grape culture and the varying processes of making, maturing and keeping the wines of ancient Rome.

If the 18th amendment to our constitution sets an example that other nations of the earth follow, so that at last we have world-wide prohibition of the hermetically sealed type, what knowledge of grape and grape juice will have been accumulated in vain!

The arduous duties of the day inclined me to repose, so I ceased this delightful musing, parked my troubles in

the desk and hit the trail for the land of Lethe, and as so called consciousness gave way to sleep I took my place at a Roman feast—primus inter pares—and with an amphora of Falernian at hand wo started a night that would make Lucullus's feast look like 30 cents. At early dawn I stretched myself back to consciousness again with his thought dominating my mind action: "What is the use of being good, anyway. We all can be passed through the golden gate by proper and adequate legislation. Leave it to Congress and the Bolsheviki!" KUKLOS.

THE GIRL WITH THE LITTLE HAT

(For As the World Wags.)

I watch her as she passes me,
For there is longing in my breast,
A wistfulness like dusk at sea,
A hope in fragile armor dresst.

Her eyes are black like raven wings,
The gleam of some Castilian line;
The Celt within her laughs and sings
For mirth is hers, and longing mine.

She takes a car each working morn
To go where labor's seeds are sown—
The morn is gone, the day's forlorn,
She leaves me standing there alone.

I saw her once beyond the town
Down in the fields with flowers gay,
And there was summer on her gown
And in her eyes the dreaming day.

And then I thought as there I sat,
Can peasant win this queen of grace?
The girl that wears the little hat,
A crown above a royal face.

In all the cloistered hours of night,
Till white ships drift away at dawn
And day unbars the gates of light,
I hear her haunting crooning song.

To him by whom the race is won
The prize belongs, the goal bestows
Gift the laughing angels spun—
The beauty that outlasts the rose.

Fort Warren. EDWARD YERXA.

June 18 1921

Having read Mr. George Barnard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah," one realizes the more that the writings of Methuselah, including his 330 parables, have not come down to us. As he lived 969 years—he died in 1656 A. M., the year of the Deluge—his memoirs would have been unusually interesting. Methuselah, according to the Rabbins, was a very learned man. He was for 100 years in the school of his father Enoch. Furthermore, if Eupolemus is to be believed, he learned all kinds of knowledge from the angels. And Methuselah was also a thoughtful man, a bit of a sentimentalist, for Solomon Jarchi assures us that the old man died seven days before the Deluge in order that his grandson Noah might properly lament him.

ON READING ALOUD

... edition, an unexpurgated edition, of John Gay's "Beggar's Opera" is advertised as "a good book for reading aloud." Well, why not! The poet Cowper read "Tom Jones" aloud to the Mrs. Unwin without calling a blush to her presumably fair cheek. In our little village of the sixties, when family prayers were in fashion, the head of the family read the Old Testament course, skipping only the genealogical chapters—and skipping those probably because of difficulties in pronunciation. "The Beggar's Opera" should not shock even the young girls of a household. They have read novels published by highly respectable firms that are frank in speech. Furthermore, while they "spoke right out in meeting," the novelists hint and wink suggestively or indulge themselves in descriptions of a character that once were called "luscious," i. e., licentious. "Tom Jones" in comparison might have been written by the Rev. Jacob Abbott or that stern moralist, E. P. Roe.

WHITTIER REVISED

As the World Wags:

Of course Whittier should never have written—

"Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,
Brought in the wood from out of doors."

No matter if it was colloquial New England language and familiar to the people for whom he was writing. It would have been more truly poetic had he said:

"Meanwhile we did our nightly labors,
With farm-tools borrowed off the neighbors."

Or better still:

"Meanwhile we did our nightly stunts,
And fed the animal what grunts."

Or

"Meanwhile got on to our jobs,
Like ordinary country slobs."

Or even

"Meanwhile our vesper tasks we did,
And the second eldest kid."

How much better the poet Gray expressed it when he said:

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Nor fashion read with a disdainful smile,"

Then he shows familiarity with the New York pronunciation, "smoll."

Brookline. JACK BUNSBY.

WIDOWS AND BEEF IN WEST BURKE

(Vermont Union-Journal.)

Mr. Gilmore recently drove a herd of cattle to Barton and sold them. It seems too bad some of the nice beef cattle cannot be sold out in town. The meat market has been closed two weeks for lack of patronage and it is not easy for many people to get meat when they want it. A good meat cart is badly needed here. There are lots of old people unable to go far to buy meat to say nothing of this being the banner town of widows, 46 within a mile of the post-office and no teams or autos owned by over 40 of them. Here is a fine opening for a good clean cart to make money if they have decent meat and decently clean.

AN EASTERN QUESTION

A letter from Constantinople informs us that the police of that city, having forbidden the form of lottery known as the tombola, have now put a stop to the courses de cafard. It seems that the Russians, famous as gamblers for years, had organized at Pera in one of the cafes a "Caferd-drome"; cockroaches ran races, and much money was thereby lost and won. Some years ago we read of these races in other cities, as we read of two men betting on which lump of sugar a fly would alight. Our correspondent calls the cockroach a black beetle. The Natural History Museum (London) has published a pamphlet "The Cockroach"—it should be in every kitchen for improving reading—in which the writer states that the insect is not a beetle at all. The two varieties best known in England are the common or Oriental cockroach and the German. "Any other species that arrive are mere tourists." Nobody knows where the insect—the common one—came from in the 16th century. Gilbert White in 1790 spoke of it as an unusual insect. The German came later; German so-called, but really an Asiatic; in Germany known as the Prussian. And in like manner a certain disease was called by the French, the Neapolitan; by the Italians, the French disease: an agreeable instance of exchange in international courtesies. Mr. Herkimer Johnson, a dozen years or more ago, showed us a cookbook published in Paris by a domestic economist, also a lover of nature, in which the dishes recommended were of all sorts of flying and crawling and skipping insects prepared in various ways. A cockroach bisque was especially praised.

By the way, how did the word "cockroach" come to be an adaptation of the Spanish "Cucaracha"? Did Philip II of Spain bring the insects to England in his train when he first met Bloody Mary?

ENGLISH AT YALE

As the World Wags:

Cleveland's "innocuous desuetude" is simplicity itself as compared with the declaration by Prof. Mendell of Yale that "the statement of former Crew Coach Guy Nickalls that he did not resign was egregiously disingenuous." Is this a return to "normalcy" from the "short and ugly" style of Roosevelt of Harvard? C. F. D.

Boston.

A SILLY TEA-TIME QUESTION

(London Daily Chronicle.)

One of the silly questions in our every-day speech meets one each afternoon (writes a correspondent) when you are asked: "Do you feel like a cup of tea?" If one did, one would not confess to it, surely. And how does a cup of tea feel?

I am reminded of an awful day in a certain battalion mess in France. Our mess cook prided himself on his steak puddings, which were grateful and comforting on cold days in rest billets. The brigadier dropped in one day at lunch time, and I said pleasantly to him:

"Do you feel like a steak pudding, sir?"

"No, damn it, do I look like one?" he replied rather hotly, and I was glad that he had already inspected my company.

AN H—— OF A CREW

As the World Wags:

With Hollister, Henry, Hubbard, Hubbard, Hamilton, Hobson holding down six of the seats, the Harvard Freshman eight may be well considered an "All H—— of a crew!" F. S. S.

Lenox.

June 19 1921

POPS NEARING CLOSE

The season of Pops concerts at Symphony Hall, being seven weeks old, with but three remaining, each week to date has exceeded the preceding in attendance and all previous records have been broken. Indeed, the heat scarcely penetrated ... of Symphony ...

The programs of the week follow

MONDAY, JUNE 20.

New England Conservatory of Music.

French Military March....................Saint-Saens
Overture to "Mignon"....................Thomas
Waltzes from "Der Rosenkavalier"..R. Strauss
Fantasia, "Tosca"....................Puccini
Symphonic Ballad, "Tam o'Shanter".Chadwick
(Conducted by the composer)
Air of Leporello "Madamina" from Act 1, "Don Giovanni"....................Mozart
(Charles Bennett)
Overture to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"....................Wagner
Quintet from "Rigoletto," Act III......Verdi
Rhapsody, "Italia"....................Casella
Hindu Song from "Sadko"...Rimsky-Korsakoff
Cortege de Bacchus....................Delibes

TUESDAY, JUNE 21.

Italian-Verdi Program

Prologue to "Pagliacci"....................Leoncavallo
Overture to "William Tell"....................Rossini
Minuet....................Bolzoni
Hymn to the Sun from "Iris"........Mascagni
Night, Dawn, Sunrise.
Fantasia, "Ballo in Maschere"..........Verdi
Quartet from "Rigoletto"....................Verdi
Prelude to "Aida"....................Verdi
Fantasia, "Otello"....................Verdi
Rhapsody, "Italia"....................Casella
Waltz, "Le Saran Rose"....................Arditi
Marcia Reale Italiana....................Cabetti

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22.

Marche Militaire....................Schubert
Overture to "Raymond"....................Thomas
Waltz, "Dornroeschen"........Tschaikowsky
Fantasia, "Aida"....................Verdi
First Hungarian Rhapsody....................Liszt
"Elli, Elli"....................Arr by Jacchia
"Whispering of the Flowers"..........Blon
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"...Wagner
Selection, "Eva"....................Lehar
Bandana Sketches (Negro Spirituals)
"Nobody Knows De Trouble I've Seen"
Negro Dance
"Procession of the Sardar".....Ippolito-Ivanoff

THURSDAY, JUNE 23.

March, "Lorraine"....................Ganne
Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"....................Mendelssohn
Waltz, "Pomone"....................Waldteufel
Fantasia, "Pagliacci"....................Leoncavallo
Second Hungarian Rhapsody....................Liszt
Marche Miniature....................Tschaikowsky
Intermezzo....................Carroll
Entrance of the Gods into Walhalla, from "Das Rheingold"....................Wagner
Fantasia, "Mephistofele"....................Boito
Serenade....................Toselli
Hungarian Dance in G minor (No. 5)....Brahms

FRIDAY, JUNE 24.

Insurance Society of Massachusetts Night.

Military Polonaise..............Chopin-Glazounoff
Overture, "Le Roi l'a dit"..........Delibes
Waltz, "Espana"....................Waldteufel
Fantasia, "Carmen"....................Bizet
From the Suite, "Peer Gynt"..........Grieg
a, Morning Mood. b. In the Hall of the Mountain King.
Largo....................Handel
Solo violin, J. Theodorowicz; organ, harp and strings.
Prelude....................Rachmaninoff
Ouverture Solennelle, "1812"....Tschaikowsky
Selection, "Apple Blossoms"....Kreisler-Jacobi
Kammenoi Ostrow....................Rubinstein
Pomp and Circumstance....................Elgar

SATURDAY, JUNE 25.

March from "Tannhauser"....................Wagner
Overture "Maximilian Robespierre".......Litolff
The Last Days of the "Terror"
Orientale....................Cui
(Arranged by Gustave Strube)
Fantasia, "Madame Butterfly"..........Puccini
Ballet Music from "The Queen of Sheba"....................Goldmark
Solo violoncello, Joseph Keller
Enfantillage, "Children at Play"....................Van Westerhout
(Arranged by Agide Jacchia)
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube"....................Strauss
Roumanian Rhapsody....................Enesco
Fantasia, "Lucia di Lammermoor"....Donizetti
Waltz, "Jolly Sisters"....................Vollstedt
Rakoczy March....................Berlioz

A London journal recalls the fact that failure on the part of a member of Parliament to produce a good division record once brought penalties at the annual Greenwich fish dinner, which, until recent times, closed the summer session. A wooden spoon was presented to the delinquent. Lord George Hamilton, now living, had the courage to award the spoon to Disraeli.

A wooden spoon for many years was presented at Yale College to the most popular man in his class. We forget when this custom went out; it was certainly before 1872. Later the Thanksgiving jubilee was abolished at Yale. Still later the college fence disappeared. And so, as a grocery-store politician of Chelsea, Vt., remarked of a platform finally adopted at a state convention, Yale was "pruned of its most inherent qualities."

It was a good thing for Yale when a wooden spoon was no longer the reward of popularity. It encouraged "sniping." The hope of obtaining it led students to be close-mouthed, fearful of offending Tom, Dick and Harry. Each self-appointed candidate wore the perpetual grin of good-fellowship. It is doubtful whether he took off the mask when he was apparently safe in bed. Even now there is foolish voting in colleges for males and females: the handsomest in the class, the most popular, the best dressed; the favorite actress, newspaper, public man, teacher.

LINES TO A TIRED HOSTESS

(By Baird Leonard.)

When the last fox-trot has been started and the last taxicab's been announced,
When the courtiers and queens have departed and the lingering beaux have been bounced,
She shall rest, and faith, she deserves to. Perhaps on the following day
The maid, when she sees the apartment, will silently saunter away.

... fer—yo...

FOR SUMMER OUTINGS

(The Vermont Union-Journal of Lyndonville June 8.)

THE LOVE SANATORIUM
86 Concord Ave., St. Johnsbury, Vt
Convalescence and chronic a specialty
Elderly people and obstetrics taken.

IONIAN "NEW" INNOVATIONS

(The Ohio State Journal, Columbus, June 13.)

The new innovations—waitresses, woman manager, hat and coat racks at the tables, unnecessary tipping and Marimba band—in the Ionian room will be supplemented by this liberal 75c luncheon. Special hot or cold dishes will be served in generous portions on a big, beautiful blue English luncheon plate.

THE SCHOOLFELLOW

Was this magazine, The Schoolfellow, an illustrated magazine for boys and girls, published by Dix & Edwards of New York in the later fifties? We have a vague remembrance of one or two numbers: One with illustrations of Wordsworth's "Lucy Gray"—the father tracking her footsteps in the snow, Lucy with her lantern, etc.; one with fantastical pictures of Napoleon Bonaparte—a tail came beneath his famous coat. We do not know whether this magazine had a Rebus department. The next children's magazine we recall was Our Young Folks. Later came the beautifully illustrated Riverside with stories by "Vieux Moustache"—he died not long ago; two or three illustrations by John La Farge—one, the Wolf leader—still haunt the memory. Then there was Oliver Optic's Magazine. For fiction we preferred Beadle's dime novels to "Robinson Crusoe." "Opening load" was a phrase for the first piece on any minstrel or vaudeville show. How curiously old-fashioned the prospectus of The Schoolfellow seems today. We quote from the publishers' announcement at the back of Melville's "Piazza Tales." "Every number will contain original matter, from the best American authors; with selections and translations from late English, German and French publications, and will be finely and profusely illustrated. It will be the aim of the publishers to combine in the engravings and the letter-press of The Schoolfellow the utmost possible beauty, variety, interest, and substantial instruction, with an elevated moral tone, and reverent spirit."—ED.

PERSONAL AND NATIONAL

Kyra, the oriental dancer, who has twisted herself into knots and wriggled and squirmed to the delight of Bostonians, enlightened patrons of the dramatic and terpsichorean arts, did not come from Benares, Malabar, Damascus, Bangkok, or the Libyan desert, ravishing, exotic creature that she is. She was born in Nashville, Tenn., but her family moved to Kansas City.

Many of our Spanish dancers, gazed on with glowing eyes by Uncle Amos, thinking of the jota, the cachucha, the seguidilla, the Alhambra and the Guadalquiver—ole! ole! come from South Boston.

MAGAZINES AND MINSTRELS

As the World Wags:

What was the small magazine we used to enjoy in the early sixties that had the rebus department? It was in working them out that I came across the "strange" quotations, such as "The tiger couches in the wood" and "Rattle his bones over the stones," etc. Was it Student and Schoolmate?

From that circumstance, it interested me later to find "The Tiger" on a program as an opening chorus. "Crowned with the Tempest" was impressive with its opening bass solo. Of course my idea was that the tiger "crouches" and I had always supposed it so, till you enlightened me.

The present generation, knowing only the "60—count 'em—60" kind of minstrel show, has no conception of the old, genuine show we so enjoyed. I have oft remarked that I would rather go to the old San Francisco Minstrels than to grand opera—for one night, of course. The late Carl Zerrahn told me of once being taken to hear them in New York. What most impressed him was the ballad singing, and the chorus, repeated Sotto voce. He said, "Such a pianissimo I have never heard."

The nomenclature of the extra men in the cast (the enemy called them "chair warmers") always amused, as "Baldy Sours," "Toby Green," etc. Another feature not seen now was the "Wench Singers," such as "The Only Leon," "Ricardo," William Henry Rice, etc., who made up and sang operatic cavatinas to deceive the elect. I never heard of "opening load." In what connection was the phrase used? The rural tavern-keeper's description of the "last troop" that had visited him was: "They wuz nigger minstrels—and a queer gang they wuz. There were thirty-five of 'em and thirty-four of 'em were named 'Cull' and the other one was 'Props.'"

Lowell. JAS. B. RUSSELL.

A Far Cry

"Opera heard 600 miles away."

One would infer that Mr. Muratore was the tenor and Mr. Titta Ruffo was ...

the baritone. No. The opera was "heard by wireless."

As the World Wags:

Coming in on the car this morning I noticed an advertisement that ended with this information.

IF YOU WISH TO SPEAK 100% PERFECT ENGLISH SECURE
A ——— DICTIONARY

The advertiser should procure one himself, don't you think?

JOE TOYE.

Boston.

June 21 1921

Looking through a fat little volume, "The Encyclopaedia of Popular Songs," published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York, in 1864—a book, as the title page assures us, "embracing several hundred of the newest and most fashionable lyrics of the day"—we found in the "Touch the Elbow Songster" section the "New War Song of the 69th Regiment," to be sung to the tune, "My Boy with the Auburn Hair." The first two verses with chorus are as follows:

"Come all you Irish hayroes, wherever that you be,
I pray yees pay 'tention and listenon to me;
Concerning of the Prince of Wales, when he landed on New York shore,
The 69th would not turn out, they had done nothing moro.

Chorus—
With my hub be boo, boo, boo, what shall we do
Our sweethearts for to plaze
And the Union for to save,
For the 69th is bravest of the brave.

"Their Colonel was court-martialed, as you may understand
He was deemed a traitor to his adopted land;
He will show them they're Irishmen, he made them this reply,
'Tis for the Stripes and Stars, he willingly will die."

The bard then shouts the praise of the 69th for its bravery in the war and its devotion to the flag.

Does anyone recall the refusal of the 69th to march in honor of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, shortly before the civil war? What was the name of the colonel who, court-martialed, nevertheless gloried in his defiance of "perfidious Albion?" We are far from newspaper files.

POETRY IN ICE

We quote from the advertisement of a New York ice company.

"Geniuses of all times have had eccentricities in doing their work. Schiller wrote his great poems with his feet immersed in ice. The method in this seeming madness was evidently to draw the blood from the head, to make thinking clearer for the man who saw life as in a shining mirror as he wrote: 'To know thyself—in others self discern—wouldst thou know others—Read thyself and learn.'"

"Eugene Field found inspiration in the tinkle of ice in the pitcher."

As a matter of fact, Schiller kept decayed apples in a drawer of his desk. When he was at a loss for a poetic thought or a rhyme, he would open the drawer and smell the apples, to his great refreshment. Goethe knew this and wondered at it. Was there only ice in the pitcher in which Eugene Field found inspiration?

Years ago one of The Boston Herald editorial writers found comfort if not inspiration by putting his feet in cold water, a pail for each foot.

The late F. E. Chase used to tell of a boarding house where the economical landlady had a water pitcher ingeniously fitted inside with chunks of cut glass, to give illusion to the eye and ear. Chase once stopped at a summer hotel where the landlord every morning filled a hollow piazza pillar with ice, and then hung a thermometer on the pillar. Did a guest complain of the heat, the landlord invited him to look at the thermometer, and rubbed his hands.

THE BARS OF OLD IRELAND

As the World Wags:

In your column recently Mr. Denis McCarthy seeks to claim full citizenship for the saloon as an American institution, native to the soil. First, let me ask how could any fine gentleman named McCarthy know anything about saloons. The thing is a joke on its face. But hibernian-like he rushes to its helpless corpse in an effort to have it enshrined as well as embalmed, and, in an endeavor to put the kibosh on the minister man, betrays his pitiful knowledge of history, geography, and Euclid for all I know.

Mr. McCarthy never saw Ireland, of that I am sure. But his own father could have told him, and would if he were alive, that for 79 generations, [illegible] in the saloon [illegible] a good many less, every licensed inn or public house in Ireland had its stand-up bar with a green baize curtain between it and the street so the passersby could never tell who were the exhuberant talkers behind the screen. As to the foot rail or a hand rail, for that matter, sure any self-respecting Irishman on his native sod would scorn any such aid. Its standing up like a man he quaffed the poisoned cup, stamping his legs on the floor between drinks to get them well-packed down. And the bar itself, Mr. McCarthy, was none of your low-down American bars to put your elbows on. Breast high, almost, it stood and under the top of it, inside, was kept tumblers and glasses and loaf sugar, and the wooden muddler to help make the whiskey punch when the wind blew over the bogs outside or the night was cold.

I will grant you, of course, that the saloon de luxe with a mirror behind to keep you there looking at yourself for hours was a Yankee invention to make a man feel rich while he was drinking himself poor. And the foot-rail and hand-rail, if Mr. McCarthy wants them classified in history as American inventions, we will let him have his way. But never in a hundred years will we concede the standing up bar and the green baize screen. Why man, alive, I wouldn't wonder they were invented by Brian Boru, the great grandfather of Sinn Fein. As for the minister calling Ireland a foreign country we won't stand for that. We tell him right here that his early education was badly neglected, or, as we used to say in North Kerry, he is most tremendously misinformed. The country called Ireland is now, always has been, and always will be, an inmportant section of the United States, no matter what the maps or the dictionaries may say. Eh, Mr. McCarthy, am I right? You know I am, because your front name is the same as my own.

DENIS ANDREW REIDY.

New York.

ETHEL BARRYMORE AT KEITH'S THEATRE

Receives Warm Welcome in "The Twelve Pound Look"

Ethel Barrymore appeared yesterday at Keith's in Barrie's one-act play, "The Twelve Pound Look." This is her first appearance in this city since November, 1918, and her entrance was greeted with prolonged applause.

Barrie's poignant little play, in which Miss Barrymore appeared some years ago on the vaudeville stage, is too well known to make the telling of its story necessary. Barrie, master of whimsy and make-believe, is also master of biting realities. His "Half an Hour" and "The Twelve Pound Look" are the work of an unflinching realist. Miss Barrymore's portrayal of the neglected wife who goes forth to economic independence with her typewriter and thereby acquires the "look" that comes with earning 12 pounds a month, is a delicate bit of acting. In it there is a woman's almost fierce determination to control her fate, tempered by the sort of humor which has been called "the tears of brave men"—in this case extended also to women.

Claudia Coleman, perhaps, comes next in interest on the bill. She gave monologues entitled, "Feminine Types," in which she artfully holds the mirror up to nature in some of her most amusing forms. Spencer and Williams give an entertaining musical act. Others on the bill include Joe Towle; Charles Harrison and Sylvia Dakin in "The Three of Us"; Anne Ford and George Goodridge in another musical sketch; Maria Low's "Art Studies," and Baraban and Grohs in an elaborate dancing act.

June 22 1921

It is the fashion to publish collected editions of novelists and other writers, living or dead. Although there was a "collected" edition of W. E. Henley's prose and verse, an edition not at all complete, a new "collected" edition of this virile and free-spoken man's prose and poetry is now publishing. Messrs. Galsworthy, Hardy, James, Barrie, Merrick, Meredith are being honored in like manner. It seems absurd to put forth the "collected" works of any living author, who may, after the edition is supposedly complete, break out again—"You can't stop 'em." Furthermore, the true lover of books does not necessarily long for the complete works of any man.

The collector of first editions is steadily at work. We know of one who is adding first editions of Mr. Conrad's novels to his library. A collector is not always a bibliophile; he is often a bibliomaniac. Some one has asked whether anyone is collecting first editions of Herman Melville's romances, now that "Moby Dick" has been discovered in England, in consequence of a recent English edition of that extraordinary, amazing, entrancing romance.

[illegible] passing [illegible] but have never noticed

"MOBY DICK" AGAIN

Some time ago we quoted from H. M. Tomlinson's rhapsody in the London Nation on "Moby Dick." Another contributor to that excellent weekly is ecstatic for the same cause. He signs himself "Wayfarer" and has this to say:

"It is clear that the wind of the spirit, when it once begins to blow through the English literary mind, possesses a surprising power of penetration. A few weeks ago it was pleased to aim a simultaneous blast in the direction of a book known to some generations of men as 'Moby Dick.' A member of the staff of the Nation was thereupon moved in the ancient Hebrew fashion to buy and to read it. He then expressed himself on the subject, incoherently indeed, but with signs of emotion as intense and as pleasingly uncouth as Man Friday betrayed at the sight of his long-lost father. While struggling with his article, and wondering what the deuce it could mean, I received a letter from a famous literary man, marked on the outside 'Urgent,' and on the inner scroll of the MS. itself 'A Rhapsody.' It was about 'Moby Dick.'

"Having observed a third article on the same subject, of an equally febrile kind, I began to read 'Moby Dick' myself. Having done so, I hereby declare, being of sane intellect, that since letters began there never was such a book, and that the mind of man is not constructed so as to produce such another; that I put its author with Rabelais, Swift, Shakespeare, and other minor and disreputable worthies; and that I advise any adventurer of the soul to go at once into the morose and prolonged retreat necessary for its deglutition. And having said this, I decline to say another word on the subject now and for evermore."

THE MELVILLE OF OTHER BOOKS

The judicious collector of Melville's books, already having "Moby Dick"—the first reprint was in 1892, with the table of contents omitted—would choose "Typee," "Omoo," "White Jacket," "Israel Potter," "The Piazza Tales," and probably "Mardi." He would not be in a hurry to secure "Redburn," "The Confidence Man," "Pierre; or, the Ambiguities," or the volumes of verse.

He would demand the first edition of "Typee," also the edition revised by the author, which was published in 1848, with certain passages cut out as irrelevant; with some "slight modifications of style"; with the "Sequel of Toby" substituted for the Appendix in the first edition. We have not seen the edition published in New York last year, the one edited by Mr. S. A. Leonard of "The Lincoln School of Teachers' College, Columbia University." A bitterly disappointed purchaser writes to us that Mr. Leonard, "who is not a good proofreader," saw fit to make cuts and leave out the third chapter altogether.

"Omoo" is of course to be purchased. "Mardi" is rhapsodic, at times satirical, recalling now and then the pages of Rabelais in which he describes the voyage of Pantagruel, Panurge and Friar John; but as the scenes are on South Sea islands and the Pacific. "Mardi" may be considered the third of a trilogy. "Israel Potter" should be purchased if only for the amusing sketch of Ben Franklin with John Paul Jones in Paris and the magnificent description of the fight between the Serapis and the Bon Homme Richard. "White Jacket" is the story of Melville on a United States man-of-war. It is said that by this book he was of influence in obtaining the abolition of flogging in the navy. The sketches of the ship's captain and of the surgeon, Cadwallader Cuticle, M. D., with the account of the latter's famous operation on board ship, surpass the pages about the naval surgeon in "Roderick Random." There are a few chapters in "White Jacket" that are in the fantastical vein of "Moby Dick." "The Piazza Tales" appeared first in Putnam's Magazine, that monument to the fine taste of George William Curtis. Of these tales, "The Bell Tower" is the best known; it is found in several collections of American short stories; but "Bartleby" and "Benito Cerano"—the latter relating the strange adventure of Capt. Amasa Delano of Duxbury, laying at anchor in the year 1799 in the harbor of St. Maria, Chili—are even more worthy of attention, and we are not ashamed of reading "The Lightning Rod Man" and "The Encantadas" (The Galapagos Islands) every summer.

"The Confidence Man" and "Pierre" may be purchased as verbal curiosities, though the former is not without humor. "Pierre" is a morbid story: Melville in his most extravagant mood, writing pages that might have appealed to the readers of the N. Y. Ledger in the days of Mrs. Southworth and Mrs. Stephens. Nor is "Redburn," a story of a voyage to England, wholly worthy of Melville. It is in "Redburn" that a sprig of English nobility is described as having a coronet stamped on his boot heels.

During the last years of his life Melville was employed in the New York Custom House. He was a good deal of a recluse. We learn from a correspondent in New York that a biography of this sea-faring mystic will soon be published. We prefer to know him as Toby's companion among the Typees; the man whose flight from the island was mourned by the enchanting Fa Yaway; the Ishmael that sailed with Capt. Ahab in pursuit of the great white whale.

June 23 1921

We have received a strange letter from a lover of the humanities in West Medfield. She quotes from a satire of our old college chum, Horace, the poet, who, according to Mortimer Collins—a delightful novelist, dead, but patiently awaiting "discovery"—wrote for the chief purpose of being quoted in the House of Commons. Collins said this when florid and learned speeches were still heard in the House. If an honorable or dishonorable member should spout Latin today, he would no doubt be laughed down with cries of "Cut out the cackle." But to the letter from West Medfield.

An Unprovoked Assault

As the World Wags:

Your recent severity toward contributors whose offerings seem to you unworthy has so much impressed me that I venture to submit this passage from our friend Q. H. F. for your consideration.

"Adsit regula, peccatis quae poenas irroget aequas, ne scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello. Nam, ut ferula caedas meritum maiora subire verbera, non vereor." ELEANOR M. FOX.

The linotype in newspaper composing rooms is not partial to Latin. The Lord only knows how the quotation will come out in print. We apologize in advance to Quintus Horatius Flaccus, LL. D., and to Miss or Mrs. Fox.

When have we been severe toward contributors? In some instances we have corrected their spelling and turned halting, stumbling sentences into lines of beauty. When we have corrected a statement or at least queried it; when we have argued, it has been with the utmost courtesy. It is true that some contributions have found the way to the waste basket: gross personal attacks on highly respectable citizens; letters that sought to awaken laughter by appeals to the baser nature of man; letters to which the writers neglected to sign their names. Yet we welcome the communication of Miss, or Mrs., Fox, for the quotation from the Horatian satire recalls a statement recently published to the effect that school teachers in a neighboring town are forbidden henceforth to use a rawhide, a riding whip, a bit of rubber hose or lead pipe in the punishment of a pupil.

Aids to Reflection

The Horatian quotation has been thus translated into English: "Let us adopt a rule appointing suitable punishments to each case, so that you may not cut one deserving only the whip with the horrible scourge. For as to your striking one with a switch who deserves s severer lashing, I confess I am not afraid."

The Roman "scutica" was a thong of leather. Sometimes there were two thongs.

The "ferula" was a switch, cut usually from the vine.

The "flagellum" was a cat-o'nine tails leathern thongs or twisted cords tied to the end of a stick. The thongs were often armed with small bits of iron lead or bone; or with circles of bronze or the ends were hooks.

The "ferula" was usually cut from the giant fennel. It will be remembered that the benevolent Prometheus brought to mortals the stolen fire in the hollow of fennel. Martial characterized the "ferula tristis" as the pedagogue's sceptre.

In Spartan and Roman education a eel skin was also used as a corrector.

We may be permitted to add, that the Emperor Constantine forbade horsemen to use a severer instrument than a switch, or whip, with a short point at the end.

According to Solomon

In the little village of our boyhood school teachers punished the unruly by slapping the palm of a hand with a heavy ruler. We do not recall any case of flogging. The flogging was a ceremony for the parent's house or barn. Certain sayings about the rod attributed to Solomon were religiously carried out. We remember one father, not of an inherently cruel disposition, who had a riding whip and a rawhide for disciplinary exercise in the house; when the wretched boy's offence was especially rank, the carriage room in the barn was the scene of action; a coach whip the instrument, with the wielder there of at a safe distance from kicks and bites. Few, if any, boys in that village escaped punishment. Strange to say, they grew up without resentment. A boy in those days dreaded the command: "Go to bed, sir, without your supper," more than he did the sting or the welt from a whip. Darkness came all too slowly. Without, he heard the shouts of his schoolmates, the young barbarians at play, whooping over ducks and drakes or yard-sheep-run. Not for him those sports; not even ring marbles or peg-top; not even stick-knife.

Floggers and Flogged

Any one applauding a magistrate who ishes publicly that the whipping post ould now stand ready for use, should ad Herman Melville's chapters on gging in the navy; memorable chapers in "White Jacket"; also the hisry of whipping in European countries d in the slave states of this country. hese are books about the use of the d, and they are not pleasant reading. e flogging-horse once seen and used English schools is now classed with e Scottish books, the strappado, the ck, the Nuremberg maiden. Flogging utalizes the flogger and the spectator. t there are curious uses of flagellaon, vividly described by authors of repute. The unhappy poet, John vidson, wrote a novel, "Earl Lavenr," of which flagellation is the chief eme. In the preface he said: "The agellant Society to which the Lady the Veil introduced Earl Lavender y be taken as a sign of the times— sign of an age of effete ideals." he novel was published in 1895; it for the most part dull; sought after lay only for the exquisite frontispiece Aubrey Beardsley.) But what was be expected of a poet who gave the e "Smith" to a tragedy, and began vric with the line, "Where have you n, Annie Smith, today," thus rivaing Wordsworth singing of the "Spade h which Wilkinson," etc.

The Hose and the Rose

(London Daily Chronicle)

Quoth She, "I propose
To get out the hose
And sprinkle the rose."
She did as she chose,
Her feet in highlows,
And silk on her toes.

The wind in its throes
Leaps out of repose
And shakes up the rose
That sprinkles Her hose.
Her hubby, who knows
The ways of a rose,
Exultantly crows,
Emitting ho-ho's.

Which incident shows,
As far as it goes,
That humorous woes
May lurk in all hose
Ill-fated as those.

A. W.

June 24 1921

Eighty years ago in Paris there was company that insured drivers of all rts of carriages, public or priate, against fines and damages curred by knocking down or nning over, maiming or killg anyone on foot who thoughtlessly as in the way of Jehu. As Alphonse arr remarked at the time, by paying stated sum annually, a driver with yous heart could indulge in the pleasre of "homicide per imprudence." This surance company had the sanction of no government. Mr. Karr foresaw, in erry mood, a company that would inire thieves and burglars against acdents occurring in the exercise of their rofession; also insurance against the rief that justice might inflict on assins.

Automobiles are insured against fire d theft; drivers have in many cases accident policy of benefit to themlves; but are drivers at present inred against possible consequences of eir careless or ruthless murdering?

A FEMALE IN THE CHAIR

Mr. H. B. of Boston writes: "Mr. H. Storey, who rebels at the use of Madam Chair' in addressing a prediding officer of the feminine sex, may ell take pattern from the long eslished custom of Americans. In very well-regulated club of women, for enerations we have addressed the hair thus, 'Madam Chairman,' ignoring e fact that a chairman by itself would ean a man. In all committees there a chairman, and 'chairwomen' would e ridiculed if used because of sex. long same lines of progress the Amerin club woman no longer says 'Auoress,' 'Poetess,' 'Sculpturess' since ere is no sex in brain and professional bility. Neither does she say 'Mrs. octor' or 'Mrs. General' any more an she would say 'Saleslady' and Scrublady.' What has become of the ood old word 'Woman' anyhow?"

s the World Wags:

Anent "Women in the Chair." Let e suggest "Chairdame" as being at nce simple, dignified and specific.

Dorchester. J. F. LOUGLIN.

And appropriate, too, for a "dame chool" is an elementary school kept y an old lady.—Ed.

SAME PORK?

s the World Wags:

Speaking about business candor in dvertising, I saw the following card on piece of pork in a market window:

"Fresh Pork
25c Lb.
Price 1 Year Ago
50c Lb."

Fitchburg. G. L. M.

THE DONNELLY BALLAD

As the World Wags:

"Donnelly and Cooper" is a nursery rhyme in Ulster, where the first sound uttered by the Protestant child is "No Popery," while the Catholic babe, just arrived across the street, answers belligerently, "Oh, mo legs. Gimme mo breeks."

We are told that the world around the universal infantile cry is "Ma." It may be so, and it may be that Ulster, mother Carey's original chicken, is the exception that proves it, but, however it be elsewhere, in Ulster we begin life with the alternative battle cry of "No Popery" or "Gimmo mc breeks."

I do not remember a word of "Donnelly and Cooper," but I think in the lullaby Donnelly knocked Cooper down three times, and the Queen having enchapleted the victor with her own fair hand, proclaimed him the greatest man in the realm.

Boston. L. X. CATALONIA.

Queen? Queen of Ireland? A scene for our old and esteemed friend the Historical Painteo. We are indebted to Mr. Jas. B. Russell of Lowell for the following verses from

THE GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN DAN DONNELLEY AND COOPER

Come all you true-born Irishmen,
I hope you will draw near,
And likewise pay attention to these
few lines you hear;
It is as true a story as ever you did
hear
Of Donnelley and Cooper who fought
all on Kildare.

'Twas on the third of June, brave boys,
a challenge was sent o'er
From Britannia to Oul Granua to renew her sons once more;
To renew her satisfaction, and her
credit to recall,
For they're in deep distraction since
Donnelley conquered all.

The challenge was accepted; these
heroes did prepare
To meet brave Capt. Kelly, on the Curragh of Kildare,
Where these two bully champions were
stripped off in the ring;
They both were determined each other's
blood to spill.

The second round that Cooper fought
he downed Donnelley,
Likewise true game was Daniel, he
rose most furiously.
From six to nine they boxed real fine,
'till Donnelley knocked him down.
Ould Granua smiled, "well done my
child, that's worth ten thousand
pound."

Right active then was Cooper—he
knocked Donnelley down again.
The English then gave three cheers,
saying the battle's all in vain;
Long life to brave Miss Kelly, 'tis recorded fair and plain.
She boldly stepped into the ring, saying,
"Dan, my boy, what do you mane?
My Irish boy, my whole estate I've bet
on you, brave Donnallee."

Donnelley rose again and met him with
great might,
And to stagnate those nobles all, continued to his fight.
Cooper stood well to his defence, but
his exertion was in vain,
He soon received a temple blow that
stretched him on the plain.
Now you sons of proud Britannia your
boasting recall,
Since Cooper, now by Donnelley, has
met a sad downfall,
In evelen rounds there were nine knockdowns, besides he broke his jawbone.
"Shake hands," says she, "bould Donnelley, the battle's all our own."

Mr. Russell writes that the janitor of his office building, full of "Comaliyers," sang this ballad to him, knowing the old tune. "He said he remembered in his early boyhood, hearing an ancient telling his father all about it and saying that his father had known Kelly, but he did not mention the 'brave Miss Kelly' of the ballad."

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

As the World Wags:

Sign seen in Lynn: "Alfred E. Quick, Undertaker." S. B.

Malden.

THAT WEDDING MARCH

As the World Wags:

May not the Handel "march" which was played at the wedding in "The Age of Innocence" have been the familiar chorus from "Judas Maccabaeus?" In 1871 "Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes" may have been deemed more appropriate to bridegrooms than it would be now. FITZWATER BAINBRIDGE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

June 25 1921

The literary editors of certain New York newspapers, as well as certain publishers, are now recommending books for summer reading. The editors in some instances are as hysterical as the publishers. Let us not be found wanting in Boston. Here is a volume that we recommend for every season; also for a desert island, or for a quiet hour on a bench of Boston Common.

"Miscellanea Philo-Theologica, or God and Man, a Treatise Compendiously describing the Nature of God in his Attributes, with a lively pourtraiture of his Wisdome in ordering and disposing of the Celestiale and terrestriall Bodies. Containing much variety of Matter Theologicall and Philosophicall. Wherein Many secrets in Scripture, and in Nature, are Unbowelled, with solid Proofs and apt Applications singular for brevity, and perspicuity," by Henry Church, who according to the advertisement inserted by the printer, Mr. Thomas Weekes, was "a good Christian and a provident husband."

Mr. Church gives the reason why he wrote the book: "To All Whomsoever: I Confesse my spare time hath beene this way employed in Methodicall Meditation, the Reason Why I so much exercised my penne, was, because a drowsinesse fell on mee, when I did reade: and wrighting kept me awake."

Like Sir Thomas Browne, he did not accept the theory of Nick Copernicus, for on page 178, treating "of the motion of the heavens," he says: "The earth is fixed and hath foundations Micha .6.2. and hangeth on nothing, Job 26.7. but the heavens have a yeerely, monethly, daily revolutions. Astronomers hold an opinion of divers sphaeres; the neerest is the sphaere of the Moone, the next where Mercury is, the 3. hath Venus, the 4. the Sunne, the 5. Mars, the 6. Jupiter, the 7. Saturne, the 8. the other Starres, the 9 Compasses the rest and turne about every day. This is above common capacity; but certainly the earth turnes not round as meat on a spit, but is fixed and stands still and the heavens are in motion." And Mr. Church's first reflection is: "I now have found who can make the perpetuall motion: man would doe it, God hath done it I honour his worke, I blame mans folly."

He had a definite idea of the earth: "It is for forme and fashion, not a triangle nor square, not long, nor a semicircle, but round. . . . This Globe is Gods theatre, whereon all the inhabitants are actors; here are acted daily sinfull civill pious acts; and the exijt of every man is from this Globe to a bottomless pit, or to the new Jerusalem, which is foure square, firme and sure: with what feare and care shall I act my part, that it may be said, well done."

The stars have their uses. "First they are for ornament. 2. They are for distinction of day and night. 3. To show the seasons of the yeare. 4. They be signes of weather. 4. They have an influence on the inferiour things here below." We hasten to add that Mr. Church blamed men who out of pride and curiosity abuse the stars, "perverting them to a wrong end, groundlesse predictions, and casting nativities." Would that there were space to quote from the long section "Of the Body of Man."

As this book was published in London 284 years ago, it is not readily purchasable in local bookshops. Our copy belonged in 1793 to Mr. Samuel Pickcard who wrote on a fly leaf: "God give Him Grace oft to look And Not to Look But Hunderstand for Learning is Better than Hous or Land. When Hous And Land is gon And Spent learning is more"—and here Mr. Pickcard put down his pen.

ALL UP FOR T. MOORE!

As the World Wags:

I have delayed writing because of the difficulties you and other Boston papers have recently found yourself in, but I was sorry to see L. X. Catalonia as an Irishman so unpatriotically admit Byron's superiority to Moore, although he, of course, gives the latter some standing when he calls him "a high-grade balladist." He implies that one of the party was not a good judge of poetry; it may be possible that another of the group he mentions was "a few chips shy" in qualifying as a critic. I would like to call his attention to these lines from "Lalla Rookh":

"Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May life's unblessed cup for him
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim,
With hopes, that but allure to fly,
With joys, that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the
eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!
His country's curse, his children's
shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame
On the parch'd desert thirsting die—
While lakes that shone in mockery
nigh,
Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
And when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damn'd one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise
Beholding heaven and feeling hell."

I would be pleased to find anything stronger in the English language, though the smoothness of the writing may blind many to the strength and power of the lines.

The Baconians will admit that Shakespeare stole his epitaph. It surely will compare with the lines L. X. quotes from "Snowbound."

Dorchester. JOHN T. McNARY.

INTERNAL APPLICATION

(On the theory that girls' complexions have changed with the changes in popular diet.)

The favored complexion
Bespeaks a confection
Of strawberry ice,
With fondants and gateaux;
You see in "mulatto"
The chocolate vice.

The face which its art owes
To beet and tomatoes
Wins roseate hues;
The maiden who tickles
Her palate with pickles,
Will envy suffuse.

My Nancy's complexion,—
The pink of perfection
Illumined with white—
No powder produces,
For sweet are the uses
Of Turkish Delight.

A. W.—In The London Daily Chronicle.

June 26 1921

We do not now purpose to unfold the philosophy of Mr. George Bernard Shaw as revealed in his "Back to Methuselah," if we were able to do so. That task is for our colleague, the accomplished reviewer of books. Whether it would be desirable to live for 300 years or even for a longer period; whether a man 450 years old would be wiser than the man that dies at 80 or 90; whether by the exercise of the power-to-will we could prolong life for a century or two, as the giraffe, wishing to reach the tender leaves at the top of a tree, stretched his neck—these questions are for another to consider. We are interested today in Mr. Shaw's incidental remarks about the theatre and music. It might be well if in future editions of "Back to Methuselah" Swift's terrible description of the Struldbrugs were added as an appendix. An extract from Sir Thomas Browne's "Letter to a Friend" should serve as a motto:

"The uncertainty of future times hath tempted few to make a part in ages to come. And surely, he that hath taken the true altitude of things, and rightly calculated the degenerate state of this age, is not like to envy those that shall live in the next, much less three or four hundred years hence, when no man can comfortably imagine what face this World will carry; and therefore since every age makes a step unto the end of all things, and the Scripture affords so hard a Character of the last times; quiet minds will be content with their generations, and rather bless ages past, than be ambitious of those to come."

Mr. Shaw, considering "the miracle of condensed recapitulation," believing that some day the most prolonged and difficult operations of our minds may become instinctive, that is, instantaneous, cites modern examples, as the little boy who defeats simultaneously 20 chess players.

"The keyboard of a piano is a device I have never been able to master; yet Mr. Cyril Scott uses it exactly as I use my own fingers; and to Sir Edward Elgar an orchestral score is as instantaneously intelligible at sight as a page of Shakespeare is to me. One man cannot, after trying for years, finger the flute fluently. Another will take up a flute with a newly invented arrangement of keys on it and play it at once with hardly a mistake." But neither Mr. Scott nor Sir Edward showed this musical mastery without preparatory study. The technic of Mr. Scott had to be developed; Sir Edward at a tender age did not read an orchestral score as he read "Jack the Giant-Killer" in words of two syllables.

"The revival of religion on a scientific basis does not mean the death of art, but a glorious rebirth of it. Indeed, art has never been great when it was not providing an iconography for a live religion. And it has never been quite contemptible except when imitating the iconography after the religion had become a superstition." Here is a delightful passage in support of this assertion. "Compare Mozart's 'Magic Flute,' Bethoven's Ninth Symphony, Wagner's 'Ring,' all of them reachings-forward to the new Vitalist art, with the dreary pseudo-sacred oratorios and cantatas which were produced for no better reason than that Handel had formerly made splendid thunder in that way, and with the stale confectionery, mostly too would-be pious to be even cheerfully toothsome, of Spohr and Mendelssohn, Stainer and Parry, which spread indigestion at our musical festivals until I publicly told Parry the bludgeoning truth about his 'Job' and woke him to conviction of sin."

Although Beethoven never heard of radio-activity nor of electrons dancing in vortices of inconceivable energy, he was an artist-prophet. The last movement of the Hammerklavier Sonata, op. 106 cannot be explained otherwise than as "a musical picture of these whirling electrons." Does music demand or require explanation? But, let us hear Mr. Shaw: "His (Beethoven's) contemporaries said he was mad, partly perhaps because the movement was so hard to play; but we, who can make a pianola play it to us over and over until it is as familiar as 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' know that it is sane and methodical. As such, it must represent something; and as all Beethoven's serious compositions represent some process within himself, some nerve storm or soul storm, and the storm here is clearly one of physical movement, I should much like to know what other storm than the atomic storm could have driven him to 'his oddest of all those many expressions of cyclonic energy which have given him the same distinction among musicians that Michael Angelo has among draughtsmen. In Beethoven's day the business of art was held to be 'the sublime and beautiful.' In our day it has fallen to be the imitative and voluptuous. In both periods the word passionate has been freely employed; but in the eighteenth century passion meant irresistible impulse of the loftiest kind, for example, a passion for astronomy of for truth. For us it has come to mean concupiscence and nothing else."

The Case of Shakespeare

Mr. Shaw, having said early in his preface, that people in the Darwinian period talked as if there had been no dramatic or descriptive music before Wagner; no impressionist painting before Whistler, also said that he found the surest way to produce an effect of innovation and novelty was "to revive the ancient attraction of long rhetorical speeches; to stick closely to the methods of Moliere, and to lift characters bodily out of the pages of Charles Dickens." He published his own view of evolution in a play called "Man and Superman." Of this play he speaks later.

Comedy, he maintains, as "a destructive, derisory, critical, negative art, kept the theatre open when sublime tragedy perished." Comedic playwrights from Moliere to Wilde were in revolt against falsehood and imposture; they were clearing minds of cant; they showed the "uneasiness in the presence of error which is the surest symptom of intellectual vitality." The name of Tragedy was assumed by plays in which every one was killed in the last act, as plays in which every one was married in the last act called themselves comedies. "Now neither tragedies nor comedies can be produced according to a prescription which gives only the last moments of the last act. Shakespeare did not make 'Hamlet' out of its final butchery, nor 'Twelfth Night' out of its final matrimony. And he could not become the conscious iconographer of a religion because he had no conscious religion. He had, therefore, to exercise his extraordinary natural gifts in the very entertaining art of mimicry, giving us the famous 'delineation of character' which make his plays, like the novels of Scott, Dumas and Dickens, so delightful. Also, he developed that curious and questionable art of building us a refuge from despair by disguising the cruelties of Nature as jokes. But with all his gifts, the fact remains that he never found the inspiration to write an original play.

"He furbished up old plays, and adapted popular stories, and chapters of history from Holinshed's Chronicle and Plutarch's biographies, to the stage. All this he did (or did not, for there are minus quantities in the algebra of art) with a recklessness which shewed that his trade lay far from his conscience. It is true that he never takes his characters from the borrowed story, because it was less trouble and more fun for him to create them afresh; but none the less he heaps the murders and villanies of the borrowed story on his own essentially gentle creations without scruple, no matter how incongruous they may be. And all the time his vital need for a philosophy drives him to seek one by the quaint professional method of introducing philosophers as characters into his plays, and even of making his heroes philosophers; but when they come on the stage they have no philosophy to expound; they are only pessimists and railers; and their occasional would-be philosophic speeches, such as the Seven Ages of Man and the Soliloquy on Suicide, show how deeply in the dark Shakespeare was as to what philosophy means. He forced himself in among the greatest of playwrights without having once entered that region in which Michael Angelo, Beethoven, Goethe and the antique Athenian stage poets are great. He would really not be great at all if it were not that he had religion enough to be aware that his religionless condition was one of despair. His greatest work, 'Lear,' would be only melodrama were it not for its express admission that if there is nothing more to be said of the universe than Hamlet has to say, then 'as flies to wanton boys so we are to the gods: they kill us for their sport.'"

Ever since Shakespeare's time playwrights have been struggling with the same lack of religion. Many became panders, sensation-mongers, for, however ambitious they were, they could not find better material. "From Congreve to Sheridan they were so sterile in spite of their wit that they did not achieve between them the output of Moliere's single lifetime; and they were all (not without reason) ashamed of their profession, and preferred to be regarded as mere men of fashion with a rakish hobby. Goldsmith's was the only saved soul in that pandomonium."

In Shaw's Generation

"The leaders among my own contemporaries (now veterans) snatch at minor social problems rather than write entirely without any wider purpose than to win money and fame. One of them expressed to me his envy of the ancient Greek playwrights because the Athenians asked them, not for some 'new and original' disguise of the half-dozen threadbare plots of the modern theatre, but for the deepest lesson they could draw from the familiar and sacred legends of their country. 'Let us all,' he said, 'write an Electra, an Antigone, and Agamemnon, and shew what we can do with it.' But he did not write any of them, because these legends are no longer religious: Aphrodite and Artemis and Poseidon are deader than their statues. Another, with a commanding position and every trick of British farce and Parisian drama at his fingers' ends, finally could not write without a sermon to preach, and yet could not find texts more fundamental than the hypocrisies of sham Puritanism, or the matrimonial speculation which makes our young actresses as careful of their reputations as of their complexions. A third, too tender-hearted, to break our spirits with the realities of a bitter experience, coaxed a wistful pathos and a dainty fun out of the fairy cloudland that lay between him and the empty heavens. The giants of the theatre of our time, Ibsen and Strindberg, had no greater comfort for the world than we: indeed much less; for they refused us even the Shakespearian-Dickensian consolation of laughter at mischief, accurately called comic relief. Our emancipated young successors scorn us, very properly. But they will be able to do no better while the drama remains pre-Evolutionist. Let them consider the great exception of Goethe. He, no richer than Shakespeare, Ibsen or Strindberg in specific talent as a playwright, is in the empyrean whilst they are gnashing their teeth in impotent fury in the mud, or at best finding an acid enjoyment in the irony of their predicament. Goethe is Olympian: the other giants are infernal in everything but their veracity and their repudiation of the irreligion of their time: that is they are bitter and hopeless. It is not a question of mere dates. Goethe was an Evolutionist in 1830: many playwrights, even young ones, are still untouched by Creative Evolution in 1920. Ibsen was Darwinized to the extent of exploiting heredity on the stage much as the ancient Athenian playwrights exploited the Eumenides; but there is no trace in his plays of any faith in or knowledge of creative evolution as a modern scientific fact, though the poetic aspiration is plain enough in his 'Emperor or Galilean,' and as it is one of Ibsen's great distinctions that nothing was valid for him but science, he left that vision of the future which his Roman seer calls 'the third Empire' behind him as a Utopian dream when he settled down to his serious grapple with realities in those plays of modern life with which he overcame Europe and broke the dusty windows of every dry-rotten theatre in it from Moscow to Manchester."

(In the third of the plays in "Going Back to Methuselah"—the action—say rather the dialogue—is in the years 2170 A. D.—the archbishop refers to the canonization of St. Henrik Ibsen, and the unveiling of a monument to the saint with this noble inscription on the pedestal: "I came not to call sinners, but the righteous, to repentance.")

Shaw's Own Work

Mr. Shaw, writing for the stage, found the state of things intolerable. "The fashionable theatre prescribed one serious subject: clandestine adultery; the dullest of all subjects for a serious author, whatever it may be for audiences who read the police intelligence and skip the reviews and leading articles." He tried "slum-landlordism, doctrinaire Free Love (pseudo-Ibsenism), prostitution, militarism, marriage, history, current politics, natural Christianity, national and individual character, paradoxes of conventional society, husband-hunting, questions of conscience, professional delusions and impostures, all worked into a series of comedies of manners in the classic fashion, which was then very much out of fashion, the mechanical tricks of Parisian 'construction' being de rigueur in the theatre." But all this did not constitute him an iconographer of the religion of his own time and thus fulfil his "natural function as an artist." He concluded that somebody must take the Garden of Eden and weed it, so he took the legend of Don Juan in its Mozartian form and turned it into a dramatic parable of creative evolution.

"But being then at the height of my invention and comedic talent, I decorated it too brilliantly and lavishly. I surrounded it with a comedy of which it formed only one act, and that act was so completely episodical (it was a dream which did not affect the action of the piece), that the comedy could be detached and played by itself; indeed it could be hardly played at full length owing to the enormous length of the entire work, though that feat has been performed a few times in Scotland by Mr. Esme Percy, who led one of the forlorn hopes of the advanced drama at that time. Also I supplied the published work with an imposing framework consisting of a preface, an appendix called 'The Revolutionist's Handbook' and a final display of aphoristic fireworks. The effect was so vertiginous, apparently, that nobody noticed the new religion in the centre of the intellectual whirlpool. Now I protest I did not cut these cerebral capers in mere inconsiderate exuberance. I did it because the worst convention of the criticism of the theatre current at that time was that intellectual seriousness is out of place on the stage; that the theatre is a place of shallow amusement; that people go there to be soothed after the enormous intellectual strain of a day in the city; in short, that a playwright is a person whose business it is to make unwholesome confectionery out of cheap emotions. My answer to this was to put all my intellectual goods in the shop window under the sign of 'Man and Superman.'

That part of my design succeeded. By good luck and acting the comedy triumphed on the stage, and the book was a good deal discussed. Since then the sweet-shop view of the theatre has been out of countenance; and its critical exponents have been driven to take an intellectual pose which, though often more trying than their old intellectually Nihilistic vulgarity, at least concedes the dignity of the theatre, not to mention the usefulness of those who live by criticizing it. And the younger playwrights are not only taking their art seriously but being taken seriously themselves. The critic who ought to be a newsboy is now comparatively rare."

In Conclusion

Does Mr. Shaw cherish a fond illusion? Have his plays greatly influenced the London theatres or the theatres of any city? The journals of London deplore present theatrical conditions. In Manchester the repertory theatre of Miss Horniman, what she called the "civilized" theatre, is no more. Is a greater number today anxious to see plays that have dignity and beauty? Are the forces in which bedrooms and lingerie furnish the material for the excitement of laughter no longer in vogue?

Mr. Shaw now makes a second legend of creative evolution, going back to the legend of Eden. He accuses himself of garrulity, but he is doing the best he can at his age. "My powers are waning; but so much the better for those who found me unbearably brilliant when I was in my prime."

The long preface, a preface of nearly 100 pages in which Mr. Shaw discusses all things past, present and to come, not forgetting his sneering and rash remarks about the "cruelty of vivisection" is followed by five plays or discussions in dialogue form: "In the Beginning" (The Garden of Eden); "The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas" (In the first years after the war); "The Thing Happens" (2170 A. D.); "Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman" (3000 A. D.); "As Far as Thought Can Reach" (31,920 A. D.).

Will these plays ever be performed singly or together? In the first of the series the Serpent talks with Adam and Eve. Here is a difficulty to begin with; and there are passages in the dialogue only for a carefully selected audience with the censor far away. (As a vegetarian Mr. Shaw sympathizes with Cain rather than with Abel.) The other plays do not tax the stage unduly: the last two afford an opportunity for pleasing and effective scenery. There is satire that is perhaps too contemporary to be of lasting stuff; on the other hand there are many pages of universal, and for all time, wit and humor, as in the description of Ireland's fate and the disappearance of the Hebrew race. It is often said that Mr. Shaw's men and women are so many speaking-tubes for his own voice. The reproach has been unjust in the past; it would be unjust in this instance. There are strongly drawn characters, as Messrs. Burgin and Lubin; above all, the Elderly Gentleman. Perhaps there is too much talk about sculpture in "As Far as Thought Can Reach," yet we find here this note on criticism:

"Ecrasia: Have you ever hesitated to criticise our best flute players, and to declare whether their music is good or bad? Pray have I not the same right to criticise your busts, though I cannot make images any more than you can play?

"Arjillax: Any fool can play the flute, or play anything else, if he practises enough; but sculpture is a creative art, not a mere business of whistling into a pipe. The sculptor must have something of the god in him."

The stage directions are, as of old, delightful. Note these samples:

"The Wife and Daughter, frightened, as they are, raise their hands uppishly and follow flat-footed, sustained by a sense of their Sunday clothes and social consequence."

"Organ music of the kind called sacred in the 19th century begins."

"The two men are holding their hats with the brims near their noses, as if preparing to pray into them at a moment's notice."

Mr. Shaw says in the preface: "My sands are running out; the exuberance of 1901 has aged into the garrulity of 1920."

He has always been talkative. "Then he would talk; ye gods! how he would (or could) talk!" But his talk now, as then, is almost always entertaining; often irritating, often wholesome, and not merely destructive criticism. Yet in his latest volume he does not convince us that a life of 30 years is greatly to be desired. Few are at present ready to long for the day "when there will be no people, only thought," even if the thought should be Mr. Shaw's.

Dunsany's New Play, "If": A Fantastical Tale of a Magic Crystal

Lord Dunsany's new play, "If," was produced at the Ambassadors Theatre, London, on May 20. The Daily Telegraph said: "In it you will find imagination and fantasy in plenty. What you will not find in equal measure is directness of purpose and the lucidity which is one of the chief necessities of every writer in whatever department he may labor. The first act gave every promise of a thoroughly entertaining and interesting evening. . . . As the performance progressed, the feeling gradually gained ground that the author was losing hold of his subject and relying too much on the complacency of his listeners. 'Of all plots and actions,' wrote the father of dramatic criticism, 'the episodic are the worst,' and of this precept Lord Dunsany shows a serious disregard." We condense the story of the play as told by the Daily Telegraph.

The play opens at a railway station. A train is signalled, when a young man is not allowed to pass through the gate. He quarrels with the gateman, who strikes him in the face. The young man goes away swearing vengeance. Ten years elapse. The young man, Beal, a well-to-do clerk, happily married, remembers the blow. An oriental is announced. Grateful for a good turn done him by Beal, he brings a magic crystal. The possessor has only to rub it and he will be transported a decade back and allowed to live his life again, on the condition that he chooses some event in his previous experience as a starting point. Beal is incredulous; his wife begs him not to think of it. But here is a chance for him to get even with that railway porter, so he rubs the crystal: again the railway station, but this time Beal walks through the gate telling the porter to go to hell. Beal thus has accomplished the great object of his life.

In the train he meets Miralda Clement, who tells him that her father bequeathed her £100,000 lent to a Persian Shereef at 25 per cent. per annum. She has not been able to touch a penny of it. Beal offers to make the rascal disgorge. In some "off the map" region of Persia Beal finds the scoundrelly Hussein, who will not hand over the money. Miralda turns up and proposes that Hussein should be done to death and John reign in his stead. This is done; Beal is shereef and the gorgeously bedecked Miralda is his consort. She demands to be Queen, and, laughed at by Beal, she conspires with Hafiz el Alcohan. John Beal is obliged to run for his life. How he arrives home is not explained by the dramatist, but he returns ragged, uncouth, starving. He is not recognized by wife or maid servant. He still has the magic crystal. At the request of the servant he gives it to her, and she smashes it into bits. The spell is broken.

"John is his shy, unadventurous self once more, with his adoring, commonplace wife seated opposite him. And if you consider that a moral is essential to the well-being of the story, you will find it in the words of the original possessor of the crystal, 'Not to interfere with the old ways is best.'" But why the title "If?"

M. Martial Teneo Writes About the Stage in Paris

The Daily Telegraph of London (May 26) published a letter from M. Teneo about the theatres in Paris. We now print extracts from it:

"I have a natural antipathy for the 'Princes of Terror,' although they very often have much talent. But I know this talent to be such a purveyor to the low curiosities of the crowd, such an accomplice of the hysterical and the neurasthenic, that I keep away from it as from a hateful beguiler of the reason. One might be astonished that these specialists do not become candidates for a madhouse. But, on reflection, one quickly discovers that their insincerity, the cold combinations of the horrible, screen them from the dementia which they sow, at fixed times, in brains that are already damaged. If, therefore, I speak today of the Theatre des Deux Masques, which has become a competitor of the Grand Guignol, it is because its latest spectacle offers us a remarkable work. 'Le Convent du Silence' of MM. d'Hansewick and Vlterbo, as pathetic as it is picturesque, has a literary

quality much superior to that of the pieces of the sort designed to make one howl with fear.

"The aged protector of the dancer Juanita is killed by Fernandez, her lover. Pursued by the police, Juanita, on the advice of her confessor, retires to a convent, where the rule of silence is observed. But Fernandez manages to gain admittance. Released from her vow by the abbe, now become chaplain of the convent, Juanita declares her desire to return to her life of dissipation. Then the priest, who loved her formerly in her native country, and still hankers after her, effects the disappearance of Fernandez into an 'oubliette,' Juanita, terrified, attempts to flee, but she goes out by a door which is armed with blades of steel. Without this flight, which serves to satisfy the intention of the purveyors of terror, this piece, admirably played by Mme. Derval and M. Moutis, would deserve the honors of a first-class theatre."

M. Teneo saw the dress rehearsal of Croisset's "Cherubin" at the Comedie Francaise in 1902. The comedy had been accepted; but after the dress rehearsal, as the audience had been contemptuously cold, and the critics had spoken unkindly, it was withdrawn, under the influence of the paltry tittle-tattle on the pretext that it was unworthy of the House of Moliere; but, in comparison with many consecrated banalities, it was nothing of the kind.

"This 'Cherubin,' despite the efforts made by the author, never achieved a real success, and I fear that notwithstanding the rather flattering reception which it has just had at the theatre de Paris, its revival will be brief. This is due to the comparison which necessarily arises between the character as depicted by Beaumarchais and by M. de Croisset. The laughing, frolicsome, careless prodigal of the 'Mariage de Figaro' is changed into a youth for whom love, instead of being a game of no consequence, becomes a state of suffering. This new Cherubin does not realize his desire except through grief and tears. In this respect he is human, but old with the age of a thousand experiences. And against him, from the theatrical point of view, is the fact that he lacks imagination, inspiration, that indescribable quality of resolution which should characterize the real lover. To tell the truth, this work of the author's youth is too simple, too pure, and destitute of the incidents which are necessary to every love story. Nevertheless, such as it is, it has charm, thanks to the grace of its fluent and musical verses."

At the Theatre Mogador, "La Petite Fonctionnaire," a comedy of Capus turned into an operetta, with music by Messager, is successful and hailed as a worthy successor to Messager's "Veronique" and "Les Petites Michu." The performance is also praised. Even the chorus, "formed of pure voices singing accurately—which is somewhat rare"—is praised.

Theatrical Notes

"The Tartan Peril" by Dr. T. Rosscott was produced at the Duke of York's Theatre, London. The play is concerning a strike: "fierce conflict of skills, obstinate employers and desperate men, shattered glass and pistol shots." This is serious and conventional. "But the strike is a strike of Scots workmen, one of whose comedies has spoken lightly of their nation, and such is the clannishness of the Caledonian, spreads to every Scot in the country. This kind of joke might have had a certain freshness in Boswell, if strikes had been known in Dr. Johnson's time, and might perhaps pass as a casual quip in a revue today, but it is in any case a misplaced joke in a serious strike drama. And when the obstinate employer, who has been adamant for three acts, finally gives way because the Scots distillers have joined the strike and he can get no more of his favorite whiskey, you feel that you have toppled over on the outer edge of the fantastic."

Lady Bancroft expressed the wish that in place of sending flowers on the occasion of her funeral any sums that would thus be expended should be assigned to the Actors' Benevolent Fund. The wish was respected. "An Actor," who desired to remain anonymous, sent a check for £10 with these words: "It is an exquisite and big-hearted thought, like the dear lady herself." Many others adopted the same course.

Mr. Walkley says of "Coeur de Moineau," by Louis Artus, played in London by a visiting French company. "No one can have expected anything new in the spectacle of an amorous gentleman round remarkably willing dames. One lady in the gentleman's arms on the stage, another waiting for him in the next room, his wife's unexpected return—you can see it all a mile off, can't you? You are assured that he really loved his wife all the time, and no one else—and you may believe it if you like. In any case, he persuaded his wife to believe it, and everything ended in unclouded conjugal bliss. Which, seeing that his wife was the charming Madeleine Lely, was also to be expected."

M. Artus has said—the comedy is at least 15 years old—that the success of his work lies in the mentality of the hero, "born to feel all the joys and to suffer all the sorrows that love can impose on a man."

At present, admittedly, theatrical conditions are extremely bad, but theatrical managers think that a settlement of the industrial difficulties would soon bring about a drastic change. The obstacles to prosperity undoubtedly are high rentals, inflated salaries of some players, and the high cost of labor, but none of the problems is capable of easy or immediate solution. Most of the theatres are being held on leases which have months still to run, and to break contracts would mean that the managers who are paying high rentals would have to sacrifice themselves in order to help bring the rents down—and this they are not inclined to do. Undoubtedly some of the salaries that are being paid at present are exceedingly heavy, but as a general rule the salaries of the actors have not increased to a greater extent than the cost of living since 1914.—London Times.

"Diocletian," an adaptation of Massinger's play with Purcell's music, will be performed in Hyde Park, London, on July 2 by the students of Morley College.

(From the New York Evening Post)

A Chinese performance of Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice" was recently given in the Cormoran Street Theatre, Victoria, British Columbia. The play was translated under the title of "A Pound of Flesh," and on the bills figured a pair of scales and a huge knife. In accordance with oriental usage, the women's roles were played by men. Jessica, Portia and Nerissa were most genteel in appearance, while Shylock, instead of being the bearded Jew of tradition, appeared in afternoon coat, with striped trousers and carefully oiled hair. He carried a quite sizable butcher knife, and during the scene of scenes whetted it from time to time on a small stone which he carried in his pocket.

During June the city of Paris is showing an exhibition at the Victor Hugo Museum devoted to the romantic theatre. Manuscripts, pictures, etc., relating to Hugo, Musset, Vigny, Dumas, Balzac, Gautier and George Sand, and costumes and other stage accessories, are on view.

Just before the war Gabriele d'Annunzio signed a contract to write 10 comedies for marionettes which were to be produced at the San Moise Theatre in Venice, famed a century ago for such performances. The outbreak of war and the death of the publisher postponed the enterprise, but Il Corriere del Teatro reports that D'Annunzio has taken up the scheme once more and is anxious to revive an art almost lost in Italy.

Bjorn Bjornson's comedy "The Thirsty Camel" was recently played for the first time at the Stadttheatre in Bochum, an uncanny place for the premiere of a comedy by the son of the great Bjornson. But if the son is finding an audience in Germany, it can only be said that he is following in his father's footsteps.

Kurt Eisner, the doughty Bavarian agitator and republican who was assassinated during the recent revolution in Munich, was also a creative writer. His "Gottesprueufung" has been performed at the Volksbuhne in Munich with marked success, even though some of the enthusiasm may have been artificially prepared. Of course, the more staid critics—Arthur Eloesser and Monty Jacobs, for example—have derided Eisner's effort as that of a dilettant, a politician, and even as an ignoramus.

June 7 1921

Mr. Herkimer Johnson has kindly sent to us from Clamport recent notes clipped from London newspapers, notes pertaining to fashions in dress for men. We thus learn that a West End tailor has made for a "client who largely influences male fashions" a full dress evening coat and a dinner jacket without silk facings. Thoughtful observers say that the absence of the facing is an improvement—they even prefix the adjective "vast"—on silk worn shiny, even if the wearer, when he thinks he is making an impression, is taken for a waiter.

Colored suits for men are announced. This recalls remarks by Sir Herbert Tree with reference to colored cloth patterns sent him by a Bond street tailor for criticism. Having praised the great-great-grandfathers for their sense of color-balance, Sir Herbert wrote: "The modern young man does not understand, or affect to scorn, these matters. His socks are purple, his necktie is blue, his collar is striped with pink, his silk handkerchief is a cinnamon yellow, his gloves are gray, his shoes are brown, and his soft felt hat is green! . . . With such a wild craze as this for color-mixture, is he not safer, after all, in his suit of dull gray or melancholy black?"

It is said that the average woman having gained three inches in height is now expanding her shoulders. Railway coaches in England allow an average of 17 to 18 inches for each passenger. (This by way of digression.)

Before 1914 it paid an Englishman measuring over 50 inches round his "lower chest" to visit Germany, where he could procure "stock sizes" of underclothing up to 54 inches in an ordinary shop, whereas in England six weeks would have seen the making of 54-inch garments, called "extra outsize." Now in Berlin anything over 48 inches would be specially ordered. "Today the fat man's paradise is the United States. Advertisements tell of "fall and winter weight garments all sizes up to 52 inches."

During the war summers the cheapest Panama hat in London cost £15. In 1919 and 1920 a fairly good one could be obtained for £7 7s, rising to £11 11s. West end hatters say that the cost of an ordinary Panama this summer will be half that of recent years.

(We knew a rich Bostonian who used to boast in the Porphyry Club that he found his straw hat each year in a barrel on Hanover street. "I paid only 75 cents for it; and it's as good as any at one of your fashionable hatters." Having said this, he lighted a cigar that soon drove other members into another room.)

Portraits of famous cricketers are still found printed in colors on handkerchiefs in England. In the late sixties not only handkerchiefs but shirts for boys in our village on the Connecticut river were decorated with bats, balls, players in action, and emblems of other games. As we were brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, we were not allowed to sport these shirts or handkerchiefs, much to our disgust.

And now let us hear from "Academe."

INDIVIDUALITY IN DRESS

As the World Wags:

My compliments, if you please, to the learned Mr. Herkimer Johnson, and my best wishes for the progress of his impatiently awaited magnum opus. He may perchance be interested to visit me one of these days in my shady retreat on the edges of our great university and observe undergraduate life as it flows past our lilac and syringa bushes. He will be struck, I think, by the notable change in Cantabridgian costume: nearly everyone is wearing knickerbockers with golf stockings that display a pleasing vividness of cuffs. I greet this change with satisfaction. I hope it is only the first evidence of a compensatory swing back to comfortable 18th Century shorts. Who knows but what the next step will be substituting for woolen and flannel the velvets of our ancestors? Let there be first a black velvet, as rich and soft as the background in the "first state" of a Bartolozzi mezzotint. Then bolder folk may essay the browns varying in hue from the darkness of Latakia to the lighter tints of Cavandish, a suit you may spill your tobacco on with an easy conscience. That point gained, fancy shall riot as once it did in the good old times. Ruffles, lace collars, satin neckcloths, shall come in ad lib; satin breeches velvet coats in any shade you will even to a reproduction of Dr. Goldsmith's famous Tyrian bloom and garter blue! The Macaronis will be with us once more, perhaps an Alvanley, a Brummel, a Nash. At any rate, clothes will assume an individuality they have not possessed since the French Revolution leveled even fashion down to the capacity of the humblest man.

I read with envy of Longfellow's apple-green trousers and William Morris's purple ones, but they were sporadic instances of a style that had long gone out. The days when men knew how to dress were the days of George Selwyn, the Marquis of Queensberry, Gilly Williams, Charles James Fox and Walter Spencer-Stanhope. Here, for instance, is a note of "Horry" Walpole's visiting dress: "A lavender suit, the waistcoat embroidered with a little silver; or of white silk worked on the tambour, partridge silk stockings and gold buckles, ruffles and frill, generally lace." Horne Tooke, though a clergyman, had in his wardrobe suits of scarlet and gold, white and silver cloth, blue and silver camlet and flowered silk. At the opening of Parliament in 1783 the Prince of Wales wore a black velvet lined with pink satin, and shoes with pink heels. Clothes, sir, have much to do with making the man; even your advertising columns reflect that much of sumptuary wisdom. And so I am fain to think that the brilliant clothes of the Georgians had something at least to do with the brilliancy of their wits, that the men felt inspired to live up to their lavender and green, their satin and velvet. Perhaps in time we, too, may come to a restoration of conversation, and vere de societe, and repartee that presupposes a knowledge of the world.

Cambridge. ACADEME.

Why "Congress" Gaiters?

As the World Wags:

Years ago a congressman from the South was accustomed to slip off his shoes during the long sessions, particularly when the meetings were protracted. Other congressmen noticed this comfortable practice and adopted it. Shoes, or boots, were tight in those days. It was wonderfully restful to give the feet a chance to spread.

One congressman was fat and couldn't lace his shoes handily, so he conceived the idea of asking his shoemaker to make a pair with elastic webbing in the sides. It was done. The scheme worked beautifully. These shoes have been called "Congress gaiters" to this day. LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Boston.

An ingenious explanation; but years ago congressmen, especially from the South and West, wore leg boots. There was the phrase, "He drew a boot," said of a man who in public put a foot at ease. Who first manufactured the Congress gaiter and when? Was it designed first of all for fat or for lazy men?—Ed.

June 28 1921

When the death of Louis de Rougemont was recently announced, the N. Y. Evening Post gave this heading to its interesting account of his romantic story and the exposure: "A Celebrated Liar Is Dead; De Rougemont's True Story of His Adventures Ranked Him with Baron Munchausen."

This brought to mind travelers of old who were called liars, sometimes justly, sometimes unjustly. First of all there was Herodotus, long known as "The Father of Lies" as well as "The Father of History"; for many did not note his reservations in narration, his saying, "I tell the tale as it was told to me." Today he is recognized as an acute observer, and statements that once seemed wild and absurd have been corroborated. Marco Polo was not believed by his contemporaries. As Mr. John Masefield says of him: "Travelers who see marvellous things, even in our own day (the name of Bruce will occur to everyone) are seldom believed by those who, having stayed at home, have all the consequences of their virtue. When Marco Polo came back from the East, a misty, unknown country, full of splendor and terrors, he could not tell the whole truth. He had to leave his tale half told lest he should lack believers. . . . It is only the wonderful traveler who sees a wonder, and only five travelers in this world's history have seen wonders. . . . Herodotus, Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar and Marco Polo himself."

Mr. Masefield has mentioned Bruce. Other travelers in Africa have been called liars, as Paul Du Chaillu in more recent days. Burton himself did not escape, any more than the old Italian, Leo, who in an eastern city saw unicorns kept for the pleasure of a gorgeous potentate. In still later days Landor of Thibet was doubted, as was the good priest Huc years before him.

Perhaps the greatest liars, consciously or unconsciously, are smug historians, especially when they come to politics and the causes of war. These historians are usually the most entertaining and the most widely read. A certain license in lying should be granted to biographers. If they should confine themselves strictly to the truth, if they should tell the whole truth, the hero would not long be in a noble attitude on his pedestal. And so Tom Jones, Don Quixote, Eugenie Grandet, Capt. Ahab, Col. Newcome and Mr. Quilp are better known to us than Henry VIII, Disraeli, Louis Napoleon, Mary Queen of Scots, or Gen. George Washington.

LITERARY NOTE

They no longer "dress" the windows of book-shops in London; they "edit" them. "A man who would not deign to glance at an orderly row of shelves may be lured to the window wherein an inverted pyramid of books seems on the point of collapse." Windows in Boston book-shops have been "edited" in this manner for some years.

MR. HAYES, TENOR OF BOSTON

Mr. Hayes by his singing is still attracting large audiences in London. The Daily Telegraph began the review of his seventh or eighth recital this season by saying: "That Mr. Ronald Hayes, the negro tenor, has already won for himself, on his own merits, a high place in public esteem may be taken for granted by the dimensions of an audience that attended his recital in Wigmore Hall on Friday evening. To those of us who are used to studying the psychology of audiences, their quality and their size, it was one of which any artist might have been proud, one to which, also, it was surely a pleasure to sing." Having praised Mr. Hayes's singing of classical and good modern songs—among them a new set of "Three Shakespeare Songs" by Roger Quilter, and Koechlin's "Le The," the critic wrote: "To many of us the artistic apex of his program is always the group of 'Spirituals,' relegated undeservedly to the end, or thereabouts. Such a

thing as 'Shout all over God's heaven' is a priceless treasure of pathos and deep feeling. The collaboration of Mr. Lawrence Brown as accompanist was, as ever, of the happiest."

DRAMATIC NOTE

In the performances of the Passion Play at Nancy, France, the part of Judas is taken by a milkman.

THE HAIRSPRING

(Parisian ladies are stated to favor different colored hair for different hours of the day.)

I saw Yvonne
At break of day,
Her high chignon
Was silver-grey;
By noon it rolled,
A sea of gold,
Or like laburnum-bloom in May.

At sundown, red
Her locks were dyed,
Dark grew her head
At eventide.
I need no clocks,
My lady's locks
Become of time a "striking" guide.
—A. W., in the London Daily Chronicle.

MERRY'S MUSEUM?

As the World Wags:

The good old Student and Schoolmate was published in the very late sixties or earliest seventies. It contained Horatio Alger, Jr.'s "Ragged Dick" and "Fame and Fortune" as serials. I think it must have been the first periodical in which appeared Alger's "John Maynard":

"Twas on Lake Erie's broad expanse
One bright midsummer's day."

"I would venture the guess that the magazine in which your correspondent, Mr. Jas. B. Russell saw the "rebus department" may have been Merry's Muzeum. A bound copy of this which went to pieces in my boyhood contained full page rebuses; according to my recollection, white on a black ground. One of them was: "Rattle his bones over the stones." SHAWSHEEN.

New Hampshire.

CONCERNING CYCLES

As the World Wags:

What is a cycle? Joe Chamberlain says it is a circle, but that hardly can be correct. Of course, I know the dictionary definition: A period of time during which certain events recur in the same order, as the lunar cycle, which is only 19 years, the solar cycle only 28 years and the cycle of the eclipses, which takes 6586 years. Perhaps the latter was in the mind of the poet when he wrote: "Better 50 years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay"; but why did Mr. Worthington C. Ford use the word as a title to a series of letters to and from Charles Francis Adams, Jr., covering a period of only four years, and not by any means ending at the point they begin at? J. E. W.

Barre.

"Cycle" also means a complete set or series; a series of poems collected round a central event, etc. There are cycles of songs, to be sung in public or private, often to the keen distress of the listener. The word "cycle" is loosely used: persons who say "phone" for "telephone" also say "cycle" for bicycle or tricycle; they also "cycle"; too often on the sidewalks in villages. "Cycle" is also a series of legends, as the "Arthurian cycle."—Ed.

Ivy Sawyer and Joseph Santley in "Klick Klack"

Some excellent dancing is on the bill at Keith's this week, headed by Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer in "Klick Klack," last seen here at the Globe Theatre in "It's Up To You." Miss Sawyer and Mr. Santley are unusually attractive and talented dancers. In their present company are the Trado twins, Helen Kroner and Madeleine Van. Their act is a miniature revue, in which there are several tuneful songs. The costumes, particularly those which Miss Sawyer wears, are artistic and beautiful in design and coloring. Miss Sawyer makes a lovely Pierrette.

The piece was staged by Hassard Short, and the costumes designed by Ralph Mulligan.

Joe Bennett "presented himself" in "Dark Moments." The dusky entertainer turned the act into some of the brightest moments on the bill, however. He is an accomplished dancer and equally talented when it comes to telling stories.

Jack Princeton and Lillian Watson present a novel slang act under the title of "Brownderbyville." We always thought brown derbies belonged in the realm of slangy clothes; now we are sure of it. Buckbridge and Casey are heard in song hits, assisted at the piano by Mr. De Salvo. Mr. De Salvo is a pianist of no small talent.

Lewis and Henderson, two little girl entertainers; Lydell and Macy in "Old Cronies," and Jack Conway and company in "The Cellar" complete the bill.

GIVE LOVING CUP TO COHAN

"O'Brien Girl" Members Honor Retiring Producer

Members of "The O'Brien Girl," playing at the Tremont Theatre, last night gave evidence of their affection and regard for George M. Cohan, producer of the play, by presenting him, on the eve of his retirement from the theatrical business, a silver loving cup.

The presentation speech, made at the conclusion of the second act, was delivered by Andrew Tombes, comedian of the company, after Mr. Cohan was called to the stage by Manager J. J. Rosenthal. Mr. Tombes spoke of the affection of all members of the company for Mr. Cohan, who, the speaker stated, was one of the "fairest and squarest" producers in the theatrical profession, and one to whom the members of "The O'Brien Girl" owe a great debt.

Mr. Cohan obviously was deeply moved by the tribute, and his voice quivered with emotion as he replied, explaining to the audience and the company his reasons for quitting the theatrical business.

"I began my theatrical career," said he, "in Boston, in 1888. I love the work and always loved the stage. My every thought has been for the actor and with the actor. The time has come, however, when I can no longer retain my connection with the stage and retain my self-respect. I cannot lose my self-respect, and consequently must give up the stage for the time being.

"Should conditions on the stage change—should the time arrive when I can go back, and this I hope will be soon—I shall once more take up where I left off my work. I cannot be a producer under the closed shop, and therefore must quit, at least temporarily."

June 29 1921

Some will no doubt rejoice when the great international sporting event is over. They are tired of reading the opinions of "pugs," "ath-e-letic" editors, physicians, trainers, amateurs of the ring, concerning the outcome, tired of the sob stories written by female visitors at the rival camps. M. Carpentier is no doubt a fine fellow; a gentleman and all that; he served France gallantly in the war. But there are some who are looking forward to the publication of the Herman Melville biography with greater impatience than to the outcome of the much-talked of mill.

There are some, no doubt, who remember the mill between John C. Heenan, the Benicia boy, and Tom Sayers at Aldershot on April 17, 1860. We mention this famous fight, because it was the greatest international affair of this kind. Parliament adjourned for it. Heenan was not treated decently by the English before the contest or during it. Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine in his life of Thomas Nast tells how Heenan was not allowed to train in peace. The New York Illustrated News sent young Nast across the Atlantic to draw pictures of the preliminary scenes and of the great fight. A. V. S. Anthony, well known in Boston afterwards, hurried back with the blocks, engraving on shipboard as he sailed. The News, defending the publicity given to the fight—it devoted an entire issue to the battle—said it had no choice in the matter. "Pugilism had assumed the first place in public importance, not only in America but in the whole civilized world!"

It was Heenan's fight, but Sayers's friends rushed in and a draw was declared, for the British would not surrender the belt. Charles Reade wrote in his little book, "The Coming Man," in praise of Heenan's physical perfection. The Benicia boy was one of Adah Isaacs Menken's husbands. We still entertain the wish that Heenan, Barclay, Menken and Robert H. Newell ("Orpheus C. Kerr"), husbands all, had written their recollections of this gifted woman and published them in a richly illustrated volume. In 1868, at a book auction in New York, we saw an album containing 50 or 60 pictures of Miss Menken

We never knocked down for $5. We were young, at school, and with only a few cents in our pocket. We mourned the lost opportunity at the time; we mourn it today.

In 1860 as in 1921, the newspapers published many articles on the champions of two nations. To quote Mr. Paine again, speaking of Heenan and Sayers: "Even the staid London Times had articles and editorials on the approaching conflict, and most other papers on both sides of the water gave up pages, double pages and even entire numbers to pictures and accounts of the champions, their trainers, their training quarters and the smallest details of their daily life. In justification, these journals attempted to reconcile pugilistic with spiritual development in editorials which have acquired humor with age." Then as now.

No doubt there will be an imposing list of "among those present." Long before the Benecia Boy ment Sayers, John Keats, Cowden Clark and Hazlitt had journeyed to see a famous fight. It was said that Thackeray was at the ringside in 1860. This he afterward denied; but he did not hesitate to mention the fight in one of his "Roundabout Papers" and praise enthusiastically the heroism of Tom Sayres.

We remember Julius Eichberg in his old age wishing that he could see the Corbett-Sullivan mill; expatiating in the presence of clubmates on the magnificent spectacle of two men, exulting in their strength, mauling and bashing, one the other, like boasting Homeric heroes. Yet that brilliant and intellectual musician, loved by all that knew him, was a gentle soul in spite of his mastery of sarcasm and irony in speech. Over the fight he waxed enthusiastic.

Edward MacDowell once told us that he cut a faculty meeting at Columbia College to attend a "boxing match" in New York; not without fear of the consequences until, looking about him, he saw at least a dozen professors, his colleagues.

Nevertheless Mr. Herkimer Johnson has informed us that he will not be present on the approaching joyous occasion. We fear it is a case of chill penury repressing the noble rage of our illustrious correspondent.

July 1 1921

Our correspondents have been busy of late. They discuss absorbing topics of the day; ask baffling questions; some of them drop into poetry. Let us today listen to Mr. A. Gooch, who has heard from the lips of Mr. John Coffin of Holystone Farm a plausible explanation of a maritime mystery that is exciting the curiosity of thousands.

IS LIVERPOOL JARGE A PIRATE?

As the World Wags:

Mr. John Coffin of Holystone Farm has requested me to communicate to you a matter of considerable importance. To use Mr. Coffin's own words: "You've got less to do and more time to do it in than anybody I know. Suppose you write in and let on what I just said. Folks ought to know."

Mr. Coffin referred to his remarks on the subject of piracy, recently much before the public. "Chances are," said the old gentleman, "that there isn't much in these yarns of missing ships. In fact it's my opinion that most of them have gone rum-running. But that being as it may, what I don't see is why nobody to date has mentioned——"

He looked around suspiciously, then leaned over the prescription desk and through cupped hand whispered a magic name.

"Liverpool Jarge," he said hoarsely.

"Because," he continued earnestly, "this Liverpool Jarge dropped out of sight suddenlike a while back, and without any mourners. Except maybe this poor deluded feller that used to stand him drinks and then write up his drunken maunderings and is now probably sorry he wasted good liquor and ink on him. Fact is, they both dropped out of sight. What become of the poor feller that used to write about Liverpool Jarge I don't know, not being a follower of the police court news. But Liverpool Jarge has showed up again. Dave Adams, an old friend of mine, seen him on Hanover street some nights ago, most scandalous drunk in a taxicab with a pink silk shirt on and a silk hat and nothing much else. That means money. And where would Liverpool Jarge get money, there not being any drunks to roll these days? Besides which Dave hopped on back the taxi and it went over to East Boston on the ferry and then down Marginal street and out onto where Bird Island flats used to be. And then somebody reached out of the window and tapped Dave on the head with a bottle. And next thing he knew it was morning. Dave said it reminded him of old times, because he had a sore head and didn't remember how he got there at first, and there was a most delightful smell of French rum on the breeze. But no taxi and no Liverpool Jarge."

Having propounded the unanswerable argument, Mr. Coffin forebore further proof of the piratical actions of Liverpool Jarge. He added, however, that he hoped soon to have more to say on the matter. His old friend, Capt. Peter Bartell, has promised to drop in past the Light on his way from Eastport to New York with lime and ice. Mr. Coffin will join him, wooden leg at half-cock. Low, piratical craft cruising in the vicinity of Cape Cod had best sheer off from a bald-headed schooner with a square patch on her foresail.

While in New York, Mr. Coffin plans to attend the much-heralded brawl across the river. "Not that I expect much of a fracas," he remarked, "but just to be handy and see fair play. No Frenchman yet ever went three rounds without biting. The first bare tooth will find four men in the ring. I am taking my heaviest brass knucks."

Jalaam. A. GOOCH.

AN ERRONEOUS EQUATION

As the World Wags:

I always was a bit thick in matters mathematical and maybe you or Prof. Arthur Gordon Webster can show me what is wrong with this equation:

Ambassador + Untruth=Commendation.

Admiral + Truth=Reprimand.

Just like my equations of school days. It doesn't seem to come out right, does it? HILLDOC.

Becket.

COMMERCIAL CANDOR

As the World Wags:

Passing a fishmonger's yesterday I saw this sign: "Our fish cannot be approached." I hurried on.

Boston. M. H. B.

THE OLD BURYING GROUND

As the World Wags:

Down on Cape Cod I found this inscription on a tombstone:

Rachel H.,
Wife of Samuel Rider
and
Formerly wife of
Simeon Newcomb.
"The Lord is my Shepherd,
I shall not want."

Rachel was buried by the side of Simeon. The two husbands were evidently good providers. JANE THOMAS.

Cambridge.

A SUMMER SESSION

As the World Wags:

Since other institutions of learning are now on vacation, would it not be proper for the School of Fake Natural History to resume its sessions? As textbooks I suggest the publications of the National Geographic Society: one of these was quoted in The Herald as to United States tire manufacturers sending many millions of their products "to ports the world over, from bonny Scotland to volcano-torn Java. Crude rubber comes to our shores free of duty from places equally as divergent in latitude." High-latitude rubber would doubtless be taught in this school as equal to Para (and so that from bonny Scotland as equal to Java), together with many other details fully as interesting (stated in the bulletin quoted) into which we cannot go here. As I remember the nursery question: "The man in the wood once said to me, How many strawberries grow in the sea?" To this the answer might now be:

"I answered him in fit words crude,
As much as the rubber in high-latitude."

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

July 2 1921

Academe of Cambridge on Monday last in his delightful plea for individuality in dress, longing for the return to men of velvets, satins and laces, spoke of "Bartolozzi mezzotint." The following letter should interest our readers, including Academe:

As the World Wags:

By all means let's to the velvets of our great-grand-dandies, but not, O Academe, velvets "rich and soft as a Bartolozzi mezzotint." For Francesco never scraped a plate. His niggling point served well. Angelica's languishing beauties who could "smile bewitchingly and frown deadly";—even let them now appear at Christie's auction rooms of a summer's day, and they play as great havoc with heavy purses as they did then with light hearts—but stipple is stipple, and Bartolozzi pecked busily away at his coppers, well content to have sponsored a new vogue in engraving.

Still you need not go without your mezzotinter, Academe, and I would commend you to John Raphael Smith—without peer in his time; and such velvets and satins and laces for gentlemen—a veritable super-draper of an artist. Or if you will turn back to those Carolian prints when the engravers were just commencing to practise their seductive new arts you will recall the rare doings at Whitehall and Tunbridge Wells and the Comte de Grammont and Mr. Pepys will undoubtedly nudge and whisper at your elbow in your shady Cambridge retreat. O. PIP.

Boston.

BACK TO CAIN AND ABEL

As the World Wags:

I remember hearing in my boyhood a lecture delivered by Russell H. Conwell in which he said there were those who objected to horse races, but he could not object to anything that had occasioned a ringing chapter in the Bible. I wonder if there were any great prize fights that

similarly elicited the admiration of highly esteemed canonical writers. Talking with the Rev. Gomer Judkins, a visitor in my house, on this subject, he said he had read that Mr Carpentier had a pair of fine legs. "But, you know, Mr. Bolivar, the biblical saying that the Lord does not delight in the legs of a man."

I mentioned the justly celebrated fight between David and Goliath of Gath. He replied: "Yes, but more space is given in the account—and unfortunately we do not have a report by any Philistine—to Goliath's armor than to David's record as an expert with the sling. If my memory serves me, Goliath was about 12½ feet in heighth and his armor must have weighed 272 pounds and 13 ounces. He was no doubt over weight. I have wondered whether Abel put up his fists when he saw Cain coming towards him with blood in his eye. Mr. Shaw, whose irreverence in "Going Back to Methuselah" I deplore—I shall preach a sermon in answer to that pernicious book when I return to my parish—would have us think that Cain carried a spear. Milton says he smote Abel in the midriff with a stone; but learned commentators, some were fathers of the church, name various weapons, a pitchfork, a sword, a scythe, a hedging bill, the jawbone of an ass. and one says Cain bit Abel to death. You may remember that St. Paul refers to men fighting the beasts at Ephesus. Yes, there is plenty of good fighting in Holy Writ, but at the moment—I see you have no Cruden's Concordance in your library—I do not recall any instance of what is known in vulgar speech as a mill."

Beverly. GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

CONGRESS GAITERS

We have asked more than once: "Who first manufactured the congress galter?" After our first inquiry the oracles were dumb. The question was revived on June 27, and, lo, here are two letters in answer; for which we thank the writers, although they are in apparent disagreement. The first is from Mr. Chas. Allen Taber of this city:

"It (the congress galter) was first manufactured in Lynn about 1850 by Charles Winslow, one of my uncles, under a patent held by him. He made women's shoes with elastic gores, selling them to the trade, mostly at first to shoe dealers in the South, calling them 'congress shoes,' merely as a trade name. During the fifties he made large quantities and licensed others to make and sell under his patent. Probably men's shoes were made by some licensees, but not till nearly 1860. This is going back to my childhood days; but I practically had a second home with my uncle and was in and out of his factory on Broad street, Lynn, practically every day for many years."

Mr. W. H. Gleason writes: "I suppose that Leicester, England, is the home of the elastic industry. It is also a shoe town, and probably the home of goring. Elastic webbing for congress shoes is called 'goring.' The portion of the shoe made of elastic webbing is a gore. In 1861 certain webbing manufacturers of this state went to Leicester to obtain experienced help. They tried to engage William Rapp, but his wife was not willing to come. Therefore they engaged Thomas Turner, who landed in New York on Thanksgiving day, 1861. Mr. Rapp came over later and became one of the best known goring manufacturers in this country. I guess that you will have to go to Leicester to get an answer to your question. I have been somewhat familiar with the elastic industry for about 48 years."

How vain and foolish are the prejudices of man! We knew a father in our little village of the sixties who would not allow a "Congress gaiter" in the house, yet he brought from Boston for his eldest son a pair of corduroy boots for winter use. They had been recommended to him by an unprincipled shopman as warm and sanitary. The boy was forced to wear them, to the great amusement and scorn of his playmates. In school they pointed to them and snickered behind the spread geography. At recess and after school that boy was tortured by ribald jests and physical attacks. The boot of boots for a boy in those days was of leather, copper-toed, and with a red trademark stamped high upon the leg. In the sixties we occasionally saw women, fat and lean, wearing cloth shoes—loathsome sights—and there was an elderly gentleman who had failed several times in business: he was in the habit of wearing rubber overshoes in summer, even on the hottest days and during a dry spell.

July 3 1921

The new plays of Sir James Barrie and Mr. Galsworthy are of an unusual character. The first act of the former's "Shall We Join the Ladies?" was brought out with an extraordinary cast including Mmes. Compton, Thorndike, Lady Tree, Lillah McCarthy, Titheradge, Trevelyan, Irene Vanbrugh, Marie Loehr and Messrs. Boucicault, Hawtrey, Maude, Quartermaine, Keys, Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Norman Forbes, du Maurier, on May 27. The occasion was the opening by the Prince of Wales of the new theatre attached to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

The play might be called a mystery play. In some respects it reminds one of "The Thirteenth Chair," while some found the likeness of the dinner party in "The Man from Blankley's." "But in its general effect," said the Daily Chronicle, "there has been nothing quite like it. It left one with the insatiable desire to know how the mystery was going to be solved, and whether all or none, or any—or, if so, which—of that little assemblage had done the deed. It would be difficult to say how much the little fragment owed, too, to the supremely fine action of its star cast. Every little word and shudder mattered."

Thirteen people—the ladies gorgeously dressed—sit at table, guests of Sam Smith (Mr. Boucicault). He is a dry, cynical old man with a peculiar sense of humor, for he has invited them because they were all round his brother when he was poisoned at Monte Carlo by a man, or a woman dressed as a man. He has traced the crime to one of those at table. All he has to do is to put in operation a certain test, to determine who the murderer was. Before he announces his purpose, it is made known that there are 13 at table. Fortunately Dolphin, the butler, is at hand. Dolphin of whom Mr. Walkley writes: 'Mr. Gerald du Maurier, the silent butler, butled imperturbably like a butler out of one of his father's butled drawings.' We quote Mr. Walkley again:

"Mr. Dion Boucicault was the host, positively revelling in Boucicaultism. . . . He toyed with handcuffs, which were passed round the table to be looked at, and you had your suspicions of the lady who wouldn't look; he explained that the poison was administered in coffee—and you should have seen the men put down their coffee cups! A true Barrie touch this; so was Mr. Hawtrey's reflection (his wife was the fainting lady) that in any case he wouldn't marry again. A policeman (Mr. Norman Forbes) hovered. A shriek from the drawing room sent the men rushing from the table. Mr. Boucicault, left alone, quietly filled his glass of claret, and the play—for though the author calls it a first act, we know all of the story that we needed to know—was over."

Of the players Mr. Walkley found that Mr. Tawtrey was more than ever Mr. Hawtrey; Mr. Maude was the perfect Mr. Maude; Lady Tree did her best faint; and Miss Irene Vanbrugh was Irene-ish, Miss Loehr Doehrified, Miss Lillah McCarthy full-blooded, Miss Sybil Thorndike spectrally intense, and Mr. Johnston Forbes-Robertson had his little serious movement. Thue Mr. Walkley in light and airy mood. He intimates he knows the murderer. The Daily Chronicle says the delightful old fellow played by Mr. Hawtrey is "the only one of whom one can be quite sure that he did not commit the murder."

Mr. Galesworthy has a new drama, a tragedy; also a comedy, but the comedy is a grim one. The former, "The First and the Last," is in three scenes. It is adapted from one of his short stories.—There are two brothers, one Keith, a King's Counsel, who is on the point of being named a judge when Larry, his brother, a drunken ne'er-do-well, strangles a brute who had been thrashing Wanda, a Polish girl, married at 17, whose husband had turned her into a woman of the town. Larry had picked her up, and she was happy with him for the first time in her life. The play opens with Larry's confession of his strangling, which he says was unintentional. Keith, fearing for his judgeship, offers to get Larry out of the country. Larry refuses, even when he is told finally that he can take Wanda with him. He refuses because an innocent man is accused of the murder, so he awaits the trial. The innocent man is found guilty and is sentenced to death. Keith again begs his brother to leave. The brother determines to kill himself. Wanda commits suicide with him. The confession left behind by Larry is burned by the barrister. A critic says that this gloomy little piece bears some traces of "having been difficult to adapt from narrative to stage form, but it provides three fine acting parts." The Times praises Owen Naree for his "study of the man racked by his conscience at the crime he has unwittingly committed and by his love for the girl who has come under his care."

The new comedy by Mr. Galsworthy is "The Family Man." John Builder, highly respectable, a magistrate, councillor, etc., is a domestic tyrant. His wife has been bullied until she has no mind of her own. The daughters revolt. One of them, "wooed by a young man, with the ring actually in his pocket, prefers concubinage to matrimony, because she has seen enough of matrimony at home. Better to take a lover than chance a husband—who may turn out like papa." The younger daughter, thinking she has a "film face," goes off to seek her fortune. The father yields to the temptations of a bold French maid and is caught by his wife in the act of kissing her. "As a matter of fact, the maid threw herself into the man's arms. Unlucky tyrant! How on earth his wife came to engage a maid who is all leers and snares you cannot think. We simply don't believe in the French maid. Nor can we persuade ourselves that the tyrannical husband, the worshipper of respectability, the provincial philistine, was ever that sort of man. But his daughters have no such difficulty. They have watched him with pretty maidservants and governesses before. The hussies! Mr. Galsworthy now proceeds to black the chimney. He makes his tyrant strike his younger girl with a stick and give the policeman a black eye. The girl promptly 'charges' her father—she would, the horrid little vixen!—he is brought before the mayor (whom he is to succeed the next year) and dismissed with a caution. The rest is reaction. The elder daughter condescends to accept the wedding ring. Both sisters return to the paternal roof, but are promptly turned out—and a good riddance to them! The row with the police and its sequel get into the papers. Dirty little urchins yah and boo at the window. The mayor-elect retires. (He tries it on again with the French maid, who this time is not 'taking any'—another false note, in our opinion). Then he sits down to smoke his pipe, having apparently learnt his lesson. Patient Grisel returns, smirking a little, and quietly takes her old seat at the hearth. This is what is called, not, perhaps, without irony, a 'happy ending'",

Mr. Walkley, from whom we have quoted, pronounces this play good, interesting, clear-cut and vigorous. "Its dramatic conflict of wills is sharply emphasized (even though the humanity of some of the combatants suffers in the process)." He begins his review by saying that Mr. Galsworthy never leaves any blurred edges. "Indeed, his outlines are almost too definite. You are in no doubt about the protagonist of his new play; the figure is sharp and distinct—and perhaps drawn with tart solt peu too heavy a hand. Never was there such a family tyrant."

The Westminster Gazette finds that the comedy is not one of Mr. Galsworthy's greatest successes, "though it has the characteristic searching, disquieting analysis of public institutions and private conduct, and contains many true and sympathetic comments on family life, the moral being that, though there must be a 'head' of a family there need not be a tail, or if there is, it must be allowed to wag itself." The reviewer speaks of some "admirable comedy passages, notably a scene of an informal trial in the mayor's study."

Cambridge (Eng.) University Greek play committee has announced that there was a considerable loss on the production of the "Orestia" of Aeschylus last term. These performances were held triennially until the war caused a cessation of activities. Special scenery and the building of an additional portion of the stage, together with a large number of costumes and the engagement of a special orchestra, made the expenses very heavy, and, despite the nine performances for which advanced prices were charged and which were attended by large audiences, there was a total loss of £425, to meet which so far only £125 has been subscribed. The scenes were filmed to the extent of about 1500 feet, for festivities at Cambridge. The sub-titles were carefully sub-edited "so as to appeal to the general cinema-goer and not to offend the sensibilities of the classical scholar."

Another play based on the life of the Saviour, "The Pilgrimage Play," will be performed at a Los Angles canyon on July 11.

Ellen Terry will recite at the inauguration of the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester (Eng.), as a film play theatre on July 18. A correspondent of the Manchester Guardian writes: "May I as one who deeply admires the art, the record, and the personality of Miss Ellen Terry express my grief that it should be possible for her household goods at 215 King's road, Chelsea, to be disposed of at knocked-down prices? There can be only material reasons for such an event. I fear it is the old story again which we deplored in the case of Sir Henry Irving; a nation much indebted to a great artist is not mindful of the 'wheel of fortune.' I think that all of us who owe some of the happiest hours of our life to Ellen Terry should join hands to acquire her late residence, and then equip it so well that henceforth she may long live and enjoy it in freedom of care and in peace."

Maria Dalbaicin of the Russian ballet pleased London when she danced for the first time there in de Falla's "The Three Cornered Hat" on June 2. "There is charm in everything she does, and character in every sinuous movement. The enthusiasm of her reception showed that London is quite ready to add her to its growing list of dancing heroines."

"The No Plays of Japan," by Arthur Waley, is published by Allen & Unwin, London (18s. net). The Spectator, reviewing the book in complimentary terms, says: "University dramatic societies or the like ought to experiment in the acting of the Japanese plays which Mr. Waley has translater, and then we ought to see whether some form of the No is not one of the new bottles into which we may conveniently put our new wine. Though the occasionally crabbed style of the No writers seldom gives this most perfect of translators the same opportunities as did the Chinese Lyrists of his former volumes, still there is not one play of the many here rendered which is not a work of art as well as a possible model. A strange ideal and a highly specialized technique live for us. A world of new dramatic possibilities opens with this new rendering of an old intellectual drama. I cannot help believing that with its formality, its dances, its dumb-show, its lyrics, and its choruses, our modern writers might find something very much to their minds in the No play."

"In order that all classes of the community may have an opportunity of enjoying these fine plays" (and here followeth the masterpieces of a group of dramatists including Pinero, Galsworthy, Masefield, Brighouse, Maeterlinck and Shakespeare), an agreement has been made by Mr. Alfred Wareing, now directing the Theatre Royal, Huddersfield, whereby certain of the humbler inhabitants of that city are entitled to the benefits of a scheme offering 1200 free seats per week for a season of 10 weeks. This represents a total of 12,000 deadheads in two months and a half—the greatest feat of managerial generosity ever yet recorded in the history of the theatre.—London Daily Chronicle.

Notes About Musicians, with Foreign Comments on Performances

Apropos of a concert by the Royal College of Music pupils, London: "There is a remarkable aptitude among our younger composers for mixing the orchestral colors well, and if only they used them with a little more style and created a sense that they really were attempting to express something, and were not seemingly content with the mere mixing, we should feel that we were progressing."

It is said that Mr. Siloti, a delightful pianist, may visit this country in the fall, for the second time.

Albert Coates is resting in Italy. As The Herald has stated, the poor food in Vienna was too much for him.

The Daily Telegraph, noting the movements of musicians, says: "Most things come to Londonere, as it should be. It is for them to cast out the worthless." How do musicians like being called "things?"

Johann Kruser, violinist, once famous as a quartet player in Berlin (where he was for some years also a concert-master) and London, has returned after a long absence to the latter city as first violinist of the London Classical Quintet.

Lester Donahue, a pianist who has played in Boston, has tried his luck in London. The Times said of him: "Although Mr. Donahue played in a very tentative and inconclusive manner, one could still discern here and there qualities which suggested promise of better things to come when his style is more mature. His touch is sympathetic and his technique clear and reasonably accurate, being probably quite sound enough to stand the severer test of a bolder and more vigorous style of performance. But he must be very careful about his rhythms."

Cyril Scott, composer, pianist, poet, essayist, has married Rose Allatini, a novelist.

Goossens, the composer: "What his music says is that he is tired of taking things on trust, and if there is any truth to be had he is going to get it in his own way; we are only waiting to hear Keats's synonym for truth; perhaps we shall."

The atmospheric song is like operatic ballet; we enjoy it just because it is artificial, just because it poses, because it apotheoses insincerity. It says to us, that is how you would feel, not how you do feel.—London Times.

It is one of the commonest of mistakes to confuse dynamic forcefulness with intellectual power.—London Daily Telegraph.

The Telegraph had the courage to characterize the Adagio of Brahms"s violin sonata (op. 78) as "monumental dulness," and to speak of Brahms as "that heavy composer" who has given many happy quarters-of-an-hour.

"Opera excerpts never in place in a concert-room are still less admissible when they do not serve as a suitable medium for singers fuly qualified to make them effective."

We hear so many good pianists nowadays that there seems to be little room for more. Yet there is room for Mr. Brailowsky. He played at the Wigmore Hall and smote the pianoforte as hard as it has ever been smitten, which is saying much, and yet made it sound right. He does this by being consistent. If the passage happens to be loud, then it is loud of deliberate intention; there is no flagging or faltering. If it is soft, no unintentional crescendos or sforzandos are allowed to bump in because the passage happens to present technical difficulty. Mr. Brailowsky made at least one convert. One seat in the room was occupied by some one who enjoyed Liszt's Sonata in B minor for the first time in history.—London Times.

Mr. Herman Klein, having written the life of Adilina Patti, has been lecturing in London about her art. There were a few gramophone records. Mr. Klein said that these records gave an inade-

quate idea, for she was too old and the gramophone too young at the time they were made. In "Casta Diva" and "Batti batti" only here and there could a hint of beautiful tonal quality and perfect phrasing be caught. Mr. Klein laid stress on the fact that Patti's vocal production was natural, and a natural voice endures through life. In naming singers who were on the stage in her time he mentioned one which was enthusiastically applauded. "Mme. Alhani had to rise from her place in the front row of the stalls to acknowledge the applause."

Mr. Moiseiwitsch, admirable pianist, returning to London, gave a recital on May 21. It was thus reviewed in the Times: "As he could fill the Queen's Hall on a Saturday afternoon when it was a sin to be indoors, one asks what it is that he does that others cannot do. He does not startle or dazzle or hector or dominate. It is not in any superlative that his virtue lies, but in the place where the Greeks found it, in the mean, in the 'nothing too much.' Mr. Moiseiwitsch is intelligible to every one in the room: he plays the thing as common sense says it ought to be played. He is human, he has his preferences like other people—they come out in this or that passage—and he gets tired just as we should do, and makes slips, though not so many as we should. As he, quite unobtrusively, secures silence before he begins, so in the course of the piece he keeps hushing down the general level of sound until the points he wishes us to hear stand out of themselves. He is not teaching, though we learn, nor analyzing, though he makes it all so easy that we flatter ourselves we could go away and do the same as he does. When he has done, 'there is nothing to write home about,' we have enjoyed a well spent afternoon, that's all; brain or soul, or whatever part of us takes in music, has been nourished rather than stimulated."

At the international music festival at Zurich—June 16-July 8—there were operatic performances and concerts. The repertory included "Parsifal." The concerts were conducted by Gabriel Pierne, Volkmar Andrae, Sir Henry Wood and Arthur Nikisch. To relieve the monotony there were horse and yacht races, also a tennis tournament.

Apropos of a concert by the Catterall quartet in London: "Mozart is at once the easiest and the most difficult composer to play. The most difficult because every note has that inevitability which nothing but genius can give, and if human weakness makes a mistake everybody knows it. The easiest, because it is impossible to play him and not be happy, and to be happy in a thing is the quickest way to doing it well. Such moments are rarer in Brahms; the 'learned sock' is too often on; we wonder at the openings of his great passages but we can more often prophesy the end; we have the feeling that he will never be happy till the account balances properly; he is no spendthrift of genius. Yet who can resist the sweep of his great periods, the chosen diction, the rejection of the petty? And how should we think of such things if somebody did not come occasionally and remind us?"

The London Times disposes neatly of Marjorie Sotham, pianist: "Miss Sotham is fond of the resonance to be obtained from very diverse chords bound together by the loud pedal; and until she has controlled this appetite it would be difficult to say anything of much value about the music she made, or to form any opinion of Busoni's Sonata, which she played with Mr. Catterall."

Vincent d'Indy's violin sonata (Mr. Huberman, violinist) was played in London for the first time on May 28. The Times says it is a splendid example of metamorphosed themes without monotony. "Very simple material goes a long way." The Daily Telegraph said: "It is in many respects an interesting, if not precisely an inspired, work, and in all respects one that is characteristic of the composer's ideals and impeccable musicianship. D'Indy never has been, and probably never will be, a name to conjure with in this country, highly, and deservedly, though some of his works are rated here. In the sonata we heard on Saturday he speaks, as nearly always, a language of which the meaning is never for a moment in doubt, even when that language, as happens not infrequently, assumes a somewhat rhetorical complexion. One seems at the very outset to catch an echo of that Franck-ian influence which made itself felt so strongly in the composer's early works. But the suggestion, whenever it recurs, is more or less fugitive, and for the most part the utterance is that of a musician who has assimilated many styles and aimed, as invariably d'Indy has aimed, at bringing the musical past into line more or less with the musical present. That he contrives to do so without any suspicion of incongruity arising in the listener's mind (or ear) is evidence of his mastery in the handling of the material he uses."

"Real Classy Jazz"

(Daily Kennebec Journal)

There is no more exquisite torture, no more nerve racking experience, than that of a musician and music lover forced to listen to the abomination called "Jazz."

The acquaintance to whom I made this remark dissented vigorously, and invited me to come with him to a popular dance where he assured me I would hear the "Real Classy Jazz."

My visit was profitable to me, and cured me for the time being of a habit of boasting of our high civilization and culture.

"Jazz" exists and is popular because it speaks to primitive minds in a language they understand.

The female I beheld, writhing in wierd contortions and gyrations to the barbaric percussion of wood and brass, is but a short step removed from her sisters in the jungle: their paint-smeared faces, and the suggestive motions of their half-covered bodies are frankly designed to attract and capture the male; and their minds are as bells out of tune jangling discordantly in time with the "Jazz Orchestra."

"Jazz" is to music what the dime novel is to literature, the dollar daub to painting, and the woman of the street to our womanhood. It is as dangerous as the uncensored movie show, the cigarette or the vicious pool room, and our youth should be protected against it.

If "Jazz" is music, Wagner, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Handel and the great masters should have been crucified.

HARRY C. DAGGETT,
National Soldiers' Home Band, Maine.

Andalusian Dances

It is not a simple thing to analyse the charm of the new Spanish dancers who are giving variety to the Russian ballet season at the Prince's Theatre this week with their suite of Andalusian dances entitled "Cuadro Flamenco."

The curtain rises on a decor by Pablo Picasso, a satirically sketched theatre interior with a suggestion of 1850 about it that harmonizes skilfully with the pointed jackets and broad trousers of the men and the shawls and flounces of the women who are seated round three sides of a square on a raised platform in the middle of the stage. For all the notice they appear to take of the audience, as they sit tuning and strumming upon their guitars, smoothing their skirts or exchanging jests from side to side, they might be shut up in the four walls of a country inn room. And so, before anything has happened at all, you get the novel zest of seeming to peep through a window at an unacted scene of folk life 70 years old, an impression deepened by the melancholy fragments of song that break at intervals from a woman of the party.

Then (you hardly know how it comes about, so rapid it is) the whole scene changes its spirit. The guitars quicken, the hands begin to clap, and abruptly, without warning or designation, two of the men spring into the middle. The "Tango Gitano," danced by Rojas and El Tejero, goes to a sustained tattoo of heels on the hollow flooring that whips the blood like military drums. At its end the dancers subside among the watchers from whose ranks they had so unexpectedly appeared. All through the performance a keen element in the excitement is just this uncertainty, prolonged to the last possible second, about the dancer who is to come next. Which one, man or woman, will suddenly leap or glide from his or her chair to be caught up into the throbbing and clapping? What fresh emotion or sensation is in store, at each lull in the music? Will it be the delightful insolence of Estampillo's "Alegria," or the exhilarating madness of the "Jota Aragonesa" by La Lopez and El Moreno, or the fun of the "Garrotin Comico," in which La Gabrielita del Garrotin seems deftly to mock the motions of peasant uncouthness; or will it be the rather macabre impression of the "Garrotin Grotesco," the central figure of which (recalling the church porches of Latin countries) is the footless Mate "el sin pies," a wonder-worker on his agile stumps? In all these dances the strong savour of popular life, the barbaric energy and the naive display of passion, tend to carry the onlooker away and blind him to the pains and exactitude of the technique. But the technique is there; Maria Dalhaicin's lovely "La Farruca" is almost academic in its grace. Of the complex threads that make up the charm of this spectacle her sinuous elegance is, perhaps, the most captivating.—London Times, June 1.

Singing Films

For a number of years inventors in every country almost have been striving hard to discover some practical means of combining sound and moving pictures. Innumerable patents have been taken out, and, in fact, hardly a week passes without several new names being added to the list. But that is usually all the public ever knows about these discoveries. Yesterday, however, in the Cathedral Hall, Westminster, a series of so-called "singing films" were shown to a press gathering, which, in some respects, appear to mark a distinct step forward. By most ingeniously arranged apparatus almost perfect synchronization is obtained between the sounds and the figures on the screen. It requires only a very small stretch of imagination to believe that the shadow figure is really the cause of the volume of melody which fills the hall. Performances on the banjo and the xylophone were also well simulated. The best film of the series represented a character in "Pagliacci," who sang from a record made by Caruso. The voice, in fact, was the voice of the great tenor, though the figure on the screen was merely a counterfeit.

The new pictures are the result of 12 years' research and development of an idea first utilized by Mr. George Regester Webb of Baltimore, about 1909, to send music to his telephone subscribers over ordinary wires. Capt. Jannion, who has been connected with the cinema world for a number of years, is at the head of a syndicate which is introducing them into this country. Sir Harry Lauder, who has seen the pictures, has already promised to sing for them. The record of the song is made first, and is then played over several times to the performer, who finally repeats the song in unison with him in action. By this means the lip movements shown on the film necessarily synchronise with the sounds on the record. In order to exhibit the picture to the public the gramophone is placed in the operating box and connected by a crank with the projector, so that the two work together. From the operating box the sound vibrations are transmitted over a wire to a small box behind the screen, on which a diaphragm reconverts the electrical energy into sound, which in turn issues from a large trumpet in front, the mouth of which is invisible to the spectators. The delusion, as has been said, is well nigh perfect, as perfect, certainly, as in the case of a very expert ventriloquist who can almost persuade his audience that his dumb figure is speaking, and not he. It would appear, however, to be impossible to utilize the Webb system for making a film play in which a number of characters take part. Yet, as far as it goes, this new type of singing picture should prove a most attractive addition to any form of variety entertainment, either in a cinema theatre or music hall.—London Daily Telegraph, June 2.

LAST WEEK OF POPS

MONDAY, JULY 4

Request program (repeated)
Hungarian March (Rakoczy).....Berlioz
Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube".....Strauss
Fantasia, "Madama Butterfly"....Puccini
"The Star Spangled Banner"
From the suite, "Peer Gynt".....Grieg
a. Morning Mood
b. In the Hall of the Mountain King
Eili, Eili ....(Arranged by Agide Jacchia)
Kammenoi Ostrow (Reve Angelique) Rubinstein
Overture solennelle, "1812"..Tschaikowsky
Rhapsody, "Italia".....Casella
Largo .....Handel
(Solo violin, J. Theodorowicz; organ, harp and strings)
Pomp and Circumstance (with organ) Edgar

Encores:
Volga Bargemen's Song
Hindu song from "Sadko".....
Rimsky-Korsakoff
Ave Maria.....Schubert-Wilhalmj
Prelude .....Rachmaninoff

TUESDAY, JULY 5

Polonaise from "Eugen Onegin"..... Tschaikowsky
Overture to "Poet and Peasant"....Suppe
Waltz, "Waves of the Danube"..Ivanovici
Fantasia, "Il Trovatore".....Verdi
Overture to "Rienzi".....Wagner
Organ solo, Caprice Heroique.....Bennet
(Albert W. Snow)
Canzonetta, "Little Italy".....Riesenfeld
Dance of the Hours from "La Gioconda" .....Ponchielli
Selection, "The Tales of Hoffman"..... Offenbach
Indian Summer, "An American Idyl" Herbert
Cortege of the Sardar.....Ipolitoff-Ivanoff

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6

(Polish night)
Polonaise Militaire.....Chopin
Overture, "Phedre".....Massenet
Waltz, "La Barcarole".....Waldteufel
Fantasia, "Aida".....Verdi
Polish Dance.....Scharwenka
Violin solo, "Mazurka".....Zarzycki
(Mr. Julius Theodorowicz)
Nocturne, opus 48, No. 1.....Chopin
Fantasia from the opera, "Manru"..... Paderewski
"Polskie Kwiaty," selection of polish songs and dances .....d'Ambrosio
En Badinant .....
Entrance of the Boyards.....Halvorsen

THURSDAY, JULY 7

(Wagner Night)
Coronation March.....Meyerbeer
Invitation to the Dance.....Weber-Berlioz
Intermezzo from "Pagliacci"..Leoncavallo
Entrance of the Gods at Walhalla, from "Das Rheingold".....Wagner
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" .....Wagner
Dreams .....Wagner
(Solo violin, J. Theodorowicz)
Procession to the Cathedral, from Act II, "Lohengrin" .....Wagner
Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Slavonic Dance No. 3.....Dvorak
Waltz, "The Skaters".....Waldteufel
Ride of the Valkyries, from "Die Walkure" .....Wagner

FRIDAY, JULY 8

March, "El Capitan".....Sousa
Overture, "Light Cavalry".....Suppe
Waltz, "Estudiantina".....Waldteufel
Fantasia, "Manon Lescaut".....Puccini
Prelude to "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Hungarian Dance in D major....Brahms
Valse Triste.....Sibelius
Marche Slave .....Tschaikowsky
Fantasia, "Rigoletto".....Verdi
Melodie-Valse .....Schutt
"In the Hall of the Mountain King"..Grieg

SATURDAY, JULY 9

(Closing night)
Entrance of the Gladiators.....Fucik
Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube".....Strauss
Fantasia, "Aida" .....Verdi
Cymbal Dance .....Chaminade
Largo from the "New World" Symphony .....Dvorak
Lion du Bal.....Gillet
Overture Solennelle, "1812"..Tschaikowsky
Introduction to Act III., "Lohengrin." .....Wagner
Russian Folk Song, "Dubinushka,"
(Arranged by Agide Jacchia)
American Military Fantasy.....Rollinson

July 4 1921

Mr. Wilson P. Daggett contributed to The Billboard of July 2d an exhaustive article on the pronunciation of "been," as it is heard on the stage. His article was suggested by the fact that Miss Laura Walker, playing well the part of Ethel Brookes in "The Ghost Between," says "been" (long e) instead of "bin" (short i). Ethel, according to Mr. Daggett's description, a young widow working for $18 a week, "obviously refined by nature but not raised on upholstered furniture or nurtured in the upper strata of society," belongs to "modest gentility." "In view of these circumstances there is every reason why Miss Walker, the artist, should not say 'been' (long e) when playing the part of Ethel Brookes." For, as Mr. Daggett argues, "been" (long e) is British English; "bin" (short i) is United States. He appeals confidently to Harvard University, and here, some may think, he becomes unconsciously humorous.

"At Harvard University, 'been' is unpopular. A Harvard senior, 1921, tells me that the pronunciation is used by some of the older clubs that aim to be individualistic, but this practice is ridiculed by the best Boston newspapers such as The Herald and Transcript. Harvard as a whole looks upon this pronunciation as an affectation."

And this Harvard senior, being singularly communicative, told Mr. Daggett that "i-ther" and "ni-ther" are not Harvard English. "These pronunciations are fairly common, but they are not found outside an upper set of the Beacon hill stamp, and they are not always found in that set." Mr. Daggett believes that this pronunciation belongs to "an upper set or to persons who aspire to the upper set." He admits that "been" may be heard in the Episcopal Church, but it is a "parsonical" pronunciation to be avoided by layman, actor, and parsons.

"The thoughtful American should not ignore the fact that there is a 'Harvard English.' In its straight and legitimate form it is an uplifting influence in standardizing American speech. Harvard makes the entering freshman conscious of his speech. It soon disciplines him to be thoughtful, and it ends by giving him unconscious freedom in a pronunciation that is standard with his associates and standard in his country."

Mr. Daggett should be praised for his critical articles on the "Spoken Word." The enunciation and pronunciation of the English language on the American stage today is often lamentable. For this reason alone, if for no other, Bostonians that have a high regard for the English language, welcome the performances at the Copley Theatre by Englishmen and Englishwomen, nor do they shudder, even if they are graduates of Harvard, if they should happen to hear the pronunciation "been."

Reared in the country, we often heard the word pronounced by God-fearing men and women, who were by no means uneducated or without a taste for literature, as if "been" were the abbreviation of "Benjamin." The women were not the less lovely in our eyes. As for "e—ther" or "i—ther": we heard a Dublin University man, when asked which pronunciation he preferred, answer, "Nay—ther," and the purest, most melodious English that we have heard, was spoken by men of Dublin and by a Russian in the diplomatic service of his country, who fell into disgrace and dire poverty, and narrowly escaped burial in the Potter's Field at Berlin over 30 years ago.

A WARM, FRIENDLY CITY

(From The Bronx Home News)

Widow wishes to board two respectable men; share 1 room! homelike. Box 635, Bronx Home News.

GOOD OLD DUMAS

As the World Wags.

I think you once discussed the phrase describing a speaking likeness as "the very spit and image" of the original. I don't know whether you cited the French idiom at that time, but I have just read in chapter XII, volume 1, of "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne" d'Artagnan's remark about the youthful Louis XIV: "C'est son pere tout crache."

Speaking of Dumas, I note in chapter XXX of the same volume, that when d'Artagnan dropped anchor in the bay near Newcastle, on the east coast of England, the sun was just setting over the ocean. Is this another indication that Dumas owes a good deal to Scott who, in the "Antiquary," has the sun set over the ocean a little further north on the same coast. I have such confidence in Scott that I have always supposed that the firth of forth at that point was big enough to have the sun set over it.

JOSEPH LEE.
Boston.

WASHINGTON A SINN FEINER

As the World Wags:

Mr. Michael Fitzgerald of Orleans, Cape Cod, tells the world through The Boston Herald that Col. John Fitzgerald was private secretary to George Washington. He "feels a thrill of pride" over the fact. It is a pardonable pride.

But the Fitzgeralds were not the only ones close to the Father of his country. Many years ago Eugene Moriarty thus impugned the integrity of a fellow-member of the Worcester school board:

"Mr. Chairman, at the last meeting of the board a member insinuated that there are too many Irish names on the list of school teachers in this city. Next day I went to the library and saw our genial librarian, Mr. Green. 'Mr. Green,' says I, 'have you a dictionary of American names?'

"'I have,' says he.

"'Is it complete,' says I.

"'It is,' says he.

"'May I take it home?' says I.

"'You may,' says he.

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen: I took it home. I searched in vain for the name of Mears but I found that Michael Moriarty was one of the body guard of General Washington."

Is it not possible that Washington was the Father of Sinn Fein?

Hyannis. HENRY WATERMAN.

AN IDEAL VACATION—FOR A TRUCK HORSE

As the World Wags:

I quote from a London periodical:

"Last summer my brother and myself had a fortnight's holiday, camping out in Somerset and Devonshire. We were not on bicycles, but on the rather unusual mode of locomotion known as 'Shanks' mare.' In other words, we walked, and carried all our belongings on our backs. Our tent was the Improved Gipsy model, made by the Lightweight Tent Company of High Holborn, London, and proved most satisfactory. In addition to the tent we carried a waterproof ground sheet, two eiderdown sleeping bags, two small eiderdown pillows, a Primus stove, one small enamel saucepan, two enamel plates, knives and forks, spoons and a small 'Sirram' tea outfit for two, consisting of methylated spirit stove, kettle, two cups and saucers (enamel), and boxes for sugar, tea, milk and methylated spirit. In addition, we took one canvas wash basin and one canvas bucket and a small pint tin flask for paraffin oil. Also soap, towel, razor, hair brush and tin of dubbin for boots, with a small brush. As regards clothing, we each had, in addition to what we were wearing, a light weight, waterproof, spare pair of socks, soft collar and pyjamas."

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Beverly.

July 5 1921

Let us talk again about "Moby Dick." The English continue to discover Herman Melville, marvel at his whaling and his voyage with Captain Ahab. Yet the London dailies and weeklies in the forties were loud in praise when "Typee" and "Omoo" were published. Among the enthusiastic critics was the book reviewer of the Athenaeum, yet the Athenaeum now a part of the London Nation, behaves as though Melville had been unknown in England until the recent reprint of "Moby Dick."

There are Englishmen who are well acquainted with the strange and powerful Melville. Thus Mr. Michael Sadleir, writing to the Nation, describing him as a "mysterious and tremendous" author, praises "Benito Cereno," that "superb item in the 'Piazza tales;'" "Pierre," which he characterizes as a "strange, contorted" story; he has a pleasant word even for "The Confidence Man" and "Redburn." Mr. Sadleir says that in May he was in the company of a man who had known Melville and talked with him. We wish that Mr. Sadleir had not spoken of "Benito Cereno" as an "item."

Mr. James Billson has written about Melville to the editor of the Nation. He was introduced to Melville by James Thomson, the unhappy author of "The City of Dreadful Night." "I frequently teased my friends," says Mr. Billson, to read his (Melville's books), and often with disappointing results. Perhaps I am the only man in England possessing the whole of his printed works, though it is likely I am mistaken in the boast. I had some correspondence with him and he kindly sent me a list of his published works; one of them, 'Clarel,' a poem in two volumes, he described as 'a metrical affair or pilgrimage admirably adapted for unpopularity.' His letters, too, showed a very keen appreciation of James Thomson's works, with which he was very well acquainted. 'Sunday Up the River,' contrasted with the 'City of Dreadful Night' reminded him of "a beautiful Cuban humming bird, flying against the tropical thunder cloud." Mr. Billson wondered why the recent discoverers of Melville did not mention "Mardi." Of this fantastical romance he says: "This is a somewhat formless book, commencing as a sea story and afterwards developing into a curious, gigantic allegory, tremendously enlivened with humor and philosophy. I know of no author, except perhaps Jean Paul Richter, who so thoroughly compels belief in his large heartedness and who has such a power of compelling affection. I wonder if Mr. Gosse still puts that gentle soul under the ban of exclusion from his intellectual intercourse? It is noteworthy, too, that Thomson perceived traces of the influence of Jean Paul Richter in certain of Herman Melville's works."

Mr. Billson's list of Melville's books includes these volumes of poems: "Clarel," "Battle Pieces" and "John Marr." The editor of the Nation adds to the list a note: "We believe that the British Museum has no copy of the Piazza Tales."

Now for letters from Melvillians.

A SANE ENTHUSIAST

As the World Wags:

One cannot throw a match into dry tinder without starting a fire, perhaps a conflagration, so after reading the article in your column about "Moby Dick," I must add to the conflagration and chorus with the others that it is the most remarkable, blood-stirring, romantic, and virile book of adventure that the English language contains. During last month's cold weather, we—a household of three middle-aged people with a fourth over 70—found ourselves in a country house with everything to make life tolerable except human companionship. No neighbor had "moved" with us. So every night four of us sat around a roaring, open fire in the raw, spring evenings and listened to "Moby Dick." I did the reading aloud, and I know the sweep of the sentences, and the lift and thrill of their cadences. Never was such a book written before, so drenched with the sea.

Now I know the difference between genius and talent and no academic admirer of style and finished English will ever confuse my mind on that subject again. Stevenson, the great stylist, wrote a toy book, about a toy ocean, with toy men playing around on toy ships, and called it "Treasure Island." That's talent. Then Melville wrote a book almost as great as the ocean itself with real men, sailing real oceans, and hunting real Leviathans, and facing awful perils; with the whole shot through with the smell and pull and mystery of the sea, and with more genius on one page of it than on all the pages of all the works of other sea writers put together. (Like your other correspondent, I insist that I am sane-minded.)

Last week I was in Martha's Vineyard in the house of an old island family where we had the privilege of staying. On the mantel of the main room was a piece of bone about six inches long with a picture on it, rubbed in, in India ink, of a whale and three ships' crews sailing up to those terrible jaws. Not a spark of interest could I get from any other member of the party about it; they saw nothing there to interest one. To me it was the biggest thing on Martha's Vineyard, for I had read "Moby Dick."

Couldn't you get up a Moby Dick club so that a little of the inflammable enthusiasm which those of us who have read the book feel about it could have a safe outlet?

Still sanely-minded, yours,

ALICE C. HYDE.

North Cohasset.

Melville is too fine a fellow for a club in his honor. Remember the cruel fate of Walt Whitman and Robert Browning. A letter from Mr. Earle E. Riser must wait its turn.—Ed.

"NEW LAMPS FOR OLD"

"Have you some real estate that is not paying, in fact is a burden and you are wondering what you can do with it? It may seem strange, but we have investment properties on our list that owners will exchange for property such as you own."

As the World Wags:

Is this advertisement an example of "business candor," or has the firm never read the story of Aladdin, his wonderful lamp, and the revengeful magician?

But what I intended to say is that it "gets my goat" when (as it frequently happens) a newspaper in Boston, a city near Massachusetts, refers to "Fort Monroe, near Old Point Comfort."

Concord. TIMOTHY.

"IN THE BUS."

(The London Daily Chronicle)

He was middle-aged, and his entrance caused mild surprise. His Gray hat, tilted at an absurd angle, and smart blue overcoat with fur collar were of the latest fashion. His trousers were perfectly creased and he wore patent leather shoes. He carried a gold-mounted snake-wood cane. Removing his gloves he displayed four very large diamond rings, which he ostentatiously twirled.

Drawing from his pocket a massive gold cigarette case, filled with Turkish cigarettes, he fitted one into a gold-mounted amber holder, which he held conspicuously in his hand whilst he adjusted his pearl tie pin, and said to the conductor, who had approached him, "'Ammersmith, mate! 'Ow much?"

SNAP AND DASH TO KEITH BILL

There was fitting snap and dash to the bill offered at Keith's Theatre yesterday. In keeping with the holiday idea there was enough variety to satisfy the most jaded and many novelties were among the numbers on the list. Heading the attractions were the Four Marx Brothers, having in their support Hattie Darling in a one-act bit of nonsense entitled "On Mezzanine Floor." These performers have crowded their act with popular melodies, dainty girls who can dance and sing while they furnish the eccentric comedy, and artistic piano and harp playing which is the hit of the show.

Kramer and Boyle, two clever singers, "A Happy Go Lucky Pair," have a budget of songs that are up to the minute. Tameo Kajiyama, "the American-made Japanese," gave his remarkable demonstration of quadruple-mind concentration, writing upon a huge blackboard the words furnished him from the audience, the letters alternating in sequence, some being right side up, others hind side to and upside down. Another demonstration which was astounding was his copying of headlines from the Boston papers, writing behind his back beginning with the last letter in the headline, at the same time furnishing a proverb beginning with any letter called to him from those in the theatre. The ease with which he accomplished the tasks and his delightful humor was refreshing.

Marie Walsh and Irving Edwards were announced as "Two Clever Youngsters" and they lived up to the statement. Miss Walsh is a dancer of much ability and posesses a personality that appeals, while her partner is also master of the art of dancing and has a pleasing voice.

Florence Ames and Adelaide Winthrop in "Alice in Blunderland" furnished one of the features of the evening. The originality of the sketch was marked, as was the introduction of old time skits and costumes of days gone by. "Waiting at the Church" is well done.

Brent Hayes, master of the banjo, was warmly applauded for his numbers and Walthour and Princeton in a bicycle act opened the program. The pictures of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight scenes were among those shown in the Pathe Weekly offering.

July 6 1921

Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes to us that at Nickerson's store in Clamport they are still discussing the Dempsey-Carpentier affair, but as yet their pronunciation of M. Carpentier's name distresses his sensitive ear; furthermore, Ira Nickerson insists on making Georges a word of two syllables. There are other students of Fistiana on the Cape.

HEROES OF THE RING

As the World Wags:

Your reference to the great fight between Donnelly and Cooper recalls to my mind the enthusiasm with which an old neighbor of mine on the Cape used to tell the tale of the battle. This fine old gentleman, a gallant veteran of the civil war, died some years ago in his 93d year. He was a boy in his native County Cork at the time of the fight. He did not see it, but he said it was the talk of the whole countryside and regarded as a glorious victory for Ireland. He told me that a fine ballad was written about it, but he had forgotten most of it. I can imagine how pleased he would be to see it reproduced in this column.

Another fight that appealed to him was the Heenan-Sayers encounter. There was a rousing "Come-all-ye" written about this, but I understand that it originated in this country. Those were the days before the Anglo-American entente cordiale, and will account for the poet's fierce joy at the defeat of the Briton. I send you a few verses from memory. The whole thing must have been of great length, but these verses were all that the minstrel who sang it for me remembered.

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

Orleans, Cape Cod.

THE BOLD BENICIA BOY

Does Johnny Bull remember the ram at Bunker Hill,
Or likewise Lake Erie, where once he got his fill?
Or way down at Yorktown where rose our battle cry:
"Beware of Yankee muscles, Johnny Bull, mind your eye!"

'Twas down in Merry England, all in the blooming spring,
The great big British bully stood stripped off in the ring,
For the fight with John C. Heenan, our gallant son of Troy,
And to try his British muscles on the bold Benicia Boy.

'Twas there in Merry England, the home of Johnny Bull,
The Britons filled their bumpers, and filled them brimming full,
And the toast that they drank was "Here's to Britain's brave,
For the champions are we o'er the land and o'er the wave!"

The coppers they were tossed and the mill it did begin.
"Two to one on Sayers!" and the bets came rolling in.
They fought like gallant heroes till one received a blow,
And a red, crimson tide from the Yankee's nose did flow.

"First blood! First blood!" cried Johnny Bull. They cheered their man with joy;
They cheered the British bully, likewise the Benicia Boy,
Till the tiger rose within him, and with lightning in his eye,
He cried: "Smite away, old Johnny Bull but, Tommy mind eye!"
The last round, the grandest round the world will ever see.
He raised this British bully, he raised him from his feet,
And in his grasps he held him, all high up in the air,
And o'er the ropes he threw him while those Johnny bulls did stare!
Chorus—Does Johnny Bull remember, etc.

As a matter of fact John C. Heenan was a bigger man than Tom Sayers, nor was the ending as the ballardist describes it.—Ed.

A LIAR OR TWO

As the World Wags:

Mr. John Coffin dropped in this morning for a supply of his special brand of tobacco, a coarse plug macerated with syrup of squill and buchu bark to give it bite and tang. Reading your short threnody upon the death of Louis de Rougemont the old gentleman was moved to reminiscence.

"De Rougemont was indeed the Crown Prince of Liars," he said. "Not," he hastened to add, "that his story of cannibal life was wholly false. In fact, it was wholly true. His lying consisted in the fact that his adventures happened to John Coffin and not to Louis de Rougemont.

"Red Louie, as I knew him," continued Mr. Coffin, "was second mate on the French brig Borodino on her passage from Brisbane to Manila in the year '95. It was during this voyage that I was picked up in Torres Strait, south of Guinea and north of Cape York, after seven days at sea in a leaking canoe with no water. I had, at that time, just completed a five years solitary exploration of the interior of New Guinea, a period filled with rather unusual experiences. De Rougemont, I recall, listened eagerly to my few modest yarns and later, as we parted at Manila, he informed me that he had committed my adventures to writing.

"I had, at that time, no idea that he intended publication, least of all did I suspect that he would attempt to pass himself off as the hero of my exploits. It was not until 1902, after three winters in the ice of the Kara sea, that the furore excited by his reminiscences in an English magazine was called to my attention. It was then too late to offer objection. De Rougemont had been exposed. Since the truth would merely have complicated matters I preserved silence."

Mr. Coffin has half promised, upon his return from his contemplated voyage to New York with Capt. Peter Bartell, to detail some of his more remarkable experience in New Guinea during these years. "I hate a liar," he observed, "but something is owing to De Rougemont's memory. I had a five-year-old thirst, I remember, and he had under his berth a cask of port which had been in the tropics for 17 months."

Mr. Coffin's scrupulous regard for the truth compels me to correct a previous statement. He took to New Jersey for the memorable mill not his heaviest brass knuckles but his summer weight pair. These tip the scales at three ounces each, are delicately chased with etched figures and are not in the least to be confused with the ruby and turquoise studded pair which Mr. Coffin intends to bequeath to the Museum of Fine Arts upon his demise.

ADONIRAM GOOCH.

Gooch's Pharmacy, Jalaam.

BEAUTY WELL PRESERVED

(On reading that the finest colored hair is like orange marmalade in the sunlight.)

O hair divinely flaming,
In noontide's golden framing,
I watch you flashing down the sea parade;
My brain is searching swimmily
For some ecstatic simile—
'Tis sunlight on a dish of marmalade!

But there's one hue diviner,
One tint that flashes finer
Will light the pier this golden afternoon;
Your rival head possesses
Rich, burnt sienna tresses,
Like kippers in the magic of the moon.

—**A. W. in the London Daily Chronicle.**

July 1 1921

A Mr. Bailey of New York was sentenced a few days ago to Elmira reformatory for stealing $700 worth of books from the Brook Club of that city. We regret to say that he did not steal from a desire to improve his mind, fired to this laudable ambition by hearing as a waiter at the Brook Club literary discussions and wise talk about geographical, historical and other matters; he stole to raise money for a visit in Maine.

The question naturally arises, What is the nature of the library at this club? This question leads to another: What sort of a library should any club, "exclusive" or inclusive, possess? Thackeray described a newly elected member to a London club pulling down Dugdale's "Monasticon" to show it to his friends, and finding on opening the important work that the handsome covers contained a dustpan and a brush. And years afterwards Mr. Dooley said to Mr. Hennessy: "Th' on'y books I seen was th' kind that has th' life iv th' pope on th' outside an' a set iv dominos on th' inside. They're good readin'. Nawthin' cud be better f'r a man when he's tired out afther a day's wurruk thin to go to his library an' take down wan iv th' gr-reat wurruks iv lithratchoor an' play a game iv dominos f'r th' dhrinks out iv it."

As others name books suitable for summer reading or for a desert island, we allow ourselves to suggest books that should be on the shelves of a club library, where an older member may sit in an easy chair and snooze with an open book, covers up, on his lap, or fallen by his side on the floor.

First of all there should be certain reference books, "Who's Who" and "Who Isn't;" dictionaries, a good encylcopedia, a set of the World's Almanac, volumes giving information about phrases, fables, pseudonyms, etc., so that anyone after a hasty cramming may go into a living-room, and by leading the conversation adroitly astonish his fellow members by the variety of his knowledge and his amazingly retentive memory. Otherwise the library should be free from all the books without which no gentleman's library is complete.

We should like to see sets of Punch and Life from the beginning; a set of Puck until the death of the elder Keppler; odd volumes of the famous Munich comic weeklies; also Le Rire and La Vie Parisienne; memoirs galore, from the gossip of Suetonius to the latest exposure of English aristocrats, by one of them; light and entertaining essays; novels chosen at random, especially old ones not easily procured; plays of the old and modern theatre; satires, as Belloc's "Caliban's Guide to Letters"; the 10 volumes of "L'Espion Anglais"—the 10th should not be missing—and other 18th century volumes should tempt the curious reader; Casanova should jostle Benvenuto Cellini and Lord Herbert of Cherburg; and for the older men books by Mayne Reid, R. M. Ballantyne, and Jacob Abbott that they may again be boys; books above all that are not fresh from the press; books that are not "best sellers"; books that give the club distinction and reflect favorably on the taste of the members though they may never take them from the shelves.

THROUGH THE CENTURIES

As the World Wags:

Speaking of signs, I notice "The Antique Shop," which is not antique although antiques are sold there. By the same token, "Ye Olde Dog Shop," on another street, ought to refer to the age of the dogs, but doesn't. However, if I may use the accepted formula, "this is not what I started out to say."

My present concern is with the apparent futility of the theory of human progress. Doubtless it will be definitely confuted by Mr. Herkimer Johnson in his forthcoming monumental work.

Things merely repeat themselves in epicycles. Observe the impending crisis as Isaiah saw it, some 2650 years ago: "Behold the Lord maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down . . . They shall not drink wine with a song; strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink it. . . . Every house is shut up, that no man may come in. There is a crying for wine in the streets; all joy is darkened, the mirth of the land is gone."

And Addison going into a coffee-house on an April evening in 1710, encountered a projector, or, as we might say, a producer, who proposed to bring together on a single stage the various shows in town, including a rarec-show, a posture man, a moving-picture, with many curiosities of like nature. This seems the germ of the vaudeville with pictures which some think a novelty. Perhaps, dear editor, with your wide knowledge of things theatrical, you may enlighten us as to the sort of moving-pictures which enriched the London stage of that day. Fifty years earlier the energetic Mr. Pepys took his wife to what he calls the "Italian Motion," being too precise to call it a "Movie," but that he explains was merely a puppet-show, and hardly a picture.

In 1713 a careful observer informed his fellow-townsmen in London, through the highly respectable Guardian that (as we might say today), "If we survey the pictures of our great-grandmothers . . . we see them clothed down to the waist and up to the very chin. . . . In proportion as the age refined the dress still sunk lower . . . insomuch as the neck of a fine woman takes in almost half the body."

"My good old lady, the Lady Lizard (he remarks) condemned this fashion from the beginning, and observed to me with some concern that her sex, at the same time they are letting down their stays, are tucking up their petticoats which grow shorter and shorter every day. The leg discovers itself in proportion with the neck."

Alas, poor Lady Lizard, hers was the invariable viewpoint of the old. No imagination, therefore no vision! This was 208 years ago, but might have been written yesterday. The world still wags. Listen, now, to Ecclesiastes, or the preacher: "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."

HORACE G. WADLIN.

Boston.

In Addison's time a "moving picture" was perhaps not unlike a peepshow; or was it a sort of panorama. Swift wrote to Stella on March 27, 1712-13: "I went afterwards to see a famous moving picture, and I never saw anything so pretty. You see a sea ten inches wide, a town at the other end, and ships sailing in the sea, and discharging their cannon. You see a great sky with moon and stars, etc. I am a fool." —Ed.

HOW THE LONG ARM OF COINCIDENCE WAS STRETCHED IN LEXINGTON

As the World Wags:

"Two cats were kiled on Massachusetts avenue, near Waltham street, within 12 hours of each. One was killed Tuesday evening and the other Wednesday morning, both by automobiles, it is thought."

I think the above clipping deserves a wider circulation than the Lexington Minute-Man affords. What a fine example of coincidence this is! Not only do both time and place agree, but the engine of destruction in the two accidents is, presumably, the same. Then, too, both victims were cats.

W. M. T.

Lexington.

July 8 1921

"Rapito" of Boston wishes information about Adah Isaacs Menken. "Although her husbands have not written memoirs concerning her, presumably there are various references to her in the memoirs of other persons, or elsewhere. . . . What interests me particularly has to do with Swinburne. I understand that her first name, prior to Adah, was Dolores, and that Swinburne's poem, 'Dolores,' was specifically addressed to her, not to a fictitious character."

No doubt Mr. Quincy Kilby or "Baize" could give "Rapito" a certain amount of information concerning this singularly gifted and beautiful woman. "Rapito" should send to London for Richard Northcott's life of Adah, published recently by Press Printers.

It is true that she knew Swinburne in the sixties, and if we are not mistaken she dedicated her volume of poems, "Infelicia," to him. Some one borrowed our copy of these verses in orthodox form and in free verse—for there were brave women before Miss Amy Lowell and her imitators—borrowed it and never returned it. Swinburne was accused of writing some of the poems published as hers, but he strenuously denied it. The story that Adah's name was originally Dolores, and Swinburne had her in mind when he wrote the famous poem thus entitled, may be classed with other more or less entertaining literary legends.

"MOBY DICK" AND MELVILLE

As the World Wags:

As an admirer of Herman Melville's masterpiece, "Moby Dick," for something over 50 years, I am gratified as well as amused, by the recent "discovery" of it by the literary lights of London.

There appears to be considerable mystery attached to the book and its author. Melville seems to have been quite as elusive and retiring as Hawthorne. It has been said that these two American authors "had no predecessors and no successors, and stand unique in English literature." Why should not "Moby Dick" be as famous as "The Scarlet Letter"?

F. W. Bullen, author of "The Cruise of the Cachelot," probably the best whaling story next to "Moby Dick," said that he had never heard of Melville when he wrote his book. When "Moby Dick" was brought to his attention he "devoured it in a night and after reading it felt like a duffer." He could account for its neglect only "on account of its length and perhaps the transcendentalism woven into its splendid narrative."

Surely it is a fascinating story. Even in its first chapter it is wonderfully written. Who can forget the picture of the cannibal harpooner in its first pages?

As to the author, a friend of his in New York, Peter Taft, gives the following description:

"Though a delightful talker when in the mood, he was abnormal, as most geniuses are, and had to be handled with care. He seemed to hold his works in small esteem and discouraged my attempts to discuss them. 'You know,' he would say, 'more than I do about them. I have forgotten them.' He would give me no information about the old tradition of the fiendish white whale, Moby Dick, which was said to haunt the sea south of Valparaiso."

By the way, what is a "great" book? Some of the more modern critics and writers of New York (that is to say, the freshest) are exploiting certain recent novels, which they term "great." To my mind, a great book is not a trivial record of small town scandal or the story of a second or third rate family group, generally depressing and more or less morbid. A great book, I submit, is of epic scope, like "Les Miserables" or "The Cloister and the Hearth" or a masterpiece of plot and imagination, such as "The Wandering Jew." "Moby Dick" is a masterpiece, and should have long since placed its author in the acknowledged first rank of our New England authors.

Cambridge. EARLE E. RISER.

Yes, "Les Miserables" is "epic," no doubt, yet Flaubert and other Frenchmen of note found pleasure in attacking it. And there are Frenchmen who think that Eugene Sue excelled in comedy rather than in melodrama. It was a Parisian concierge who said with a sigh when he had read "The Mysteries of Paris," "I have lost my Eugene Sue." The Constitutionnel paid Sue 200,000 francs for the publication of "The Wandering Jew" as a serial. In our boyhood that novel was on the list of books prohibited by stern parents; all on account of the ending of one chapter. It is said that Tolstoi re-read "Les Miserables" before he sat down to write his "Resurrection." Sue's "Mysteries of Paris" enchanted and thrilled all Europe. Jules Claretie was cocksure that Dostoivsky knew Fleur de Marie when he portrayed the poor girl in "Crime and Punishment."—Ed.

WE ARE JUST OUT OF LORD ERSKINE'S SPEECHES

As the World Wags:

Have you "Lord Erskine's Speeches" on hand? My copy just now is not available. The Guy Stillman case reminds me of Erskine's plea in behalf of a client who claimed legitimacy of birth although his mother, the wife of an aged nobleman, had made boast to her husband, who had divorced her, that he was not the child's father. Circumstances, including the age of the husband, indicated her claim was true and she persisted to the end as to its veracity.

When grown to manhood the interesting offspring claimed to be legal heir to the nobleman's estate. The argument of his advocate, Lord Erskine, was to this effect: The fact that the couple were married and had lived together was in law all-sufficient evidence of legitimacy of birth. He lost his case. EDWARD LAWRENCE.

Boston.

LIFE IN WATERVILLE (Me.)

As the World Wags:

I noticed a little pink slip pinned to a telephone pole in Waterville, Me. On approaching it I read as follows:

"I stole a pair of black shoe strings on College avenue the other day. I have since repented and seen my wrong. Owner may have by applying to ——— College avenue."

And I saw this sign in a barber shop: "If you shave the front of your neck at home, let us shave the back of your neck here."

G. S. W.

Bangor, Me.

WILL CONTRIBUTORS CONTRIBUTE?

As the World Wags:

Will you kindly tell me where one can locate an old rhyme, of which the first stanza runs something like this:

"A fox went out in a hungry plight,
And begged of the moon to give him light
For he'd many a mile to go that night,
Before he could reach his den—o."

I knew many people who can recite snatches of this poem, but I have never been able to get a complete copy of it. As nearly as I can make out, it is of either English or Irish origin, as all the folk I have ever met who know it came from northern Ireland or England.

GEORGE S. DREW.

Lowell.

July 9 1921

Mr. Bottomley, who is not over-fond of this country, can hardly be called a shy and sensitive person. Early this month he announced in London to an "expectant public" the first issue of his Sunday Illustrated, for which an "amazing demand" was reported. His Sunday message to Great Britain, also the world, if not the universe, formerly published in the Sunday Pictorial, has been "a source of enlightenment, encouragement and inspiration to thousands."

Now as to Sunday Illustrated.

"Free, unfettered, unrestricted and preaching from his own pulpit, Mr. Bottomley, with his profound and unrivalled store of mature worldly wisdom, will sound a clarion call to the Nation, with a clarity and vigor unsurpassed even in his own remarkable record. Destitute of fear, free from the trammels of cant and prejudice, free from the shackles of Party bonds, Mr. Bottomley writes as a man with the courage of conviction, born of an unprejudiced survey and a very human outlook upon the affairs of life."

Was Mr. Bottomley really pleased with himself when he read this bombastic announcement? Was it not Disraeli who said, apropos of Queen Victoria, that when you wish to flatter royalty you must lay it on with a trowel? Is it possible that in this instance Mr. Bottomley took the trowel in his hand?

NEW ENGLAND'S POET

As the World Wags:

I was much interested in the valuable service of a contributor in expounding an immortal couplet from Whittier's "Snow-Bound." That the New England bard may be fully appreciated, I beg to call your attention to the fact that Whittier not only achieves this exalted vein in an occasional couplet, but can keep it sustained through two stanzas—or even more. As a sample, I submit two verses of "Cobbler Keezar's Vision," culled from a school reader. Note the poignant suggestiveness of the last line in the second stanza. Is it not enough in these arid days to bring tears to the eyes of a strong man?

Keezar sat on the hill-side
Upon his cobbler's form,
With a pan of coals on either hand
To keep his waxed-ends warm.
And there in the golden weather
He stitched and hammered and sung;
In the brook he moistened his leather,
In the pewter mug his tongue.

Haverhill. H. B. B.

When a prize of $500 was offered in 1861 for the best National Hymn, Robert H. Newell ("Orpheus C. Kerr") wrote ingenious verses in the manner of Longfellow, Everett, Whittier, Holmes, Emerson, Bryant, Morris, Willis, Aldrich and Stoddard, giving the reasons why the poems by these authors were rejected. The parody of Whittier might easily be searched for in a complete collection of his poems.

My native land, thy Puritanic stock
Still finds its roots firm-bound in Plymout Rock,
And all thy sons unite in one grand wish—
To keep the virtues of Preserv—ed Fish.

Preserv—ed Fish, the Deacon stern and true,
Told our New England what her sons should do,
And should they swerve from loyalty and right,
Then the whole land were lost indeed in night.

The committee gave this reason for rejection: "The sectional bias of this 'anthem' renders it unsuitable for use in that small margin of the world situated outside of New England."

Does any one read "The Orpheus C. Kerr Papers" today? The first series contains an amusing burlesque of "Jane Eyre", verses serious and comic, besides comments on military operations and the politics of the time that are worthy of the Mr. Dooley of the Spanish War. Newell, journalist and editor, the author of a singular novel, "Avery Gliban," and of the "The Cloven Foot", an adaptation or completion of "Edwin Drood", also

SIXTY YEARS' DEVELOPMENT OF THE SUNDAY HERALD

Its Standard of Literary Excellence and News Service Has Been Consistently Maintained

The Sunday papers published in Boston in 1861 were, for the most part, devoted to what is called in a newspaper office "general matter," and little attention was paid to the collection and publication of news outside the city.

Believing that there was an ample field for a Sunday *newspaper*, the proprietor of The Daily Herald, on May 26 of that year, issued the first number of The Sunday Herald.

It was of the same size as the daily, but contained much more reading matter, and in addition to all the news of the day (the civil war had just begun and news was plenty and eagerly sought for by the public), gave a review of prominent events of the preceding week in literary, social, musical, theatrical and sporting circles and treated of other topics of general interest.

The subscription price was $2 a year and 5 cents a copy. An edition of 10,000 was printed of the first number. the editorial force engaged in preparing it consisted of H. R. Tracy, Justin Andrews, Charles H. Andrews, Luther L. Holden, Edwin B Haskell, Zenas T. Haines, John M. Oxton and S. W. Mason. About 20 men were employed in all departments of the office in getting out the Sunday edition.

In 1862 the average circulation was 7977, an increase of about 600 over that of the first year, the largest single issue being that of Aug. 31, containing news of the battles in front of Fredericksburg.

During the closing war years the circulation grew rapidly, reports of such events as the assassination of Lincoln, the capture of Jefferson Davis sending the editions as high as 30,000.

In January, 1870, the paper was enlarged at the same time as the daily and became very popular with the reading public. Large editions were issued during the Fenian excitement and the Franco-Prussian war. The largest single day's sale was 109,250, the day of the great fire in 1872.

Other large editions were published on the day following the Revere disaster on the Eastern railroad, the Jesse Pomeroy murders, the Beecher-Tilton trial, the big Fall River fire and other occasions.

There were a number of notably large editions in 1876, among them that of July 30, in which E. D. Winslow's letter explaining the condition of his affairs and the reason of his flight appeared.

At the time of the removal of The Herald establishment into the new building on Washington street the average circulation was 64,851, the largest of any Sunday newspaper in the United States.

Since that time The Sunday Herald has steadily improved and enlarged. The number and variety of its "special articles" contributed by the best pens in the country, its correspondence, its reviews of things musical, theatrical and literary, and the general high tone of its pages gave it an impressive reputation which it maintains to this day.

The contrast between The Sunday Herald of 1861, with its scanty six or eight pages and its (comparatively) meagre allowance of reading matter, and The Sunday Herald of 1921, with its many departments, its wide reaching interests and its contributions by the most eminent specialists in the world, is very marked.

The Sunday Herald, besides being a compendium of the news of the planet, brought by wire, wireless and post from its remotest confines, is a real magazine of information, handling subjects of the widest variety of interest.

Many of the writers whose names are associated with The Sunday Herald have world-wide reputations, and their productions are famous wherever the newspaper is read.

The standard of literary values established at the outset has been consistently maintained in all departments. No newspaper in the country is edited and written with more scrupulous care, the rule extending from the most important "feature" to the most minute news paragraph or the most insignificant "filler."

The magazine sections, which give The Sunday Herald its distinctive quality, contain many notable departments and are contributed to by eminent writers.

Notable among them is Frank H. Simonds, whose weekly review and analysis of the European situation is of international interest. Mr. Simonds is a journalist of international reputation with a wide knowledge of affairs on both continents. During the war his commentaries on the military situation attracted wide attention for the accuracy of its forecasts and the writer's skill of getting to the essentials of the existing situation. Mr. Simonds' page is the one that is first opened to on a Sunday morning by a very large number of Sunday Herald readers.

By common consent, Philip Hale is acclaimed as the most authoritative musical critic in the country. A master of his subject and having at his command the most perfect English, his articles are always eagerly looked forward to. There is no sting of malice, even in his most severe criticisms, and the reader always feels that he has received something of value. Mr. Hale is also the principal dramatic critic of The Herald, and is supreme also in this exacting sphere.

And this is not all, for he conducts the column headed "As the World Wags," which is the depository of more delightful things in the way of odds and ends of quotation and expositions of quaint and forgotten lore than any department of the kind anywhere.

The women readers of The Sunday Herald, and their name is legion, swear by the weekly page edited by Anne Rittenhouse, universally recognized as America's greatest authority on fashions. This is one of the exclusive features of the newspaper.

Miss Rittenhouse goes to Paris in the spring and fall of each year and has the entre to all the leading fashion houses and studios in the French capital and is always in closest touch with everything pertaining to the fashion world.

The Sunday Herald has always specialized in its social news, to which, of recent years, has been added a department of the activities of the women's clubs. This feature of the newspaper has been in charge of Mrs. Florence T. Hunt, who has been connected with the staff for 27 years and has a phenomenally wide acquaintance with Boston and Bostonians, which enables her to write with authority and precision.

The art department is in charge of F. W. Coburn, whose discriminating criticism and intimate knowledge of things artistic has made his department one of the most important in the whole issue.

"Military Men and Matters," the department dealing with military affairs, particularly those pertaining to the state guard, written by Maj. Frank C. Brownell (himself a veteran in the service of the commonwealth), has for many years been a popular feature in the estimation of the men who wear the khaki of the Massachusetts establishment.

The Boy and Girl Scouts and the Camp Fire Girls find their activities fully chronicled on the pages devoted to those organizations. This is another of the very popular features of The Sunday Herald.

The Sunday Herald also has a large staff of special writers who prepare each week special articles, for the most part dealing with the subjects of the day, giving an intimate view of persons and things that is unobtainable in the haste and brevity which are inseparable from the presentation of these themes in the daily news columns. These articles are always profusely illustrated, and constitute a very important element of the paper.

For the benefit of the young folks, although thousands of "children of a larger growth" are frankly interested to a point of equal interest, The Sunday Herald publishes every week a colored comic supplement. These pictures are the work of the most skilled and talented artists in their peculiar specialty and are exceedingly popular. They are funny without being vulgar, and the adventures of favorite characters do much to drive away carking care.

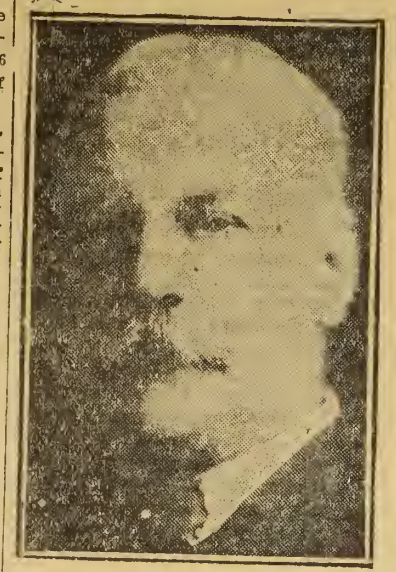
Within recent years there has been added another strong and popular feature in the Rotogravure section, in which are reproduced the finest photographs obtainable of news subjects of current interest, portraits of individuals, from presidents to "movie queens," who happen to be in the public eye, and also reproductions of artistic subjects of high educational value.

From time to time "features" are presented which are contributed by noted writers and specialists. The Herald's fiction and short story department has always been immensely popular, and the series of Sherlock Holmes stories, from the gifted pen of Dr. Conan Doyle, is an example of the high character of these contributions.

The news sections of The Sunday Herald are stronger than ever, and foreign and domestic news is "covered" with a degree of thoroughness and accuracy undreamed of by a former generation of newspaper men. The sporting writers record the events in their peculiar field with the utmost fidelity and completeness. The financial, commercial and shipping departments leave nothing undone to ensure a perfect presentation of the activities which they report. The editorials and other regular features, generally in augmented form, are included.

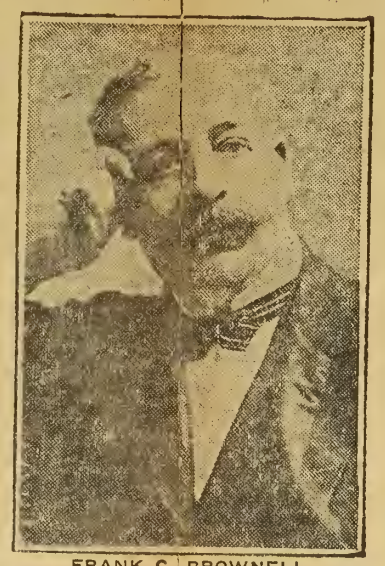
The editor of The Sunday Herald is Harold F. Wheeler, and C. A. G. Jackson is assistant editor. The staff writers include John E. Pember, Joe Toye, Elizabeth Ellam and Olive McGuire.

The Sunday Herald, as an entity, is the most complete and well-rounded journalistic product that this generation has seen. It is a worthy representative of the city in which it is published, and has sustained and developed the traditions of the men who first established it and carried it on through many difficulties and discouragements to triumphant success.



PHILIP HALE

MRS. FLORENCE T. HUNT



FRANK C. BROWNELL

FRANK H. SIMONDS

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

HARD TIMES, CHANGES, AND, LATER, IMPROVEMENTS

Important Events Prominently Featured and Though the Great Fire Taxed the Resources of all Newspapers The Herald Prospered

(Continued from Page 4.)

funeral—to show its respect for the deceased ruler, on the latter occasion suspending its afternoon editions, and devoting nine columns, on the day following, to a report of the ceremonies in Boston.

An event more pleasant to speak of was the arrival of Jenny Lind and her concerts in Boston. Columns were printed about the Swedish songstress and the honors showered upon her.

It may be interesting to state that when the tickets for her first concert in Tremont Temple were sold by auction, on Sept. 26, the first choice of seats was purchased by Ossian E. Dodge for $625, and none brought less than $7.50.

Hard Times Made Changes in the Paper Necessary

The year 1851 was a hard one for The Herald. Through some inexplicable cause, Mr. French suddenly found himself financially embarrassed. His health was poor, and the anxiety consequent upon these business difficulties threw him into a fit of sickness. He endeavored to "kite" along from month to month, but was unlucky, and being unable, from his infirm health, to attend personally to the publisher's department of the establishment, he found he must leave the business or be dragged down by it.

On April 1 the Weekly Herald, the first number of which was issued on Jan. 16, 1847, was discontinued.

On the same date the imprint of the daily was changed from "John A. French, Editor and Proprietor," to "John A. French, Publisher," and on July 16 this disappeared and was succeeded by "George W. Triggs & Co., Publishers and Proprietors." It seems that Mr. French disposed of The Herald to John M. Barnard (a wealthy distiller and wholesale liquor dealer, then doing business in South Market street, and also proprietor of the "Glades" Hotel at Cohasset) on the day the word "proprietor" was dropped from his name in the imprint; but the sale was not made not [illegible], and Mr. Barnard's name was [illegible] year. [illegible]nted as proprietor during the [illegible] French soon closed up his business affairs in Boston and retired to his homestead in North Conway, Me.

Glen D[illegible]

extent of five columns, through the state wa[illegible]d his progress special reporter, who s[illegible]allowed by a to five columns da'ly un[illegible]n from two

The year 1853 was an u[illegible]ay 19. In the history of The Hera[illegible]entful one nard remaining sole prop[illegible]Mr. Barnard Wallace managing editor an[illegible]or, Mr. sistant and local staff unchang[illegible]the as-

The Herald was this year a [illegible]rictly local paper, publishing not more [illegible]n a "stickful" of news by telegraph [illegible]ily, and having very little to do with [illegible]t- ters outside the state.

Important Events That Were Prominently Featured

Among the prominent events of which "features" were made this year were the Norwalk railroad disaster, on May 6; the debates on the Hoosac tunnel bill in the Legislature; the proposal to introduce horse railroads into the city streets (which was strongly opposed, editorially, as an infringement of the rights of traffic and travel by carriages); the collision on the Worcester & Providence railroad, Aug. 12, whereby 13 lives were lost, etc. The morning after the November election, returns from but 130 towns were printed.

On April 1 occurred the second enlargement of The Daily Herald (the first having taken place Jan. 1, 1847), and it came out with columns lengthened two inches, the width remaining the same, and the pages measuring 23x17 inches. The editor congratulated himself and his readers upon the improvement.

Notable Local Events That Filled Many Columns

A number of notable local events occurred during the year, which were fully "written up" by The Herald, among them the riot in Chelsea and East Boston, on May 7, between the Catholic Irish and Protestants; the arrest, on May 25, of Andrew Burns, a fugitive slave, and the consequent riot in Court square, in which James Batchelder was killed; the meeting in Faneuil Hall, the trial, etc. (which sent the Herald's circulation up to 40,000 daily for a week); the fall of a granite block in Broad street, causing the death of a number of persons, on Aug. 23; the execution, in East Cambridge, on Sept. 29, of Casey, tion of the former by fire and the loss of many lives. Boston voted, Sept. 25, to annex Charlestown, and that city voted itself willing on Oct. 2, but, on Oct. 21, Chief Justice Shaw decided that the act authorizing the union was unconstitutional. The consolidation of the "police" and "night watch" was effected on April 24. The Boston Theatre was formally opened on Sept. 11.

The Herald entered upon the year 1855 under favorable auspices. On Feb. 12 new type was put in use, the "make-up" varied in some respects, and the announcement made that thereafter John M. Barnard was proprietor, and Bailey (Edwin C.) and Lawrence (A. Milton) were the publishers. There [illegible]re also some changes in the editorial a[illegible] reportorial staff this year.

F[illegible]s, Trials, Riots and Public Events in 1855

Amo[illegible] the events to which The Herald de[illegible]ted much space in 1855 were several [illegible]pital trials; the great fire on Battery, L[illegible]ncoln and People's wharves, on April 27; the discussion and passage, May 21, of [illegible]e personal liberty bill by the Legislatu[illegible], over the Governor's veto; the liquor law riot in Portland, on June 3; the lay[illegible]ng of the corner-stone of the Public Li[illegible]ary building, Sept. 17; the rescue, on O[illegible]t. 9, and forwarding to Canada by "underground railroad," of a fugitive slav[illegible], who had already been put on board a vessel bound South; the trouble in the fi[illegible] department over the introduction of a [illegible]team fire engine; the first appearance of Rachel, the great French actress, at the Boston Theatre, on Oct. 21, eac.

On the morning of June 20 The Herald building in Williams court was badly damaged by fire originating in the composing room of the Know-Nothing and Crusader office, in the upper story. The Herald composing room, editorial offices and pressroom were flooded with water, but the morning edition was issued "on time" by strenuous efforts in all departments.

The average daily circulation during the year 1855 was claimed to have been 30,000, but was probably something less.

Another Change Made in Herald O[illegible]

aquired an interest. Th[illegible] firm of Bailey, Lawrence & Co. was, [illegible]r a time, appended to his name in t[illegible] imprint.

Subsequent to his sa[illegible] of The Herald, Mr. Barnard started th[illegible] Daily Evening Ledger, of which A. A. [illegible]allace, long on the editorial staff of [illegible]e Herald, became the editor. The l[illegible]edger closely resembled The Herald in [illegible]pearance, and was for a time the [illegible]dium through which Mr. Barnard e[illegible]ressed his antagonism to Mr. Bailey.

Among the events of [illegible]56, reported at length in The Herald, [illegible]e a lecture in Tremont Temple, on J[illegible] 25, by Robert Toombs, who defende[illegible] the institution of slavery; the great f[illegible]ival in Music Hall, March 3, on the [illegible]ccasion of the unveiling of the Beeth[illegible]oven statue; the strike of the longshor[illegible]emen. In March against the use of [illegible]steam-engines in loading and unloading [illegible]vessels, and the Gerrish market fire on [illegible]ril 12; the first appearance in Bosto[illegible] on June 4, of Vestvali, the prima do[illegible]; the test, on July 9, of the "Miles [illegible]Greenwood," the first steam-engine use[illegible] Boston; the great fire and loss of l[illegible] on North and Clark streets on July [illegible] the inauguration of the Franklin s[illegible]e in front of the City Hall, trades [illegible]procession, firemen's muster, etc., Sept. 17 (it is worth noting that men[illegible]s of the Mercantile Library Associ[illegible]n declined to allow John Stephenson[illegible] colored man, to walk with them in [illegible]ession on this occasion); the murde[illegible] Dec. 15, by one McGee, a convict, [illegible]eputy Warden Walker at the state [illegible]son, and the murder of Warden Te[illegible] by a convict named Decatur, on De[illegible]

Improved by Dev[illegible]ng More Space to L[illegible]al Matters

The Herald in 1857 [illegible]a much better paper than it had ever [illegible]wn, the Messrs. Andrews, upon whom burden of its management devolved, [illegible]ring no effort to make it thoroughly [illegible]sy and bright in every department. [illegible]great amount of space was devoted [illegible] local matters, and, for the first [illegible]e, affairs in Charlestown and Cam[illegible]ge were fully reported. The year w[illegible] good one for home news, as during [illegible]hree murders, an execution, seven [illegible]al trials, the Kalloch scandal, and [illegible] affairs likely to make a lively dem[illegible]or papers, oc[illegible]n events were

in the city papers. Admirers of the "green diamond" may be interested to know that the first game of base ball reported in The Herald was one which took place on the Common, June 30, between the Olympics of this city and the Massapoags, of Sharon—12 men on a side—in which the latter were victorious.

Mr. Bailey resigned the office of postmaster on Oct. 1, and thereafter, "E. C. Bailey, Editor and Proprietor," took the place of "Bailey & Co." in the imprint. From that date until he disposed of the paper Mr. Bailey gave his undivided attention to The Herald.

New Comers Who Were Later to Be Owners

E. B. Haskell, subsequently one of the proprietors of The Herald, entered the office as reporter in 1860, and was soon promoted to an editorial position.

A year later (1861) R. M. Pulsifer, another of the subsequent proprietors, entered the business department of The Herald.

The breaking out of the civil uwar in the spring of 1861 created a great demand for news, and an increase in the circulation of all the daily papers was the immediate result. It is hardly necessary to say here that The Herald warmly espoused the cause of the Union, and that the events of that stirring period were faithfully chronicled in its columns. The average daily circulation in January was 58,270; in February it was 1000 larger; in March another 1000 was added; and in April 73,094 was the average issue. The Herald's report of the attack on Fort Sumter was printed in 85,752 papers, and the assault on the 6th Massachusetts regiment in Baltimore ran the edition of April 20 up to 92,448—then the largest number of Heralds ever published and sold in one day.

The Sunday Herald was established May 26, 1861.

Assassination of Lincoln and Surrender of Lee

On the 1st of June, 1865, the price of The Herald was reduced to its old figures—2 cents a copy. The circulation that year averaged 37,617 daily, though in April it was 49,006, in May 40,293, and in June and July about the same. The [illegible]ber was disposed of April 10, when Lee's surrender was announced.

The Herald's circulation in 1866 averaged $45,848 daily. The Fenian operations on the Canadian obrder, during the first half of the year, were fully reported by special correspondents with the "Boys in Green," and on several occasions these reports sold an edition of 70,000 and more.

New Owners Take Over the Herald Property

In 1869 occurred an important event in The Herald's history. Mr. Bailey, who had acquired an interest in 1865, and became sole proprietor in 1866, decided to sell out, and on April 1 it was announced that he had disposed of the paper, its good-will, subscription list, agencies, advertising patronage, type, machinery, in fact, everything connected with it, to Messrs. Royal M. Pulsifer, Edwin B. Haskell, Charles H. Andrews, Justin Andrews and Geerge G. Bailey. All of these gentlemen were at that time, and had for some years previously (as noted ebfore) been connected with The Herald, the first named in the business department, the three next on the editorial staff, and the latter as foreman of the composing roem.

In announcing their purchase, the firm, which was then styled R. M. Pulsifer & Co., said, in the editorial column on April 1:

"We shall use our best endeavors to make The Herald strictly a NEWSPAPER, with the freshest and most trustworthy intelligence of all that is going on in this busy age; and to this end we shall spare no expense in any department. . . . The Herald will be in the future, as it has been in the past, essentially a PEOPLE'S paper, the organ of no clique or party, advocating at all proper times those measures which tend to promote the welfare of our country, and to secure the greatest good to the greatest number. It will exert its influence in favor of simplicity and economy in the administration of the government and toleration and liberality in our social institutions. It will not hesitate to point out abuses, or to commend good measures, from whatever source they come, and it will con-[illegible] with a free use of the telegraph by reliablo reporters and correspondents.

Great Fire Taxed Resources of All Boston Papers

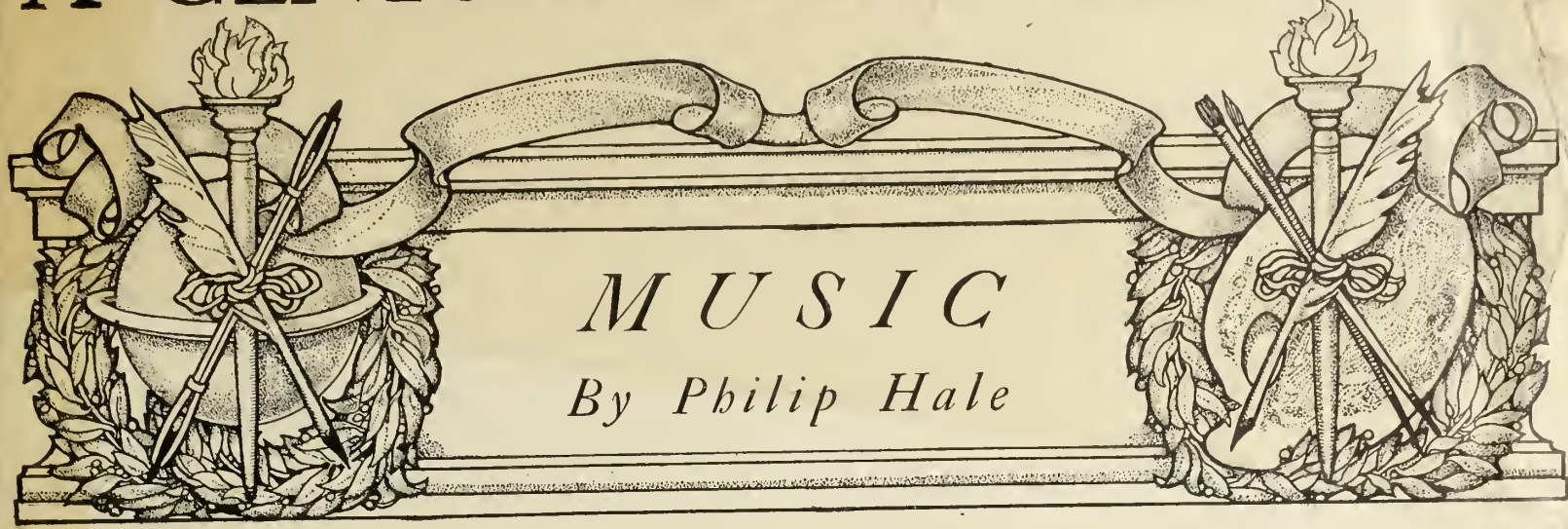
The great fire of Nov. 9, 10, was, of course, the event of the year 1872, and the resources of Boston newspapers were taxed to the utmost to supply the demand for details of the calamity. That week was a hard one for everybody connected with the daily press. The beautiful new building of the Transcript was destroyed; the Post building was in such imminent danger that a speedy removal of much of the material was considered necessary, and at one time it seemed scarcely possible that the march of the conflagration could be stopped before it involved the Journal, Herald and Globe offices in the common ruin. But these papers were spared, with the Advertiser and Traveler, to chronicle the exciting events of those terrible days and nights.

Nearly every attache of The Herald was on duty for 48 hours continuously, and many of the editors and reporters for even a longer period, without rest or sleep. Editors became reporters for the nonce, and, like them, explored the dangerous regions of the "burnt district," at the risk of life and limb, returning, with smoke-grimed hands and faces, to report the progress of the devastating element. All worked unceasingly, from the editor-in-chief to the "devil" in th[illegible] composing room, and the clang of t[illegible] presses was heard from morning un[illegible] night, and from night until morn[illegible] The first edition of The Sunday Her[illegible] of Nov. 10 contained five columns [illegible] fire reports, and extras were issued [illegible] frequent intervals through the day, [illegible] additional particulars as fast as could be gathered. On Monday r[illegible]ing 16 columns concerning the confl[illegible]tion were published; on Tuesday, Wednesday, 11; on Thursday an[illegible] day, six each; on Saturday, 10, [illegible] on. No less than 109,250 copies [illegible] Sunday Herald were sold.

All Papers Suffer from General Business Depr[illegible]

The Turco-Russian and Fr[illegible] man wars excited but a langui[illegible]

A CENTURY OF ACHIEVEMENT



ARREY VON DOMMER, the author of a singularly accurate, clear, philosophical, sane, and concise history of music, ended his book with the death of Beethoven (1827), although he signed his name to the preface of a revised edition as late as 1878. A student of the shifting fashions in music, he was not prepared to admit the abiding influence of any composer that worked after the first performance of the Ninth Symphony; he was not willing to treat as solid and substantial that which he felt to be still undetermined in form, or liquid, or vaporous; he felt himself too near these successors to judge of them with any unerring sense of perspective; he had no desire to play the prophet; he was not impressed by the shout, "Hats off, gentlemen: a genius comes!"; nor was he stunned by the drums and trumpets of contemporaneous and tumultuous praise. To him the development of music ended historically with the death of Beethoven. Has there been any true development since the Ninth Symphony and the last enigmatical string quartets of the same composer?

A man might claim seriously and without a passion for paradox that in certain ways music has not developed during the nineteenth century. Take, for instance, the tools with which orchestral writers work. There are no string instruments that rival those made by the old Italians. If you should mention the names of Böhm and Sax as improvers of wood-wind and brass, he might reply that the oboe, clarinet, flute, bassoon, horn, and trumpet have, in a measure, lost their distinctive qualities, that their *timbre* is not to-day so sharply defined; and he might say that certain instruments of peculiar charm have been allowed to disappear from the orchestra. He might ask: In choral music has any composer of this century equalled or even approached the music of Palestrina, di Lasso, Bach, Handel? Has Wagner with all his genius and the resources at his command surpassed Gluck in his directness, truthfulness, intensity? Has Verdi with his "Falstaff" driven "Le Nozze di Figaro" from the stage? Do you claim for a moment that programme-music is an invention of this century? You forget the choral programme-music of Jannequin, the piano programme-music of Kuhnau, the symphonic programme-music of Dittersdorf? And go back again to instruments: the organs of Cavaillé-Coll are, indeed, masterpieces of art, and yet have they the sonorous diapason quality of an organ by Silbermann? The modern grand-piano is a formidable, a wonderful machine; but is it a musical instrument? Is it not swollen, bombastic, out of proportion; a thing that demands a great hall, a full orchestra, an athletic, acrobatic pianist? Even now is there not a desire on the part of the thoughtful to return to a more modest instrument, which will be content with the inherent, inevitable limitations, and not clamor for a position to which it has no right? Nor am I prepared to admit that the popular interest to-day in music is greater proportionally than in preceding centuries, when even in England handicraftsmen and laborers of all kinds sang at their tasks, when princes, popes, and cardinals vied with each other in cultivation and support of music, when the wandering virtuoso was consulted in affairs of state, when thirty thousand gathered themselves together in the church of St. Peter at Rome to hear the organ played by Frescobaldi.

Now music is not a fixed art; there must be progress or a step backward; and even the lover of paradox would admit that, upon the whole, there has been development. This development is necessarily shaped by the character of each successive period. Especially is this true of the opera, which, like the play, reflects the liking of the audience. The musician that deliberately writes to gain the favor of this audience enjoys only temporary fame; but there have been men who, accommodating themselves to the spirit of their period, through sheer genius have so vitalized conventional formulas that their music has survived the music of less richly endowed contemporaries, and it gives delight to-day; witness the "Don Giovanni" and the "Nozze di Figaro" of Mozart, who, never a revolutionary in dramatic work, accepted the formulas of his period and glorified Italian opera. There have also been men, as Gluck and Wagner, who, with prefaces and theories, exerted an influence that was felt outside the theatre. These men founded no schools, for their deliberate imitators have been few and short-lived. The influence that endures is leaven — not a replica, not pattern-work.

No man can escape wholly from hereditary and traditional modes of thought and expression, or from his *milieu;* and the period in which he lives shapes his way after he has sifted the gold from the dross of periods that have gone before. Bach could not have written the operas and the more dramatic oratorios of Handel any more than Handel could have written the Passion Music according to Matthew. Individuality, after acceptance and rejection, changes gradually the spirit of the period. There was a time in the eighteenth century when the chief end of music was, to use the words of Athenæus, "to soften moroseness of temper, dissipate sadness, and produce affability and a sort of gentlemanlike joy." There was no intense passion; there was the thought of classic beauty. The chief characteristic of Mozart is an olympian serenity, and when he is intense, which is seldom, there is the cool and harmonious passion of the antique frieze. Then came the French Revolution, the Napoleonic wars that influenced the operas of Spontini, the wave of romanticism that swept the continent of Europe and moved musician as well as poet and dramatist. Life became more complex, the nerves more easily thrilled, and it is to-day a neurotic world that acclaims Wagner, Tschaikowsky, and Richard Strauss. To-day sees the triumph of the dissonance. And yet the lover of paradox would tell you that the field of music has been sown with dissonances since "Sumer is icumin in" was sung in England.

What men since Beethoven have had the most to do with the development of music? or if you prefer the word "change" to "development," what men have been chiefly instrumental in shaping music into its present condition? I think that nearly all the students of musical history would agree upon these names: Schumann, Chopin, Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner. Schubert was a solitary singer, like the hermit-thrush. The genteel Mendelssohn had genteel imitators, especially in England, where the aggressive morality of his life and his intercourse with Victoria and her consort made him a favorite and established him as a tradition. We are too near Brahms to judge how far his influence will extend. At present men without melodic invention and with technical skill attempt to pour their sluggish thoughts into his mould. Tschaikowsky is an eclectic with a passionate voice of his own. Grieg and many of the neo-Russian school are intoxicated with nationality; and parochial music, however it may interest as an exotic, has no abiding influence in another parish. Haydn employed Croatian folk-song, Beethoven used Russian themes; but this employment of national melody is not in their works an essential element of the beauty or the strength of the music, and the hearer would not know of the employment were it not for antiquarians and commentators. The influence of Ponchielli, as also that of Verdi—O thrice honored name!—has been strongly marked of late years in Italy, but it has not crossed the Alps to convert or colonize.

Schumann, a romantic poet of the piano and of song, quickened knowledge and appreciation of rhythmic devices, infused individuality into old forms, and created what may be called tone-miniatures, tone-cameos. A symphonic writer of inferior rank, he stands next to Chopin in his use of the piano as a medium of personal expression. His best songs, while they have not perhaps the artlessness of Schubert, who sang with the *naïveté* of William Blake, while they have not the easy lyric sweep of Schubert, are, nevertheless, inimitable, incomparable, in their cry of distress, aspiration, passion. Unfortunately, Schumann wrote much that shows merely the desire for dry technical proficiency and the dull working of a wearied, distracted brain. The voice of Schumann is heard distinctly to-day in every land. Full appreciation of his genius is of comparatively recent date. And now there is not so much direct imitation as unconscious absorption of his romantic spirit, poignant intensity, and curiosity in rhythm. As a thinker in orchestral expression he is without any authority whatever; but in the best piano music of the last twenty years you find Schumann, whether the composer be Russian, German, or Frenchman.

Chopin revolutionized piano music. A devout student of Bach, he thus influenced mightily the harmonic structure of all modern music. He killed forever the dreary belief in form only for form's sake. Not that he rejected form, but by his use of things indispensable to coherency and homogeneity, by the beauty of his poetry and the rare felicity of his language, the dry bones of formalism are covered so completely that they are no more thought of than are the mere materials of Botticelli, or the grammatical rules forgotten by Pater. Much nonsense has been written about his melancholy, his patriotism, his amours; but no praise of his wondrous poetic feeling, his exquisite originality, his fastidiousness in detail, can be extravagant or fulsome. He did not teach by pamphlets or verbal instruction; he showed by music itself that conventionality in music is an absurd offence, a horesome crime. His genius violated long-established rules, not through caprice, not through any spirit of vainglory, but with the inevitableness of the supreme artist. He, as Schumann, was great in small things. They proved beyond doubt and peradventure that a masterpiece is not necessarily a concerto or a sonata, just as Poe maintained that the impression made by a work of art, the effect it produces, rather than the time it took to impress effect or "the amount of 'sustained effort' which had been found necessary in effecting the impression," should be the chief factor in the final judgment. Their task, their triumph, was, to quote Poe again, "the rhythmical creation of beauty." In this creation lies their influence, an influence as deeply rooted, as widespread, as that of Wagner, who followed them, although it is not as noisy and spectacular.

There were brave song-writers before Schubert. Purcell, some of the older Italians, Handel, Mozart the opera-maker, these left behind them imperishable melodies. But the nineteenth century is distinctly the century of the development of the art-song and of orchestration. It is not too much to say that the creator of modern orchestration was Hector Berlioz. There had been strivings and experiments before him, but there was little for him to build upon. He was the inventor, the creator, of the modern orchestra, and there is nothing in the history of music more remarkable than the courage, the audacity, the imagination, of this man, who was without marked melodic gift, without a thorough technical education, without practical mastery of any one important instrument. He not only shaped the future of orchestral expression in France, but Liszt learned from him, Wagner leaned heavily upon him, the neo-modern Russian composers, whose orchestration dazzles through brilliance of color, are his direct descendants. His pupils are now living, they are in all lands, whether they write for the concert-stage or theatre. The splendor of Berlioz's orchestration is still undimmed; yea, he shines with greater brilliance in comparison with the most ambitious of his followers. For Berlioz, with all his alleged extravagance in the use of instruments, is always clear, lucid, sonorous, sane. He does not use an instrument simply because it is at hand. When he uses it, it is for an express purpose, and the characteristic quality of that instrument is at once felt; it is recognized as necessary to the fulfilment of the plan.

Absolute music was carried to its farthest possibility, as it would seem to us now, by Beethoven; for I do not suppose that any one would insist on placing a symphony by Tschaikowsky, Brahms, Bruckner, or even César Franck, for sheer sublimity of thought, fully abreast of the few great symphonies of Beethoven. The development from Beethoven was not, then, a development; it was a departure. And one of the features of music in this century is the commanding position taken by what is known as the symphonic poem, or programme-music. There was a time when music was simply the expression of musical ideas. It did not profess to be panoramic or minutely descriptive. (I have noted exceptions to this rule; but these exceptions are few, and they did not influence contemporaries or the men of the next generation.)

To Berlioz and Liszt may be justly ascribed the firm establishment of programme-music, music that depends on a close association of ideas that are not musical for success or failure, for enjoyment or disapproval. The field is a wide one, and since the apparition of Richard Strauss it is without barriers. There is the modest form of programme-music: Tschaikowsky writes "Romeo and Juliet," and the hearer is left to his own imagination. MacDowell writes "Lancelot and Elaine" or "Hamlet and Ophelia," and there is no printed text for the instruction of the audience. Smetana has his "Richard III." Others go a little farther, as Raff, Liszt, Berlioz. Saint-Saëns stands apart and looks half quizzically at his own work. "Do you hear Hercules groaning in rage? You are welcome, if thus you are pleased. Is the oboe the mocking voice of Omphale? Just as you please. Name anything you like yourself." But there are composers of symphonic poems who are like unto

the man known to the Hebrew prophet; they make their idols and then fall down and worship. There is Balakireff with his "Russia," in which he portrays musically—at least to his own satisfaction—the history of his country, paganism, Cossack democracy, and modern Russia. There are many, much younger, who are not content with writing music for its own sake; they must needs illustrate musically a poem, a statue, a novel, a philosophical work; and finally comes Richard Strauss after his extraordinary "Thus Spake Zarathustra" with his "Heldenleben," in which he gravely puts into music his own biography—his struggles, his disputes with critics, and the final apotheosis with the triumphal chariot and the ascent to the skies. Much of this programme-music is grotesque; much of it is dull; some of it is marvellously beautiful and effective as music without thought of any gloss or story. The picture in *Punch* of the æsthete at the piano "playing the plate" would not seem laughable to these composers of the modern school. And in truth it is no more ridiculous to illustrate musically a decorated plate than to portray in music a saint walking on the waves or preaching to the birds. Liszt, who was the father of a modern piano technic, and sworn defender of programme-music—Berlioz, the inventor of modern orchestration—these were the founders of the school of which to-day Richard Strauss is the most prominent and extravagant and able member.

Wagner, owing a heavy debt to many, among them Berlioz, Liszt—yes, and even Meyerbeer—by his prodigious skill in contrapuntal orchestration, by his scenic instinct, by his indomitable energy in the proclamation of his theories and by the devotion of friends crowned and humble, changed the form of opera. While it is true that he left no operatic school, it is also true that fundamental ideas hinted at by others but perfected and realized by him now rule in nearly every opera-house of importance. His dramatic work is a part of the period in which we live, just as Offenbach was the voice of the Second Empire. It is a restless, nervous, pessimistic, neurotic age, and the music that belongs to it is as much a part of it as the philosophy of Nietzsche or the uplifting pessimism of Tolstoi. It changed not only the course of opera, it made the dramatic singer a necessity; it made the musical world weary of certain surviving conventionalities in song and action, in stereotyped orchestral formulas. There has been a revolt since the death of Wagner, whose theories and music, never accepted by the remarkable Russian school, have been without any direct influence over the members. In Italy the cry "*Verismo!*" was raised. Legends and myths were abandoned for tales of lust and blood and squalor; the heroes and heroines were the lowest and very human mortals, not gods and goddesses and demigods. A short dramatic shriek was preferred to an approach of four hours to a climax. But even in this protest against his theories and works the voice of Wagner is heard, and it will be heard long after his pamphlets are known only to antiquarians, long after his improvements are regarded in their turn as conventionalities, if not commonplaces.

Nor do we find this spirit of the period only in opera and symphonic poem; it is in chamber-music, piano music, song, singer, player. The general standard of instrumental technic was never so high as it is to-day, and the altars of technic are smoking with the sacrifice. When a pianist plays, the chief question is, "What does he think of Chopin, Schumann, or Beethoven?" and not, "Is he a true interpreter?"; for in 1900 the individuality of the performer is of more consequence than that of the composer. The singer must, first of all, be "dramatic," and the question is "What does he (or she) make of the song?" There is the virtuoso conductor, who travels from London to St. Petersburg, and is paid lavishly for a lime-light display of temperament.

Nor is it necessary to deplore this, nor is it just to reproach a composer or a performer for being of his own period. To insist that the music of the classics still deserves the closest and the most liberal attention is to play the part of the querulous old man whose neck is twisted by looking backward at the which was dear to him in youth and middle age. These classics were in their day radicals, revolutionaries, terrible fellows. There was a time when the prelude to "Tristan und Isolde" was considered as the limit of absurd and distressing dissonance; and now in comparison with Vincent d'Indy's prelude to "Médée" it is as the music of Haydn to Beethoven's last string quartet. I personally may hold that Gluck's overture to "Iphigénie en Aulide" is more passionate and tragic than a symphonic poem by Liszt or Tschaikowsky; that the former with simplest means creates a mood which the latter with all their striving and pother fail to awaken; but this proves nothing. Gluck in his day was an extraordinary exception, and more musicians create moods in 1900 than did the predecessors in 1774.

And we come back to the position of von Dommer. Since the death of Beethoven the development of music has been chiefly in matters and manners of expression; for what in other respects is commonly accepted as development may be only transitory phases. But the work of Beethoven belongs to this century, and he surely among the greatest of the great. Chopin and Schumann, we know, are not merely of their own day and generation. Whatever the end of another century may say of Wagner, Verdi, Tschaikowsky, Richard Strauss, it is something to have lived during the period in which their works aroused fierce discussion. And without contending praise and blame, without angry dispute, art is smug and stagnant; it is a thing of trifling importance, which may amuse the frivolous for an hour or so, but is without reasonable excuse for being.

General Wood addressing the Delegates.

THE CUBAN CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION, HAVANA, NOVEMBER 5, 1900.

The most important step toward the accomplishment of Cuban independence was taken Monday, November 5, when the Constitutional Convention was held. The ceremony took place in the Marti Theatre, Havana, in the presence of a large crowd of Cubans. Major-General Leonard Wood, accompanied by his staff, in full uniform, made the opening speech, and among other things said to the delegates:

"It will be your duty, first, to frame and adopt a Constitution of Cuba, and when that has been done to formulate what in your opinion ought to be the relations between Cuba and the United States. The Constitution must be adequate to secure a stable, orderly, and free government. When you have formulated the relations which in your opinion ought to exist between Cuba and the United States, the government of the United States will doubtless take such action on its part as shall lead to a final and authoritative agreement between the people of the two countries to the promotion of their common interests.

"All friends of Cuba will follow your deliberations with the deepest interest, earnestly desiring that you will reach just conclusions, and that by the dignity, individual self-restraint and wise conservatism which shall characterize your proceedings the capacity of the Cuban people for representative government may be signally illustrated. The fundamental distinction between true representative government and dictatorship is that in the former every representative of the people, in whatever office, confines himself strictly within the limits of his well-defined powers. Without such restraint there can be no free and constitutional government. Under the order pursuant to which you have been elected and convened you have no duty and no authority to take part in the present government of the island. Your powers are strictly limited to the terms of that order."

Before leaving the convention General Wood nominated the Sub-Secretary of State to act as temporary chairman. Immediately thereafter the oldest delegate present, Señor Llorente, was elected permanent chairman of the convention. A discussion arose as to what rules should be adopted by the convention, and Señor Aleman suggested that the regulations of the Yara Convention, held several years ago in Puerto Principe, be adopted.

The convention adjourned after discussing the adoption of these regulations but without taking any definite action in the matter, and after adopting a resolution of thanks to the President of the United States and General Wood for their attitude toward the Cuban people.

volumes of verse, one of "Mazeppa" Menken's husbands, was found dead in his apartment in Brooklyn on July 12, 1901.

We do not sympathize with those sneering at "Snow-Bound." Its very homeliness endears the poem to us, country born and country bred.—Ed.

CORCORAN OF THE 69TH N. Y. M.

As the World Wags:

You recently asked the name of the colonel of the 69th New York militia who refused to turn out for escort duty when Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, visited New York shortly before the breaking out of the civil war. His name was Michael Corcoran, keeper of a hostelry called Hibernian Hall, in Prince street. He was ordered by Maj.-Gen. Sanford to escort with his men the young prince. This he refused to do, deeming such homage derogatory to his race. For this he was court-martialed and convicted.

Things lay dormant until the next April. When the war broke out most of the militia of the states were armed and prepared. The stupids at Washington with the fanatics called for an army of 300,000 three months men. Henry Wilson said that the war would be over in three months or thereabout. Senator Zack Chandler said the nation wanted a little blood-letting.

The 69th and the other regiments were hurried to Virginia. The battle of Bull Run took place. Corcoran was wounded and taken prisoner. After he had spent about eight months in Libby prison he was exchanged and made a brigadier-general. He lost his life at Suffolk, Va., on March 17, 1863. On the same occasion Thomas Mooney, quartermaster of the 9th regiment, Massachusetts volunteers, lost his life.

As a small boy at that time I was trying to learn the curriers' trade from a Scotsman in Fulton street. He called Bull Run, "Yankee Run." * * *

Chelsea. W. J. KELLY.

FORESEEING THE WAR TO COME

(Jean Paul Richter in 1707)

The Devil led my eye to the ninth volume of Lichtenberg's Works, and the 206th page, where this passage occurs: "It is not impossible that at a future period our Chemists may light on some means of suddenly decomposing the Atmosphere by a sort of Ferment. In this way the world may be destroyed." Ah! true indeed! Since the Earth-ball is lapped up in the larger Atmosphere ball, let but any chemical scoundrel, in the remotest scoundrel-island, say in New Holland, devise some decomposing substance for the Atmosphere, like what a spark of fire would be for a powder-wagon; in a few seconds, the monstrous devouring world-storm catches me and you in Flaetz by the throat; my breathing, and the like, in this choke-air is over, and the whole game ended! The Earth becomes a boundless gallows, where the very cattle are hanged; worm-powder, and bug-liquor, Bradly ant-ploughs, and rat-poison, and wolf-traps are, in this universal world-trap and world-poison, no longer specially needful; and the Devil takes the whole in the Bartholomew-night, when this cursed "Ferment" is invented.

June 30 1921
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The death of Mr. William M. Marsh of Wheeling, W. Va., passed without attracting attention, yet he was familiarly known as the "Stogie King." The "stogie" is surely known to many who are careless concerning the derivation of the word. Some in college ordered these cigars in great quantities because they were cheap and they really enjoyed them. Others smoked them out of bravado, or maliciously, to make their roommates uncomfortable in a close room. There is an affectation in the favor bestowed by the well-to-do on poor tobacco, but the stogies could not justly be called poor, for to many no cigar, whatever its shape or quality, is to be despised. Mr. Herkimer Johnson tells us that when he gave an excellent cigar to a native of Clamsport, a cigar from a box that Mr. Johnson had received as a Christmas present from an admirer in answer to the question how he liked it, the native answered: "Well, it's not so bad, but ye me a ——" and he named a cigar elgarly described as a "two-fur."

In our younger, bolder days we noked many stogies. Like strong ale, ie stogie searched out the centres of fe. Some years ago Mr. George Cope-nd, the exquisite interpreter of Claude ebussy—we drop the "Achille," for ebussy's music is far from reminding ie of the savage Achilles—Mr. Cope-nd, we say, urged us to smoke long ender cigars with a straw running rough them. We had smoked cigars f a like nature in Italy to the detri-ent of our health, but these cigars ame from Austria, if we are not mis-taken, and were to be found in their sublime strength—say not rankness—at only one tobacconist's shop in Boston. Are they to be purchased there now? Or did the Austrians use them all up as a poisonous gas, puffing great clouds of smoke into Italian faces, not realizing that the Italians were immune?

About the time that stogies were introduced at Yale there was a dispute over the Manila cheroot, whether it should be lighted at the little or the big end, but this dispute led only to words. When the cheroots were brought into Paris by the French government in the fall of 1841, the government announced that they should be smoked with the larger end in the mouth. Two parties were thereupon formed, the big-enders and the little-enders. Some lighted the big end to spite the government; some, through cowardice, for if in certain estaminets they had lighted the little end they would have been taken for sycophantic courtiers or police agents. (The cheroots had been smoked in France before 1841, but chiefly in seaports and not under the rule of a paternal and shop-keeping government.) In 1841 the government was right: The big end should be in the mouth. Alphonse Karr wrote amusingly about the two cheroot parties, likening the affair to that of the eggs among the Lilliputians. Although he had smoked cheroots at Havre, out of courtesy to his host, in Paris, if he were questioned, he replied, as with reference to other political parties: "I do not light it at either end."

A set of Karr's "Les Guepes" should be in the Public Library. There are six volumes at least of fearless, stinging, truly waspish paragraphs, anecdotes often malicious, whimsical and philosophical reflections. We picked up a volume for 10 cents, or was it .05, at a second-hand book shop and treasure it, shabby and loose-covered, as the traditional apple of the eye.

Opening the third volume of "The Wasps" at random we find a note (September, 1841) that is now pertinent. Karr is speaking of political banquets, all of which he finds ridiculous.

"There is always a toast, today without object and without possible result: there is no banquet without some one getting up and drinking to the deliverance of Poland."

Karr likens this toast to the old thread bare joke whenever rabbit was served at dinner, the doubt about the authenticity of the animal. The suspicion that a cat was on the platter; the demand to see the head. "This joke is so obligatory that it is as a sauce to the rabbit. I have seen most respectable persons blush while cracking the joke, devoting themselves to it because no one had cracked it, and it was necessary to do it."

PROHIBITION AT BOGHAR (1559)

As the World Wags:

Reading the account of Master Anthony Jenkinson's sojourn at the city of Boghar in the land of Bactria in the year 1559—the account written by himself to the Merchants of London of the Moscovie Company—I was reminded of life in cities, towns and villages of the United States in the year of our Lord 1921.

"It is there forbidden to drinke any other thing than water and mares milke, and whosoever is found to breake that law is whipped and beaten most cruelly through the open markets, and there are officers appointed for the same, who have authoritie to goe into any mans house, to search if ho have either Aquavitae, Wine, or Brage, and finding the same, doe breake the vessels, spoile the drinke, and punish the masters of the house most cruelly, yea, and many times if they perceive but by the breath of a man that he hath drunke, without further examination he shall not escape their hands. There is a Metropolitane in this Boghar who causeth this law to hee so streightly kept: and he is more obeyed than the King."

What is "brage"? I should like to have a barrel of it, as long as the drink was prohibited. This village is very dry. That sweet hymn, "Still, still with thee," is without meaning here.

HERKIMER JOHNSON,
Clamport.

"SOME BOY"

(Malden News)

"Another boy arrived at the Maternity House yesterday, helping to break the jinx referred to in last night's NEWS where there were 13 girls arrived before a boy came. The new boy is Wm. Jacob Hodges is with the Converse Rubber Co. and is pres. of the Men's Club of the First Congregational church. He has bought a box of cigars which he is distributing among his friends."

July 10 1921

We are indebted to a correspondent for a copy of The Boston Journal of October 22, 1862. The "amusement" columns of that issue give interesting information. Some of The Herald readers today may remember the shows that delighted them when they were young, if not "children under 10" to whom wonders, were revealed for 15 cents.

B. F. Lowell was the superintendent of Barnum's Aquarial Gardens. "That remarkably popular and successful artist," Wyman the Wizard, was presenting his "amazing feats and experiments." It was his fourth and last week. His program included his "Famous Gun Trick! Suspending a Person in the Air! Fashionable Coffee Party! The Spirit-Rapping Drum! Inexhaustible Bottle! besides Two Hundred and Fifty Other Tricks equally amusing and entertaining." He also presented his "Laughable Ventriloquial Scenes, Speaking Automaton, and Italian Fantoccini." His afternoon performances began at 3 o'clock; the evening performances at 7:30 o'clock.

He was by no means the only attraction at the Aquarial Gardens. There was Mons. Bihin, the Belgian Giant "and the largest living man known within the last thousand years, standing 8 feet high, by the side of whom ordinary men are the merest pigmies."

A young lady drove a living whale in harness at 11 A. M., 4 and 9 P.M.

The beautiful colored tropical fish continued to be the admiration of everybody. "Their unique forms and brilliant colors, which include every hue of the rainbow, are alike wonderful and interesting." There were "Cosmoramic Views," a roaring sea lion, fancy glass-blowing "and near a million of other wonders." And all these things, Wyman the Wizard, the giant, the whale driven by the presumably beautiful young lady, could be seen for the ridiculously low price of 25 cents; children under 10, 15 cents.

At Morris Bros., Pell & Trowbridge's Opera House in Washington street, nearly opposite the Old South Church, that week the program included The Intelligent Contraband, Macbeth on the Half Shell, Ye Old Folks Concert, The Raw Recruits, Clubs Are Trumps, The Countryman's Debut, Double Clog, Hornpipe, Singing, Dancing and Witticisms. There was a concluding farce each evening: Double Bedded Room—so the bedroom farce was known here nearly 60 years ago. Oh, Hush; The Railroad Smash-up; Black Blunders; Burlesque Circus; The Lynn Emigrants.

"Scipio, the Intelligent Monkey," was in rehearsal. A benefit for E. Bowers was announced for Oct. 27. Reserved seats were 50 cents; tickets 25 cents.

E. F. Keach was the acting and stage manager of the Boston Museum. It was the last week of a new play, a sensational drama, "Jeannette: or Le Cretin de la Montagne," Jeannette, Kate Reignolds; Claude Marie, E. F. Keach; Roussel, W. Warren. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons the performance began at 3 o'clock. Orchestra and reserved seats, 50 cents; admission, 25 cents; children under 12 years of age, 15 cents.

The sole lessee and manager of the Howard Athenaeum was Wyzeman Marshall. Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams were playing in "Ireland as It Was," Ragged Pat, B. Williams; Judy O'Trot, Mrs. Williams. "After which, comedietta, 'Law for Ladies.' 5 characters by Mrs. Williams. Farce, 'The Irish Tutor.' O'Rourke, Mr. B. Williams." Private boxes, $3; dress boxes, orchestra, parquet and boxes, 50 cents; family circle, 25 cents; gallery, 15 cents.

"The Young and Dashing Personation Actress," Miss Kate Fisher, was at the National Theatre. Miss Sallie Duval and Jenny Keene, "celebrated vocalists," made their first appearance in Boston. Miss Keene was a singer of ballads. Another attraction was Nellie Howard, "the great Champion Jig Dancer."

"The celebrated Buckley Serenaders from 585 Broadway, New York and St. James Hall, London, pronounced by all the greatest Band of Ethiopian Comedians that ever visited Boston, were at Allston Hall, Tremont street, near the Tremont House. The burlesque opera, "Somnamula," with Miss Julia Gould as Amina, was the leading feature of the program. "Preceding the opera, Ethiopian Minstrelsy of a Superior Order." Tickets 25 cents; reserved seats 50 cents. To be obtained of Russell & Pattee, 108 Tremont street. Doors open quarter before seven; concert quarter before eight.

There was a circus—"Goodwin and Wilder's North American circus (from the Boston Academy of Music) combined for the season of 1862 with Mrs. Dan Rice's great show: A Grand National Equestrian Congress; no half circus and half menagerie combined, but two well known circuses consolidated in one."

The exhibition was on Boylston street at the foot of the Public Garden.

The "array of stars" was as follows: Mrs. Dan Rice, the Queen of the Arena; Mlle. Jeanette Elisler, the Great Tight Rope Dansuese, from Franconi's Hippodrome; Mrs. J. Showles, the unequalled Maitresse de Cheval; Mlle. Elizabeth, the Beautiful Equestrienne; Nat Austin, the Australian Clown; Jacob Showles, Antipodian Equestrian; John Barry, the Great Somersault and Trick Rider; Charles Shay, the Japanese Juggler and Knife Thrower; the Wonderful Snow Brothers in their Great Gymnastic Feats; Old Bobby Williams, the Well Known Grotesque; J. G. Rives, the American Clown; Frank Donaldson and Son; Master William Austin, the Youthful Gymnastic Hero; J. Foster, J Dovise and others; the Wonderful Manege Horse, White Surrey; the Beautiful Performing Horse, American Eagle; the Pugilistic Mules, Heenan and Sayers, the Learned Ponies, Robin Gray and Cupid. "Together with other attractions too numerous to mention, a description of which will be found in the splendid Bills of the Company, and in the Hand Book of the Arena." Admission 25 cents.

Alas, for the Bostonians in 1861! There was no "Shakesperian" clown in this circus.

At the Boston Athenaeum in Beacon street Geo. L. Brown's "Great Painting, the Bombardment of Port Royal," with many other choice and valuable works of art, had just been added to the exhibition of paintings and statuary. Admission 25 cents; season tickets 50 cents.

At Tremont Temple the "Polemorama of the War" was showing for the last week. Admission 25 cents; on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons 15 cents for ladies, 10 cents for children. "Polemorama," a superbly mouth-filling word. Unfortunately, it is not to be found in the huge Oxford Dictionary. Let's see: a hazy recollection of the Greek-English lexicon leads us to think that "polemos" means war; battle, combat; "horama" means view; hence we have "warview of the great war," which might strike the purist as pleonastic. We wonder if Professor Cornelius C. Felton or Professor Sophocles of Harvard coined this English word for the proprietor of the show.

There is a story that the owner of a circus once asked a friend who had "enjoyed the advantages of a collegiate education" to give him a high sounding adjective to characterize the magnificence of his tent and sawdust entertainment. The friend afer due deliberation said "Monohippic." And the bills displayed in huge type: "The greatest monchippic aggregation in the world."

Yes, there was war in 1862. In this issue of the Boston Journal we read that the Richmond Dispatch exulted over Stuart's raid into Pennsylvania. "Offensive war is strongly urged, and no quarter if emancipation is proclaimed."

At the baptism of a ram at Charleston, S. C., Mr. Yeadon made a two-hours' speech, after which he performed the baptismal ceremony, saying: "With all solmenity and reverence, and invoking on thee the blessing of Almighty God, noble boat, 'Palmetto State.' I baptise thee in the name of the patriotic ladies of South Carolina. Amen."

It was urged in certain quarters that the steamers Vanderbilt, Connecticut and Rhode Island should be fitted out against the Alabama. "No other vessels in our navy can cope with the pirate in sailing qualities, if all said of the Alabama is true."

The number of wounded at the battle of Perrysville was about 2300, according to a dispatch from Gen. Buell.

"Friends of Gen. Rosecrans assert that if he had not been recalled by Gen. Grant from his pursuit of the forces of Phice, Van Dorn and Lovell, he was in a position to have utterly annihilated the rebel forces in the Southwest. They do not blame Gen. Grant, however, believing that he had information, and was acting on a plan sufficient to justfiy his foregoing any minor advantage in view of more important successes to be obtained otherwise."

The Boston Journal editorially took to task a local contemporary, "an organ of the People's party," for asserting that Mr. Vallandighnam was "only in advance of the conservative sentiment."

Concerts were advertised in this issue of the Boston Journal. Mr. John K. Paine announced two grand organ concerts for the benefit of the sanitary commission The first was to take place at the West Church, corner of Cambridge and Lynde street.

"The Handel and Hadyn Society, in compliment to their late president, Col. Thomas E. Chickering of the 41st regiment, and for the purpose of contributing to a regimental fund for that corps, have determined on giving a grand patriotic concert in connection with the great Philharmonic Orchestra, and all the military bands of the city, who heartily unite in this testimonial."

There were to be concerts in towns not far from Boston. Ossian E. Dodge and William Hayward announced their "Peculiar Concerts" at Plymouth, Kingston, Scituate, Cohasset and other towns. Ten to one "Ossian's Serenade" was on the program.

"The Original Father Kemp, with his celebrated company of 'Old Folks' grand orchestra, the universally popular and justly renowned balladist, Emma J. Nichols, will appear in Haverhill, Lowell, Roxbury."

"The Hutchinson Family's Asa B., Lizzie C., Abby, Freddy and 'Little Dennett,' Characteristic Concert at East Bridgewater, North Bridgewater, Plym-

outh." Asa was the youngest son in the once famous Hutchinson Family, "Tribe of Jesse." Lizzie C. was his wife; Abby, not the famous Abby who was Asa's sister, Fred and Oliver Dennett were his children. Lizzie was Elizabeth B. Chase of Nantucket. Asa died at Hutchinson, Minn., in 1884. There is a picture of this family in John Wallace Hutchinson's Story of the Tribe of Jesse published here in 1896 in two large volumes. What whiskerage was cultivated when all the brothers were wandering about singing against slavery and the Demon Rum! Dennett, when he grew up, put his own family, "The Hutchinson Family Young Folks," into the concert field.

A "True Italian Academy of Music" was at 228 Washington street, Hall 21. The teachers' self-commendation is worthy of attention:

"Signor Borra's Vocal Academy is now open. There are both Day and Evening classes for Ladies and an Evening class for Gentlemen. Children above eight years of age are admitted. Sig. B. has taught more than 500 pupils during these three years past, though his pupils, anxious to have their friends to try him, have not been able to convince them to do so, and his method remains unknown. To secure the public from deceitful promise, he invites all lovers of music, professional or non-professional, to take two weeks test lessons in class, during which time if they have not made more progress than they would with the best professors of Boston in private, they will be free to withdraw from the class without charge. Those desiring to try the above proposition, must come in during the balance of this month in order to be classified."

B. F. Baker and W. O. Perkins opened a class in vocal music at Chapman Hall, Chapman place, out of School street. Terms for 20 lessons, $1.50.

Two teachers of dancing advertised: The illustrious Lorenzo Papanti's school was at his hall, 23 Tremont street. Prof. C. M. Brown taught plain and fancy dancing at his academy, Essex Hall, No. 4 Essex street. For 50 cents one was admitted to his "social parties" on Monday evenings.

There are advertisements not connected with the theatre or music that are not without interest. A lady wished board in a strictly private family for not over $4 a week, including fire.

The estate of "the late Mrs. Francis J. Lord, deceased, situated on the corner of Walnut and Seaver streets, in West Roxbury, known as Egliston square," was to be sold at auction. The house is fully described; there was a "smoking room" on the first floor. "The house is admirable in design, thoroughly built, with gas pipes throughout, slated roof, copper spouts and conductors, plate glass and excellent water." Not a word about bathrooms, for which there is a craze in 1921. The term "master's bedrooms" was then unknown, as far as real estate dealers and auctioneers were concerned.

Buckley's Serenaders in 1875

To the Editor of The Herald:

I have a program in an old scrap book, dated October, 1875, of Buckley's Serenaders in Beethoven Hall (which was where the Park Theatre is now).

Program this evening. Part First.

Overture.....Buckley's Serenaders
Operatic Chorus...Buckley's Serenaders
Annie Ray.....William H. Kinross
It's Funny When You Feel That Way. G. Swain Buckley
The Little One That Died..... Chas. Nichols
Going Back to Dixie.....Jake Budd
Say Good Bye.....C. Edmunds
Laughing Song.....G. Swaine Buckley
Soldiers' Chorus (from Faust)..... Company

Part Second.

Ebony Rhymes.....Pete Lee
Sally Come Up.....G. Swaine Buckley
Comic Sketch—Letter Carriers.
Ike Skinner.....Pete Lee
Bill Bowler.....Jake Budd
Fred Armont.....O. P. Sweet
Artistic Songs and Dances..... Griffin and Rice
Then You'll Remember Me..... Chas. Nichols
To Conclude with the Comic Sketch, Doctor Cureall.
Doctor Cureall.....O. P. Sweet
Joe Coal.....Pete Lee
Bob Heavers.....Jake Budd
Gout Patient.....E. C. Stone
Tooth Patient.....R. Dana
Tinker.....J. Griffin
Tom (Doctor's boy).....J. Rice

Popular Prices.

Admission, 35 cents. Reserved seats, 50 and 75 cents.

Perhaps the above may be of interest.

Boston. J. A. B.

Notes About the Theatre and Music

"Out to Win," a crook drama by Roland Pertwee and Dion Clayton Calthrop, was brought out at the Shaftesbury, London, on June 11. "The play has all the familiar ingredients of crook melodrama—disguise, hands up, physical torture, pursuit, escape, secret documents, cut telephones, and broken English—abundantly provided and deftly compounded. Mr. Tully plays both heroes with immense gusto. Two principal villains—one with a German accent and Count Fosco's love for canaries, the other a walking dictionary of American slang—are well played by Mr. France and Mr. Carew. Naturally the wicked financiers are better fun than the good ones; but both groups are just a little prolix."

Sacha Guitry's new play, "Adam and Eve," will be produced at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt in the forthcoming season; Mme. Bernhardt, Eve; Lucien Guitry, Adam.

The "Old Vic" company of London gave successfully a series of Shakesperian plays in Brussels last month.

When Mr. Hackett played Macbeth at the Odeon in Paris for the benefit of the British Hospital and the American Legion, boxes brought from 1000 to 2500 francs; balcony stalls, 150; orchestra stalls, 100 francs; yet the great auditorium was packed. The delirious reporter: "Amid this reunion of refined elegance there was nothing but the glistening of pearls, the sparkle of diamonds, and a magnificent display of delightful costumes."

Four more plays in London early in June, "joined the already swollen list of those that have come to an untimely end since the beginning of the coal strike." "Mis' Nell o' New Orleans" and "Polly with a Past" were two of the four. The Times said: "Yet, in spite of the withdrawal of all these pieces, there are a certain number of productions in the West End that are not feeling the effects of the depression. At quite a dozen theatres last week there were crowded houses at every performance, and some are booked up for many weeks to come. It is worthy of notice and congratulation that among these successes that now seem well on their way to survive 'the slump' are a number of the more serious plays. During the war it was the custom to think that the less serious the play the greater was its chance of financial success. Now even a light piece has to have a good deal of intrinsic merit to succeed, and a good production of a more serious kind is likely to outlast anything but the most amusing revue. This is a very healthy symptom, although those producers should be sympathized with who have given the public what it used to want, only to find that it will now have none of it."

"The Queen of Hearts," an episode in two acts by Arthur Wimperis, was introduced last month into "London Paris and New York" at the Pavilion, London. The title apparently is in the nature of a parody of the play by Miss Ethel M. Dell, but the subject matter of the sketch is a parody of nothing in particular except human nature. It is a very cynical effort and tells of the misadventures of a young wife. A gallant colonel, a mutual friend of herself and her husband, enters her bedroom late at night—after having received very distinct encouragement from the young wife. She very properly points out to him the error of his ways, and after a severe lecture the gallant colonel retires crestfallen, with many apologies and promises of amendment. So far so good. Then comes the peripeteia. The young wife sees him safely out of the room, and then, with a sigh of relief, releases from his hiding place another man. That man is not her husband. It is a very unsavory little sketch, and has not even the merit of originality, since not very long ago a sketch on similarly cynical lines with somewhat the same plot was produced in a revue at a rival theatre. It was unfortunate that the sketch should not have been more pleasing because the acting in it was admirable."

"The Poor Rich," by Stanley Logan, at the London Coliseum.

"In these days one does not expect very much from the average music-hall sketch, but 'The Poor Rich' was really rather trying. A brief outline of the story will give some idea of what the modern music-hall audience is expected to digest. A nouveau riche takes a house in Mayfair. The house belongs to Lord and Lady So-and-So. They are so impoverished by the war that they decide to act as servants to the new owner in order to get some more money out of him. They do so. The new owner treats them as he is accustomed to treat servants—and probably as they richly deserved to be treated. They treat him as servants have never treated master before, even at the Coliseum. Then, by mistake, the nouveau riche finds out that his servants are really people of title. He abases himself. The lord and lady accept his apologies—and that is the sketch."

Richard Northcott has published a life of Adah Isaacs Menken (Press Printers, London). "There are some," says the London correspondent of the Billboard, "who even today can remember her after her American success, when she appeared at Astley's Circus in the Westminster Bridge road in 1864, attracting many by the scantiness of her costumes as by the dariness of her 'Mazeppa' act. Despite the handicap of her four husbands and twice that number of lovers by her poetic fire she obtained a footing in London literary circles numbering Charles Dickens, Charles Reade, Algernon Swinburne, Robert Reece and Watts Phillips as her admirers. Northcott makes the curious slip that Thackeray of 'Vanity Fair' fame was included in this coterie, but he died two years before she came over. Swinburne always strenuously denied that he was Menken's poetic ghost. The book is decidedly worth reading." It appears that Mr. Northcott begins with the "earliest recorded facts of the life of this woman of mystery."

Charles Santley, now in his 88th year, underwent successfully an operation on June 9.

Ethel Frank, soprano of Boston, gave another concert with orchestra in London on June 9. "The songs were of the rather magnificent order; if not in the grand manner, at least in grand style. The singing was careful and thoughtful, the voice pure and in tune, the enunciation clean, the conception clear, and, in the words of a distinguished Cambridge orator—'the tout ensemble of the mise en scene was—er—er—simply perfect.' It was, in fact, a thoroughly enjoyable concert and a large company enjoyed it."

Kenzo Satow, a Japanese violinist, accompanied by Mme. Setsuko, also a Japanese, gave a concert in London last month. His playing was "on the small side in all respects, but none the worse for that, since one felt it was colored by sincerity."

When the fine young Persian pianist Pyshnoff (for that is how he would have his name written) made his first appearance in a London concert room a few months ago, no puffs preliminary marred the effect, possibly because he came among us with practically not even an acquaintance. But quickly the word went out that here we had a player after our hearts, a player with the faultless polished technique of the truly great, a style of rarest charm, a sense of phrasing, a wide sense of pianistic fitness, and at command a beautiful tone.—Daily Telegraph.

Max Rosen, a violinist known in Boston, played in London on June 11: "A player with a pure tone and a fluent execution, but beneath this there did not seem to lie very much temperament."

Mr. Gabrilowitsch in London. The Times said: "He is one of that increasing number of pianoforte players who enable us to understand the ancient vogue of Italian bravura singing. Formerly every one sang, a little or much, and knew exactly how hard it was to do; multitudes came to hear it properly done; they came to hear the performer, but not the thing performed; each singer had his special devices, and often made his own variations, and was often a great artist. All this now applies to the piano, and its exponents. But the repertory of really great pianoforte music is limited (and Mr. Gabrilowitsch confined himself on the whole to that); we have heard it all dozens of times, and there is little left for the best of Chopin (the greatest of them all) but, like Hannibal, to 'become a declamation.' Of declamations, that by Mr. Gabrilowitsch is well above the average. He can play Franck's 'Prelude, Choral and Fugue' with fluency and dignity, Beethoven's Presto' (in op. 10) twice as fast as was intended, the 12 best of Chopin's op. 28 with well-calculated variety, Schumann's Arabesque with sentiment, and his Novelette (op. 99) with sting; and when he plays Weber's Rondo we travel by airplane instead of stage-coach."

Mr. Arthur Rubinstein played at the Queen's Hall on Saturday Chopin, Albeniz, Szymanovsky, and Liszt. Pianists impress us differently—we hardly know how; that is to say, the great ones do; those who are not great play by accident, they are on and off their day, they can interpret this man, but not that. But those who are in the front rank are there by some special merit and so one asks what is Mr. Rubenstein's special merit. His technique is not more brilliant, his musicianship is not more felt, his sense of construction is not more coherent than in the case of others. Others have as sensitive a touch, as many resources of color, and what is much more, have these various assets in combination, as he has. What he seems to bring to pianoforte playing is the application of the business man. This does not sound like a compliment—if, indeed, he or anyone else looks for compliments in contradistinction to truth. Art is not often regarded as business, and business too seldom as an art. "Business" is bringing those things to bear which will produce results and dropping those which will not; and "art" is the application to a particular instance of universal principles acquired over a long period from the study of concrete and practical examples. The circumstance that the one is usually applied to maintaining a body for spirit to inhabit and the other to building up a spirit which shall make the body worth inhabiting makes no vital difference. Mr. Rubenstein's art, then, is business. There is nothing there which does not vitally tell. It would be pleasant to linger over this theme, to hurry that climax, to emphasize this purple patch, to drag into the daylight some usually neglected beauty. But it would not be business. It would not be making the article which he is selling—to use the appropriate term—as good as it can possibly be made. It would not be building up a reputation for honesty. As it is, his work can be implicitly trusted, and it is impossible [illegible] London Times, June [illegible]

Unfamiliar Russian Music

The title "Symphonie Classique" warned us that M. Prokofieff's orchestral symphony was not of a piece with his ballet. Yet even the title did not quite prepare us for a composition which not only follows the classical precedent in its general bearings, but actually employs means that Mozart might have used. In one respect alone it resembles "Chout"—its aloofness from anything remotely resembling emotion. It has vivacity and wit of a sort, but not emotion—not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter, as Falstaff would have said. It thus conforms to the chief rule of a school the whole work of which is a passionate protest against emotionalism in music. It was received by the large audience with the utmost cordiality, as was also the composer's ballet "Chout" which followed.—London Daily Telegraph, June 13.

Liadoff's "From the Apocalypse" is a piece of pretentious bombast which no amount of care can disguise.—London Times.

Stravinsky's Symphony for wind instruments was given after all at Queen's Hall last night, under the direction of M. Kussevitsky. Apparently the parts arrived at the eleventh hour; the work was, presumably, rehearsed, it was played, and was received by a large audience with a good deal of applause, in which some hisses mingled. The hisses were no sign of ill-will toward the composer (they subsided when he stood up to bow), but merely an expression of opinion that what he has written does not appeal to certain listeners as music at all. Piercingly high notes on the clarinets, the repetition of ungainly figures of melody in every conceivable disarray of discordant combination, punctuated by chords on the brass which are sometimes solemn and sonorous but more often raucous, seem a strange tribute to the memory of Claude Debussy. There was just enough of solemnity to throw into high relief the erudity of the remainder, but throughout there was no richness of orchestral color to throw a glamor over the bare bones of the thing. To us it spelt nothing but senseless ugliness. M. Kussevitsky seemed pleased with the performance of his players, so we must suppose that it really did sound more or less as intended.—London Times, June 11.

The wild enthusiasm felt when Russian music first swam into our ken has given place to deeper but also more critical appreciation. Our admiration for Moussorgsky and Liadoff is not less warm, because we admit frankly that such orchestral pieces as the "Night on the Bare Mountain" and the "Kikimora" we heard on Friday have no longer the power to thrill us. It is not that we have lost all feeling for the supernatural. On the contrary, certain forms of the supernatural have never been more widely appreciated or more adequately expressed in music than now. But there is all the difference in the world between the atmosphere of "Pelleas and Melisande" and that of "Kikimora," between the music of Liadoff and that of Debussy. Our little life will be bounded by a sleep no matter how far civilization progresses, and men will always speculate on the unknown. The particular aspects of the supernatural which appealed to these Russian composers are, however, the primitive; their weapons are too blunt to evoke anything like terror. When one hears a drum thumped vigorously to call together the infernal legions one cannot but reflect that drums thumped with equal energy call the faithful of the Salvation Army to rejoice every Sunday and Saturday afternoons. It is not materialism that suggests that a drum is a drum for a' that. It is the conviction that the real spring of awe and terror cannot possibly be touched by such means.—London Daily Telegraph.

July 11 1921

We publish this morning a strange communication, hoping that some one of our readers will identify the man described and be able to give further information concerning the mysterious bottle.

"PHIAL PHIL"

As the World Wags:

From the year 1911 until the spring of 1920 a young man, hight Philip de Phillipe, was known to a few of us Boston bounders, one of whom was Mr. Halliday Witherspoon, a frequent contributor to your column, and another of whom was myself. As far as is known de Phillipe is dead, or rather, he has disappeared. Mr. Witherspoon knows nothing of the young man, but what little I know of the life of de Phillipe makes an interesting yarn. I cannot, however, tell the whole story here. I am writing primarily to discover someone who really knows where de P. last showed himself. As de Phillipe is more or less of a pseudonym, which I use for private reasons, I will relate a story of one of the circumstances of this strange young man's life, in order that readers who might have the information I desire will be able to recognize de P.

Knowledge of other incidents of the fellow's life I have much but, I reiterate, there is not space for his complete biography even as far as I know it.

During the first months of 1911 Philip de Phillipe lived at Boston and New York hotels with his father, Philip senior. After his father's death, however, and up to the time of the great war, young Philip wandered here and there in a most restless manner. While he was on one of his frequent visits to Boston, I met him in a book store. I had asked him a question, and we had introduced ourselves. Before he decided to go wandering again, we had become quite intimate and, of course, he told me a great deal about himself. His father had left him a comfortable fortune and—a bottle! (But not the kind of bottle most of us would like to inherit now-a-days.) This bottle contained a funny looking little piece of paper engraved something in the manner of a diploma, but the characters were of several different ancient or remote foreign languages—so I thought—and unreadable by the average American. Around the neck of the little phial was a tag on which his father had written: "My son may some time find this to be of use." Philip bothered everyone attempting to have his legacy deciphered, and soon he became known to his intimates as "Phial Phil" on account of his frequent productions of the little bottle containing the crazy document. The phial found for Phil many an interesting adventure, with some of which I was personally connected. Wagonner Woodling.

TRAVELERS TELL STRANGE TALES

As the World Wags:

Among the famous travelers that met with contemptuous unbelief and vicious insult might be mentioned Mungo Park, against whose narrative some of the most extravagant of the Munchausen tales are said to have been aimed, though Mungo Park's stories were later proved to be absolutely true. A much later instance of this kind was in regard to Stanley's meeting with Livingstone, which for a long time many of the most prominent newspapers refused to accept as truth. Even after the New York Herald published facsimiles of Livingstone's letters there was many a doubting Thomas. One of the most skeptical of these newspapers was the Boston Advertiser. One of the editors of that sheet, with a gift for verification, published some facetious verses, paraphrasing the famous song of Figaro, the burden of which was "Ujiji here, Ujiji there, but where the devil is Ujiji?" I never noticed any apology for the attitude taken, either in the Advertiser or any of the other skeptical sheets, when Stanley's story proved to be true.

Malden. B. B. E.

Mungo Park traveled in Africa in 1795-97. His "Travels in the Interior of Africa" was published in 1799. The Surprising Travels and Adventures of Baron Munchausen" was first published in England in 1785 or 1786.—Ed.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

As the World Wags:

After reading "Shawsheen's" suggestion in The Herald of June 28 that the full page rebuses appeared in Merry's Museum, I searched out the few copies I have. Their dates are April, 1857, February, August and November, 1858. In these issues there are no rebuses, but considerable space is devoted to "Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc."

In the course of these years Merry's Museum was united with Woodworth's Youths' Cabinet, Parley's Magazine and the Schoolfellow. Possibly the rebuses referred to may have appeared in one of these prior to its incorporation with Merry's Museum, or in the magazine itself of some other year.

There was another young people's magazine of the fifties, called Frank Forrester's Magazine for Our Boys and Girls. That may be the source.

Dorchester Centre. A. W. C.

COUNTRY COURTESY

As the World Wags:

Visiting Hummarock Beach not long ago, and enjoying the sight of the wind-tossed sea, I headed my car inland. I stopped after a mile or two in the shade for my picnic luncheon. On a tree near by a sign was hanging: a slab of wood suspended by a cord from a nail. Pencilled, but clear, were these words, dated July, 1919: "Will friends who take lunch here please leave the place tidy. They are requested not to build a fire or leave any lighted cigars." The touch of human kindness was in strong contrast with the usual blunt, commanding "No Trespassing" sign frequently seen in places designed by nature for a traveller's rest room. I at once felt myself the welcome guest of an unseen host. My predecessors had observed the request, for the place was tidy. There is a moral. Country courtesy toward the motoring public might oftener find expression if the landscape were more frequently left unmarred by papers, empty lunch boxes and bottles.

H. De W. S.

ROMANCE

(The Barre (Vt.) Granite.)

He had been reading knightly romances and grew dissatisfied with the present sordidness of the world. He believed it to be his duty to inject some romance into the daily grind.

On a rainy, muddy day he sallied forth to perform some knightly errand. He beheld a bewitching princess about to step from her limousine upon the dirty pavement. Hastening forward, he spread his fur coat under her dainty feet.

She looked at him in surprise.

"Well, of all the damn fools!" she exclaimed.

July 12 1921

Anyone who wishes to speak in a pontifical manner about modern books, at the club, in the street car or on a veranda, should not fail to read diligently the circular, dignified by a more imposing title, published by a New York firm.

"D. H. Lawrence is the greatest writer living. For the contemporaries of Lawrence to remain ignorant of his writings is like having lived in the age of Shakespeare and remaining ignorant of his plays." There is no mistake about it. Let Thomas Hardy, Anatole France and others hide their diminished heads. And who say that Mr. Lawrence is the g. w. lo? Not only the editor of this little magazine, but "Sherwood Anderson, Amy Lowell, John Macy and many others.

On another page we read that Mr. Sherwood Anderson, the author, has a "first manner" and "a new manner." He writes about Mr. Lawrenco as a "living force." His books will be "fertilizers of minds." He is able to put into a passage "the entire life of all men and all women." His books are keys to the house of modern life. "Take them into your hands. Be not afraid. It is the house of health. Go you into the house."

Mr. Wilbur Finley Fauley tells us why he writes of romance and mystery. He sees romance and adventure lurking at every corner, while mystery sits on every doorstep. He left "the smoke-clouded vales of southeastern Ohio and pierced the purple veil of witchery." Writing is for him a joyous task. He rolls up his sleeves, and no doubt girds up his loins. "I sit down to write with a thrill. In truth I have such an inrush of plots and characters that my only safety valve seems to be in almost continuous writing." Yes, he is not easily stopped; nevertheless Mr. D. H. Lawrence is "the greatest writer living."

A publisher in New York sends out sandwich men in the financial and theatre districts of New York. They sport "artists' colored smocks, tam-o-shanters, windsor ties, and not fully developed moustachios to give the proper literary atmosphere." They are not down-and-out, with fringed trouser ends, chewing plug tobacco, shambling along. "They are all college graduates and selected for their knowledge of contemporary literature."

The editor of this little magazine urges a book shower for brides; books on cookery, home decoration, gardening, concerning the care and feeding of children; the best in fiction, poetry and biography, for there will be "many lonesome hours in the new strange home in the first days after the companionship of the honeymoon," and after the bride has washed and put away the dinner dishes.

This editor is delighted with his work although he modestly writes "we." "We feel that we have attained a certain premanency, that we have established ourselves as an institution in the world of books, and that we are in a fair way to become at no distant date one of the chief lighthouses to guide our friends to the most pleasant and worth-while ports in all the literary sea." Mr. D. H. Lawrence has also attained "premanency."

OFF BRANT ROCK

As the World Wags:

I fear that I am the bearer of disquieting news. This morning's mail brought to me a package addressed in a female hand. Upon being opened it proved to contain:

First, excelsior.

Second, a note in the same feminine hand. It states that the enclosed object was found bobbing in the surf on the morning of July 1, off Brant Rock. Thanks to the publicity recently given Mr. John Coffin through your valued column, it was immediately forwarded to me at Jalaam. The note ends very prettily with the hope that nothing serious has befallen my aged friend, and is signed Annabel Bell.

Thirdly, the object found in the surf. This consists of a half-pint flat bottle containing—

a—Traces of a faintly brownish-yellowish liquid. It looks like whiskey, tastes like whiskey, smells like whiskey and I believe it to be whiskey.

b—One sheet of notepaper, slightly stained but quite legible. The handwriting strongly resembles that of Mr. Coffin. It bears, however, evidence of having been written under the stress of strong emotion. The characters toward the end become quite shaky. Mr. Coffin writes:

"Schooner Rose of Sharon Eastport to New York via Boston. Seven hours out. Foggy with occasional snow squalls. Thunder storms. Ice on the lee quarter. Capt. Peter Bartell has broken down under the strain. With his twin brother, who came aboard three miles east of Minot's, he is sitting on the after hatch. Both are highly flushed, and they are repeating 'The French Tinker' in unison. Looks to me like blackwater fever. Crew also stricken. No response to my hails. Sounds from forward may be the death rattle or snoring. I cannot leave the wheel to find out. Not much wind, but a very unsteady sea. We may broach to at any moment. Heaven preserve my wife and children!

"Later. I have lashed the wheel and am firing rockets for help. Another of Peter's brothers has come aboard. Peter has introduced him, and all three are now reciting 'Bingen on the Rhine.' The effect is magnificent. The foremast hands are still alive, but cannot last long, from the sound.

"Later still. Fog lifted. Long low craft with seven masts and four funnels lying to a cable length off our port bow. Three boats put off. They mean to board us. We are hailed. Sounds like Russian. Another brother of Peter's has appeared. They are a wondeful family. We five have shaken hands and sworn to resist to the last gasp. I will empty a bottle and throw this overboard. Liverpool Jarge. . . ."

Here the note ends abruptly. The reference to wife and children puzzles me, for Mr. Coffin is a bachelor of some 80-odd years standing. But the rest, I fear, hints but too plainly at yet another marine catastrophe. How long, sir, shall this be endured? Have we still no navy?

And will Annabel please write again? Down for the summer, Anna, or just for the day? ADONIRAM GOOCH.

Gooch's Pharmacy, Jalaam.

ON KEITH'S BILL

The audience which greeted the players at Keith's last night stamped each and every number with their approval, and the program proved to be one of the best of the season.

Nati Bilbainita, the Spanish danseuse, appeared for the first time here. There were four numbers, the first typical of Madrid, mirth and vivacity; the second reflecting the fire and passion one always associates with the Spanish type; the third introduced the airs of the Aragon, and the fourth was gypsy, pure and rhythmatic. The castenet accompainment was most enjoyable.

Harry Hayden and company in "The Love Game," furnished a neat performance. Bud and Jack Pearson proved clever dancers and Fred Allen's offering was an evening all by itself. His stories and songs, with guitar accompaniment, went over with a rush. Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield, old favorites in Boston, presented their "Rehearsing," in which there is enough to satisfy the most jaded vaudeville patron.

Charles Olcott and Mary Ann, in "Charlie's Songs," introducing one written around Briggs' cartoons so popular in this country and one recently written, entitled "Tomboy," were the hit of the show from the musical standpoint. Olcott has been seen alone many times, but with his partner, Mary Ann, he has opportunity for clever rendition of his peculiarly catchy songs. The young lady has a clear, sweet singing voice and her artistry is convincing.

Bert and Betty Wheeler followed the Cohan injunction and sent everyone away smiling. These performers have a manner all their own and the quality and quantity of their act is abundant.

The Pathe weekly contains views of the recent YD celebration, showing Maj.-Gen. Edwards at the head of his boys.

July 13 1921

Let us today make way for assertors and contradictors. As the dirty idiot moaned in "Very Hard Cash," "Let us curse and pray; let us work double tides."

And here comes "C.": "Please note that the tercentenary commission, who sent the Mayflower's passengers ashore on Plymouth Rock on July 6th, included in the number Bradford's wife. She was drowned in Cape Cod harbor two weeks previous to the landing, which certainly was thoughtless of her."

Mr. W. H. Gleason of Winchester writes: "If Charles Winslow used goring in 1850 he must have imported it from Leicester, England. I have just been talking with a man who was a boy of 13 in a goring factory in Leicester in 1855 and came to Easthampton, Mass., in 1862 as a weaver of goring. I don't know where to find any one who remembers back of 1855. I should really like to see a copy of the patent held by Charles Winslow in 1850. Some years after William Raff came to this country and became very prosperous I asked Mrs. Raff, a white-haired old lady, why she did not wish to come in 1861. She replied, 'I did not believe half they told me in those days, but now I know they did not tell me half.'"

The young man who went to Easthampton probably worked in the Nashawanuck (perhaps this spelling is not correct) factory, or possibly the Glendale. The former during the civil war made a great deal of money for the stockholders. E. H. Sawyer and Horatio G. Knight, who was for a time actively in politics, were largely interested in the mill.

Mr. R. M. Bailey of Dedham comments on "Shawsheen's statement that the Student and Schoolmate was published in "the very late sixties or earliest seventies." Mr. Bailey says: "The first number was issued in '56; it succeeded Frank Forrester's Boys and Girls' Magazine, first published in '47. 'Our Young Folks' came out Jan. 1, 1865. All of these magazines had a department of riddles, enigmas, rebuses, etc. I have bound volumes of the above from 1854 till I put away childish things, say about '69."

E. F. of Philadelphia writes: "I agree with the rector of Saint Paul's here, who startled a lot of old women by saying: 'My chief objection to prohibition is the high price of gin.'"

We now listen to "W" of Medford: "To emphasize the fact that the significance of the written word depends largely on the personal attitude of the reader, I beg to call your attention to the 'rolled oats and bacon' letter, exhibits 13 A and B in a notorious divorce suit now pending. As damaging evidence it appears to rank with its famous prototype: 'Dear Mrs. Bardwick. Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick.'"

A GARDEN TRAGEDY

I love my flower garden;
The blossoms are my pride
Where lies the gay Sweet William
Beside his mourning Bride.

But even in the garden
Suspicion lurks like death.
I caught a whiff of Ginsing
On the dainty Baby's Breath.

I loved my pretty garden,
But now that love is dead:
I found a Bachelor's Button
In my Black-Eyed Susan's bed.

Milton. B. N. H.

THE AGONY OF A COLLECTOR

As the World Wags:

It was with deep regret that I read in As the World Wags, to which I habitually turn first when I venture far enough from this rural community to buy a Herald, your interesting notes on the Melville of "Moby Dick" and of the other books. A while ago I began to pick up early editions of Melville when opportunity offered at such moments of modest affluence as I sometimes experience, and for a time I enjoyed without apprehension my by no means extravagant hobby. But shades of George D. Smith! if you and Brander Matthews and Christopher Morley keep on advertising the man at this present rate, I shall have to throw up my hands and get out. How particularly insidious was Mr. Matthews's recent statement that no one of his acquaintance collects first editions of Melville! It was enough to start a score of newly pupped bibliophiles on the hunt for them. I take it very ill of you columnists and reviewers, whom I read so loyally, that you should exploit my own small warren until the game is scarce and shy.

Surely, then, it is with a rarely forgiving spirit that I remind you of a certain passage in that most impossible of stories, "Pierre," which is worth speaking of, if, God forbid! you do revert again to Melville and his books. In the chaos of fine writing, bad writing, morbidness and sentimentality, there is a simple, whimsical essay on aristocracy. (Last paragraph, page 8, through first paragraph, page 9, first edition—was there ever a second edition?) It is so pointed and entertaining that it will surely tickle any one who has marveled that left-handed genealogies should be proudly set forth in tables such as that of the English dukes in the World Almanac, and to me it seems even good enough to grace a column. CHARLES B. HAWES.

Lanesville.

Mr. Hawes refers to the third chapter of Book I: "Pierre Just Emerging from His Teens." Unfortunately the quotation would fill more than a column of The Herald.—Ed.

As the World Wags:

Please don't "get up a 'Moby Dick' Club." You'll remember the nice Scotchman's reply to the American Browning devotee, who marvelled—"There does seem to be a single Browning Club in Scotland!" "Madam, there's something in belonging to a people who can appreciate him without clubs." I wish you wouldn't write about "Moby Dick." I feel miserly about that book.

CHARLOTTE REED WHITE.

Little Deer Isle, Me.

FOOD OF THE GODS

(Carpentier is alleged to be training on lion steak and leg of panther.)

Carpentier plies the panther punch
Some thirty minutes after lunch;
The bones of Dempsey's dummy crunch,
Its sawdust clouds the air;
Those lion steaks are eaten raw,
Dissected with an eagle's claw,
So eager is the boxer's maw
For muscle-building fare.

But what of Dempsey's midday feast?
No mortal flesh of warlike beast
Shall serve his purpose in the least;
To arm him for the fight.
He breaks his fast on T.N.T.;
A lunch of radium fricassee
Sets all his mighty muscles free
And sates his appetite.

A.W.—London Daily Chronicle.

July 14 '21

Mr. George S. Drew of Lowell asked last week for "a complete copy" of the verses beginning "A fox went out in a hungry plight." "As nearly as I can make out, it is of either English or Irish origin, as all the folk I have ever met who know it came from northern Ireland or England."

Our correspondents at once came gallantly to the rescue. We are indebted to Miss Frances W. Guild of Dedham, who says: "This rhyme is in a child's picture book that I have kept many years;" to M. W. T. of Brookline, "probably it's an old English rhyme; at any rate we've known it in the family for several generations;" to Mr. John D. Billings of Cambridge, who learned the verses more than 60 years ago, "they were set to rattling music;" to A. C. P. of Thompson, Ct., "the rhyme was often sung to me by my mother in my childhood; the tune was of her own improvising;" to G. B. H. of Wollaston, "the rhyme may be found on page 101 of an old edition of 'Mother Goose' published by McLoughlin Bros, New York;" to Miss Alice K. Hoctor of Dorchester, "My mother, who came from the eastern part of Ireland, used to recite it."

THE FOX'S VISIT TO THE FARMYARD

The greater number of our correspondents quote from memory. We therefore reprint the verses found by G. B. H. in McLoughlin Bros.' "Mother Goose," although it may not be the original:

A fox went out in a hungry plight,
And he begged of the moon to give him light,
For he'd many miles to go that night
Before he could reach his den-O.

At first he came to a farmer's yard,
Where the ducks and geese declared it hard
That their nerves should be shaken and their rest be jarred
By the visit of Mr. Fox-O.

He took the gray goose by the sleeve;
Said he, "Madame Goose, and by your leave,
I'll take you away without reprieve
And carry you home to my den-O."

He seized the black duck by the neck
And swung her all across his back;
The black duck cried out "Quack! quack! quack!"
With her legs hanging dangling down-O.

Then old Mrs. Slipper-Slopper jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head—
"John, John, John, the gray goose is gone,
And the fox is off to his den-O!"

Then John he went up to the hill,
He blew a blast both loud and shrill;
Says the fox, "This is very pretty music—still
I'd rather be in my den-O."

At last the fox got home to his den,
To his dear little foxes—eight, nine, ten—
Says he, "You're in luck, here's a good fat duck,
With her legs hanging dangling down-O."

He then sat down with his hungry wife,
They did very well without fork or knife;
They never ate a better goose in all their life,
And the little ones picked the bones-O.

THE McLOUGHLIN BROTHERS

G. B. H. recalls a "Mother Goose" published by the McLoughlin Brothers of New York. They published toy-books, games, paper dolls, paper furniture, primers. Some one sent us recently one of these publications: "Henry Brown; Tom Tearabout; Valentine and Orson; and Two Brothers," being a volume in the "Goody Two Shoes Series." The cover printed in glaring colors shows good little Henry Brown reading the Bible to his father, a carpenter,

Who, rising with the sun,
Worked steadily in his humble shop
Until the day was done.

The father, although he was not receiving $7 for eight hours' work, wears in the picture a florid waistcoat. His legs below the knees are encased in hose not unlike the leg tights worn on the stage by Romeo and other fortunate, unfortunate, or villainous Italian gentlemen of past centuries. He sports a red jacket, a rolling collar and shoes with buckles. His expression is perturbed, as if a Biblical text were too much for him; or perhaps Henry is stumbling through one of the genealogical tables in the Old Testament.

Yet often resting on his plane,
He watches his little boy
Build houses with the refuse blocks—
His old eyes full of joy.

On the cover Henry wears a green jacket, red breeches, and his hose are striped white and red. The picture in the text shows him with a blue jacket and white hose, while father has discarded his gorgeous jacket, put on blue breeches and changed his stockings.

Would there were space for the whole poem. Good Mr. Grey, a lawyer across the street, watched Henry and thought he would make a sterling man. He took Henry into his office without a fee.

An only child had Mr. Grey;
A daughter, who looked on
And watched, with interested eyes,
Her sire's adopted son.

Alas, Henry came to a bad end, if Artemus Ward is to be believed, who wrote during the civil war that "M. C." stood for "miserable cuss."

When old enough, young Brown, so great
Had grown his fame, was sent
To Congress, where with confidence
The worthy young man went.

Nevertheless Mary, first portrayed by the artist as knitting, in a red dress, blue waist and white apron, hair drawn back from her alabaster forehead to a high comb stuck in a knot, was true to him and became his lawful wife.

And just as Henry Brown arose
To be both good and great,
Can every little lad become,
Who emulates his fate.

What a contrast Henry Brown was to Tom Tearabout.

No less than sixteen nurseries
Did tremble at his name,

No less than seven little boys,
Upon the village green,
He fought one summer's afternoon,
With scarce a pause between.

He misbehaved at dinner time,
At poor old nurse did scoff;
He teased the dog, till Towzer turned
And tore his coat tails off.

He pulled a cow's tail; he tilted the school usher from his stool; he cut his "ma's new satin dress with flounces gay and fair." At last an irritated swan frightened him so he fell into the pond and caught a cold that for a long time put an end to his youthful frolics.

Great were the McLoughlin Brothers. Would that we possessed a complete set of "Aunt Mary's Series," "Mamma Lovechild's Series," "Aunt Oddamadodd's Series" and the rest of these pleasure books!

July 15 1921

The letter from Mr. George P. Bolivar that we publish this morning surprised us: we do not say that we were pained or shocked by it. Not having the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with our valued contributor we had supposed from his articles that he was conspicuously of a statistical nature; curious as to the tonnage of ocean steamers; a keeper of thermometric records; committing pages of the World Almanac to memory; ready at a moment's notice to state the condition of the jute crop, to name the first men who extracted agreeable music from a hand-saw; in short a man who would answer the great majority of Mr. Edison's questions without stammering or futile guessing. Dwellers in Beverly have spoken respectfully of Mr. Bolivar's character and attainments; he sports iron gray side whiskers discreetly trimmed; his orthodox cravat is without a stick-pin; he has served creditably on several committees and as a rule is appointed chairman.

We suspect that the rigorous enforcement of prohibition laws has turned Mr. Bolivar's attention to the worship of Bacchus throughout the ages; that this worship obsesses him; as in these days men once extremely temperate in the use of wine, strong waters, and malt liquors now have a consuming thirst, haunt the houses of friends with well-stocked cellars, do not disdain synthetic gin, and talk knowingly of home brews and distillations. Let the reader judge for himself.

"REASONABLY PLEASANT"

As the World Wags:

I am noting in my commonplace book, volume II, descriptions of famous feasts, dinners, suppers, banquets at which there was brave drinking. You may remember how Thomas de Quincey was affected by this verse in the Book of Daniel:

"Belshazzar the King made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before his thousand."

This pompous yet simple statement suggests music superbly orchestrated to be played while John Martin's picture of the historic event is thrown on the screen. But I add the verse that follows:

"Belshazzar, while he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which his father, Nebuchadnezzar, had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem; that the King and his princes, his wives and his concubines might drink therein."

Truly a noble, magnificent occasion, rudely put an end to by the invading force of Medes and Persians. (I add merely this: learned commentators of the Holy Scriptures and ancient historians say that at this justly celebrated entertainment, which took place in the year of the world 3449, "every one drank according to his age," a statement that admits of various explanations.)

I am acquainted with descriptions of feasts in the time of the Roman Emperors; with descriptions in the novels of Scott, Dickens, Dumas and Mortimer Collins, not to mention the accounts of eating and drinking in Athenaeus, Martial and Rabelais; but reading last night Sir Walter Raleigh's eloquent narration of his discovery of "the large, rich and beautiful Empire of Guiana" in 1595 I came across a passage that, to quote the remark of my clerk, not well versed in Latin, is "vaseline princeps." Sir Walter is speaking of the natives, "Marvellous great drunkards." I preserve his old time spelling.

"At the times of their solemne feasts, when the emperour carowseth with his captaines, tributaries and governours, the maner is this: All those that pledge him are first stripped naked, and their bodies anointed all over with a kind of white balsamum (by them called curea) of which there is great plenty, and yet very deare amongst them, and it is of all other the most precious, whereof wee have had good experience: when they are anointed all over, certeine servants of the emperour having prepared golde made into fine powder, blow it thorou hollow canes upon their naked bodies, until they be all shining from the foot to the head: and in this sort they sit drinking by twenties, and hundreds, and continue in drunkennesse sometimes sixe or seven days together."

When Toparimaca in his town provided Sir Walter with wine, "some of our Captaines karoused till they were reasonably pleasant, for it is very strong with pepper, and the juice of divers hearbes, and fruites digested and purged, they keepe it in great earthen pots of tenne or twelve gaions very cleane and sweete, and are themselves at their meetings and feastes the greatest karousers and drunkards of the world."

Reading of the old life in the Guiana, whose capital was known to the Spaniards as El Dorado, I am "reasonably pleasant" without a sequential headache or stomachic disturbance.

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Beverly.

"A ROSE BY ANY OTHER——"

As the World Wags:

Was Shakespeare right? In Edgartown there is a wagon bearing the inscription: "Jack Rose, Cesspool Cleaner." MARION STREETER.

Edgartown.

Yes, and the Rev. C. F. Tanks is the secretary of a Church of England Temperance Society.—Ed.

MAZEPPA MENKEN

As the World Wags:

If "Rapito" will visit the theatre collection in the Widener Library at Harvard University he will meet with a cordial reception and be shown scores of photographs of Adah Isaacs Menken, and may also see a little pamphlet written by her long-time friend Ed. Price, who tells her maiden name and much of her history and gives selections from her "Infelicia." The only autograph of her which I own is "Adah I. M. Heenan," showing it to have been written while she was the wife of John C. Heenan, the pugilist. Houdini tells me that Ira Davenport, of the famous Davenport Brothers of cabinet seance notoriety, told him that the Menken was once married to his brother William.

I have a vivid memory of a day in Paris just 12 years ago when my daughter and I religiously examined every stone in the Jewish cemetery at Mont Martre in search of the gifted lady's monument with its simple inscription, "Thou Knowest." Our quest was unsuccessful, and I found later that she is buried not in Mont Martre but in Montparnasse cemetery.

QUINCY KILBY.

Great Chebeague, Me.

Mr. Truman H. Bartlett writes that her grave in Montparnasse is marked by a handsome stone. "The path to it shows the grave is often visited, as I saw it in the early 70's."—Ed.

July 19 1921

Let us first of all acknowledge our indebtedness to correspondents who have traced the fox first mentioned here by Mr. George S. Drew to its den, and taken the trouble to send us copies of the verses.

Mrs. A. E. Crane of Cataumet says she heard the verses recited by a nurse who had been in the family for a long time. The nurse sang them in school in Ireland when she was a child.

E. L. B. of Harvard writes that her version of "Mister Fox" has been in her possession for over 50 years. She quotes from the Susie Sunshine Storybook, published by McLoughlin Bros., N. Y., designs by J. H. Howard.

Was this Howard the illustrator of Artemus Ward's three books published in the sixties by G. W. Carlton?

Mr Henry Kuhns of Boston sends another version included in "The Nursery Fire" by Rosalind Richards, published by Little, Brown & Co. in 1904.

Mrs. Caroline H. Moore of Hyde Park sends verses that she has repeated for years to her children and children's children.

E. L. of New Boston, N. H., refers Mr. Drew to "30 Old Time Nursery Songs" arranged by Joseph Moorat and published in London and Boston. She says the song is an old English one.

Mr. John H. Edwards of Lancaster writes: "When I was a small boy I had a paper-covered book entitled, I think, 'The Story of Mr. Fox.' The story was told partly in prose and partly in rhyme."

The version sent by J. R. M. of Brookline was sung to her, a child, in the early seventies.

M. E. Smith of Arlington copied the verses given in "Home Songs for Little Darlings," a collection of children's poems, published in 1859, "and now out of print."

C. B. N. of Saxtons River, Vt., copied eight verses, published "as one in a series of children's books called the 'Funny Animal Series,'" by T. Nelson & Sons London, Edinburgh, and New York, in the sixties. She wishes "it were possible to reproduce the incomparable old colored prints."

Mrs. I. H. Washburn of Portsmouth N. H., quotes from the McLoughlin edition of "Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes."

"Harvard, Mass.," writes: "When was a child my grandfather used to sing to his grandchildren the following lines I can furnish the music if desired." He version is different from the others, i which there are only slight textual variants. It begins:

"The fox and his wife they both fe
sick
(They had nine young ones all in a kit)
'Twas all for the want of a dainty bit,
Before their lying down-."

Old Mrs. Slipper-Slopper appears a "Old Mother Twittle-Twattle."

We are indebted also to Miss S. A Underwood of South West Harbo Me., who has the verses in an illustrated pamphlet; to A. R. S. of Ma den; to Miss Burrell of Dorcheste and to Mrs. S. G. Wood of Wincheste N. H.

BALLANTYNE'S STORY

Emily B. King of Jamaica Pla quotes this title: "Mister Fox, by R M. Ballantyne, author of 'The Robe Kitten,' etc." published by T. Nelso & Sons, 1875. Under the title is th verse:

A story I tell of all that befell
A sly old fox in his den—
How he and his wife led a pilfering lif
And his little ones, eight, nine, te

Miss King writes: "The above is first page of a little book of rath large print, which contains seventy o pages measuring about four by six. has been in the possession of m family from about the time it was fir published. There is first music a ranged as a duet for children to fit t poem which then follows. The rest the book is a story divided into se tions headed by each verse of the poe Both my father's and my mother family are members of the Cincinna Society, so I claim American ancestr and I am inclined to think that we a familiar with the book simply as a su cessful little children's story. I a very glad to copy the poem for yo reader. My mother can repeat it fro my own childhood days, and I and n children can do almost as well."

Ballantyne, whose stories of adve ture delighted our boyhood, evident took the old song as a foundation f his story. We should like to read aga his "Coral Reef" and "Gascoigne, t Sandal-Wood Trader." (We quote t titles from memory.) For some yea Ballantyne was in the employ of t Hudson Bay Company.

A SCOTTISH VERSE

As the World Wags:

I spent my childhood days in Sc land (Aberdeen) and one of my earli

collections was the memorizing of the llowing verse:

ld Mother Hubbard jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head;
Oh! John, John, the gray goose is gone—
And the fox is off to his den-o,den-o."

Barre, Vt. WILLIAM DUFF.

No doubt we shall hear from other orrespondents. We thank them for heir interest and good nature. It is a leasure to find strong men and pre- umably fair women still treasuring hymes they heard when they were hildren. Only sophisticated and prig- ish little boys and girls despise Mother Goose" fairy tales and "Alice n Wonderland." And now let the fox est in his den surrounded by his in- eresting family.

A correspondent of the London Times (June 21) wrote from Paris: "At more than one time British critics have praised the French stage at the expense of the British, without one-tenth of the excuse they now have. Yet in Paris there is still plenty to deplore. The Grand Guignol, for instance, is trying to combine its shocker with its comedy; the resultant 'drama' threatens to lose for the theatre that seal of distinction on which it has always prided itself. The many revivals prove that there is some lack of driving force about the Paris theatre today; too many pieces by Bataille do not disprove it. Nor doe. an Italian translation into French of a Swedish play acted by Russians. The revivals are better than in London. . .

"For the moment Paris has certainly the advantage of London. One has peo- le here like Copeau and Gemier who roduce things which are not only worth the consideration of even the haughtiest critic, but also are attractive to the ordinary playgoer. Witness 'Le Paque- ot Tenacity' at the Vieux-Colombier, which is such a favorite that the high- rows must wonder whether they were right in saluting it with warmth. Then, at a light-hearted theatre like the apucines, there is an adaptation from oltaire, made by a very modern seri us dramatist and the man who alway: orks with 'Rip' in his revues. The sult is a play in which all the irony e philosophy, the delicacy of "l'Ingenu re transported to the stage."

This may be true, but new plays pro- iced in Paris last month, if one may dge them by reviews published in risian journals, are hardly of a na- re that compels admiration.

"Les Remous," by M. Bechar, is a y written to show young French- en that they should go into business ther than look towards the theatre. rmont, a manufacturer in the sges, wishes to be known as a dra- tist. From the moment he makes s decision, misfortune attends him. Is financially ruined; his wife de- ves him on the day there is a dress hearsal of his play. The play itself is. Having lost his illusions, his ney and his wife, Lormont returns the factory and devotes his life to education of his son, purposing to ke him a practical being, armed for uggle and victory. "M. Bechar's y abounding in excellent intentions ws complete theatrical inexperi- e."

La Maitresse Imaginaire," a comedy three acts by Felix Gandera and ude Gevel, was produced at the Re- ssance. Simone Foresti, an ultra- dern young woman, was indifferent ards Robert Verdier, because he naive and shy. Robert's mother anxious for the match, so she in- ted a liaison between Robert and an ess, Maud Harrien. This "pious might have worked, if Maud had arrived at Cabourg, where the ng people with their parents were nding the vacation. "Luck, the t deity of writers of comedy, ght Robert and Maud together. latter, accustomed to burning dec- tions rather than respectful re- e, was seduced by the timidity and naivete that horrified Simone, and d by an act in which curiosity and ersity played as great a part as erness, freed the mother's con- nce of a lie that she would not known how to avow it to confessor. But in accordance with rules of female logic, as soon as one understood that Robert was not aint she thought him, she had only idea: to take him from the one holds him. This she accomplished y, thanks to the wisdom acquired Maud through experience." This dy is described as "amiable and boresome; half-vaudeville, half- dy of manners."

Bonheur a cinq sous," in three based by Camille Dreyfus on a by Rene Boylesue, was brought t the Comedie Montaigne. Jerome , a man of letters and mediocre t, very lazy, has an exceedingly wife, Sylvie. M. Rampillon, the sher of the magazine "Le Bonheur q sous," happens to see Sylvie, at finds her husband talented, and him 80,000 francs for a romance, e written by him and to be lived ylvie." Jerome and Sylvie go into the country where the husband fishes and the wife is bored. Rampillon ar- rives and demands an accounting from Sylvie, for not a line of the novel has been written. She, however, conducts herself admirably. Perhaps vanity will overcome her, so photographers and film directors arrive to picture the future author, his wife, the village priest, the bonne, the friends, so that the life of he novelist-to-be will be shown in all the film theatres of France. Sylvie no longer resists. In a week she will be in Paris; Jerome will be a celebrated au- thor, and Rampillon will be contented.

At the Theatre de l'Oasis, "Idrofile at Filigrane," a parody of Macterlinck, tak- n from "A la Maniere de ——," by Paul Reboux and Charles Mueller, was pro- duced by Paul Poiret with music by Marcel Fournier in the manner of De- bussy.

An old-fashioned melodrama, "Gosse- line," by Arthur Bernede and Aristide Bruant, was produced at the Ba-Ta- clan. The heroine, a good girl, is pur- sued and persecuted by a man corre- sponding to an agent of the Watch and Ward Society. She despises him, al- hough her corrupt family would gladly see her ruined. She is rescued by an honest fellow whom she weds. One of the scenes is the fair at Neuilly with living lions, and M. Mansuella bravely playing a cornet in their cage.

The Swedish Ballet at the Theatre des Champs-Elysees was seen in "Les Maries le la Tour Eiffel," a spectacle by Jean Cocteau, music by Miss Tailleifer and Messrs. Auric, Honegger, Milhaud and Poulenc.

Ibsen's "Enemy of the People" in a French version by Count Prozor was produced with great success at the Comedie Francaise. Feraudy took the part of Dr. Stockmann.

"L'Homme et son Desir," a plastic poem by Paul Claudel, music by Darius Milhaud, was produced at the Theatre des Champs-Elysees by the Swedish Ballet. The music was savagely at- tacked by Pierre de Lapommeraye. The piece itself was planned four years ago when Claudel and Milhaud were in Brazil. The chief character is Man. Night and Sleep have deprived him of name and face. He is brought in, con- ducted by two women, "of whom one is Image, the other Desire; the one Re- membrance, the other Illusion. Aban- doned by them, he is tortured by the nocturnal noises of the forest; his dancing expresses feverish anxiety. One of the women returns, and, wrapping him in her veil, leads him away as day is about to break. The action takes place on three stages, one above the other. "Mr. Milhaud, who began his musical career as all others, by poly- phony, continued it with polytony, to fall into cacophony; for this accompani- ment of bass drum, cymbals, whistles, etc., interrupted occasionally by a trivial reverie which the violoncello or the violin strives to murmur, cannot be called by another name. . . . He has exhausted all the means of puffery; if he now wishes to astonish the public, he must make music. Some of his for- mer works lead one to believe that he is capable of it."

It appears that even London lovers of the horrible were disgusted by two plays produced at the end of last month at the Grand Guignol. "The Old Woman" is the story of a maiden in a madhouse who is restored to san- ity by having her eyes slowly gouged out at midnight by an insane old wom- an locked with her in the same cham- ber. It is said that this play caused physical nausea in the audience. "The Shepherd Pie," described as a comedy, shows a person at dinner finding a ring in the pie. He thus learns that the pie was made from the arm of a guest, "same having been devoured by a dog." This wording leaves one in doubt: did the dog devour the whole of the guest or only chew an arm? The pastry cook is characterized as "unscrupu- lous."

"The Cinema Lady," adapted from a French farce by Nancey and Jean Rioux, did not last a week in London. "A farce may be foolish, illogical, even contemptible, but it should never be dreary. 'The Cinema Lady' proved to be very dreary indeed. . . . The most humorous incident of the evening was the mistake of an ear trumpet for a speaking tube. This seemed quite like old times. There was another joke about 10,000 francs, but the authors evi- dently lost interest in it as the play pro- ceeded, and it quietly vanished."

"Mary" did not please the Londoners. "The production was chiefly remark- able for the attempt to bolster up a somewhat indifferent book' by the in- troduction of a series of whirlwind dances having no very clear bearing on the plot. The experiment succeeded in New York, but over here the taste of the playgoing public apparently lies rather in the direction of a straightfor- ward and consistently developed story."

Maud Allan reappeared in London last month at the Coliseum with a series of four Egyptian dances and the "Revels of the Wood Fairies"; the music of the latter was Rubinstein's Valse Caprice.

An evening journal, The Daily Thea- tre, devoted to drama, music, art, will be published in London beginning Oct. 1. The price will be a penny. M. J. Lander will be the editor.

A "condensed" version of "Coq d'Or" will be included in a series of Russian ballets staged by Mr. Oumanski, bal- master of the Capitol Theatre, New York. Why "condensed"?

The Rev. Spencer Elliott, the vicar of St. Paul's Church, Sheffield, has just publicly appeared in the part of Jaques, in "As You Like It," when Henry Baynton's company was playing the local Ly- ceum. In return Henry Baynton read the lessons in the vicar's church. The vicar says he will play Brutus when next the Baynton crowd comes to Shef- field. Now the folk are kicking up a row in the parish about the reverend gent's action, with the vicar vindicating himself by saying how nice the actors are and that he has every right to sup- port the actors.—The Billboard.

On July 4 the 1228th consecutive per- formance in New York of "Lightnin'" took place.

Macdermott of the Everyman Theatre, out at Hampstead, has been having trouble with the censor, who is also squeamish as to the title, "Mecca," being used by Oscar Asche. In the one- act play by Eugene O'Neill, entitled "In the Zone," the scene is laid in the fo'castle of a tramp steamer. Naturally the language employed by these sailor men was not redolent of Fifth avenue or the Plaza Hotel, and some of the words were very true to life. Some of these folk used—in the Mss.—the word "bloody" and the phrase "Gawd blarst ut," but the censor objected, but accept- ed Macdermott's modification to "bleed- in'," and "To hell with ut." On reflec- tion, however, Mr. Censor altered "bleedin'" to "ruddy." But at rehearsal the actors found great difficulty in re- fraining from saying "bloody" instead of "ruddy." For safety sake, therefore, the words "blinkin'" and "bloomin'" are now being used, and received the official O. K.—London correspondent of The Billboard.

Personal

Luigi Curci, the ex-husband of Mme. Galli-Curci, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Wanda Tirin- delli on July 2. Miss Tirindelli's father, a violinist and composer, came to Bos- ton some years ago, but he did not sojourn here for a long time. He found more to do in Cincinnati, where he is at the head of the violin department of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

Edward Johnson, tenor, will tour in Italy, France and England this sum- mer, returning to this country in Sep- tember.

Marcel Charlier, operatic conductor, died recently at his home in Belgium. He came to Boston as assistant con- ductor of Oscar Hammerstein's Man- hattan opera company and later with the Chicago opera company. A good musician, a man of routine, he was a careful but not inspiring leader.

Fannie C. Dillon, composer of Los Angeles, has been awarded the Mac- Dowell fellowship, founded by the Mac- Dowell Club of Allied Arts. The fellow- ship consists of a visit to the Mac- Dowell colony of Peterboro, N. H.

"Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page left $50,000 to the Chicago Orchestral Association for the establishment of a public school of music in Chicago. Her brother, Bryan Lathrop, left $700,000 for the same purpose seven years ago, but that sum will not be available until Mrs. Lath- rop's death. Mrs. Page gave the or- chestra $50,000 20 years ago. She left $1,500,000."

Tilly Kolnen, the Dutch singer, re- visited London last month after a long absence. When she sang here in Bos- ton at a Symphony concert, she dis- appointed expectation.

Blanche Marchesi gave a concert last month in London. She and her pupils sang "as a tribute to her gifted mother, whose methods she follows, and whose centenary she celebrates this year."

Haru Onuki, a Japanese prima donna, has been singing at the Coliseum.

"The chamber of commerce of San Francisco has unanimously endorsed the Symphony Orchestra as a civic ac- tivity of unquestioned standing."

Mischa Elman has sued Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., for breach of contract, asking $100,000 damages. He alleges that Mr. Ziegfeld contracted with him to write the score and orchestration of a "light opera of a popular type" and then "refused and neglected to accept the music and notified Elman that he did not intend to produce the oper- etta." The operetta is "Soldiers of Fortune," with libretto by Augustus Thomas, and lyrics by Gene Buck. Mr. Elman says he was not provided with three lyrics necessary to com- pletion. He was to have three per cent. royalty on the gross receipts, a one-third interest in the motion picture rights and other interests in the foreign produc- tion rights; also a voice in the engage- ment of the principals and the orches- tra. The papers show that he re- ceived a bonus of $10,000 from Mr. Ziegfeld. The latter says that Mr. El- man violated the contract by failing to deliver the score of the operetta as by agreement; that Elman refused to re- turn him the advance of $10,000 and this is the reason for starting the suit; that Elman is in China and all he did after he got the advance money was to take a trip to Europe.

John Alden Carpenter will write the music for a pantomime-ballet version of Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones." Adolph Bolm will take the part made famous by Charles Gilpin, the negro actor.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 5—Yester- day Harold Bauer, a pianist, while play- ing at a concert here became angered at a noisy audience and quit playing at the close of the first number. It seems that the children would not keep quiet, and becoming enraged at their continual an- noyance, Mr. Bauer ceased playing, thereby suffering a loss of $1800, pre- ferring to make the sacrifice rather than continue.

We quote from the Billboard. $1800. Mr. Bauer is then more fortunate in Pittsburgh than in Boston; but how does he like being characterized as "a" pianist?

Tino Tattiera, a tenor of Dalmatia, when the justly celebrated flea powder comes, has been engaged for the Chicago Opera. He made his debut at Berlin in 1915 and has been singing at Dresden.

Arthur Nikisch will conduct a series of symphony concerts at Buenos Ayres.

Wilhelm Mengelberg has been con- ducting concerts in Italy and Spain.

Georges Durand, organist, a pupil of Henri Dallier in Paris, will bring "The solid traditions of the French school" to this country.

Richard Strauss has completed an operetta for the Metropolitan Theatre in Berlin.

Mme. Ratan Devi, known in Boston, has been giving Hindu recitals in Lon- don.

Georges Feydeau, author of many amusing comedies, is dead.

Messrs. Cortot and Thibaud have been playing together and separately in Paris.

Edmond Clement, the admirable tenor, will tour next season the United States and Canada.

Notes Abouts Operas, Concerts and Music in General

Joseph Bonnet played the organ in Westminster Abbey on June 21. "To all seeming the dean and chapter of West- minster entirely failed to gauge the in- terest of the public in the appearance of the eminent French organist. Had they realized that the floor space of the building would prove entirely inade- quate to accommodate all the would-be listeners, one imagines they would eith- er have thrown open the triforium or restricted admission to ticket-holders, instead of making it free without re- serve. At a quarter to 6 there was no visible vacant seat in the nave; 10 min- utes later the problem of finding stand- ing room was becoming acute; and when the hour struck and the recital began with admirable punctuality there were scores of listeners by the western door vainly trying to distinguish be- tween the sound of the organ inside and the noises of the traffic without. The result was a triumph for Mr. Bonnet, but a source of discomfort to very many of those who wanted to hear him. * * * For reasons already indicated, it was hard to assess all his merits adequately (surely, when the Abbey authorities in- vite the press, they should provide them with reasonably decent accommodation!). But still it was clear that he is a really great organist, who, being equipped with monumental technical skill, dis- dains all meretricious effects and pre- fers dignity and solidity to prettiness and puerility in each and every interpre- tation. Notable features of his playing were the crispness of his phrasing and the clarity of his execution."

It is a curious thing that when four singers of high aims band themselves together, with a view of singing those fine vocal quartets of which we hear all too little there seems always to be cer- tain points which they fail to take into consideration. They regard it rightly as of high importance that they should be well suited temperamentally to one an- other, but they generally seem to forget that their voices should blend perfectly, too. And when a balance of tone is not ideal it naturally follows that a perfect ensemble is unattainable, even if they paid such strict attention to it as do the quartets who cultivate the lighter side of their art rather more assiduously than the serious.—London Daily Tele- graph.

Charles Dillingham purposes to turn "The Marriage of Kitty" ("La Passer- ella" into a musical comedy with music by Victor Herbert. Marie Tempest shone in this comedy, which was written by Mme. Fred de Gresac (the wife of Victor Maurel) and Francois de Croisset.

The great thing about Mr. John Coates's singing is that he makes every song popular. He is not afraid of using an occasional gloss on the text to do it, but he generally avoids vulgarizing the melody in the process. He leaves you feeling that he song you knew be- fore is better than you thought it, and thinking what a lot of splendid things there are in English song which you do not know. He is not at all as apt in speech as he is in song, and the little verbal explanations which he gave by the way were partly inaudible, partly incorrect and wholly unnecessary. His singing did all the explanation neces- sary.—London Times.

The Times said of an otherwise agreeable soprano: "No one has the right to sing in a foreign language at all unless they speak it perfectly; and French and Italian especially sound wretched when we get the suggestion from the performance that they were learned up for the occasion. But the English was much better; and as there are some thousands of good English songs waiting to be sung, why not specialize in these pending the opportunity of studying French on the spot?"

"Mr. Harry Field can move his fingers rapidly and accurately; we did not happen to hear from him any music of moment, but that was our misfortune."

It is in the little dance movements and finely balanced picture-pieces, where a mezzoforte suffices for a climax if there must be one, and more often there is none at all, that Miss Davies excels and makes us feel that when Schumann is the subject she is qualified to speak. It is music written for a circle of friends, not for occupants of plush-covered seats in rows. Miss Davies easily draws us into the circle in which she has always lived, and as she plays "the poet speaks."—London Times.

Of Reinald Werrenrath singing in London last month the Times said: "One very pronounced feature of his excellent style is the unusual clearness of his diction, but his method generally is very well controlled. On the interpretative side Mr. Werrenrath is apt to disappoint. He seems to allow technique to get the upper hand, making one feel that his effects are almost too carefully studied; they certainly are full of intelligence, but one would like to hear a warmer vocal tone, to feel more the atmosphere of a song, and to be stirred by the note of personal enthusiasm which can alone give life and character."

Beethoven's ballet, "The Creatures of Prometheus," will be produced by the Chicago opera company; also "La Fete a Robinson," with music by Grovlez, and Liszt's "Preludes" costumed in the style of Bottlcelll.

Shakespeare in Paris

The Theatre Francais has been playing, or playing at, Shakespeare again. The French are indefatigable in their determination to make of Stratford's son a Latin at last. They produce a succession of dauntless poets who attack him with valor. They adapt, they change, they shorten, they lengthen, they write quite good verse—and whenever they come to a purple patch they fall back on sheer translation. This time it is M. Ferdinand Herold who has been trying with much spirit to make of Cleopatra a drama "after Plutarch and Shakespeare." With much less trouble he could have made a much more interesting play about somebody else, or about Cleopatra with a different name. The piece is well mounted, but badly cast. Albert Lambert, fils, who last year made Romeo into a stalwart personage in the prime of life, the last to scramble over walls, now makes of Antony a warrior indeed, but not much of a lover. And Mme. Weber is not Cleopatra, does not look like her not sound like her, because obviously she does not feel her.

Far more interesting was the Shakespeare given at the Odeon by James Hackett, with an Anglo-American company. He did "Macbeth" and "Othello" and also gave a gala performance at which single acts from these plays formed the bread of a sandwich in which Gemier's Shylock was the ham. Not that the bread was less interesting. The contrast was amazing; it made clear once again the truth that the French will not recognize—that they do not like Shakespeare until he has been changed into somebody else. Gemier's Antony a couple of years ago was naturally a good deal more Latin than any Anglo-Saxon actor can give us; but he was about as unlike as it could be to the Anglo-Saxon, and consequently the Shakespearian, notion of an ancient Roman. His Shylock also is distinctly Latin. Hackett's "Macbeth" is not so restrained as those of us brought up in the Irving and Forbes-Robertson tradition would like; at moments it is noisy, to an extent which startled even French critics; but on the whole it is a far more solid and sombre conception than the French have seen, and the audiences were extremely enthusiastic. Miss Thorndike's Lady Macbeth impressed them very much. On the whole they were puzzled but admiring. But they could not disguise that this was not "le grand Will" whom they labor so persistently to like.—London Times.

British Music Society

Two hours and a half of unknown music (almost all of it unknown to the audience and some of it unknown to the performers) is something of an ordeal. The first program of the British Music Society suffered, as such things almost invariably do, from an attempt at wide representation.

An all-British program cannot include all the British composers, but it must include large works by several of them. Holst's suite, "The Planets," which Mr. Adrian Bould conducted last night, takes an hour, and is of such a solid kind that it should be given with only the lightest trimings. But this progarm began with Holbrooke's overture to "The Children of Don" and included a new work by Vaughan Williams, a romance for violin and orchestra, in which Miss Marie Hall played the solo part; a syrophonic poem, "The Eternal Rhythm," by Eugene Goossens, and Cyril Scott's Piano Concerto, in which the solo was played by the composer, and none of these things could be described as trimmings.

Vaughan Williams's romance, called "The Lark Ascending," because of its reference to Meredith's poem, stood apart from the rest as the only work in the program which showed serene disregard of the fashions of today or of yesterday. It dreams its way along in "many links without a break," and, though it never rises to the energy of the lines—

"He is the dance of children, thanks
Of sowers, shout for primrose banks,"

the music is that of the clean countryside, not of the sophisticated concert room. "The Eternal Rhythm" aims at big things, and achieves some of them. The long, slow movement with which it opens impresses us most by its continuity, and the climax of the energetic middle section, long deferred as it is, is compellingly forcible when it arrives. The peroration returning to the opening seemed a mistake.

Mr. Goossens conducted his own work and also those of Holbrooke and Scott. The last, which created a striking impression when we first heard it a year or two before the war, was certainly worth reviving, although its decorative passages sounded a little thin, and the sentiment of the slow movement, suggesting an improvization on "Drink to me only," is certainly of the cloying kind. After all this we were given an hour of "The Planets." We still think it a pity that Holst ever chose the planets as subject-matter for his symphonic suite, and so bound together seven large movements with musical stuff in them enough for three symphonies. But it was a fine tribute to his wide powers of expression that he was able to hold the audience in concentrated attention through the whole, and he leaves one feeling that the best has come last in the mystic "Neptune."—London Times, June 15.

Mr. Moiseiwitsch

Mr. Moiseiwitsch belongs to that very useful class of people who bring out popular editions of the classics, with notes full of neat translations that save us the trouble of looking up words in the dictionary, full explanations of cruces that clear up our muddled ideas, and an orderly arrangement that enables us to get our bearings at a glance. Not much is left to our intelligence, such as that may be, for fear we should go wrong, and we come away satisfied with a progress that may not be so great as it seems. Sir Robert Ball had that delightful way of lecturing on astronomy. When he told us about the cock greeting the dawn at the north pole, and incidentally wringing his own neck in the process, we felt we knew all about the rotation of the earth. And when Mr. Moiseiwitsch, with his crisp staccatos and well-behaved inner parts and finely tapered phrases, lays the B-flat minor Sonata before us we feel that what we do not know of Chopin would not be worth knowing.

He lays it all before us—yes, all except the greatness of the man, the wonder of him. And music cannot get on for a moment without wonder. It swoons under an analysis. We do not like it until we understand it, and directly we do that we cease to care for it. To enjoy it we must always be undergoing some agony of suspense—recollecting or anticipating—and, as Jessica said, she was never merry when she heard sweet music. Just as there floats beyond the composer's vision some flimy thought that he cannot imprison in notes, so the true executant does not only give us the music as it is, but hints at the much more it might be.—London Times.

De Flers, Academician

M. Robert de Flers, the witty dramatist who once cruelly satirized the Academie Francais in L'Habit Vert, was himself received this afternoon into that august body to take the place left vacant by the death of the Marquis re Segur. The Academician's sword which M. de Flers wore with his habit vert bore on the hilt a nude figure of Truth smiling behind a mask. The sword was presented to him by the Society of Authors and Dramatists, of which he is the president. The speeches which marked the reception of a writer of the lighter order, and one, moreover, of wit and charm, the smiling and very Parisian M. de Flers, were naturally graced with certain touches of lightness not usually to be found in the orations of the Academie.

Before he entered upon the traditional eulogy of his predecessor M. de Flers paid a touching tribute to his dead friend and collaborator Gaton de Caillavet, with whom he wrote most of his plays, and then described with sly boyish humor the last occasion on which he had penetrated into the hal of the Academie. It was before the production of "L'Habit Vert," when he went with the manager of the theatre and the scene designer in order that they might be able to reproduce the scene accurately for the stage. They welt, so nervous in the secret knowledge of their impoins plan to satirize "The Forty" that they "even thought for a moment, in their shame, of disguising themselves as Englishmen." M. de Flers amusingly described how they spoke in nervous whispers, with a half-delightful, half-fearful shudder of sacrilege and cut their inspection as short as possible.

In the same light way M. Rene Doumic began the welcome of the newcomer which it fell to his lot to make by saying: "You bear a fine name, Monsieur—Marie Joseph Louis Camille Robert Pelleve de la Motte Ango, Marquis de Flers. It is a trifle long, but it sounds well."

The Academicians seemed to hear no malice for his ridicule of other days and gave the newcomer, who was between his "parrains" M. Poincare and M. Marcel Prevost, a very warm welcome.—London Times. June 16.

Aug 19 1921

We have read the Rev. John Roach Straton's description of the Dempsey-Carpentier mill. He evidently had an advantageous seat by the ring. We suspect him of a horrid joy mingled with professional disgust at the world-shaking sight. Perhaps the reporters of the New York journals did him an injustice. Reading his account we find it inferior as regards vivacity and picturesqueness to descriptions of mills by Hazlitt, De Quincy, Bulwer, Borrow, Conan Doyle, Meredith, Victor Hugo, Bernard Shaw, not to mention others.

When we read a censor's diatribe against pugilists, lookers-on at the ring, film plays, musical comedies, revues and problem plays, we are reminded of an epigram by our old friend Martial of Bilbilis, Spain, and Rome, Italy. The epigram has thus been translated:

"Since you knew the lascivious nature
of the rites of sportive Flora, as well
as the dissolutness of the games and
the license of the populace, why, stern
Cato, did you enter the theatre? Did
you come in only that you might go out
again?"

Versifiers have rhymed this epigram. We quote from the Spectator of Addison, Steele and others.

"Why dost thou come, great censor of
the age,
To see the loose diversions of the stage?
With awful countenance and brow severe,
What in the name of goodness dost thou
here?
See the mix'd crowd! how giddy, lewd
and vain!
Didst thou come in but to go out again?"

By the way, when did the first prize-fight, in a ring and with rules, take place in the United States? Miss Hester Longward of Manchester puts the question to us. She should have addressed our friend and co-mate, the sporting editor. The rules concerning rounds and intervals between each were framed by John Broughton, who kept a boxing booth in the Tottenham Court Road, London: they are dated August 10th, 1743. So the story goes, but according to a London journalist boxing was brought into prominence in England by Mr. James Figg in 1719. This journalist names the "boom" periods of pugilism: 1734-1750; during the Regency till about 1824, when Thomas Spring retired; the third was in 1851, short-lived, as was the fourth about 1890. The fifth began not long before the world war.

FARNBOROUGH, OR ALDERSHOT?

As the Werld Wags:

On June 29 you spoke of the prize fight fought between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers on April 17, 1860, as having been fought at Aldershot.' I have always understood that that prize fight was fought at Farnborough. Am I in error in so thinking? The title of Ed. James's biography of Heenan is "The Life and Battles of John C. Heenan, the Hero of Farnborough," and the account which, in that biography of Heenan, is given of that prize fight ot April 17, 1860 (which begins on page 5 of the biography) is headed:

International Championship Contest
Between
John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers
At Farnborough, Eng., April 17, 1860.

It would seem that James understood that the fight was fought at Farnborough. OBSERVER.

Brookline.

We had thought that the fight was at Farnborough, hut Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine in his life of Thomas Nast, who was sent by the N. Y. Illustrated News to picture the training camps and the fight itself, says: "The battle finally came off at Aldershot." Perhaps he is mistaken: perhaps the English pronounce Farnborough, Aldershot or Aldershot, Farnborough; they take strange liberties with the pronounciation of proper names and names of places. —Ed.

COMMENCEMENT AND "CIVILATION"

As the World Wags:

I see by the papers that President Hopkins, in a commencement address, finds the world wagging fast and viciously. Is man the master or victim of civilization? he asks. Mastery lies in setting aside our selfishness and becoming leaders of men, says the President. The cheerful reader hopes that the two things are consistent, though, as the President elsewhere indicates, altruism is fatal to propaganda.

The question of the doubtful benefits of civilization was entertainingly discussed by Rousseau in a "discourse," in which the author with disarming breeziness asked his readers to begin without consideration of facts. ("Commencons per ecarter tous les faits.") This is really the only way in which to argue, but few are so frank.

Dr. Crothers somewhere observes that he went to a commencement. "I gathered from the speeches," he said, "that the world had been in great danger, but that all would now be well." Commencement addresses give us our great chance to reform our helpless fellow beings, forced for reasons of state to listen to us. The first duty of a commencement speech is to arouse a kindly and perspiring audience to unsuspected dangers. The dangers heing as old as the nature of man are much alike, but the remedies vary. Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa address outraged Harvard and hence the country a century ago, but the Oversoul is now out of date, and humanitarianism has come in again, following its temporary eclipse under the wit of the Jacobite poets. I myself was last month guilty of a Commencement address, in which I ventured to suggest that what we need above all is more art. This seems to me a really original idea. ROBERT W. MORSE.

York Harbor, Me.

EARLY "MOVING PICTURES"

As the World Wags:

Mr. Wadlin's recent letter with its paragraph regarding the motion picture, gives me an opportunity to recommend a favorite book of mine, a book that will carry you farther into the spirit of the eighteenth century than any other I know; it is "Wine and Walnuts" by "Ephraim Hardcastle," a pen-name for William Henry Pyne. Several pages in the first volume are devoted to a description of the Eidophysikon, a most interesting sort of moving picture devised by Garrick's state-manager de Loutherbourg. Since the book is rather hard to come at, those of your readers who are interested only in this chapter may find a tolerable substitute in Austin Dobson's essay on de Loutherbourg in the collection "At Prior Park."

Hardcastle was also the author of "The Twenty-ninth of May," a very entertaining picture of London life in the middle of the seventeenth century, though I do not think he was so successful in this as in the other book. I mention it, however, by way of recommending it to Mr. O. Pip and as the only means now at my command for thanking him for his appreciative note on Bartalozzi. Such a lapsus calami was worth making when it called forth such a letter. ACADEME.

Cambridge.

FORTITER IN RE

(The Billboard)

Russ Brown and Connie O'Donnell appeared next. They term themselves "Profiteers in Fun." They are. It mus ake a lot of nerve to do the things they lo. They deserve special mention fo heir courage. This is a good act t **leep through on a hot day.**

Aug 19 1921

'SUNKIST' GIRLS ON KEITH'S BILL

Fanchon and Marco's musical pro duction, "Sunkist," adapted to vaude villian requirements from the musica comedy of the same name, heads th bill at Keith's this week. The nam "Sunkist" has been attached for som time to the excellent fruit which come from California; Fanchon and Marc appropriately have given it to th "peaches" in their company. The gir are unusually pretty and graceful. F the charm of their good looks and you they more than make up for what th lack, perhaps, in real ability. Fanch and Marco are excellent dancers; Fa chon wears costumes that are at on striking and artistic. Marco also pla the violin creditably.

The comedy, however, is the best p of the piece. Don Barclay is onc the most amusing comedians we ha he and Dell Chain are very funny.

Stanley and Birnes, in "After Club," were received with warm plause. Perhaps they will prove un pectedly popular. They are an ent taining pair; even the heat seems p erless to quench their high spirits.

Frank Gaby, an unusually clever v triloquist, is also a comedian of abil Dorothea Sadleir is the principal

William C. de Mille's amusing satire on what married life will be in 1999. Others on the bill are Edwards-Ormsby and company in a song act, and Miller and Mack, comedians. The Pathe Weekly and Topics of the Day complete the bill.

Let us listen this morning to "literary fellers" discussing the poetry of one Thomas Moore. At school, studying "A Manual of English Literature" by the ingenious Dr. George L. Craik of Queen's College, Belfast, we learned that Moore's works were "more, probably, than those of any of his contemporaries in the hands of all readers of poetry." The excellent professor went on to say: "Rarely has there been seen so gay, nimble, airy a wonder-worker in verse as Moore; rarely such a conjuror with words," and there is a glowing eulogy of his "tenderer strains the very soul of sweetness and pathos." Yes, his songs are sung today; but does any one read "Lalla Rookh" besides our correspondent who recently quoted from it? Who said: "Tommy dearly loves a lord"? What if Tommy did? Thackeray confessed he should like to be seen walking with a duke on each arm. We are all snobs, at heart, however bravely we struggle to conceal the fact. Tact aids some in the concealment; a sense of humor, others.

MESSRS. MOORE AND McNARY

As the World Wags:

I once knew a man who held that Tom Moore was a greater poet than William Shakespeare. I am wondering what would be his state of mind if he should read what your interesting correspondent, L. X. Catalonia, has been saying about Byron's being a greater poet than Moore.

Moore's popularity has waned somewhat, even among Irishmen. Nor is this recent. In my youth I have often heard the question debated: "Is Tom Moore or Thomas Davis Ireland's National Poet?"

Outside of Ireland Thomas Davis is not known very much, but Moore is known everywhere. His melodies were translated into many languages. His "Lalla Rookh" was translated into Persian. He had a wonderful vogue, but today he is a bit old-fashioned. In fact we are now in danger of depreciating him too much. William Butler Yeats for instance says that "all of Moore's melodies are artificial and mechanical when separated from the music that gives them wings." Stopford A. Brooke's criticism of Moore's work is not quite so severe, but it falls far short of Mr. McNary's admiration as expressed in a recent communication to your column.

The quotaion that Mr. McNary gives as a proof of Moore's poetic power would not be accepted by some modern critics as poetry at all. The tendency rhetoric or oratory but not poetry. We are awfully afraid nowadays of letting ourselves go in that way. We deprecate violence of speech. We are afraid of being bombastic. We are too sophisticated to allow ourselves to be moved by such verse.

Fashions in poetry change. Moore for the time being is out of fashion. So is Byron, whose influence on Moore is plain to the student of literature. Byron used four lines from one of Robert Burns's love songs as a motto to "The Bride of Abydos." Matthew Arnold declared that there was more real poetry in those four lines than in the whole of Byron's long poem. Yet who more famous than Byron in his day?

Moore may come back into fashion again. Certainly many of his Irish melodies will never go out of fashion, although Yeats gives but two as being really poetic.

By the way, L. X. Catalonia may be interested in a book called "Tom Moore in Bermuda, a Bit of Literary Gossip," written by J. C. L. Clark of Lancaster, Mass., and published by Smith and McCance, Boston, in 1909.

DENIS A. McCARTHY.
Arlington Heights.

THE POETS

As the World Wags:

'Tis hard to say whether greater want of skill
Appears in writing or in judging ill.

Mea culpa. If you please, sir, I am sure I was not yet 12 years old when I was solemnly required to correct if not necessarily to improve, I leave the opinion of that to others, certain selected passages from the works of William Shakespeare. And now we must not approach Thomas Moore or Whittier except in awe!

The following story has nothing to do with my improvement of Shakespeare, but there are times when analogy is more convincing than a punch in the gob, as the rapparee said to the squire when he led him into the moss (Ireland is the only place where a moss is not called a bog) and asked him how much it was worth to be led out again.

Ned was our Tommy Traddles. He had Tommy's genius for getting himself into the moss and the devil's own ingenuity for getting out. It was in Ulster in June when—ah, me—the potatoes and the buttermilk are at their best; and Ned was reading in class, reading from a book and not from memory. Fr. McKay was dozing. Ned was droning.

Fr. McKay—Stop mumbling.

Ned (distinct and dramatic)—

Severe the doom that length of days impose
To stand sad witness of unnumbered woes.

Father—Is that grammar?

Ned (thinking hard)—No, father.

Father—Correct it.

Ned (correcting)—

Severe the doom that length of days imposes
To stand sad witness of unnumbered woeses.

Giggles from everybody but Fr. McKay and Ned.

Father—How old are you now, Ned?

Ned—Going on 15, father.

Father—I think you are going on more than 15, Ned.

Ned—No father. Going on 15, father. You christened me, father.

Father—You are going on more than 15. If you don't mend your ways, Ned, you are going on the gallows.

The Irish schoolbooks, you see, have bad grammar but no patriotic fiddlesticks parading in masquerade. As a child I played beside a church that dates from a thousand years before Columbus. With that heritage and with a fairy in his heart, does the Irish lad need a Barbara Frietchie in his schoolbook to teach him love of country? Och! What nonsense.

Moore lives in Ireland in his imperishable melodies, and even these are not in the Irish schoolbook, for that is not their place. If Moore's first fame is not in the melodies he is inept in self-appraisement, or why was his great heart broken by "The Exile of Erin"? The Exile surpasses Moore in no greater measure in its class than does "The Deserted Village" in its.

The eagle does not look down with envy upon the songbird. No, he contents himself with the paradox that though high winds blow on high hills, only on the heights can the great soul find repose.

L. X. CATALONIA.
Boston.

FOR THE LAST TIME

For information about "Mister Fox" we are indebted to Miss S. Louise Baker of Swansea; Mr. David Cameron of Lawrence, who heard the verses in Scotland some 60 years ago; Mrs. Eliza B. Robbins of New London, N. H., who possesses the picture book, with the poem and story, illustrated in an interesting manner, published by Brown, Taggard & Chase, Boston, 1858, and Mrs. Edith L. Allen of Newtonville.

July 21 1921

Lloyd's List laughs at the stories about an "oil-fired" (not "all-fired") submarine chaser, or long, low, black, rakish craft sinking vessels off the American Atlantic coast; presumably compelling crews and male passengers to walk the plank; reserving the women on board for a more horrid fate. The cablegram from New York gave a list of missing ships. This list included the British tankers Gymeric, the Brazilian steamer Cabadello, and the American steamer William O'Brien, "of which it is recorded that she 'sailed as recently as April 14.'"

"What are the facts about these vessels?" asks Lloyd's List. "The Gymeric left Thames Haven only 17 days ago" (we quote from the London Daily Telegraph of June 27) "for Mexico and was in wireless communication with Valentia on June 10. The Cabedello left Norfolk on Feb. 2, and arrived at Oran on Feb. 22. As to the William O'Brien, she left New York as far back as April 15, 1920, for Rotterdam, and sent out an 'S.O.S.' call three days later, so that she had small chance of coming within the scope of piratical operations in the last few weeks. Of the other vessels in the list, two left the United States Atlantic coast on Feb. 2, and there is unfortunately little reason to suppose they they were not both overwhelmed in the terrible gale which occurred early in that month."

CONGRESS GAITERS AGAIN

As the World Wags:

In an issue of your newspaper of this month you ask; Who first gave to shoes the name of "Congress Gaiters," and where were they made?

About 70 years ago Charles Winslow had a shoe making factory and home on Broad street, Lynn, between the Friends Meeting House and Green street. He was the owner of a patent for making shoes with rubber gores. As they avoided the trouble of lacing they were called by some "shoes for lazy women"; but Mr. Winslow gave to them the trade name of "Congress Shoes." Later Mr. Winslow moved to a larger factory on the upper corner of Broad and Newhall streets, and still later to Exchange street where the Lynn Institution for Savings is now located. He gave licenses under his patent to others to make shoes and to use the trade-name "Congress"; obtaining much money for a shoemaker of those days. Some of these licensees made men's shoes and called them "Congress Gaiters." The writer has worn such gaiters. But thousands of dozens of women's congress shoes were made and sold, mostly into the southern states, long before men's gaiters were made; except possibly some retail shoe maker made single pairs of "Men's Congress Gaiters" for some members of Congress and others.

Boston. CHAS. ALLEN TABER.

Mr. W. H. Gleason sends us a letter from a correspondent in Easthampton, in answer to his question: "Who was the first manufacturer of the Congress Gaiter?" After stating that he could give little information, the correspondent added: "The Goodyear Elastic Webbing Company ran for a short time in Easthampton about 1862, and manufactured a piece of webbing for Congress shoes from wide strips of rubber, having the cloth pasted on each side of the rubber sheet. That was before rubber thread was manufactured in this country. The Congress Gaiter was manufactured in England before it was made here."

A HOME SCENE IN THE SIXTIES

We spoke of the leg boots in which the boys of our little village found delight in the sixties: leather, copper-toed, and with a red trade-mark stamped high up on the leg. Mr. Lansing R. Robinson of Boston writes:

"And did you play all day in the snow and at night place the top-boots behind the kitchen stove to dry? In the morning you found the boots like rawhide, as stiff and unyielding as sheet iron. You poked one of mother's clothespins through each lifting loop for better purchase, and you tugged and jerked; you stamped and raged; you kicked the baseboard of the room, partly in anger and partly in the hope of assisting your heel downward to its proper socket. You even soaped your heel, but you couldn't conquer those boots. There was compensation: mother made you stay away from school that day and grease them."

"Kicked the bass-board of the room." We know a boy in the sixties who gave way to violent fits of temper. His parents then ordered him to go up into the garret and there kick a book provided for the purpose, until he cooled into a reasonable state of mind. This book was a thick volume of Agricultural Reports issued by the government at Washington, or a volume of patent office reports. There are many books today that cause grown men to lose their temper; books worthy of being kicked till the covers fly into the air. And among these books are some known as "best sellers," puffed hysterically by publishers and even by New York newspapers that boast of a "literary department."

"FAVORITE" AUTHORS

A writer in Book Post (London) answers the question: "What do policewomen read when they are off duty?" This shows that the silly season has opened in that great city. Favorite authors with the policewomen are Mrs. Barclay, Ethel M. Dell, and Gertrude Page. The biographies are only those of Queen Victoria and Josephine Butler. Why lug in Queen Victoria, if a life of Josephine Butler is within reach?

The English questioner should not stop with the policewomen. Already a writer in the London Times has acquainted us with the list of Mr. Lloyd George's favorite authors, from Thucydides to Mr. Bernard Shaw. The inquiry should be extended and pursued in Boston and other American cities. Who are the authors read eagerly by janitors, Mr. Dempsey, retired barkeepers, "Babe" Ruth, the ice-man, Mr. Tufts, add to the list as your curiosity prompts. Although famous cooks have written cook-books, the ordinary cook, the one that rules the roast and terrorizes the New England household despises them. We doubt if the ice-man is interested in accounts of Arctic and Antarctic explorations, but we should like to hear Mr. Dempsey's comments on the prize-fights described by Homer. Let no one think that Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the eminent sociologist, gives his nights and days to Herbert Spencer, Buckle and Lecky; the last time we saw him he was in a bookshop inquiring for a second-hand copy of Mayne Reid's "Rifle Rangers."

1300 TAKE PART IN BIG PAGEANT ON PILGRIM SOIL

PLYMOUTH, July 20—On the very soil where the Pilgrim Fathers laid the cornerstone of the nation 300 years ago, 1300 men, women and children of Plymouth and surrounding towns, including among their number direct descendants of the first settlers, reproduced in pageant form tonight the stirring story of the conquest of the new world.

Beginning with the early exploitation period, the scenes led with meticulous accuracy and elaborate detail through a vivid portrayal of the principal events connected with the historic pilgrimage to a grand finale depicting the great America of today that has grown from the ideals planted here by the Plymouth colonists in 1620.

Enacted Beside Plymouth Rock

Appropriately entitled "The Pilgrim Spirit," the production, probably the largest and most comprehensive of the kind ever staged in this country, was enacted on the new three and a half-acre state reservation on the waterfront beside the most famous of all Pilgrim shrines, Plymouth Rock. The spectacle was the Massachusetts tercentenary commission's contribution to the exercises in commemoration of the 300th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, and it will be repeated each night during the rest of the week as well as on July 30, Aug. 1, 2 and 3, and Aug. 10, 11, 12 and 13.

With the possible exception of President Harding's coming Aug. 1, the pageant ranks as the event of supreme importance in connection with the tercentenary observance. Consequently, its first performance attracted a throng of spectators, many of whom were from distant parts of the country and some even from foreign lands. The pageant committee had designated the opening as "Governor's night," and Gov. Channing H. Cox with a large delegation of other officials, representatives of the federal and state tercentenary commission, mayors of the principal Massachusetts cities, and musical and dramatic critics, witnessed the first public presentation of the production. A larger or more distinguished gathering will be assembled here only when the President arrives.

Rain Falls in Torrents

A heavy downfall of rain, which began an hour before the performance was scheduled to start, threatened to cause another postponement of the production, which was originally scheduled to open a week ago. The rain fell in torrents for half an hour, and the storm, which had been preceded by a lighter shower during the afternoon, left the grounds covered in places with water two inches deep.

After making an inspection of the field, Business Manager Knolt finally decided to proceed with the performance rather than disappoint the members of the cast and the visitors by another delay. Steps were taken to drain the field, and, although the ground was somewhat muddy and caused some damage to costumes, it did not interfere serlously with the performance. During the remainder of the evening the weather was ideal.

Seated in the wooden stands erected on the slope of Cole's Hill and on Leyden street, overlooking the pageant grounds and Plymouth harbor, where a replica of the Pilgrim ship Mayflower and a vessel of the Vikings lay at anchor, close to 5000 persons viewed the initial performance with an interest and enthusiasm that began with the prologue and continued in an increasing measure until the conclusion, more than two hours later. Judging from the attitude of the spectators, who were liberal in their applause of the different scen the production was all that had b expected.

If there were any serious flaws, th were unnoticed by the average observer. The pageant master and members of the committee were extremely gratified with the way in which the performance was

given and were satisfied that it had proved worthy of the important story it was designed to tell.

Spectacle Is Impressive

The spectacle was impressive, not merely an account of its rapidly changing scenes, its brilliant costumes, dazzling illumination and historic setting, but because this spectacular kaleidoscope served to illustrate dramatically a theme that was sustained throughout the performance. Unlike most pageants, it did not consist of a series of uncoordinated incidents, but a combination of pantomime processions, prose, verse and music gave it the true transitions required to hold the sequence of the story and produce an understanding of the Pilgrim spirit as typified by John Robinson, William Brewster, William Bradford and other noted characters.

Owing to the large size of the pageant grounds the words sometimes were inaudible at the rear of the stands, a fault that could not be attributed entirely to the members of the cast; but even lacking the spoken word it was possible for any one familiar with history to grasp the meaning of the different scenes without difficulty. An effective part of the pageant was "the voice from the rock," which pronounced the prologue and also came through the darkness at dramatic moments during the play.

The pageant consists of four episodes divided into 20 scenes and a finale, and first shows the coming to America of the Norsemen and the early explorers, Martin Pring, Champlain, Admiral Blok, Capt. John Smith, Thomas Hunt and Capt. Thomas Dermer, before turning to the life of the Pilgrims in England, their persecution, their flight to Holland and their coming to the new world. All the chief events bearing on this story, including their oppression at Scrooby, their life in Holland, the signing of the Mayflower compact, their landing and subsequent life at Plymouth, are faithfully portrayed. The finale emphasizes the contribution that the little band made to present American ideals.

The presentation of the pageant culminated many months of painstaking preparation. Prof. George P. Baker of Harvard, the pageant master, who wrote the text of the production, was assisted in directing the performance by Virginia Tanner and J. W. D. Seymour. The music, a most effective part of the pageant, was furnished by a symphony band of 70 pieces, under the direction of Chalmers Clifton, assisted by Stanislaus Gallo. A chorus of 250 men and women from the towns in this vicinity, under the leadership of George S. Dunham, provided choral accompaniment for several of the scenes. Some of the leading American poets and composers contributed verse and music that proved a material asset to the production, especially in bridging the lapses between scenes.

Foreign-Born Aid Production

While the cast included men and women who can trace their ancestry to the early colonists, the pageant could not have been a success without the whole-hearted co-operation of the newer settlers in Plymouth, Duxbury, Kingston and Marshfield, many of whom were foreign born. They welcomed the opportunity to display their loyalty to the land of their adoption and entered into the spirit of the pageant with the evident desire of doing their share in honoring the memory of the Pilgrims.

The costumes, which proved a striking feature of the pageant, were designed by Rollo Peters and manufactured by the women of Plymouth, Duxbury, Marshfield and Kingston, under the direction of Mrs. Daphne Carr. They made a total of more than 1100 costumes, using 13,000 yards of material. Large quantities of bows and arrows, swords, muskets, helmets, shields, torches, banners and other properties were made especially for the pageant.

Another important factor in the brilliancy of the pageant was the illumination. Three batteries of powerful searchlights mounted in towers in the rear of Cole's Hill stands and turned on the pageant action and on the Mayflower in the harbor, produced a brilliant effect. The total electric energy required for the pageant was more than 300 kilowatts, or enough to operate 13,000 ordinary electric lights. The installation involved more than 15 miles of insulated wire, and distributed from a central control room over 500 separate lines to grandstands, dressing tents and lighting towers.

Several thousand porcelain insulating knobs, 400 fuses and other fixtures were required. The huge switchboards, two of which were devoted entirely to the control of projectors used for stage and water illumination, were equipped with nearly 200 switches. The electrical arrangements were under supervision of Munroe R. Pevear, electrical director of the pageant for the state tercentenary commission.

Plymouth was crowded tonight with visitors who came to see the opening performance. Hotels and boarding houses were filled and many of the late arrivals had to seek accommodations in private houses through the tercentenary housing bureau. The influx began this morning and continued throughout the day. The visitors came by boat, train and automobile, and additional service was provided by the different transportation companies to handle the crowds. It is expected that the town will have an equally large population during the next three nights of the pageant.

Hundreds of automobile parties arrived early in the day and all the available parking space was occupied. A large squad of additional police officers was assigned to direct the traffic. Besides the crowds who came in motor cars and on the railroads and steamboats, the trolley lines from nearby communities carried many passengers. A number of yachts dropped anchor in the harbor, while their passengers came ashore to witness the pageant.

The "Voice of Plymouth Rock" strikes the motif of the pageant. A prelude of music composed for the occasion by Henry F. Gilbert ushers in Episode I., the Pilgrim adventurers and their coming to Plymouth. Eight scenes depict the earlier arrival of the Norsemen, under Thorwald, A. D. 1000; Martin Pring in 1603, Champlain in 1605, Admiral Blok in 1614, Captain John Smith in 1614, and the pestilence of 1618 and landing of Captain Thomas Dermer.

Episode II. opens with the forerunners of the Pilgrims near Sturton-le-Steeple, England, in 1523. Martyrs of the cause follow in Fleet Prison, London, on the night of April 5, 1593. Scene 3 in this episode is the royal progress of King James I., with music for the march by Edward Burlingame Hill and the famous "harrying chorus" by Edgar Stillman-Kelley, a descendant of Governor Bradford, to which chorus Hermann Hagedorn has written words.

Life in the hospitable Dutch cities is shown in Episode III. The march of the Dutch "cities of charity" is set to music of Frederick Converse, and leads up to the decision to set sail for New England and the actual departure at Delftshaven. The music in this last scene is by Leo Sowerby, with the words of the Pilgrims' Chorus by Edwin Arlington Robinson. A musical interlude, "The Voyage to the New World," by Chalmers Clifton, musical director of the pageant, opens the way to the arrival of the Pilgrims off the sandy shores of Cape Cod.

The compact in the cabin of the Mayflower ushers in Episode IV., "The Pilgrims in America." The landing at Provincetown, Nov. 25, 1620, has been elaborated with a song for the Pilgrim women, the words by Josephine Preston Peabody and lyric setting by George W. Chadwick. The arrival and debarkation at Plymouth has for an accompaniment MacDowell's "1620," with the "Hymn of Praise" in words by Mr. Hagedorn. After an anthem by Arthur Foote to ancient words of William Bradford, the finale shows America today.

July 22, 1921

We do not blame our valued contributor, Mr. Halliday Witherspoon, for being vexed by Mr. Waggoner Woodling's characterization of him as a "bounder." It is true that the term was applied by Mr. Ernest Newman to the superb George Borrow, but that was at least a dozen years ago, when Mr. Newman was writing for a French-English magazine published in Paris; no doubt he has repented of his rashness.

A "bounder" has been defined as "a cheerfully or noisily ill-bred person." Neither George Borrow nor Mr. Witherspoon answers the description. It was in The Herald that the latter's remarkable stories of life, manners and adventures in the West Indies, Central America and other tropical countries were published. They deserve to be collected and published in book form. Like Borrow, Mr. Witherspoon should have voyaged with Sir Francis Drake or Sir John Hawkins, or have been with Sir Walter Raleigh when he took "the citie of Saint Josepho, and Don Antonio de Berreo, the captaine thereof"; when Sir Walter failed to see the Ewaipanoma, "reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouthes in the middle of their breasts, and that a long traine of haire groweth backward betweene their shoulders," the most mighty of the land using "bowes, arrowes and clubbes thrice as big as any of Guiana," when Sir Walter found the sea about the Bermudas "a hellish sea for thunder, lightning and stormes." But let Mr. Witherspoon speak for himself.

"PHIAL" PHIL UNMASKED

As the World Wags:

I have just read the letter from old Wag Woodling and take violent exception to it. I have no objection to being called a rounder—but "bounder," no. Perhaps the linotype man made a slip. If so I accept the apology. Wag is indiscreet in dragging out the checkered career of Phial Phil. His adventures were, indeed, varied and stirring, but hardly of the sort for publication in a family journal of the high character of The Herald. I first met Phil at Bixby's along back in 1912. He introduced himself as Philip McCann, one of his many aliases, and cadged a drink on the shallow pretext of wanting to take me out and show me the Old Boston Stone. Incidentally he lugged out his little old inherited empty bottle. Some of the engraved characters on the contained document were quite evidently in Arabic, and one thing leading to another, as things will, we eventually brought up in a Syrian dump on Beach street, where there was an old coffee-colored gentlemen in a skull cap who made an alleged translation of the document. It read, "An empty bottle quenches no thirst. Let no good friend go away dry." After that there was date wine and liquor made of distilled honey, and there was a brown girl named Mary with white teeth and a devilish smile, and the evening ended up in what John Shaghellion would have called a "kind of a fight."

As long as I knew Phil he worked that empty flask for unlimited drinks. He was an individualist and an infernal free versifier and several other obnoxious things, and he's probably gone to some country where there is no Volstead law. He was hardly the sort of person I cared to mingle with; but Wag Woodling was a pal of Phil's off and on for years, and probably is getting ready to spring on your some of Phil's indecent verse.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Boston.

OTHER MELVILLIANS

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the sudden discovery by the English of "Moby Dick," would it be of interest to note that a few years ago, while attending Harvard, I was "compelled" to read "Moby Dick" as part of the required reading in a course of comparative literature given by Mr. Bliss Perry. The class was composed of some 200 students.

More recently, while serving in the French army, I made the acquaintance of a Russian volunteer who ranked "Moby Dick" the equal of any of the works of Fenimore Cooper.

Curiously enough, the above-mentioned Russian, thanks to a few years before the mast of an Irish sailing vessel, spoke English with a brogue that would have delighted the critical soul of Mr. Denis McCarthy.

Medford. FRANCOIS DES CHOUX.

"IMPERDIBLES"

Mr. MacKendrick of Taunton writes: "Several weeks ago when I sent you an amusing 'English' circular from the Balcaric Islands, you asked: 'What are imperdibles?' Your always interesting correspondent, Mr. George P. Bolivar (does he pronounce his surname Boleever, with the accent on the second syllable, or Bol-lvar?) said 'safety-pins.' Strictly speaking, he was right, as he usually is, but in colloquial Spanish 'imperdibles' are what the ladies, God bless 'em, know as lingerie clasps."

CORN CULTIVATORS

As the World Wags:

Yes, there are queer things being done with signs. On the glass door of a "toilet parlor" in the Lawrence building I found this, without any dividing lines or spaces:

Chiropody
Watch it grow
A wonderful hair restorer
Sold here

J. A. Y.

Boston.

Havannes Zarifian, the Armenian actor, who recently arrived from Europe, gave a performance of "Othello" Saturday evening at the Globe Theater. For many years Mr. Zarifian has been a prominent member of the Imperial Theater of Russia, appearing in Shakespearean and classic repertoire.

July 16, 1921

July 23, 1921

It is darkly hinted that Liverpool Jarge is now in command of that pirate ship now off the coast. Yet from time to time The Herald has received letters from presumably veracious persons giving circumstantial accounts of his death. It is true that these accounts are not in agreement. Thus Liverpool Jarge shares the fate of the great Cyrus; for he, according to Etesias, died in his camp of wounds received in a battle with the Derbices; according to another, when the Massagete overthrew Cyrus's army he was slain and Tomyris, the Queen, dipped his head in a skin full of blood; while Xenophon says he died peacefully in his bed. The letter that we now publish only adds to the mystery in which the extraordinary Liverpool Jarge is wrapped.

MR. SHAGHELLION'S STORY

As the World Wags:

The day before the Old State House tried to burn I was prowling in the nautical museum trying to learn something of the history of Massachusetts seamanship. Standing before a glass case containing a model of the clipper ship Flying Cloud, I became aware of a little old man squatting at my knee. He was gazing earnestly into an old sea chest filled with empty rum bottles and was breathing through his nose, snorting at intervals. Abruptly he straightened up, seized my arm in a quivering, bony grip and hissed in my ear:

"That's her! That's the old Flyin' Cloud. See that loose back stay? See that gouge outer the port rail, just aft the mizzen riggin'? That's where my old friend Liverpool Jarge died 'n that's the craft what killed him."

The little old man was not prepossessing. He wore a dirty pea-jacket, buttoned high, and a Scotch cap pulled low. Between the cap and the coat blazed a pair of red rimmed eyes from the depths of a dense mass of whiskerage. He was an ancient mariner right enough. I sensed a story and lifting him by the buttonhole on my forefinger I bore him away to an alcove window seat and commanded him to shoot. Of course, I had my trusty notebok and pencil along and I took the ensuing story down verbatim.

"One time 40 or 50 years ago or maybe 60 or 70, me and Liverpool Jarge comes off a long voyage in London, and we says we'll stop ashore the rest of our lives, the life of a sailorman being a dog's life at the best. So we gets us lodgins up a pair of stairs over a tattooer's shop where Jarge planned to get some real fancy work done onto him and next door to a tidy pub with amazin' good rum and a barmaid named Muriel that Jarge got in love with the first night and begged her to marry him. Muriel was pretty awful with a parrot face and buck teeth and a yeller false front and a voice like the skreek of a rusty capstan. Jarge asks me didn't I think she was a beauty and I says no, and Jarge gets cross and digs out his brass knucks and says think again and I did and says how Muriel is a dream. So Jarge puts his hand over where he thought his heart was and rolls his eyes something frightful, and says, 'Them eyes! Them hair! Them voice! Gawd!' So I says so too, to please Jarge. Well everything goes all right for about a week with me beggin Jarge with tears in my eyes to sheer off Muriel, women meetin' trouble always and special to sailormen, but he says stow my gal and I do. Only one night Muriel i argufyin with a swab at the bar abou payin' his shot, and Jarge thinkin' to b friendly bashes the feller with hi knucks and lays him open amazin' deep he bein' very thefty with the knucks but it turned out that the cove wa Muriel's brother, and after that the was a kind of a fight with Muriel usin a pewter pot and the goobies come an I got one and Jarge two and somebod fired a pistol and we went away. An I took away an ear for a keepsake, b Jarge says it was a she ear and mu of come off Muriel, and was goin' kill me. Anyhow, he takes it and keep it in a little box that he had and cri over it, and we lays pretty low f about two weeks. Then one night sneaked out and asks some questio and finds out the brother died or som thing, and Muriel is disappeared, a the cops is after who done it. So and Jarge slips down to the docks a ships aboard the Flyin' Cloud, she bei bound for Boston.

"The Flyin' Cloud was a good enou ship as ships goes, but the first offi had a mean eye and the second m was uncommon thefty with capstan b and such and the grub was bad and roaches in the focastle big and ma Barrin that she was well enough. O she was slack rigged and short legg We no sooner gets blue water un her the first night out maybe two ho after sun down than Jarge comes to very mysterious and takes me aft says 'John, listen at that voice up t in the mizzen riggin.' I listened couldn't hear nothin only the wind says so, but Jarge gets very cross says 'It's Muriel's voice. She's c me. She says "Come Jarge, come Ja come Jarge. Hear it now?" I liste again and seems to me I did hear it says so. Well Jarge has the w crew aft one to a time and they hears it. And directly there's a lo talk and excitment. Some takes it way and some another. There's a red-whiskered Finn aboard with gift of second sight and he says the Flyin' Cloud is doomed and th a Jonah aboard and he rather th its Jarge. And a little Irisher n Grogan says how he thinks its a going banshee and a black Port called the Buzzard says Jarge has evil eye and how he'll go pokey with a long knife he carried i catches Jarge alone. Well, the se night all hands prowl the decks an ear cocked aloft and it seems everybody hears the voice plain 'Come Jarge.' And everybody gets nervous and men run foul of each in the dark. The third night along six bells there's half a gale blowin the whole entire crew is bunched the rail just forrard of the break poop listenin to the voice hollering strous loud and plain 'Come Jarge all hands shiverin when the Old comes on deck with a gun in each and starts givin us blazes. He hardly begun when Liverpool busts out the crowd and swarms mizzen riggin and goes aloft like outer hell. He's gone meybe a when there comes a most horrib out the sky and my hair stands I swaller my chaw of tobaccer and from aloft comes a body. And the port rail and falls front of t Man and its Jarge and he's dead.

t the voice stopped and we dont hear no more. The officers drove us for-d and the next day we buried Jarge. e Old Man talked to us and said how didn't hear no voice but tho noise s owing to a cracked dead-eye and a ck backstay. But I know better. I ped Chips sew Jarge up in a bit of vas, me being his best friend, his y one you might say, and knowin ere he kept gold pieces sewed in the of his trousies and Jarge had three azin deep fingernail scratches down face and a hank of yellor hair pped in his right paw, that looked e a false front and was."

The old man ended his yarn abruptly, od up and gazed angrily out on ashington street.

"Boston ain't the port it used to be," expioded, "And it never was. I mind time when you could go up that ey yonder to as tidy a pub as you e called the Bellingham Tavern, and ve your mug of ale quiet and nice. d now look at the danged place. rike me pink! Its a burnin shame my name ain't Shaghellion."

He bolted around the corner of the ass case and was gone. I followed on s heels, but there was no one in sight. nly an upcurling thread of blue smoke, ere the old fellow had been and a ght smell of either sulphur or of a k cigarette.

JOSEPH KIDDER KONRAD, Jr.
oston.

e Matin of Paris published an en-aling account of the first concert e Harvard Glee Club in that city. head-lines ran: "Harvard Singers made us forget at last the jazz-."

he atmosphere was that of a classi-concert attended by meiomaniacs and simple as well as that of a d sporting event. The hall was o bursting. New Parisian costumes, dress coats and dinner jackets also he American taste, more correct, tly so, because they were worn by e who otherwise are seen at their in the slightest garb of athletes." was a grand festival of Franco-rican friendship, according to the n. Marshal Foch, as a connoisseur, d without flattery, vaunt "the dis-ne, mother of victory" of these s" of the Glee Club, "these singers ue in their field."

he meiomaniacs half-acquainted h American life were joyously sur-ed at finding in the art so fervently ivated by Harvard no acrobatic ec-ricities of which we are weary; caudacities of the 'bands' that pre-l to represent with a battalion of s American music. On the con-y, one recognized the dramatic dig-of the voices heard in Caivinistic or heran oratorios. These voices of the dy football captains, these heroes arsmanship, proclaimed the loftiness student souls nourished on the ights of Emerson. One was led to m of ancient harmonies, inspired Europe, which the flower of a toil-people recreates in the new world; chosen of a universe bound in spirit the world of traditions; whose 'fu-sme' or extravagances of 'night-s' are only an expression in carica-."

e have translated freely this joyous ew in which there are appreciative sions to Americans at the Bellevu st and at Saint-Mihiel.

Jacques Deval, who made a bril-t debut last year as a dramatic or, has just secured a fine suc-as a poet at the Nouveau Theatre "Le Soleil de Minuit," a delicate act piece, which, for my part, I ld have preferred to have seen writ-in good solid prose rather than in e of a cold classicism which is hard-suitable for modern characters. One the great wounded of the war, hav-become blind, is always hoping to the light again. His mother, who s not dare to reveal the terrible th to him, summons to her aid the mer mistress of Rene. This Simone, heartily detested, will make the ng man understand that his blind-s is incurable, and will surround h with the consolations of love. The leil de minuit" soon shines at the k of the heart of the blind man ose soul is opened to the pure beau-s of an interior life. M. Krimer yed the part of Rene in a superior nner; but it will if necessary for e. Fontanes to condescend to speak d articulate so that one can under-nd her if she desires an equitable gment to be passed on her perform-ce. Mlle. Gounel, as the despairing ther, displayed emotion, a quality ich, unfortunately, is becoming too e.—Martial Teneo in the London nes.

M. Teneo did not enjoy the interpreta-n of Moliere's "L'Amour Medecin" at Vieux Colombier. "This satire ainst the medical quacks of the time, d their false science, was given in its y for what it was, namely, an im-visation, and not a work of reflec-n. It should, therefore, in my opinion, played with a rush, after the manner Italian farce."

Dr. Henri de Rothschild, who signs name of Andre Pascal to his play "Le Caducee," revived at the Gymnase, is a good doctor, we are told. As a dramatist he has definitely taken rank among the best, and as the administrator of a thrashing, he is the fiercest that I know. His painful drama, which I praised sincerely at the time of its first performance at the Renaissance, will undoubtedly have a splendid success among the great public. The play deals with the case of a famous surgeon, who, in order to earn a large fee, does not hesitate to operate on a young woman in flourishing health and to make her the victim of his greed for money. The author would appear to have taken as his model a "prince of science" now dead. "Le Caducee" impresses one by its note of truth, its humanity, and its distracting pathos.

It is one of the finest works of the last 20 years. M. Harry Baur (the guilty surgeon) is certainly one of the most accomplished actors of the present day. His triumph is well deserved.—Martial Teneo.

Surely, certainly, there is but one Anna Pavlova. Alas, one is privileged to see the grace, perennial charm, beauty of her dancing nowadays only at too long intervals, during which much happens, and the ordinary administrator of our joys would probably be forgotten. With Mme. Pavlova it is impossible to forget. When this incomparable dancer reappeared at Queen's Hall—a hall transformed now into a veritable palace of all that is graceful and lovely—on Monday for a season said to be for this week only—a large house cheered and cheered and cheered again, and one felt that it is impossible, even in the new generation, to forget what this glorious artist stands for. Here are no "isms," only fragrant beauty. Be Pavlova classic, romantic, triste, gay—even a swan!—she is Pavlova who, had she lived in Greek times, would have become immortalized by the poets. And how her friends, many old, some of younger growth, welcomed her! The welcome had in it all the warmth and sincerity that is reserved for our real friends, of whom none stands nearer to us than Pavlova. As a breath of purest air she comes into our lives again, in a day when minds are torn this way and that by teachers of the hydra-headed "ism," and she brings us peace and a soothing altogether priceless. For sure she is the Pavlova of old, if not, as it were, more so, indescribably graceful.—London Daily Telegraph, June 29.

"In His Grip" is a British Screencraft production. It is said to be based on a novel by David Christie Murray. The London Times has this to say: "It deals with an annoying gentleman, who, for no apparent reason, has set up an individual and peculiar standard of honor. The greater part of the film is concentrated on the character of this analytical gentleman. The analysis of the character even of a very great man would be dreary in an ordinary film, but the character of this man is dull in the extreme.

Mr. A. A. Milne's "Red Feather," published in the first volume of his plays, was designed, he says, as a libretto for music. Last month with music by Clive Carey, it was performed at the Everyman Theatre at Hampstead. Was this the first performance?

In Michael Faraday's new comedy, "The Wrong Number," the young husband likes country life, the young wife longs for the delights of the city. Servants are not to be lured into the country, so the husband assumes the domestic duties, but quickly tires of them. He engages a cook and a butler, but the telephone operator is careless, and connects him with a detective agency. Hence the succeeding comical situations.

"Who Pays?" by Margaret Pedler was produced at the Comedy Theatre, London on June 26. The friends of a titled young woman, involved in a cause celebre sit at home awaiting the verdict. They gossip. The verdict against the woman is announced, and her entrance brings the curtain down on the first act. The second abounds in complications. The divorced woman becomes engaged to an excellent young man, but a clergyman announces that the evidence against her was all false. "The third act simply played permutations and combinations on the date set forth in the second act, and the interest in the story gradually faded away. There was one good farcical situation, where the original husband is trying to remarry his original wife, while his future wife and her future husband are standing by, but altogether it was a disappointing end to a brilliant beginning."

When "Grumpy" closed at the Criterion Theatre, July 16, London, Cyril Maude had played the leading part 1400 times.

It was stated that when "Chu Chin Chow" ended its run at His Majesty's Theatre, London, on July 23, it had reached its 2240th performance.

Lou Tellegen will play the leading part in the English version of Bataille's "Don Juan," to be produced in New York next September.

"James Thornton, after a lapse of 23 years, has again felt the melodic urge." Was he guilty of "I'm the Man That Wrote Tarara-boom-deaye"? "Wrote it in a garret when he was out with Lawrence Barrett"?

Mr. Walkley of the London Times did not enjoy Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair" when it was revived by the Phoenix in London. He found the comedy "very tiresome, exceeding tiresome, very exceeding tiresome, to read, and only a shade less tiresome to see acted. . . . The fun of the fair is always noisy and sometimes nauseous, and the 'richest humor' of Mr. Roy Byford as the pig-woman is too rich for our stomach. We were very glad, exceeding glad, very exceeding glad, when the play was over."

Why does the tradition persist that Othello must throw Iago down in the third act? Ask most actors who do it, and they will reply: "Salvini and Kean did it." Yet Salvini made Othello a brute, "a veneered savage," to my mind an absolutely false interpretation of his character. Othello is a prince. He draws his blood "from royal selge." He speaks to the senate as to equals, and in thought he is the purest man in the play. It is true that Othello has huge passions, but he restrains them as a great general should, and it is this very restraint that makes him fall into epileptic fits. To interpret Othello as a man who would seize another by the throat and throw him to the floor for a mere suspicion is not only a false interpretation of his character, but it makes melodrama of what Shakespeare intended to be a psychological study. Dramatically, it is wrong, because it turns the end of the act into an anticlimax.—Louis Calvert.

The Stage of July, edited by James McLeod and published in Boston, contains a strong, sensible protest against the censorship law; an entertaining sketch of Charles B. Dillingham by William R. Sill; Eugene Field's review of a concert by Mme. Sembrich, reprinted from the Chicago Daily News of February, 1884; an illustrated account of Mr. George A. Giles's plans for his stock company at the St. James Theatre, and pages of news and gossip about plays and theatre folk.

A Bundle of Letters About Susie Cluer and Adah Menken

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

So Susie Cluer has gone to the land of the hereafter. I remember her first as a child reader and afterwards as an actress at the Boston Theatre as Alida Bloodgood in "The Streets of New York" when Frank Mayo was the hero of that exciting Boucicaultian drama. She was a careful, reliable performer, but she hardly realized the promise of her earlier achievements at the oratorical meetings of her father, John C. Cluer, who had what the Irish call the gift of the gab. He talked well and poetically at times, especially when he preached from the Custom House steps on Sunday mornings. He hailed originally from bonnie Scotland, and he had all the sentimental feeling of his race, with not a little of its practicality. I recall that "Ben" Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) advised him to let his daughter go on the dramatic stage and that he did not adopt the suggestion at first, but followed it finally, as it promised to add materially to the family income, which was not large. When I first knew Cluer he lived in a part of a house on Chapman street, near Washington street. I heard him speak once in a tent on the Public Garden, near the corner of Boylston street and Park square. The tent was pitched, I believe, by some reformers interested in the temperance movement. "Whack row, de Neal Dow, ex-mayor of Portland City," then held the fort of prohibition.

I have been asked by the editor of "As the World Wags" to tell what I know about Adah Isaacs Menken. I saw her when she was here as the first of the female Mazeppas upon the stage, but I was not impressed by her acting, though her form spoke loudly when she said nothing. I was told by a member of her supporting company that she was an almost incessant smoker of cigarettes. This was then regarded as almost a feminine crime; but now other times other manners! Her conception of Byron's hero was a shrewd idea nakedly developed. She had several imitators, Leo Hudson being the best of her successors in the part. Cartlitch, from Astley's Amphitheatre, London, was the first performer of Mazeppa in Boston, I believe. I saw him from the gallery of the old National Theatre, ninepence admission, away back in the frolicsome portion of the last century. His figure was fine, but his voice was soft to mushiness. He really made the "runs" on the bare-backed steed, but I think some of his successors faked them, as the saying goes. I read the Menkens published years ago. In them she posed as an unfortunate victim of a cruel fate. Considering the number of husbands she had, she certainly was greatly afflicted. She was fascinating, no doubt, but, alas, some said she was a plagiarist. She surely stole men's hearts if she did not take away their brains, and she played the dickens with Charles Dickens and Dumas. BAIZE.

Dorchester.

This charge of plagiarism was wholly unfounded, as was the report that Swinburne wrote some of her verses. As The Herald has already stated, some of her poems were as free in form as rhapsodies by William Blake; as free as the freest verses of any modern mistress of vers libre. Ed.

From Mr. Kilby

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

The Herald has told of the death of Susie C. Cluer, but there must have been comparatively few who remembered her as having been a member of the Boston Theatre Company in the late sixties and of the Boston Museum Company in the early seventies. In the later organization she will be best remembered as Rosa Dartle in "Little Emily" with Mary Gary as Emily, William Warren as Micawber, W. J. LeMoyne as Uriah Heep, Charles Barron as Peggotty, Harry Crisp as Ham, Mrs. Vincent as Betsy Trotwood and Charles A. Stevenson as Steerforth.

Miss Cluer's last appearance on the Boston stage was at the Boston Theatre in August, 1887, with Barry and Fay. Before going on the stage she used to appear with her father John C. Cluer, who was a strenuous and sincere temperance orator, often speaking on Boston Common, assisted by Susie the little girl with the big v oice.

Chebeaquo Island, Me.

QUINCY KILBY.

Sympathy and Passion

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

How many times she entered Hymen's Temple, and in what variegated company! She married Menken, a mercantile Jew in Cincinnati; then Robert H. Newell, a wit and a gentleman; then John C. Heenan, a pugilist; then—but whom didn't she marry? It has been said that mankind was divided into two classes: Those who had been and those who had not been the husbands of Adah Isaacs Menken, the latter being in the minority.

Was it because she was an actress that wedlock so disagreed with her? Heaven knows. Poor Adah! She was peculiar, but all her acquaintances said she was a woman with a warm heart and a most generous hand, always willing and anxious to give when she had anything to give. Worse women have had better names and fairer lives.

Made up of fire, passion, and sympathy, as well as recklessness, she wasted her gifts and her life; she was fine and coarse, good and evil, sacrificing and selfish, on the same day. She finally found rest in the Montpernasse burying ground in Paris. Peace to her ashes.

Cambridge. EARLE E. RISER.

We are far from books of reference, therefore we ask: Did not Adah marry Mr. Menken in New Orleans? Was not the "Benicia Boy" her second husband and "Orpheus C. Kerr" her third? Her fourth, if we are not mistaken, was a Mr. Barclay. Ed.

Notes About Music New and Old; Also About Musicians

There are so many pianists who shine and compel admiration on rigidly parallel lines that it is real relief and an undiluted pleasure to come across a player who has the courage to strike out a line of her own."

"Half the coolness, if not prejudice, towards what is vaguely grouped as modern music—'contemporary' is a much better word—arises from the fact that we seldom get it properly, or even adequately performed."

The London Times says of Ravel's "La Valse" for orchestra: "Note that it's not 'Valse' but 'La Valse'—not a dance, but dance generalized. In it are all the airs and graces of our mothers and grandmothers, all the outrageous modifications, each more shocking than the last, to the generation that endured them, the three-step, the two-step, the one-step (under the chandeliers), as extinction in fox-trots and other delights, and behind all these, something between a philosophic joy and an impish glee in its eternal youth."

Toscha Seidel in London (from the London Daily Telegraph): "Mr. Seidel again exhibited most of the traits of the Auer school of violin playing, of which we have heard so much in the last year or two. The silvery tone, the accuracy of intonation, the very restrained emotion—the complete efficiency of the Auer school—are all there. But there seems to us to be still to seek the pupil, past or present, who has the very roots of music in his soul. How gladly one would sacrifice a little of this almost terrible 'efficiency' for a breath of imaginative power! Yet this must not be taken to mean that Mr. Seidel is not an admirable player. Indeed, he is that. It is only that possibly one has been led by injudicious masters of the pseudo-art of reclame to expect too much from all the alumni of the famous school. Perfectly even, level and beautiful in its unemotional way was the playing of Handel's Second Sonata, but Mozart, as represented by his E flat concerto, surely asks for something that counts for more than a genial complacency. We have an idea that in the course of the years not only Mr. Seidel, but several more of his confreres, may show a capacity which just now is more or less only in embryo; and this will come when the leading strings are completely forgotten."

There is a difference of opinion in

London concerning new songs by Arnold Bax. The Times said when Dorothy Moulton sang them, "The central point of these songs is their local color. Mr. Bax is very great upon that. There were three new ones, "The Piper," "The Pigeons" and "Across the Door", and so we had pipes and pigeons and fiddles done to the life. No doubt, when the song is all about a piper, the pipe, from Calabria or Travancore, or wherever it might be, cannot be omitted; yet one would have liked the voice to be the protagonist and to have something more vital to say. The Daily Telegraph said that the songs showed extraordinary gifts for vivid and realistic effects. "At the same time the realism was never of the obvious type. In "The Piper" Mr. Bax has risen to heights which are extraordinary even for a modern British composer; but though this was the best of a new trio of songs, its companions, "The Pigeons" and "Across the Door" were by no means to be despised for originality and intimacy."

Every singer from America comes armed with laudatory opinions, but there seems to be considerably more justification for them in Mme. Namara's case than in many others, and her performance left the impression of a singer whom one would like to hear in more favorable conditions and in a more important program than that of an Albert Hall Sunday concert.—London Times, June 27.

That Mme. Namara, a soprano from California, should have justified the very nice things which her advance agent said about her is greatly to her credit, for it is a feat that only the few succeed in accomplishing. Her voice is a real coloratura soprano, sound, warm, and flexible; she sings easily and naturally, and there were in her performance of "Ah! fors e lui" a decision and a brightness that made one feel that she has the real dramatic instinct, and that the good reports of her that have come from Chicago, where she has been singing at the opera, are not exaggerated.—London Daily Telegraph.

The London Times said of Mr. Samuel, who recently gave a series of six recitals of Bach's piano music: "We do not get tired because he never seems to be tiring himself. The themes are not paraded; everything else just drops into abeyance until they emerge; they have their say without any circumstance, and then go. But when this has gone on for some time a feeling of awe seems to come over the room. Mr. Samuel's playing, beautiful as it is, is only a means to something else which is invisibly there; the spirit of music in all ages, that universal of which all the arts are only emblems, which lives apart from any particular artist or work or action of any kind, which every one feels and to which no one can give a name. And we go out feeling that it was a good thing to have been there. . . . The first and the last thing that happened was rhythm. Rhythm is, of course, doing what 'it puts,' but it is doing that with a child-like faith that what 'it puts' is right. It is the getting rid of fear and desire and simply trusting. But it is not an easy thing to get rid of the fear of being dull or the desire of showing off. Half the world is afraid of doing the obvious and saying the truthful thing, and the other half desires not to have it said or done to them, but to be flattered. 'Keeping time' is a small thing in music, but rhythm is a great thing in a character; and character makes a musician just as much as it does other people."

I would imagine that Arthur P. Schmidt was the ideal music publisher, and now he is dead. For over half a century he had worked with a wonderful singleness of purpose in Boston. He specialized, as it were, in discovering talented musicians with a view to publishing their music. All who know anything of American musicians will realize what it means when it is said that he was the encourager of Arthur Foote, George Chadwick, Amy Beach and especially MacDowell.—London Daily Telegraph, June 25.

"Quite recently, at a concert of S.M.I. in Paris, three songs by M. Kaikhusru-Sorabji, a composer well known here, was sung by a Mme. Martine, accompanied by the composer. The success of these songs were due chiefly to the perfect interpretation of Mme. Martine, who toyed with greatest ease with the terrible difficulties of this music, of which I confess to have no understanding of the complicated details with which the pianoforte part is surcharged. Now who, think you, wrote that? No. Not at all a reactionary. He was none other than Darius Milhaud—one of the most 'advanced' of the famous 'Sixe. Anyhow, he surely should know."

A New Version of Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps"

Last night we were given "Le Sacre du Printemps" at the Princess Theatre. Every one had asked for it, M. Diaghilev had granted the general request to be allowed to see the choreography which M. Massine designed as a means of visualizing Stravinsky's score; naturally, therefore, the theatre was very full. Mme. Sokolova, the "Chosen Virgin," was given a bank of white roses taller than herself, M. Stravinsky got a laurel wreath of equal size, and the whole house roared itself hoarse while the protagonists held their trophies and each other's hands and bowed themselves to the ground. Thus the London public proves its connoisseurship in contemporary art.

In these circumstances it is a temptation to declare that, now the whole design is made transparently clear, the music only required the accompaniment of human action to justify itself, and that when this almost "absolute" music is backed by almost absolute dancing the result is an absolutely absolute expression of something or other. But no, we must be content to remain outside the movement and to confess that a great deal of the ballet was for us merely a tedious posturing in sight and sound. It must suffice to describe it and leave the raptures of enthusiasm to more highly sensitized beings.

After the prelude, which is one of Stravinsky's decisively musical moments, the curtain rises on a scene by Roerich which gives a vague impression of glacier and cloud. In front of it are grouped the dancers of Pagan Russia in their embroidered garments of white and pink and salmon color. Their movements pick out the complex rhythms of Stravinsky's score, and, like Stravinsky's melodies, consistently avoid any suggestion of direct emotion. Some are energetic and forceful, others clumsy and angular; sometimes they hint at simple activities, strife, labor, courtship, but always in the detached manner of what the drill sergeant calls "going through the motions." There is no drama, no story; only a passionless ritual, in which the men lunge and spar at one another and lift the women on their shoulders. In the second scene the "Chosen Virgin" stands in the centre of the stage in a striking pose, the other participants grouped around her. Sometimes they cluster closely and indulge in a curious spasmodic quiver; at others they make patterns of movement. At last the chosen one deigns to move in a high-leaping, ungainly dance which is at least a triumph of calisthenic skill. The others leave her to herself; her dance becomes more extravagant, till at last she falls on the stage exhausted. That is all that happens, and through it all Stravinsky's orchestra tears its way in ever-increasing harshness. M. Ansermet conducted an exceedingly capable performance, though the conditions of the theatre did not allow of the wonderful balance of tone which was secured the other day at Queen's Hall. One could not fail to admire Stravinsky's infinity of resource, even though at the end we left wondering what on earth all the fuss and fury was about.—London Times, June 23.

"A Trip to Niagara Falls"

To the Editor of The Herald:

Some one inquired recently in The Herald regarding an old song, "A Trip to Niagara Falls."

A book entitled "Songs of Henry C. Barnabee," published by Ditson in '84, has many of the songs of that famous singer in which spoken interludes are given, among which are "The Walking Evening Party," "Blue Beard," "Alonzo the Brave," and "A Trip to Niagara Falls," a couple of verses from which may perhaps be of interest to the older readers of this column who can recall the days when that famous singer and comedian delighted the concert audiences in the '60's and '70's.

EDGAR P. HOWARD.

From Buffalo, my labors done, for curiosity and fun,
I took the cars, the morning run, to go to Niagara Falls, mum!
At length we 'rived in time to dine, the Cataract Hotel was fine;

We'd flesh and fish of ev'ry kind, an negro waiters to stand behind;
The landlord he procured a guide wh took us down to the waterside,
Where we rocked and pitched in th foaming tide, as through the wate the boat did glide.

SPOKEN.

Old lady—Oh! don't go so near the sid of that boat! If you do we shall up-tip

Old gent—Billy, my boy, get right u out of the bottom of the boat!

Boy—Oh, no, Pa, I'm afraid we wil upset!

Enthusiastic party—Ah! there's the Eng lish falls! I wonder why they are not a high as the American falls?

Yankee—Well, as near as I can calki late, it's because they hain't go so fa to fall.

Old lady—Oh, dear, why can you jest i the midst of this—

CHORUS.

Rumbling, tumbling, tearing away;
Wallowing, bellowing, wet with spray
Like Aunt Deborah's washing day,
The trip to Niagara Falls, mum!
Midst foaming billows at length we lan
On cakes of rocky ice and sand;
We all got safe upon the strand
While seeing Niagara Falls, mum!
The rival Cataracts in view,
Roaring, rushing, ever new;
The English falls they call Horse-shoe
Goat island stands between the two;
Near Table Rock we all descend
Down winding steps that never end;
The ladies our aid we had to lend,
Each begging the other her pace to mend

SPOKEN.

Old lady—Oh, dear, don't go so nea that rock! Don't it ever fall down an kill nobody or nothing?

Yankee—Well, now, I can guess nobod ever lived to tell much on it.

Guide—Don't be frightened, ladies! Yo are now in sight of the sublimest o spectacles!

Old gent—Pshaw! I left my spectacle tew hum.

Frenchman—Au ha! Vat a grand sight pour ze contenplazione!

Yankee—Pooty grand for washin sheep.

Dutchman—Oh, dese falls, dese fall ish pig!

Old lady—Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I shal go raving distracted, I know I shall i the midst of this—

Rumbling, tumbling, tearing away;
Wallowing, bellowing, wet with spray
Like Aunt Deborah's washing day,
The trip to Niagara Falls, mum!

The name "Winchell" is added to th title. Was he the "poet" or the com poser?—Ed.

July 25 1921

We are indebted to Mr. Wm. E. Skillings of Seattle, Wash., for the following copy of a sign in the central police station in Tokyo:

RULES OF THE ROAD

1—At the rise of the hand, policeman stop rapidly.

2—Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.

3—When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the horn; trumpet at him melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigor and express by work of the mouth the warning "Hi Hi."

4—Beware the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode an exhaust box at him. Go soothingly by.

5—Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway.

6—Avoid entanglement of the dog with your wheel spokes.

7—Go soothingly on the grease mud, as there lurks the skid demon.

8—Press the brake of the foot as you roll round the corner to save collapse and tie-up.

BLOSSOMS AND BERRIES

(From the Bureau County (Ill.) Republican.)

Miss Hetsy Beanblossom, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fehlander Beanblossom, and Mr. Phabeus Thackelberry are to be quietly married at the M. E. Church Thursday, at 2:45 o'clock. The Ladies' Guild of the church are invited to come and bring a friend. Ten cents admission will be charged at the door and an additional charge of five cents to those coming after 2:45. The generous young couple are to donate the offering at the door to the Guild.

SOFT DRINKING TALK

As the World Wags:

One mitigation of those sad resorts, the soft drinkeries, I find in the ministrations at a few such places of the old-time barkeepers. What a joy to find oneself facing not the pale, smart youth to whom one has been accustomed behind the soda water counter, but the shrewd countenance, Irish, Scotch, native American, of the grizzled veterans forced to ply the new and humiliating trade of ministers to those who drink the cold sweet poison legalized by a nation gone mad! The old barkeepers were wise with the wisdom gleaned from daily contact with real human beings, their regular customers. Twice I have met one of those supremely delightful men who need no guarantee except that amply furnished by face, figure, manner and speech, and each time in a barroom of Boston. Him I shall never again see. I shall miss forever also the merry quip, the keen bit of criticism, the clear cut logic, the apt quotation, caught from strange lips that quaffed the cheering cup at my elbow, strange though friendly, in the masculine freemasonry of a common taste. What do I hear in front of the soft drinkery bar! Something like this: "Dotted Swiss with just a love of a pink how at the—"; or this: "Naw; they fired 'im las' keek an' se's lost her job, so they can't be married. Hain't it fierce for Mame, fer y'u know they say—", or this: "He's a chuffer fer one o' the big millionaires, an' he never takes me out 'ceptin' in a Limmyzeen. He sez I look jis' like the boss—".

Boston. DRYASDUST.

Our correspondent should read "The Old Soak," by the ingenious Mr. Don Marquis, if he has not read it already. Fired by Vice-President Coolidge's cry, "Back to the Classics," we opened a translation of Herodotus at random and found this delightful passage about life on islands in the river Araxes: "They have also a tree which bears the strangest produce. When they are met together in companies they throw some of it upon the fire round which they are sitting, and presently by the mere smell of the fumes which it gives out in burning, they grow drunk, as the Greeks do with wine. More of the fruit is then thrown on the fire, and, their drunkenness increasing, they often jump up and begin to dance and sing. Such is the account which I have heard of this people." Some arboriculturist should be induced to plant trees of this joyous nature in our own New England. Mr. Herkimer Johnson would prefer a grove of them to any Italian or Spanish garden laid out by a landscape artist—or "landscape architect." We like to think of the eminent sociologist reclining under this shade.—Ed.

CAPE COD BEER

As the World Wags:

These being the days for home brew (the harmless old sort), it would be in order to learn how the kind that was sold in stone bottles was made; a loud report followed the release of the cork, succeeded by a cascade of creamy foam. Was it "ginger pop"?

Meanwhile, here is the sort of home-made beer that people used to brew in my native Cape Cod village: In our family we children used to gather a large quantity of pitch-pine tips, tender young checkerberry leaves (on the south side of the Cape, known as "drunkards"), wintergreen (pipsissewa, or Prince's Pine), and dig up quantities of sassafras-root, sarsaparilla and dandelion. The flavor popularly known as sarsaparilla is not sarsaparilla at all, but sassafras; sarsaparilla has slender roots that run long distances near the surface—not pungent, but mildly and pleasantly herb-like in flavor. These would be covered with water in a big kettle, or tin vessel, and brought to a boil; let stand for 24 hours, then drained off and again heated up with brown sugar for sweetening. When cool, something called "yeast plants" was added. I think they were obtained, dried, at the village store. They were whitish little pellet-like things, about the size of bird-shot. To my boyhood eyes it was wonderful to see them at work. I remember standing with fascinated gaze watching the process going on in a big glass vessel of some sort; it was like a merry multitude of tiny creatures that seemed to be imbued with animal life, going through a sort of fairy dance, half of them rising to the top, another half sinking to the bottom again, keeping it up incessantly until their task was done. One fancied them greeting each other as they met, like ships that pass and speak. When the beer was sufficiently worked, I believe the "yeast plants" were removed and dried in the sun to be kept for another occasion. The beer had no special kick to it, but was full of sparkle, like fermenting cider or new wine, and was delicious. We never bottled it, but kept it in a jar. It was consumed before it could spoil.

Does anybody know about that "yeast plant" now? And has anybody ever tried a hand at "ambrosial nectar" a la the ancient Romans? We have plenty of ambrosia (our common ragweed) and its aroma suggests that it would make an interesting flavor for a home brew.

Boston. BAXFORD O'LEVER.

In our little village of the sixties the drink that popped and cascaded after the cork was taken from the stone jug was "root beer." It was made and sold by the keeper of the toll-bridge over the Connecticut river. Some preferred it to the "lager beer" sold by the German baker on the sly, for there was a horrid rumor that he put an old boot in the keg to give the beer body and flavor.—Ed.

July 26 1921

Mr. George S. Drew of Lowell writes: "The letter you kindly published on July 8 inquiring for a poem recounting the midnight adventure of a certain fox of questionable ethical standards has resulted in a great deal of entertainment and genuinely interesting correspondence. In addition to the various versions you have discussed in your columns, I have received by mail direct not less than six copies of the rhyme. The first of these came from a dear old lady of 77, who in all the heat and humidity of July 8 took pen in hand to write the verses and an interesting letter besides. One feels as if real friends had been made in swapping about the doggerels of our childhood through your column, and I should enjoy meeting the men and women who have contributed to this discussion.

I am grateful to the World Wags and all those who have assisted in putting together for me the story of Mr. Fox-o."

FARNBOROUGH—ALDERSHOT

Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine in his life of Thomas Nast says that John C. Heenan and Thomas Sayers fought at Aldershot. This statement was questioned by "Ob-

rver" of Brookline, who quoted from d James's life of Heenan.

"J. O. S." of Boston writes: "Alderot is now a large district comprising veral villages and hamlets. There was iginally just the town of Aldershot, t the British government has since ought large tracts of land for military rposes. It now includes Farnborough, sh and several smaller places. The ght took place in a hollow very near what is now Ash range—part of Farnrough. Nearby is a little 'pub,' where e men dressed for the party. There n be seen relics of the occasion, such part of the rope, which, by the way, s not so much a ring to fight in, but erely to keep the spectators back. Mr. mes was right; the fight was at Farnrough."

"E. M. Q." of Boston quotes from Sir D. Astley's "Fifty Years of My Life": Ve ensconced ourselves in a first-class rriage having paid £5 for a ticket th 'the vague inscription 'There and ck'; and we were told not to ask y questions. . . . When our train rived at Redhill Junction we were unted off the main line and found rscives steaming towards Farnborgh, just short of which . . . we bundled out. After clambering over fence or two we took our places at e selected spot . . . a nice level bit turf on the Aldershot side of the e."

"V. F." of Winthrop saw the fight. part of the Aldershot camp is in the rish of Farnborough. The fight took ace in a field about one-third of a le from the Farnborough station on e Guildford branch of the Southstern R. R." The fight took place land belonging to the uncle of . F.'s" chum. "V. F." and his chum, oth aged 15, were on hand at 4 A. M. e fight began soon after sunrise hich leads me to remark that the use of Commons did not adjourn for fight as stated. We were present en the two special trains came from ndon and were happy to find that tip we had was correct as to local. The engineers of the trains ran der sealed orders and did not know they had opened them where they re to stop. Some years later I met hn C. Heenan, which leads me to nark that if any of your readers uld like to see what Adah Isaacs nken looked like, let them go to the ston public library and look at the ndon Graphic of June 18, ult., where y will see A. I. M. (the World's Deht) reclining on the arm of Alexder Dumas the elder. It is said that mas later wanted this picture suppssed. There were a good many livin those days who would have been lighted to hold Adah."

1868—1921

Ve are indebted to a contributor for copy of Frank Leslie's Illustrated wspaper of June 13, 1868, with pics of the arrest of Joe Coburn while was approaching the ring near Cold rings Station, Indiana, and of Mike Cool claiming the stake money in ring when Coburn did not appear. ere was an editorial apology for se pictures:

"Pictures of prize fights rarely find ace on our pages, and if we could ntrol the matter no such theme would er be offered for illustration. But if pular sentiment will, we shall not encourage, but permit such outces, it comes within our duty, once a while, to publish a true representan of some such scene, that the public y understand how brutal and hide is the spectacle still tolerated by mmunities that profess enlightent. In so doing, we pander to no praved tastes or low instincts; but en, as in the McCool-Coburn affair, intense popular excitement has been akened in all parts of the country, d thousands of people travel hunds of miles to view the 'sport,' we me to the conclusion that, while we n do no good by ignoring the disgust subject, we may stimulate a wholeme antagonism against the practice picturing some of its revolting feates. . . . The pictures are enough in emselves to inspire the general public th a salutary disgust for the roped ena, without any written details; and dismiss the subject with the hope t we shall never again have occasion give it a place in our columns."

What would the editor have said of illustrations in newspapers throughrt the country of the Dempsey-Cartier mill, with portraits of the ias of high and low degree close to the ng. The mill of today is a scene With store of ladies, whose bright eyes in influence, and judge the prize."

METAL BACK LOGS IN 1825

the World Wags:

have been reading Hergesheimer's ava Head."

t deals with the old days in Salem fore clipper ships had come in and some of the old Salem houses around 5.

n one of the chapters I found this ragraph.

"At this her mind returned to her ay hair and the fact that the metal ck log of the kitchen fire, which pplied the house with hot water, had en leaking over the hearth."

thought I had seen or heard of ery old-fashioned article in daily use New England homes for the last 200 years, having been born in one of the old houses dating back to 1725, but this metal back log business gets my goat, as the boys say.

I remember flint and tinder box, home made bayberry candles, Yankee bakers, glass cylinders to keep candles from flickering, whale oil pewter lamps, tin lanterns with holes punched through with a sharp iron rod, trundle beds, sanded floors and so on to the end of the chapter, but this iron back log for hot water is a new one. Simply goes to show that at 77 we do not know everything, no matter how well versed we may be in the current topics of tariff, taxes and brain fads of pulpit and college professors.

CYRUS H. BATES.

Osterville, July 18, 1921.

AUTO INTOXICATION

An English built auto Rolls Royceterers home,
Quite full of Champagne and good cheer:
While those who such luxury cannot a Ford
"A-Peer less" set up on plain beer,
But a vigilant cop, "petroling" his beat
They hadn't the good luck to "Dodge,"
And were landed in jail, their well deserved fate,
And there for the night they all lodge!

F. S. S.

TWO DOOLEYS KEEP KEITH'S IN UPROAR

William and Gordon Dooley, of the famous theatrical family of that name, were the headliners of the bill that drew a large audience to B. F. Keith's Theatre last night and sent each and everyone away happy despite the heat. These clever dancers and acrobats have "ways all their own" and the burlesques introduced while somewhat familiar are none the less satisfying. There are only two such performers in the game and although imitated by less prominent members of the profession one has only to see them to be convinced that the claim made for them that they are synonymous with laughter, is true. They have with them two dainty, clever dancers in the Morin Sisters, Bessie and Zena, and the act is a real hit.

Harry Delf sang songs of his own composition and gave his impressions of many things, holding the audience for a period in which he demonstrated his versatility, including the singing of his popular song "Soup." Drew and Wallace presented a skit entitled "At the Drug Store," that was fresh and sparkled with humor. Mary Haynes, in exclusive songs and imitations, was recalled time and again and could have continued endlessly so far as the demand for encores was concerned.

Miss Emma Haig and Richard W. Keene, with Miss Mildred Brown at the piano, were seen in "Playtime," which was brim full of neat dances and songs, including "The Bashful Maid," "A Young Man's Fancy" and "The Hat Shop." Pistel and Johnson, in blackface, were funny in a minstrel-time skit. Tuscane brothers, wielders of the Roman axes, opened the show and furnished many a thrill in the manner they tossed about the heavy sharpedged blades.

Elsie La Bergere and her posing dogs was an attractive number. The Pathe Weekly gave views at Camp Devans, and the Topics of the Day were well chosen.

July 28 1921

Isadora Duncan, dancing, say rather "interpreting," in London not long ago, moved the Evening Standard to this characterization of her: "A living mass of emotional and intellectual parts all contributing to a grand and magnificent cry of anguish, of despair, and hope." The last time we saw Isadora she was, indeed, a "mass," some spelled the word "mess."

The London journalists have arrived at the question stage in the silly season, "Which is the busiest time of the year for dentists?" This will probably be followed by this searching inquiry: "In what month are corn doctors busiest?"

Let us in our turn propound a question. Montaigne, apologizing for Raymond Sebond, says: "Honie is pleasing to the taste, but unpleasing to the sight." Why did honey in the 16th century distress the eyes?

A reporter of the London Daily Chronicle, when 3000 people were witnessing a game on the centre court of Wimbledon, saw only three straw hats. "Men have favored the Trilby or have reverted to the hard felt hat this summer." The silk hat has returned, and of all times, in June and July. It dominates the London parks and Piccadilly. Here is a fashion note for Mr. Percy Beauregard and his sweet mates: "Young men favored the shape that narrows slightly toward the top with a thin, flatish brim. The correct angle for wearing is 20 degrees back and 10 to the right. Older men wore more conventional shapes with less rake. So far as a general rule could apply, it appears that as the hair recedes the hat advances, until at a ripe old age the wearer rests the front of the hat on his eyebrows. Mystery still surrounds the reason why the most ungainly headgear ever invented should give such an air of distinction to the person it covers." Mr. G. K. Chesterton finds it extraordinary that the stovepipe, plug, chimney pot, silker, topper "seems to us like something at once formal and familiar, but it is really something highly fantastic. Considered in the light of eternity, considered under the clear sky of the abstract, it is one of the most amazing erections that ever rose toward the sky." Most of the other fantastic head dresses "point inward like a pyramid, but his actually leans outward like a precipice."

Another Londoner says a tragedy casts a shadow on the glossy silk hat. The vogue died out long enough to throw out the skilled workers and sacrifice apprenticeship time and fees. Many of these workers are now too old or out of practice. "Apart from any question of the preparation of material, it required about six skilled men to make a hat."

THE ADMIRAL'S DIARY

Mr. Eugene Golightly handed us yesterday at the Porphyry Club a large sheet of note paper on which were written the words we now publish. From an addressed envelope which Mr. Golightly picked up on the Common—the envelope and this sheet of paper were held together by a rubber band—he infers that the writer is or was an admiral, but unfortunately the surname is so soiled that it cannot be deciphered. The envelope had evidently been trampled under the hoofs of the proletariat.

"Late up, glad of the fresher air these mornings. Toward dawn troubled by irregular striking of great bells in the fire house, though unable to observe pretext for the disturbance. Followed Tufts case without enthusiasm, such a set of silly ones as rarely grouped under the public gaze, I thought. Memory of Mr. Cooper kept me from the ball park, former to pitch as sweet a ball as any in the pastime. Talked at length with some of the leather barons, they to explain what bad days were on them and how narrow their escape from the hands of the House and utter ruin. Dined with cordial spirit in Brookline, she to rail against New England indifference to the newer art, which she declares substantial soul-fodder. 'A cow doesn't look purple to me,' said she, 'but if one sees it so, let him paint it with courage.' I to agree something should be done about it, whereupon nature of art pursued, conclusion that art if any a great thing."

CATALOGUEARYHTHMS

("The very names read like a poem."—From a report of the Chelsea Flower Show.)

The poet's eye in frenzy rolled,
As, gazing on an orchid blossom,
He cried in ecstasy, "Behold,
Crispum Odontoglossom!"

Rare fragrance floated sweetly by
His Romanesque proboscis,
And under his poetic eye
Appeared a Salpiglossis.

Of clarkias he madly raved,
And patted Peg, his gee-gee, as
Schizanthus blooms Olympus paved,
Bordered with aquileglas.

Yet came a mood of ill-content,
Afflatus falling flatly as
He failed in his experiment
To find a rhyme for cattleyas.

—A. W., In the London Daily Chronicle.

"TROOLY ROORAL"

As the World Wags:

Awe of his fellow-mortals finds, I fancy, but poor lodging in the breast of your correspondent, Mr. Catalonia, nor is that sentiment appropriate in approaching Moore or Whittier. These minor poets seem deserving of respect, but—in spite of Mr. Catalonia's Moore-worshipping friend—it is not a question of Virgil or Goethe or Shakespeare.

Why not regard Whittier frankly as first among our Rustic Bards? Isn't it evidence of his genius that being a rustic bard he still holds a place with our best poets, with poets of culture like Lowell and Longfellow? Nobody of discrimination demands seats for Will Carleton or Whitcomb Riley or Edgar Guest in that galley. To me, a countryman, "brought up" on Whittier, his charm is most potent when he uses the simplest rhetorical devices, or none. He belongs to the rock-ribbed soil of New England as Burns—even though the latter be a world-singer also—to the heathery braes of Scotland. The sophisticated Tom Moore is far less directly a product of the sod. The plutarchian counterparts, in our letters, of Burns and Moore are Whittier and Holmes respectively.

The plain statements, for example, that the farmer's boys did their nightly chores and, incidentally, brought in the wood from out of doors, fall naturally into the texture of that delightful, homely idyl, "Snowbound." Whittier wrote of the tasks of his own hard-working youth. It never, fortunately, occurred to him to half-conceal them with literary garlands as Tennyson embroidered the vocation of Enoch Arden, the fish-peddler, whose white horse conveyed "ocean-spoil in ocean-smelling osier" to

"the lonely Hall
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering."

Not but that the great laureate's circumlocution has a briny picturesqueness of its own. But he is quite aloof. Tennyson never sold fish. Whittier's masterpiece is, warp and woof, of his memory and heart. J. C. L. CLARK.

Lancaster.

TOM REED AUTHOR OF A SIMILAR MOT

As the World Wags:

On May 28 you spoke of a writer in the London Times as quoting this definition of a "highbrow"; "a person educated beyond his intelligence." I have heard that Tom Reed defined a mugwump as "a person educated beyond his intellect." I don't know when, where or what occasion Reed thus defined a mugwump—in fact, I don't know, but that the story that he gave that definition of a mugwump is apocryphal.

Brookline SPECTATOR.

OUR QUESTION BOX

As the World Wags:

What was the name of the blind man who, about 1862, had a stand on Boston Common and with other things sold cinamon cigars?

Boston. COLORADO MADURO.

July 30 1921

Mr. E. V. Lucas, having visited this country, now remarks: "One thing is certain—no American can find time to do justice both to his Sunday paper and to his Maker."

H. S. P. saw this sign in a barber's shop in Portsmouth, N. H.: "Shave while you wait; satisfaction guaranteed or whiskers refunded."

THIS MUST HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY A GRADUATE OF HARVARD

(London Daily Chronicle)

Elihu Yale, the inventor of sales by auction, who died on this date two centuries ago, has no real title to be considered the founder of the great American University which bears his name.

As Governor of Madras, he amassed a huge fortune by dubious devices, and, in answer to an appeal from the struggling "collegiate school" of Connecticut, he sent across a cargo of books, pictures, and other effects from the plethora of goods and chattels that he brought back from India, which realized, when sold in India, upwards of £900. In gratitude for what was a large sum at that time, his name was bestowed first on the college buildings, and finally on the nascent university.

PROF. DEEDLEDUM IS WITH US

Has any calm or rabid collector of first editions found the volume of poems by the late Frothingham Clancy? A few years ago copies of the thin octavo were rare. We were reminded of the bard of South Boston by the following letter:

As the World Wags:

I was watching an airplane high over the brick walls of Cambridge, but Harvard square, whatever one may think of the adjacent yard, is not a place favorable to visions, and my sentimental speculations were abruptly terminated as I bumped into a pedestrian; no other than my old and valued friend, Prof. Thersites K. Deedledum, whom I had not seen for more than two years. With eagerness I grasped his hand and anxiously inquired for his health, as well as for the progress of his devoted labors in the interest of the fame of the great poet who first brought us together. (I refer to the late Frothingham Clancy of South Boston.) To my surprise, the old gentleman failed to evince his customary alacrity to detail his efforts at bringing just recognition to that long neglected bard; instead of describing the foundation of the latest Clancy Society, or the unveiling of a new Russian or Thibetan statue of the South Boston singer, Dr. Deedledum's language was (for him) remarkably indefinite and unpicturesque. I might almost say that the good professor was evasive. Upon his benignant countenance, usually so expressive of the dear love of comrades and of good will to all the world except the "scoundrels and subtractors" of Clancy's fame, there lurked a cast of mystery, and I detected glances that an honest man can only call furtive. I was troubled by this alteration, and presuming on several years of intimacy which had been intensified by our common resentment of the ingratitude of Clancy's native town, I asked my old friend to tell me what oppressed his mind.

I shall now state, as accurately as a memory somewhat overburdened by the pursuits of the last two years will allow me, Prof. Deedledum's reply. You, my dear sir, who have often expressed your admiration of the great scholar, in spite

of his slighting allusions to your column as the haunt of lowbrows, may make such references as seem to you warrante. I offer none. When I asked him what the matter was, he: (1) turned white, (2) plucked from an inside pocket a sheet of green official letter paper inscribed (unsigned) with the lines I append, (3) stated categorically that (a) he considered Gen. Smuts the greatest living statesman, though admitting that was not saying very much, and (b) that he was bound by an oath which precluded him from taking me into his confidence, "and the confidence of another," at least for the present, (4) added the following words: "But I ask you, who out of the present or the past might have written those words?" (5) raised the index finger of his right hand in the direction of the plane I had been admiring, (6) clutched his throat with his left hand, and (7) fainted in my arms.

I am not clear about very much, but I am clear that you ought to know these circumstances. If your readers are still, as of yore, haters of gossip and lovers of the held jaw, you may acquaint them also. The great philologist is still delirious, and when he recovers I shall not press him too curiously. But I know that when he used to copy off Clancy's poetry and hand it to me, it was to be passed on to you. He perceived your availability for the prosecution of his great purpose, and recognized furthermore that your column, with all its faults, particularly the occasional intrusion of, to him, vulgar or morbid subjects such as bellybumps, was after all sincerely devoted to the moral regeneration of the community, and therefore entitled to the encouragement of the learned. H. S.

Cambridge.

THE SUPREME

(Written on seeing Mr. E. O. Gourdin of Harvard break the world's record for the broad jump at the international track meet in the Harvard Stadium, July 23, 1921, by means of a jump the chief feature of which was a species of second impulsion or forward movement imparted to himself by the jumper while in midair.)

Ere Moses smote the rock, recalcitrant
 Less than the dull-eyed throng that shouldered near
For room to see the incredible instrument,
 And, finding it but a stick, sat down to sneer,
None knew, save Moses (over his being ran
 The resentment that marks the hero from the rest),
That the power lay not in the thing, but in the man!
 And after the smiting think you that any guessed?
So down the narrow way Gourdin came bounding
 Like a bronze panther passionate for his prey;
Hard on the track those maddened footfalls pounding,
 Drove to the take-off, and he flung away
Into the blue, and made him a station there,
 And rallied and leaped again—out of thin air.

RHYMED PROSE

L. K. of Marlow, N. H., writes that Walt Mason did not invent rhyming prose. She quotes from Chirp the First of Dickens's "Cricket on the Hearth," beginning: "It's a dark night, sang the kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying by the way; and above all is mist and darkness, and below, all is mire and clay."

FOR WAR MEMORIALS

Here are three inscriptions placed on war memorials in England:

"See that ye conquer by living, as we conquered by dying."

"True love by life, true love by death is tried;
Live thou for England! We for England died."

"They gave us Peace by their Warfare
And Life by their Death."

May 31 1921

Mr. F. L. Dunne has an interesting collection of theatre programs showing how Bostonians were amused during the civil war. Especially interesting are the playbills of the New Tremont Theatre of which Jane English was the manager early in 1863. This theatre, according to later programs, was in the Studio building.

In February, 1863, pantomimes and ballets were the chief feaures at this theatre. "The Skeleton Witness." "The Magic Trumpet," "Robert Macaire," "La Bouquetiere." "Dr. Dechalumeau," "Maja de Sevilla" were on early bills. Among the "artists" were Marietta Ravel, Josephine Zanfretta, Paul Donetti, Alex. Zanfretta, Ed. Velarde, Agnes Sutherland. There were guitar solos—"The Battle of Solferino"; Zeroni and Mlle. Picolo, also James Dunn, sang. W. J. Lemoyne was stage manager; Aug. Mueller was the first leader of the orchestra. The prices of admission were 25 and 50 cents. Mr. Dunn was apparently what was known for some years in variety shows as a "serio-comic vocalist." He sang sentimental songs; comic and descriptivo; the bill frequently stated, as in the case of "Sights Round Boston"—words adapted to a popular air by a gentleman of this city. Pantomimes that followed were "The Fair Lovers," "Enchantment."

In March, 1863, the New Orleans French Vaudeville Company appeared at this theatre. Mathilde Lauretti (also Laurrent on a bill) and Emile Glatigny, "ex-zouave of the Crimean war," were prominent. Ada Laurant (sic) made her "first appearance in America." Mathilde Laurent "interpreted" Victor Hugo's "Le Revenant." Henri Argoust came in May. Then there was "Young America" on the Cloud swing, as in February there had been an act with the flying rings.

On May 9, 1863, a new moral drama, "Mary Morgan, the Child of Sorrow," by W. W. Pratt was performed for the benefit of the author. The analytical program should be reproduced here in full. This extract will give an idea of its quality.

"Who that sees it (the play) could fail to weep over the deathbed of Little Mary, the Angel Child, or not shudder with horror at the Wild Delirium of the Poor Inebriate."

Little Mary was played by Lizzie Swindlehurst. Others in the company were Mr. and Mrs. H. Chapman, W. J. Lemoyne, J. Hampton, G. E. Wilson, C. J. Boniface.

Paul Juignet's French company came and played "Nos Intimes," "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon," "La Joie fait Peur," and other pieces.

On May 18, 1863, the Holman Juvenile English Opera Troupe began a series of performances, with "The Daughter of the Regiment," Miss Sallie, Master Alfred, Master John, Master Benjamin, Miss Adele, Miss Lily. Infant Julia danced. Other operas were "La Sonnambula" and an adaptation of Rossini's "Cinderella." "Mrs. Partington" was performed "for the first time in Boston": Mrs. Partington, Sallie; Ike, Little Julia.

In 1864 plays were performed by a strong company including Charles Wheatleigh, Tom Placide, Mrs. Shewell and Annie Lewelyn.

In May, 1865, the managers of the theatre were E. L. Davenport and J. W. Wallack. "Still Waters Run Deep" was a great attraction. Rose Eytinge, Messrs. Davenport, Wallack, Placide were in the cast, and in the course of the run Fanny Davenport took a part.

Mr. Dunne's programs, arranged in chronological order, are in an excellent state of preservation.

We are indebted to an unknown correspondent for two old programs of the Boston Museum. The first is dated Sept. 5, 1855. W. H. Smith was then the manager; H. Eckhardt led the orchestra; prices of admission, 25 cents; orchestra and reserved seats 50 cents. The bill, as were others of those good old days, is in marked contrast to the program of 1921. First is the manager's announcement:

"In announcing the opening of the thirteenth dramatic season, the management desires to state, that the Museum is an individual enterprise! intended for the amusement of the whole people! And without the influence of a host of stockholders, will rely upon the intrinsic merit of the performances to secure a continuance of the support heretofore so liberally bestowed by a discriminating public. The dramatic, artistic and mechanical resources of the establishment are strong and extensive. The scenery, costumes and stage appointments of the most perfect character, and whether in the production of comedy, drama, farce or spectacle, the palm of superiority will not be yielded even to establishments of more aristocratic pretensions, while the price of admission will remain at the usual popular charge."

Then in bold type:

"The Eminent American Actress, Mrs. Farren. Last Night but Two of Her Engagement."

After the overture to "William Tell," the "powerful and Effective Play, "Lucretia Borgia, the Poisoner," was acted. Mrs. Farren, Lucretia; Mr. Keach, Gennaro; H. Bascom, Maffio Orsini; J. Davies, Don Alphonzo; F. Whitman, Gubetta; Mr. Adams, Rustighello; Princess Negroni, Miss Parker. Other characters were taken by Messrs. Howland, Wilson, Danforth, Lake, C. S. Davis, Boynton, Bennett, Delano, and the Misses Thompson, Wright, Mack and Fredericks.

Here is the analysis of the second and third acts:

"Act 2—The insult. The oath. The poison. Insulted woman. The resolve. Invitation and acceptance. The supposed lover. The name of infamy. Love and vengeance. The game of fate. Death wins the prize. The outrage. The demand for justice. The oath. The prisoner. Surprise and terror. The wife and husband. The gold and silver flagons of wine. Choice of death. The poison. The antidote. The escape. Tableau.

"Act 3—The Negroni Palace. The banquet. The Foster brothers. The revellers. The quarrel. The wine of Cyprus. The song. The interruption. The chaunt of death. Terrible revenge of a Borgia. Gennaro and Lucretia. The traitor. The avenger. The appeal!! The revelation!!! Appalling denouement!!!"

The audience recovered its composure by listening to Mrs. Eckhard sing "My Mountain Home." It undoubtedly applauded Miss A. Raymond and Mr. S. Lake dancing "El Manola."

After the orchestra had played "Greeting to Hanover," the farce "The Windmill," was acted with Messrs. Warren and Joyce and Mrs. Skerrett and Mrs. Vincent in the leading parts.

The other Boston Museum program is dated Sept. 14, 1860. E. F. Keach was then the acting and stage manager. "The Colleen Bawn: or the Brides of Garrycwen" was the play. It was thus introduced on the bill:

"Ireland, so rich in scenery, so full of romance and the warm tints of nature, has never until now been opened by the dramatist. Irish dramas have hitherto been exaggerated farces, representing low life, or scenes of abject servitude and suffering. Such is not a true picture of Irish society.

"This beautiful Irish drama is founded on a true history, first told by an Irishman, now dramatized by an Irishman, Dion Bourcicault (sic), and dedicated by him to the undying memory of his illustrious countryman, Gerald Griffin, whose beautiful romance the Collegians furnished the subject of the Play."

The chief characters were thus taken: Eily O'Connor, Kate Reignolds; Anne Chute, Mrs. Farren; Mrs. Cregan, Miss L. Anderson; Sheelah, Mrs. J. R. Vincent; Myles, W. Warren; Father Tom, J. Davies (in consequence of the illness of W. H. Smith); Danny Mann, F. Whitman; Hardress Cregan, J. Wilson. The Misses Nettleton and Anderson and Messrs. Whalley, Cunningham, Ketchum, Whiting, Blake, Delano and Nolan took the other parts. Julius Eichberg, the musical director, had composed a new Irish overture, and between the acts "his new Wreath of Songs from Old Ireland! with Solo Distributions, comprising the following Beautiful Melodies: (1) 'O, Patrick, Fly from Me,' (2) 'The Young May Moon,' (3) 'I'll Make My Love a Breast of Glass,' (4) 'The Kimegad Slashes,' (5) 'My Lodging Is on the Cold Ground,' (6) 'The Rakes of Mallow,' (7) 'Rory O'More,' (8) 'The Penniless Travellers,' (9) 'Cushla Ma Chree,' (10) 'The Humors of Castle Comber,'" was heard.

Miss Reignolds in the course of the piece sang "The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow" and "The Crooskeen Lawn."

"The attention of the audience is particularly directed to the closing lines of the drama."

"The new and picturesque scenery" was by George Heister; "the novel and complicated machinery" was by F. W. Mozart; "the authoritative costumes" were by Thomas Joyce.

Admission, 25 cents; orchestra and reserved seats, 50 cents; children under 12 years of age, 15 cents. Evening performances began at 7:30 o'clock; afternoon performances at 3 o'clock.

Musical Magazines

The leading articles in the June number of that independent, frank-spoken, excellent magazine, Le Revue Musicale (Paris), edited by Mr. Henry Prunieres, are as follows: the first of a series of articles on Beethoven, by Andre Suares; J. P. Altermann's study of Manuel de Falla, known as yet in Boston only by a few songs; the piano music of the late Deodat de Severac reviewed carefully and sympathetically by the admirable pianist, Blanche Selva; "Andre Philidor and the Birth of Opera-Comique in France" by G. E. Bonnet; and Borl's de Schloezer's "Psychology and Music." There are also notes about the musical life in various countries; a portrait of de Falla and two unpublished compositions by him. The treatment of Beethoven by M. Suares is anything but conventional.

"Following Beethoven's example every composer becomes a sibyl, a prey to the god in the cave of misfortune. Neither Bach nor Mozart nor any one of the ancient heroes of music played this bizarre role. . . . In this he is the brother of Rousseau. The two, each with an infirmity had dreams in common, the same rush towards nature and virtue, the same love of the country, the same pastoral illusion. The two suffered from the city and society. . . . With Beethoven music ceased to be an entertainment; it has become a religion." While the man was a romantic, his art is wholly classic. It is foolish to liken him to Shakespeare. "Nothing is more absent from his work than doubt and the ocean. . . . Sure of convincing, he does not strive to please. He disdains charm and elegance. One finds him sublime, and if the truth must be told boresome. Sublime oratory demands a listening accomplice. He is the most lyrical of poets. Pathetic to the highest degree, he expresses only his own drama." Beethoven is nearest us today by reason of his last four sonatas and five quartets. The classic symphony died with him. M. Suares thinks that the spirit of opera has corrupted if not killed music for the last two centuries. In Wagner's "Ring" he finds symphonic poems.

"One of the rarest merits of Debussy is that there is no trace of opera in his music for piano, voice and orchestra; he has, however, left in 'Pelleas' and 'Saint-Sebastien' two incomparable examples of what drama in music, and music for the drama can be." The other articles in this magazine are worthy of greater attention than one can give today.

The Musical Quarterly of July (G. Schirmer, Inc.) maintains the high standard set from the beginning. Perhaps the most interesting articles to the musician are Guido M. Gatti's painstaking, and yet illuminating, study of Debussy's piano compositions, and Jean Chantavoine's story of Busoni. The general reader will probably be more entertained by Babette Deutsch's "America in the Arts," A. W. Kramer's "The Things We Set to Music," Julian Tiersot's account of Russian composers—described by themselves, and R. D. Welch's "Assault on Modernism in Music." Fr. Joseph Kelly of Washington, D. C., writes on "Plain Chant, the Handmaid of the Liturgy; A Challenge and a Prophecy." There are other articles.

The June number of the Chesterian (London) publishes a study of Arthur Bliss, one of the younger English composers, by Eugene Goossens; "The Musical Opinions of John Payne," the translator of "The Arabian Nights," Villon, Boccaccio and others, recorded and criticised by Eric Bloom; reviews of new music and performances in London and Italian cities, and an article on Alphons Diepenbrock, a Dutch composer—"His ideas were destined to become, as it were, the basis on which Dutch music is founded, for no Dutch school existed before him." Payne's opinions on music were as curious and irritating as those of Samuel Butler recorded in his "Note Book." One might liken them to Payne's sayings: "Goethe wrote a lot of poor stuff, Theophile Gautier never"; "Oscar Wilde and Gladstone are the two arch-nuisances of the 19th century." He put Mendelssohn with Shakespeare, Socrates and Hafiz. Why not Artemus Ward? Payne likened Beethoven to Dryden, a maker of technic, standing for improvements. Brahms was a "dullard"; Dvorak, "dreary"; Fibich, "the greatest of Bohemian composers." He appreciated Berlioz, Wagner and Liszt; called Tschaikowsky "a cheap idol," disliked Saint-Saens, respected D'Indy so greatly that he converted the name of his cat, originally "Dandie," into "D'Indy"—for the two had the virtue of aloofness. He compared Haydn to "a glad May morning . . . with all its frolic airs," refreshing at a time when

"* * * vain Tschaikowsky tears
Our still-vexed ears, and dreary Dvorak shares
With Brahms and Sullivan the dullard might."

Now let us have the opinions of Vice-President Coolidge, Edith Wharton, M. Carpentier and good old Doc Evans on music, past and contemporaneous.

New Music from Paris

The Herald has received from the Parisian publishers, Rouart, Lerolle & Co., these publications: Pierre de Breville's Sonata in C sharp minor for piano and violin, and his "Flute dans les Vergers" for flute and piano; Deodat de Severac's "Sous les Lauriers Roses ou Soir de Carnaval sur la Cote Catalane" for piano; Joaquin Turina's "Ninerias," a little suite of eight pieces for piano. The same firm publishes in equally attractive, handsome form Madame Jane Arger's "Ornaments and Rhythm: Their Graphic Representation in the French Vocal Music of the 18th Century."

We have before this in The Herald and elsewhere called attention to the singular elegance, refinement and delicacy of M. de Breville's style. A good many years ago he wrote brilliantly as music critic of the Mercure de France. One will not soon forget his article on Charpentier's "Louise." The qualities that distinguish him as a critic, reverencing pure beauty in art, abhorring the obvious and the anxious appeal to immediate favor, are revealed in his musical compositions. The violin sonata, an important work of long breath, in four movements, composed in 1918-19, is in memory of Lt. Gervais Cazes. The third movement, "Lamento," is based on "Heros je vous salue" poem by H. de Regnier, with music by de Breville. The flute piece is of a much lighter, yet charming, nature, beginning with 50 or more measures in the nature of a rhapsodic improvisation for flute alone.

The Andalusian dances by Turina were introduced in Boston by Mr. George Copeland, and the composer's "Procession du Rocio" for orchestra has been played here. We are as yet unacquainted with his piano quintet. "Ninerias" is dedicated to his three children. The eight little pieces, well contrasted in character, present few difficulties to an amateur pianist as far as technic is concerned. The Suite includes a Prelude and Fugue, march of Lead Soldiers, cradle song, Dance of Dolls, What one sees on the Giralda, etc. The sixth movement has for title an interrogation mark and one may well question its character.

"Sous les Lauriers Roses," by the late lamented Deodat de Severac—he died at Ceret in Roussillon on March 24 in his 48th year—is a fantasia dedicated to the memory of Chaorier, Alberniz, and Bordes, "beloved masters" of the composer. When he sent in August, 1919, the manuscript of this Fantasia to Blanche Selva he wrote that

e had attempted something new in his "little work" (three are 27 pages): to give color by rythtm rather than y harmonies." He added: "It is a sort f a suite in one part (what arithetic! It has greatly pleased the ends who have heard me play it (If dare to say so), but will it please you e much? I hope so with all my heart. ee what I have wished to do; you will ll me if I have succeeded. E. Chaier and Albeniz were among the mposers whom I like the best. This ttle Fantasia is dedicated and so I ave tried to write music that, it seems me, would have suited them. It is Fantasia with the turlututus of a panish military band, dance of caraneers, a sentimental theme danced y one of the women bathers of Banuls, a Sardana, a little scherzo in the anner of Chabrier, Biscayan rythms r Ch. Bordes, Cuckoos for Daquin, nd a little 'fugue felichonne' which I ould not dare to dedicate to Miss capolitan Sixth; even a pianola!!! or a long time, 12 years, I have reamed of writing this; since a journey we took with Bordes in Ampurdan Figueras, Gerona, and Rosas, where e were present at festivals of an unrgettable color and 'mediterraneism.' have attempted to paint in 'Sous les ranger'"—this was the original title—he atmosphere of one of these festivals. I have not succeeded, it is because I not know how to express what I el. In this case, I shall go back to my uttons." There are 10 titles for the ages. The Sardana, to be played as a olk song, has for a prelude an imitaon of the fluviol, the little Catalan ute. There is this foot note: "The ardana is a folk dance of the Mediterranean Catalonia. It is the most oble, plastic, Athenian dance that can e imagined." The indications of nuances and interpretation are by Mme. elva.

Mme. Arger's treatise on ornaments nd rhythms of French vocal music in

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e 18th century is the most learned, ost instructive work of the kind we now; indispensable to all interested, her as antiquarians or as singers in e correct interpretation of this old usic. There is a wealth of illustration om the theoretical writings in the 18th ntury both in text and in notation. ere is a chronological and comparave table of the ornaments, with the riting-out of the ornaments in airs om Rameau's "Castor et Pollux" and onteclair's "Jephte." There is an antated bibliography of authors and eir works cited by Mme. Arger. There also a full index. The remarks about e trill and cadenzas are perhaps of ecial interest to singers. Mme. Arger rives at the conclusion that the tremement (our modern trill) begins with e note above the real note; that it ould be more or less rapid according the pace; more or less prolonged acrding to the value of the note; more less rapid and prolonged, according the verbal expression. Framery in 91 said that the cadenza was little sed in vocal music except in the florid rs that were, properly speaking, only natas for the voice. "This employent is ridiculous in the opera-house here music ought constantly to dream expressing the words, but it may be llowed in concerts. In music for inruments cadenzas are very common France as elsewhere. . . . A canza should be the summary of the ece that has been played. Ideas too reign should be banished from it." me. Arger adds: "Today the employent of a cadenza is of no interest to usicians except from the retrospective oint of vue. In French vocal music of e 18th century, it is only in airs writen 'in the Italian manner' that it would e well to employ it according to the ules prescribed above. These pages are tunately very few."

Jaques-Dalcroze's Book

"Rhythm, Music and Education," by mile Jacques-Dalcroze, translated from e French by Harold F. Rubinstein, is ublished by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New ork. There is a portrait of the author, nd 11 illustrations of rhythmic moveents and exercises. There is also a usical supplement of 16 pages.

This book of over 300 pages consists of rticles written from 1898 to 1919. Theief purpose of the writer is to exploit is system of "Eurhythmics," which has een taught in Boston as in many other ities. In certain chapters, as "The lace of Ear Training in Musical Eduation," "The Reform of Music Teachg in Schools," "Music and the Child" nd especially in the amusing dialogue, The Young Lady of the Conservatoire" e has many sensible things to say, hich will be discussed in The Herald t a future day, when there will also be iscussion of his views on rhythm and esture in music, drama and on modern tage dances.

Dramatic Notes Gathered from London and Paris Journals

"James the Less," a new play by C. . Castell, was brought out at the Aldych, London, on July 4. "James the reater had celebrated his silver weding and was a liberal subscriber to he missionary societies; ergo, his priate life must be above suspicion. ames the Less had been seen in comany with an actress, had been sumoned for furious driving, and had indulged in cross-talk with a police court magistrate; ergo, he might be guilty of anything, even of being mixed up in a scandal which resulted in the suicide of a married woman. Even when the father died of paralysis, his friends and relations seemed to look upon it in the light of a sympathetic stroke rather than an act of retribution. Accordingly, James the Greater was buried and James the Less banished, for his chivalry prevented him from betraying his father.

"When he departed to Canada he left a broken-hearted young lady behind him, and as it was obvious that sooner or later all must end happily, one's chief interest was in seeing how and by whom the truth would be blurted out. A stay in a German prison camp, followed by a bout of fever, was the method chosen by the author. In his delirium James the Less re-enacted the moment when he had encountered James the Greater and the married woman. Luckily, only the girl and her dear old father heard the broken sentences, and they agreed that future happiness could be found without disturbing the high opinion which the world still held of James the Greater."

The Times adds: 'It is a pleasing little story, well and briskly told and delightfully acted." The Daily Telegraph found that the canvas was overloaded with petty and irrelevant detail; the dialogue was bright and natural. "These nobly silent young men are a bit of a bore," but Mr. Castell assigned to his hero a satisfactory motive for keeping his mouth shut.

"Mr. C. B. Fernald's new sketch, 'Don Carlos,' in which Mr. Maurice Moscovitch is appearing at the Palladium, shows how well horror and art can be combined by a skilful dramatist. The result is a short play which does not last more than 20 minutes, but which moved the critical Palladium audience to enthusiasm—no small achievement when the artist had to obtain his effect amid a welter of ragtime singing and dancing. The part which Mr. Moscovitch plays is that of a down-at-heel grandee of Spain, who has sacrificed all but a certain dignity to his craving for drink and dissipation. He returns from a spell of imprisonment to find that his daughter has loved unwisely, and that the man, the son of a noble house, will not marry her because of her father's downfall. But he will protect her, and make her his wife directly Don Carlos is dead—a hint which Don Carlos takes in the grand manner. He drinks of a deadly poison, but, in his agony, he persuades the man to repeat his vow to marry his daughter, and with a quiver through his whole body Don Carlos falls dead at their feet. It is a melodramatic little story, but Mr. Moscovitch's performance, with its alternating shades of light comedy and blackest tragedy, is amazingly good. For a couple of minutes at the close, the Palladium was quieter than one has heard it for many a long day. The actor showed with grim fidelity the gradual spread of the poison throughout the system, the struggle for words in his endeavor to obtain the lover's promise, and the final collapse of the whole frame after he knows that his daughter's marriage is assured. Don Carlos reveals yet another aspect of Mr. Moscovitch's many-sided art."—London Times, July 6.

Battista Guarini's famous pastoral tragicomedia, "Il Pastor Fido," was played at the Bedford College for Women last month, in Italian, but not in its original form, for a complete performance would fill six hours.

A Bavarian school teacher is said to have found the original text of the Oberammergau Passion Play, written by Pastor Othmar Weisz in the first third of the 17th century.

"Le Sursaut," a new comedy in three acts by Albert Jean, brought out at the Odeon, Paris, is said to be an amusing portrayal of conjugal life and manners; the scene is in the country, but the description is of universal interest.

"La Pie Borgne," by Rene Benjamin, a farce in one act, produced at the Odeon, introduces a female chatterer who knows it all. One day an angler happens to speak to her politely. She at once thinks he has made a declaration, and her outraged honor must be avenged. Asked to be precise in her statement, she babbles for a time, then becomes mute.

The French will never forsake the classics: witness, "La Mort de Patrocle," by M. Fauchois. All the heroes except Achilles long for peace.

Fashion as an Educator with Other Musical Notes

Miss Iles's playing of the sonata (Liszt) in B minor was in other respects capable, and if the standard of this particular piece of music had not been raised by several notable performances in the last year, we should have said something more. But that is the worst of being a slave of the prevailing fashion. Yet fashion has its use. We do get to know a thing at last; and if we live through half-a-dozen fashions we at last know a good many things. What we often need more than new pieces is a new pair of ears. Why should not concert-givers help us to these occasionally by giving the concert first and handing the program round afterwards?—London Times.

Belasco's "Girl of the Golden West" will be performed next year at Covent Garden. Sir Herbert Tree had hoped to produce the melodrama and play in it. It was at Covent Garden that Puccini's opera, based on the play, was first performed in England with Emmy Destinn as the heroine.

Harold Browning, an Australian singer, educated at Melbourne University, sang in London for the first time on July 4, and was warmly praised.

Mme. Leginska brought out her American pupil, Katharine Vander Roest, in London, early this month and played Stravinsky's "Five Easy Pieces" (four hands) with her.

Jongen's Piano Quartet in E flat: Jongen's quartet is a great work. It is full of good ideas, but they are not crowded. The episodes arise in the most natural way possible out of the subject matter, and often reach great heights of eloquence. We are lifted up and borne onward upon a wave of conviction. However close the texture, the part written is always clear and melodious and keeps us absorbed to the end. We get at once, and keep throughout, an idea of a large mind that knows why it does this or that and leaves the other undone; the phrases all run their inevitable course without hurry or delay.—London Times.

With a reticence more well meant than judicious, Miss Nichol chose two or three groups of dull songs which placed her technical limitations in a light they hardly deserved. Who, nowadays, at any time, wants to hear a recitative and aria from Mozart's "Idomeneo" divorced from its stage purpose and from its orchestral accompaniment? Who wants to hear the "Romance" from Berlioz's "Faust" similarly? Mr. Liddle, with his capabilities as an accompanist, cannot turn himself into orchestra and conductor just at a moment's notice, however much he may accomplish with more time to spare. Far more appropriate to the occasion, and infinitely more successful, was the performance of Roger Quilter's "Three Pastoral Songs," composed for voice, violin, violoncello, and piano.—Daily Telegraph.

Miss Sonnenberg has a full mezzo-soprano of contralto quality, and that one gift a singer most covets, a personality. She comes from South Africa; that is an accident. The essential is that she is a human being who happens to think song the normal and obvious way of expressing oneself, and throws herself into it with an enviably fresh enthusiasm.—London Times.

When Mme. Melba left London on her way to Canada, Princess Mary gave her a fan. Queen Victoria, in a good mood, was generous with shawls. Mme. Melba will give concerts in Australia. She expects to be back in London next March.

Among the soloists already engaged for the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra concerts next season are the singers, Mmes. Matzenauer, Telva and Charles Hackett; the violinists Heifetz, Huberman and Gardner; the pianists, Messrs. Ganz, Siloti, Schelling, Maier and Pattison and Mme. Mero.

So it happens that today you may search the length and breadth of England and hardly find three other soprano singers with voice and style of the exact calibre of Amy Evans, and certainly at the present moment our country can produce few baritones of the quality of Fraser Gange, with the same versatility allied to the same beauty of voice, the same culture and technique.—London Daily Telegraph.

A new song, "The Sun God," by William G. James, "a young Antipodean composer, suggested better things from the same quarter later on; at present self-criticism appears to be lacking."

Emilio Colombo is still of the old guard. He belongs to the school of which Mr. Willy Hess was perhaps the most brilliant exponent—a school which founded its dogma on an essentially violinistic style and accepted music in the first place as a foil for style. Vieuxtemps and Wieniawsky were for them the best of composers, and the most important item in Mr. Colombo's program was accordingly Vieutemps's Concerto in D. Like all the educational concertos, as music it is negligible. It shows an instinct for the pseudo-dramatic which cannot be easily understood without taking into account the historical factor. We must not forget that in Vieuxtemps' day, in lieu of the modern flapper, the bread-and-butter miss played havoc with the susceptible ensigns, and that "La Priere d'une Vierge" held sway instead of the present jazz. It was an age which exhibited a touching belief in remedies altogether discredited today. Vieuxtemps, for instance, had such faith in the chord of the diminished seventh. Whenever that chord is struck by the piano the violinist's friends and supporters know that the time has come to get wet towels and stimulants ready. But Mr. Colombo performed all these Vieuxtemps feats in a most creditable manner.—London Daily Telegraph.

The London Times said when Dr. Hull lectured on Scriabin and Ruth Heyman played the latter's music and also talked about it: "The lecturing, well intentioned enough, did not help. Generalities do not achieve anything. What is needed is chapter and verse, and the telling instance accompanying the explanation then and there. People do not in the least object to being taught if the teaching is clear and pointed; but a remark to the effect that the five themes of the eighth sonata represent the five elements—supposing we grant five, instead of the usual four—reduces the brain of the pupil to pulp."

Adam Szpak, a Polish conductor, gave a concert in Paris on June 23. "Les Chants Eternels," by Mieczyslaw Karlowicz, was said to be influenced unduly by Wagner, and the critics pooh-poohed at Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony, saying that the fundamental theme had served Chopin for a polonaise in a more fortunate manner.

They liked Mayo Wadler, the young violinist, in Paris, and found him "remarkable."

A Bruckner festival will be held in Stuttgart next September.

Ponchielli's opera, "The Prodigal Son," has been revived successfully at Milan.

Vanni Marcoux sang last month at the Opera Comique, Paris, in "The Secret of Suzanne."

Alfredo Casella will appear with the Philadelphia orchestra in that town and in New York. Let us hope that he has been engaged for a symphony concert in Boston.

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MEISTERSINGERS BACK AT KEITH'S

The Meistersingers, now an accepted Boston institution, were the leading attraction at Keith's Theatre last night and their new vehicle, "At the Club," was one of the neatest these celebrated singers have presented during the 12 years they have appeared at the popular playhouse. The program is in keeping with the title idea and the singers gave full justice to every number. The soloists were Arthur Cole, who sang "Swanee River Moon"; A. Cameron Steele, "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold," and Harold S. Tripp, whose offering was "I'll Forget You." There is a treat in store for those who enjoy male voices, trained and well directed.

Aileen Stanley, "The Phonograph Girl," is one of the cleverest of the many singers on the vaudeville stage. She not only has a singing voice of rare quality, but she is an actress as well and a mistress of dialect. Her repertory of songs is endless, embracing negro melodies, Yankee, Irish, Swedish and straight United States, each with an individuality all its own. She has an endless score of "records" and the audience was insistent in its demands for more.

Bert Fitzgibbon, the "Original Daffy Dill"; his brother Lew and "Peaches" furnish a period of musical fun nonsense and real music that lives up to the announcement. Fitzgibbon is a comedian of individuality, whose sense of humor is keen and clean.

Edwin George in "A Comedy of Errors" gave an amusing juggling act, keeping up a rapid running fire of conversation which was in itself an entertainment. Monroe and Grant, in their disabled motor truck, which later developed into an improvised spring board, affording them opportunity to do their remarkable tumbling, were one of the features of the evening.

De Haven and Rice in Mulligan and Mulligan," from the West, were very funny, especially in their "King Charles Boys Chasing Bubbles." Their skit is entitled "The Follies of 1776," but it is decidedly more up to date.

Horace Golden and company presented the latest illusion—a possible impossibility, that of sawing a human body in half and restoring it again, which was decidedly effective. Gold and Edwards, "the dancing Frenchmen," presented a neat act. The Pathe Weekly and the Fables completed a most interesting bill.

August 4 1921

Before we leave Boston with Mr. Herkimer Johnson and Mr. George T. Bolivar, on pleasure bent—"The long brown path" before us leading wherever we choose—we feel it our duty to publish Miss Stone's communication. It may lead to the capture of a notorious rum-runner, and in that case we may possibly share in the spoil.

JARGE OFF THE VINEYARD?

As the World Wags:

Understanding that a substantial reward is offered for information regarding the whereabouts of one Liverpool George or Jarge, I take the liberty of writing you. Or rather my second cousin Ann Eliza Saltmarsh does, but she's too upset to hold a pen.

Being a Saltmarsh, it's only natural that Ann Eliza has fool notions. This year she bought some old tables and chairs at an auction over in Marston's Mills and had the parlor painted and hung a sign with a Turk's Head on it

in front of the house, and so set up in the tearoom business. I told her she'd lose money and work herself to death and have folks smoking cigarettes, if not worse, all over the place, so I wasn't surprised when yesterday she broke into my house and flopped down on the rug that poor dear Aunt Hannah braided the year before she died and started to kick her heels against the mopboard. Ann Eliza, not Hannah.

And after I'd dragged Ann Eliza off the rug and burnt feathers under her nose and loosened her stays she came to and told me this:

It seems that she was all alone in the tearoom about 9 o'clock, when two old gentlemen came in. One, she says, was a genteel old codger with a wooden leg, and the other a shorter man with a bald head and store teeth. And they were arguing so fiercely that they didn't notice her at all until she'd slammed the door and couged twice and knocked over a pile of tea trays. And then they broke off and the wooden legged gentleman chucked her under the chin and ordered brandy, and the one with the porcelain teeth called her my dear and said he'd take a pint pot of half and half and would she stand by for further orders.

So Ann Eliza asked them very dignified where did they think they was and hadn't they heard that the demon rum had been banished forever from our fair land. They stared, and the wooden-legged one wanted to know wasn't this a pub, and how long since Bermuda had gone dry?

"I don't know," says Ann Eliza real tart. "But East Wyeport is as dry as the rest of Cape Cod, and dryer than some parts. And you'll either stop such goings-on or leave this decent and so far respectable tearoom."

So they begged her pardon and said their mistake was natural, seeing the place smelled so of liquor, and Ann Eliza sniffed and sure enough it did. Then they wouldn't believe that they were really in East Wyeport until she showed them postcards, and then they acted sort of dazed and ordered tea and didn't drink it. But they started arguing fiercer than before, and Ann Eliza began to get interested because she picked out the words "Liverpool" and "George," and back in '76 she was engaged to a George Mullins from Chatham, who shipped out for Liverpool the week before they were to be married and never was heard of after.

Ann Eliza couldn't make out all of it because they both talked at once. But the sum was that they'd sailed from Boston for New York and somehow or other got switched off into chasing a notorious rum runner, named Liverpool Jarge. They'd been about three jumps behind him for the last three weeks and had followed him in here last night. But in the morning they'd found him gone.

"Mind you," said the one with the teeth, "I'm not accusing you. But if you hadn't fallen over the compass and shot the face from the chronometer—"

"In the delirium of blackwater fever," said the wooden-legged man.

"Delirium? You were drunk," stated the other baldly. "And because of that I have mistaken Cape Cod for Bermuda."

"You were drunk yourself," stated the other.

They glared at each other—and Ann Eliza says it was a terrible sight. Then the man with the teeth started to reach toward his side pocket and the other one started to unstrap his leg and Ann Eliza started to come away.

Well, I got old Mrs. Hayes and Henry Clark's wife and the oldest Littlefield girl and we went back with Ann Eliza. There were two chairs and three tables broken and some plastering out of the wall and a ten dollar bill on the floor and the wheelbarrow missing from the shed. We found that later on Freeman Bassett's wharf and Freeman says that a peg-legged stranger left it there and put another man into a dory and rowed out to a schooner off the bay. And the schooner was gone.

Now about the reward. This Liverpool Jarge must be somewhere between here and the Vineyard. All you's have to do is to get them to order out three or four cruisers and a dozen destroyers to run him down. Then you can collect the reward and send it on. Remember, the Lord sees you.

(Miss) ABIAH STONE.

East Wyeport.

COMMERCIAL CANDOR

As the World Wags:

I am about to open a garage in a town that already has a good many, and I should like your advice in the matter of a fitting and alluring name.

Riding through Milton, N. H., yesterday I saw a garage named "The Bee Hive." Does this imply that the intruder will be stung? While this is what I wish to accomplish in my own garage, I wonder if I should take the public into my confidence in advance by a name of like import.

What think you? JASON OLDHAM.

"The Hold-Up" might do.—Ed.

Aug 6 1921

As Hermione, the friend of Mr. Don Marquis, might remark with a feverish breath, we just dote on literature. Country reared, if not raised, we were caught late for city and modish ways, and no doubt in unguarded moments pronounce the word, "literachewer." Some of our correspondents have been busy in putting Whittier in his proper place. Not one of them has referred to his political verse, his anti-slavery poetical tracts or his religious poems.

A fiery partisan, he sang as a Hebrew prophet. We remember a paper-covered illustrated volume of his poems, including "John Brown of Osswatome": the tribute to Fremont, for Whittier was dazzled by that romantic adventurer:

Rise up Fremont and go before,
The hour must have its man;
Put on the hunting-shirt once more
And lead in freedom's van.

We quote from memory, but we recall clearly the picture of a voter on election day—"the proudest now is but my peer" or words to that effect: the artist had drawn a shabby looking person, with a shocking, bad hat, whose general aspect was that of one sleeping on an ash heap: a bum, if ever one was pictured. No, the Whittier we read and admire was the poet of country sights and sounds and life, the poet of "Parson Avery" and the barefoot boy, the poet of "Snowbound" rather than the author of "Ichabod" and Laus-Deo." By the way, Whittier wrote verses that are peculiarly appropriate today. We quote the first half of his

DISARMAMENT

"Put up the sword!" The voice of Christ once more
Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar,
O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped
And left dry ashes; over trenches heaped
With nameless dead; o'er cities starving slow
Under a rain of fire; through wards of woe
Down which a groaning diapason runs
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons
Of desolate women in their far-off homes,
Waiting to hear the step that never comes!
O men and brothers! let that voice be heard.
War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!

And now let us hear from Mr. Joseph Smith, who disposes of Matthew Arnold, not at all in a spirit of sweetness and light, and ramps over the field of literary Ireland.

MOORE, BURNS AND OTHERS

As the World Wags:

I always liked Romanee and the jangle of lyres, and I have watched with pleasure the persistence of the damned, the decadence of the dull and the passing of the pharisee. One of the delights of old books is to read the propheeies that have foozled and the literary table-rappings now wrapped in failure.

Poets and poetry are largely matters of taste; the opinions of the majority who do little reading and less thinking are largely made by schoolmasters, text-bookers and those strutful, literary turkey cocks called critics and reviewers. The inevitable test of the poet's quality and worth is endurance, his ability to outlast and outlive the literary middlemen, to be read and enjoyed when he is in the dust and his reviewers are in the discard of oblivion. So long as there are lovers of sentiment and melody, tender hearts, soft heads and inconstant moons Tom Moore will be read and sung. Once he was a fashion and had his vogue; today he is a priest in the temple of Eros; and the rhythmic beauty of his verse and their setting in the tender and touching melodies of ancient Ireland bid fair to give him a long survival.

Years ago there was a fad for poking fun at the Aungier street grocer's son. Father Prout jibed him deliciously and affected to believe him a plagiarist by spurious translations, and he got Tommy's "goat." Mangan, a Poe-like poet, mocked at him; and that old rogue, Dr. Maguin, took a whack at him; it was a fashion of the Fraserians. Yet Moore and his friend Byron survive the bards and Scotch reviewers. Who cares today for Matthew Arnold and his views? Arnold was a dull dog, a schoolmaster and prig, a middle-class Victorian tory, who praised Victoria's dreadful books and trembled with joy when that imperial haus frau smiled on him. Arnold was a chief of the Jeems Yelowplush tribe; he wouldn't have known poetry if it had bitten him. Of course he disliked Byron and struck him over the shoulders of Burns. Byron's unconventional morals and his contempt for the dull and dirty kin of his idolized Victoria were more offensive to Arnold than the plowman's amours and tippling. His opinion of Byron and Burns are not valuable. They will both survive Matthew and his gospel of mediocrity.

The Scotch, like the Japanese, are good window dressers. They discovered Bobby after the outlanders and a few Edinburghers did; and have made him a national cult and an annual praise service despite his vigorous whaling of Scotch hypocrisy and humbug. I like Bobby and I hope he'll survive prohibition; yet I think it would help him and other Scotch singers if they were translated into English. Lowland dialect is tough on poesy.

To Moore again. I can quite understand the indifference of Yeats to Moore. The soul of Yeats is in pre-Christian, Keltic Ireland. Moore was the companion and familiar of a king and court in the tawdriest and shabbiest age of England, when impudent blackguardism ruled the state and set the fashion in morals, customs and conduct for Anglo-Saxony. Yet despite his time-serving and lord-loving he did help masterfully to preserve, revive and give to the world the ancient minstrelsy of his country when he joined forces with his musicianly countryman, John Stevenson, in producing the Irish Melodies. He has lived 100 years; I fancy he will continue to live, in spite of his personal defects of character, for it is the work, not the man, that lives on. Ireland in Moore's day was an abject, dispirited, illiterate Ireland, with its face in the dirt; a century of suffering and sacrifice has prepared Ireland for Yeats. Moore sang himself into the hearts of a discouraged race. Will Yeats write himself into its soul as firmly? I'd like to be alive in 2021 to see.

JOSEPH SMITH.

"FINE AND DANDY"

As the World Wags:

What is your opinion of certain answers one receives on inquiring after the health of a young boy or girl? "O, I'm fine and dandy," disturbed me for some time, but as I was inuring myself to its hurt, I would hear, "I'm finely." At once I saw only visions of chopping trays and meat grinders. Why cannot one say as of old: "I am quite well, thank you"?

E. R. S.

Canton.

There is old authority for this use of "dandy," we are sorry to say. "Dandy," as far back as the end of the 18th century, meant anything superlatively fine, neat, dainty. "It's the dandy" was equivalent to "the correct thing; the ticket." Some one in Haliburton's "Clockmaker" said: "The new railroad will be just the dandy for you." However the purist might object to "fine and dandy" as pleonastic. We loathe the phrase and find it cheap and vulgar, to be classed with "Shake hands with my friend Jones," and "Is it hot enough for you?"—Ed.

August 7 1921

A correspondent has sent us a playbill of the Boston Museum, Feb. 28, 1860. W. H. Smith was the stage manager; Julius Eichberg, the musical director. After the overture to "Zampa," the "glorious comedy," "The Fast Men of the Olden Time," was performed. The bill stated that it was taken "from a piece called 'Rochester' by the celebrated Moncrief." L. P. Barrett, John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester; L. Mestayer, Duke of Buckingham; J. Davies, Charles II.; W. Warren, Lycurgus Muddle, mayor of Newport; Mrs. H. Bascom, Countess of Lovelaugh; Mary Shaw, Sylvia Golden; Miss Anderson, Lady Gay; Mrs. Thompson, Aunt Rebecca. Others in the cast were Miss E. Wright and Messrs. Ketcham, Norton, C. Thorne, Jr., J. Wilson, J. H. Ring, Spear, Nolan, Delano, Blaisdell, Leslie.

Then came a double hornpipe danced by La Petite Angelina and Miss C. Thompson. The orchestra played the Paisley Schottische. A farce, "I've Written to Brown," brought the end. Messrs. Warren, Mestayer, Wilson, Spear and Mrs. Bascom and Miss Wright took part in it. The engagement of "the celebrated English Cooper English Opera Company."

Mr. Ryan Writes About the Buckleys and Old Inns

To the Editor of The Herald:

A recent reference to the Buckleys at Allston Hall recalls this place in the rear of the old Boston Music Hall under its different changes of name. It was for a while known as the Tremont Theatre, the second playhouse of the same name, long before the present one was erected. "The Ticket of Leave Man" received its first production in Boston at the little Tremont, with Shirley France, the husband of Rachel Noah, as Hawkshaw, the detective, in which he made the only really notable hit in his dramatic career.

The house was at one time called Jane English's Theatre, named after the mother of Lucille and Helen Western, who was really Mrs. William B. English, the wife of the manager of the old National Theatre, during the run of "The Three Fast Men." He was an old newspaperman and was the author of the novel, "Rosina Meadows," which Charles Saunders, the comedian, turned into a popular melodrama. I can see now, in my mind's eye, the chorus of villagers singing "Farewell to Rosina," the sweet village maiden, as she departed for the wicked city of Boston, where, alas, she was doomed to lose the most precious jewel in her crown of virtue. This chorus was hardly characteristic of New England life, but what's the difference? It made an effective situation which the sob sisters appreciated later on.

But to return to the Buckleys. At Allston Hall I first heard Swayne Buckley sing, dance, and "patter" in

"Sally come up,
Sally come down,
Sally come twist your heels around;
The old man has gone to town
While I make love to Sally."

Afterward the Buckleys became resident minstrels in this city and had their own hall at the corner of Summer and Chauncy streets in a building that was built for the general postoffice of Boston, but which passed into disuse when the local merchants decided that it was too far up town to meet their convenience., Fred Buckley, who never soiled his melancholy countenance with burnt cork, used to give violin solos as one of the attractions, and Bishop Buckley displayed an affluence of unctuous humor that made laughter contagious. Then there was a young man named Pettingill, who after Com. Winslow had sunk the Rebel cruiser used to sing, "How Are You Alabama?" to the great satisfaction of his patriotic Union hearers. He was a clever performer, but he had a soul above Ethiopian delineations, he told me. I hope his ambitions for higher things was realized, but I lost track of him, after the Buckleys had folded their tents like the Arabs, and left the field alone to the Morris Brothers Minstrels, who, on the whole, were less refined in their efforts than their rivals, who would not have tolerated a song like "My Father Sold Charcoal."

Fred. Buckley married Fanny Brow[n] a one time popular actress at the Bo[s]ton Museum. A young friend of mi[ne] celebrated her in some lines which co[n]cluded with the following couplet:

"And as the stairs you hurried down,
You thought of naught but Fann[y]
Brown."

Your correspondent refers to Jam[es] Buckley giving an entertainment at t[he] Tabernacle. This was, I suppose, be[fore] this Millerite Temple was reco[n]structed for a theatre called the How[]ard Athenaeum, the predecessor of t[he] present playhouse of the same nam[e]. I have a particular interest in th[e] place, for I was born on this site in [a] hotel called the Howard House kept [by] my father when he was a very you[ng] man. The Parker House was not the[n] in existence and his hostelry was fre[quent]ly patronized by Harvard students, some of whom ran up bills which we[re] never paid. Others, however, were mo[re] honest, and after his death there w[ere] three or four who were struggling f[or a] professional existence who paid n[my] mother by weekly instalments until t[he] debt was cancelled. One of them w[as] Joseph T. Buckingham, the son of [his] father of the same name, who found[ed] the old Boston Daily Courier. Anoth[er] was a young doctor who afterwards a[t]tained some eminence in his calling. M[y] father, James Walker Ryan, went fro[m] the Howard House to New York, whe[re] he kept the Manhattan House befo[re] the Astor House was built. Then [he] came back to Boston and took t[he] Stackpole House, which was an o[ld] large Colonial mansion that had be[en] turned into a public house. This w[as] on the easterly corner of Milk a[nd] Devonshire streets. The place becai[me] popular under his management and w[as] patronized by merchants, actors, s[ea] captains and journalists. "Dave" Lea[v]itt of pleasant memory, so long co[n]nected with the Boston Journal, w[as] among the latter. The genial Jo[hn] Brougham was a frequent visitor a[nd] he used to call mine host Orion. [I] could look from my chamber windo[w] across Devonshire street and see a bl[ack] sign with raised gold letters bearing t[he] legend W. J. Hobbs, carver. I was to[ld] he was a Millerite. I did not kno[w] what this meant, but I some way co[n]nected it in my young mind with a f[ly]ing moth. The Stackpole House had [a] large yard in which there were t[wo] wide-spreading horse chestnut tre[es] and my father built as an addition [to] the old house a one-storied wood[en] building, which was used as a smok[ing] and reading room. It had many p[ic]tures on its walls and was reached fro[m] the bar by two or three steps. Baile[y's] carriage and horse auction rooms we[re] on the westerly corner of Milk a[nd] Devonshire streets and next door on t[he] latter thoroughfare was Safford['s,] afterwards Lovett's, blacksmith sh[op] where I spent much time watching t[he] sparks fly under the good natu[red] smith's hammer. The Stackpole Hou[se] declined gradually after my father l[eft] it to open a new hotel which he did n[ot] live to manage, for he went into t[he] great beyond two or three weeks af[ter] its opening. Now an octogenarian [I] can hardly realize that the present B[os]ton is the direct successor of my d[ays]

ttle city of the olden time.

To return to the father of the Buckys. He was said to be a very careul manager, and it was said that all he receipts from the entertainments ent directly into his hands that he reated his sons as if they were more oys and gave them not too liberal llowances. If he did not become rich was not because he did not calculate losely. JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester.

In our boyhood we heard the last line f the chorus to "Sally": "Sally, come p the middle."—Ed.

Frenchman, Not Belgian

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

Reading an article in Current Opinon (formerly Current Literature), entitled "Concerning the Sexuality of Musical Instruments" (June, 1921), written rom notes by Mr. Konrad Berkovici, I ame to this extraordinary piece of information: "The Teutons and the French ave not given a single great violinist. n the last hundred years. Ysaye, Thibaud, Vieuxtemps are Belgians."

Where has Mr. Berkovici been? Cerainly not in Boston, or else, if he had een here and had attended the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts as he r any self-respecting musician or riter on music should have done, he vould have read in the Symphony Proram Book of Feb. 18-19, 1921, an interesting article on Joseph Jacques Thibaud, stating that he was born at Bordeaux on Sept. 29, 1880. Bordeaux never was Belgian. Yes, Mr. Berkovici, we have produced a great violinist and he is still with us. It would have been a very easy matter for Mr. Berkovici to look up Thibaud's record. One is surprised that Current Opinion would publish so inaccurate an article. It is rather hard on Thibaud not to allow him to be a Frenchman after he went into active service when the world war broke out. We might have lost him from his injuries received while on duty in the trenches; still we should have had him and France would have had a great violinist in the last 100 years, notwithstanding Berkovici's statement.

EMELIE ALEXANDER-MARIUS.

Boston.

Tschaikowsky's Amazing Marriage Now Explained

Biographers of Tschaikowsky, even his brother, say little about his strange marriage. The Daily Telegraph of London recently published this interesting article by Mrs. Albert Coates, the wife of the conductor:

In a book of memoirs, by Kashkin, recently published in Petrograd, much that is new and interesting has come to light about Tschaikowsky. Kashkin was one of Tschaikowsky's intimate friends, and he tells among other things what one may suppose to be the true story of Tschaikowsky's unfortunate marriage. Tschaikowsky, as is well known, married Antonina Milioukova in the autumn of 1877, but left her after only a few weeks of married life. Tschaikowsky told no one of his reasons for leaving his wife, and the matter has remained a mystery. He never spoke of her to any one except once, when his friend Kashkin was staying with him at his country house in Klin. One evening, sitting in the twilight garden, he referred to his wife and told Kashkin the story of his tragic marriage. Kashkin, in his memoirs, relates this conversation in Tschaikowsky's own words.

"You remember, my friend," said Tschaikowsky, "that in the spring of 1877 I began to write my opera 'Eugene Onegin.' One day I received a letter from a girl, a pupil of the Moscow conservatoire. It was a love letter in which the girl, Antonina Milioukova, told me that she had fallen so desperately in love with me that she even forgot the modesty of girlhood so far as to write me of her love; she begged me to take pity on her and write to her. I was so deeply engrossed in my composition that I not only did not answer but I forgot all about her. After a couple of weeks Antonina wrote again, complained bitterly of my harsh treatment of her, and said that if to his second letter she again received no answer, nothing remained to her but to end her life. I was working at the time on the second scene of 'Onegin,' the scene in which the heroine, Tatiana, writes of her love to Onegin and sends him the letter by her nurse. I was so engrossed, so absolutely obsessed by my subject, that the characters of this finest work of Pushkin were no longer the characters of a drama to me but real and living people. Tatiana, that sweetest ideal of girlhood, lived and breathed, and I loved her with every fibre of my soul. In the same way I hated Onegin for his neglect of her, for his ignoring of her love for him; he seemed to me like some cold and heartless demon. Into this mental state of mine fell Antonina's second letter, and somehow the similarity of the two cases worked on me to such an extent that Antonina and Tatiana gradually became one in my thoughts. For the same reason I seemed to take the place of Onegin. Horror filled me at the idea that I had acted towards the girl Antonina in the same heartless and cruel way that Onegin had treated Tatiana, and, full of remorse, I went to see her.

"We met several times after this, and when Antonina one day suggested that we should get married I agreed. I did not see what else I could do. The whole thing worried me so that I was unable to work, but what else could I have done? To have left her now would have seemed worse than anything that even Onegin was capable of—therefore impossible! I told my future wife that I felt no love for her, only sympathy for her unhappiness; but this did not seem to move her, for she only smiled. I think what principally influenced me was my wish to have done with the whole question once and for all, so as to be able to give myself up completely to my opera. All this time I had not been able to work. The question of Antonina and what would be the end of it had worried me; her tears, too (she cried often), troubled me so that I found it impossible to concentrate my thoughts. I know that I in no way realized the seriousness of the step that I was taking. I simply wanted to decide the matter once and for all and finish with it. I asked my bride to take upon herself all the arrangements for our marriage, and then took the train and left for my country house to compose. My work again completely obsessed me, so that everything else, Antonina, marriage and all the rest of life, seemed utterly remote and unreal. I was like a man in a fever, I worked like one in a delirium.

"In this dream state I got married, and it was only after the step was irrevocably taken that I realized what it meant to be tied day by day to a human being who was in every respect a stranger to me. After the first few days, already I realized that we had absolutely nothing in common. Antonina had only the most shallow and superficial understanding of art and music. As a matter of fact, the only things that really interested her were the ordinary small details of everyday life. There seemed an extraordinary limitation in her mind. She had heard a lot, but it awakened no echo in her soul; she had also read a great deal, but nothing left any trace on her mind. Unable to bear this state of things any longer, I left her. I did not in any way blame her for anything. I blamed myself, and I suffered acute torments of conscience. After a time I even decided that, having married her, it was my duty to bear patiently the life I had brought on myself, and I went back to her with every intention of trying my best to do so. It was, however, no use; life with her was impossible for me, and after three weeks I again left. All this worry and suffering undermined my health; my nerves were all to pieces, and my brother, seeing the state I was in, took me with him to St. Petersburg. There he made me see a specialist, and this doctor, after examining me and asking many questions, ordered that I should break altogether with my wife, and, moreover, that I should go abroad for a year for complete change of mind. My brother took me abroad, and gradually the effects of this tragic episode wore away and I became myself again."

Kashkin, who knew Tchaikovsky's wife, declares in his memoirs that she had never been quite normal. He gives as an instance the strange manner in which she took the news that the doctor had decreed it absolutely necessary that the marriage should be annulled and that Tchaikovsky (whom by her own declaration she must have passionately loved) must never see her again. Rubinstein took upon himself to break the news to her, and Tchaikovsky's brother, Anatol, who went with him, said afterward that Rubinstein spoke with a frankness, a bluntness amounting almost to brutality, that gave him (Anatol Tchaikovsky) hot and cold shivers. Antonina, however, seemed in no way moved. She offered her guests tea, beamed delightedly at Rubinstein, and remarked: "There, whoever would have thought that I should one day be pouring out tea for the great Rubinstein." She died in 1913 in a home for harmless lunaties.

Notes About the Theatre; Plays New and Old, and Actors

Those who have ever attempted to smoke Irish or even English-grown tobacco will appreciate the humor of the following little paragraph from an American newspaper just to hand: "Lennox Robinson, author of 'The White-Headed Boy,' which Charles Dillingham will produce next season, is tall, slight and dark, and faintly recalls W. B. Yeats in appearance. He is still in his early 30s, wears a butcher blue shirt for almost every occasion, and is prouder of smoking Irish-grown tobacco than of his gifts as a dramatist."—The Stage.

N. Dubosky and Paul Davidson are attempting to make the Scala in London a permanent Yiddish Theatre. On July 8 a Yiddish version of "Madame X" was produced.

The Stage is reprinting paragraphs appearing in that weekly 40 years ago. Here is one of them: "I also note that in Miss Wallis's production at Bradford her Romeo was R. B. Mantell, an Irish actor who has been a Shakespearean star in America for a number of years, where he is greatly appreciated."

Here is another paragraph: "The practice of taking nuts to a theatre and cracking them to the discomfort of all quiet and well-behaved people had a severe blow given to it by Mr. George Rignold during his visit to T. R. Wolverhampton. Stopping in the middle of the play, he thus addressed the audience: 'Do, please, stop cracking those nuts; you are not monkeys at a menagerie.'"

One more: "Samuel Swiggles, the eminent tragedian, disengaged." This card was followed by "We predict an elevated position for this rising young artist."—"Police News."

"Hello, Canada!" will be the title of the first English revue which Mr. Albert de Courville will send to Canada in September to open in Quebec.

"Will Shakespeare" is the title of a new play by Clarence Dane to be produced in London.

"Things That Money Can't Buy," a drama by Alida L. Lindon, based on "Great Expectations," has been produced at the Victoria, West Stanley. Estella at the end denounces Miss Havisham and declares her intention of sharing the life and fortunes of Phil Pirrip. The only other characters in the play are Joe Gargery, Magwitch, Herbert Pocket and Biddy.

The London county council is attempting to raise £10,000 for the central Shakespeare committee to continue its performances of Shakespeare's plays and make them a permanent feature of the city's interest in her school children.

Johann Schmitzer, the librettist of Johann Strauss's "Gypsy Baron," died recently at the age of 82.

C. B. Cochran, who holds the English rights, saw this fascinating play ("Deburau") in New York, and in his characteristic manner tried to induce David Belasco to bring his production over here. The truth is, however, that "Deburau" was not the financial success there anticipated, David Belasco's production being so expensive that the season, I am told, has resulted in a loss of $80,000. Therefore it will not be sent on the road. New York productions, as a rule, are represented on the road by four or five companies, but if it is impossible to keep the expenses within bounds, it is much wiser to store the play than stand the expense of four or five companies.

I wish I dare suppress all programs. I should do so in the case of a new play. Would it not be a strange new joy to be invited merely to see "A New Play" without knowing who was the author, who was to play in it, what it was about, whether it was comedy or tragedy, melodrama or farce? Think of the riveted attention the audience would have to exercise. In the case of some plays the audiences might even leave the theatre still not knowing whether they had seen a farce or a tragedy. And if the play had been a failure the author would have the choice of preserving his anonymity, and so escaping the mental scarification he suffers under our prevailing barbarous customs.—Louis N. Parker.

How long is it since boating flannels were seen in the higher-priced seats of a West end theatre? A middle-aged, rather stout French gentleman turned up in this unconventional evening wear, with cummerbund complete, at the production of "Pour Avoir Adrienne," at the Garrick on Friday evening. At the Princes on Monday, at the reproduction of "The Fire Bird"—an appropriate heat-wave title!—most of the gentlemen in the gallery divested themselves of jackets and waistcoats, and even collars and ties—to the envy, no doubt, of people in the stalls.—The Stage.

Arthur Bourchier has acquired from the executors of Robert Louis Stevenson the rights for Great Britain to produce "Treasure Island" in dramatic form.

Wilkie Bard, on his way to India, played with great success in June in South Africa.

Plautus's comedy, "Mostellaria," in an English version, "The Haunted House," was played in Chelsea (Eng.) by the Pax Robertson Salon.

The Theatre in Paris: as Described by Correspondents

These are difficult times for the theatre, what with the general slump in business and the unusually warm weather we are having. Many have closed; others are trying light farce or melodrama in an attempt to hold out; and the managers who were eagerly bidding for a summer season in various theatres have melted away and show no signs of carrying out their former plans. At the Comedie-Francaise receipts have fallen to the average of f.6000 a performance, "Le Passe," with Mme. Simone, and "Le Duel," with M. Le Bargy, being the most popular plays. At the Opera-Comique the average receipts are f.14,000, but at the Odeon receipts have fallen as low as f.2000 and f.1093. "Les Miserables" appears the most popular play of the present repertory. The Odeon company is also giving a season at the Trianon-Lyrique, in Montmartre, and consequently at the other end of Paris. By thus dividing up the repertory, M. Gavault is able to realize about the normal amount of profits with a minimum increase of expenditure. Also the inhabitants of Montmartre and the outer boulevards are given an opportunity to see the Odeon repertory without making the journey across the left bank of the river.—The Stage, July 3.

M. de Lagrille opened a summer season at the Lune Rousse with a revue by Dominique Bonnard and De la Fourchardiere. "There is a sketch in which a young actress consults a journalist as to new means of publicity. While they are talking two thieves enter. The journalist hides in terror, while the thieves assault the actress, cut her throat and make away with her jewels. The journalist rushes out to give the news in big headlines, and the thieves return—to receive their fee. It was all arranged for the actress's publicity.

M. Marshal Teneo wrote from Paris to the Daily Telegraph of London (July 7):

"In every age the theatre has been a valuable witness on behalf of history. Without Moliere, who could boast that he had a good knowledge of the 17th century? Can one imagine 1830 without romanticism? And the second empire, including its opinions and manners—is it not written in the operettas and comedies of that epoch? Does this mean that the ridiculous innovations of today will, later on, give the key to our present history? I do not believe it. They will appear merely as passing maladies. If, a hundred years hence, the historian should judge our Paris of today by the Italian futurists, he would commit a very serious mistake.

"M. Marinetti, that impenitent futurist, does not seem to be aware that the 'musicalization' of noises, of which he boasts, has been at the basis of music from time immemorial; but solely on the condition that the sounds can be inscribed on a normal scale. But the engines invented by M. Russolo are untamed monsters. Added to the symphonic orchestra, they remain apparatus without a soul, and, taken by themselves, they are incapable by their own means of translating the sonorous weft of any musical composition. How can one apply to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony the 'hululeurs,' the 'grondeurs,' the 'strideurs,' the 'crepiteurs,' the 'glougloutеurs,' the 'bourdonneurs,' the 'croasseurs,' the 'froufrouteurs,' and the 'stoilers'? For new instruments a new music, I shall be told. Then I will wait until M. Russolo, the composer, displays his genius at the same time as that of M. Russolo, the mechanic. But in the meanwhile, believe me, I was present for a quarter of an hour at the most ludicrous exhibition of sly humor that lies within the capacity of M. Marinetti, the showman of some poor pieces of as the owl; which roar, but not so well as the owl; which roar, but not so well as the lion; which creak, but not so well as the grasshopper; which croak, but not so naturally as the raven; and do not rustle half so prettily as a silk petticoat carried in the rhythm of the valse.

"At the beginning of the 18th century much amusement was derived from the burlesque ballets in which symbolical characters—as long ago as that!—under strange disguises, represented the law, medicine, pharmacy, Time, Love and the smaller roles. In giving us 'Les maries de la Tour Eiffel' M. Jean Cocteau has desired, as he says himself, to 'rehabilitate the common places' in a 'tea garden' style. And, deliberately, he has imposed on us a studio farce with mute characters explained by two 'human phonographs' placed on either side of the stage. Some of the masks painted by M. Jean Hugo possess marked drollery; the episode of the telegrams dancing in has a certain charm, that of the lion has a truly comical note; but, taken as a whole, this spectacle makes one think, I repeat, of the more innocent amusements of the regency, at which people in the best society barely smiled. The group of the 'six' which comprises five ultra-modern musicians, 'illustrated' these ancient japes—Mlle. Tailleffer with a merry quadrille, M. Poulenc with a 'chromo,' M. Aurie with an overture, M. Milhaud with a nuptial march, and M. Honegger with a funeral march with an amusing note of parody. An exceedingly kind confrere told us that 'these young people only wish to amuse themselves.' I cannot see why they should not. But, in that case, why invite the public? And I may add that 'private' amusements have no need of the sumptuous setting of the Theatre des Champs Elysees.

Film Notes

(Chiefly from the Stage)

In boxing films of the knuckle-fighting period a great mistake is often made in letting the modern fistic champions who are engaged crouch, sidestep and "kidney punch" in a style calculated to make Tom Cribb, Sayers, or Mace turn in their graves. Apparently the modern producer does not trouble to look up the old sporting prints of the period, when the old-time knights of the knuckle went into the ring with the "raw 'uns." This defect and others were noticable in Corinthian Jack, otherwise an excellent picture, with first-class photography, correct costumes, and beautiful scenery. But costumes and lovely garden settings are not all that might be wished for in a story of the Regency days. Location and dressing perfect, but boxing utterly of wrong period was the result.

a West end picture-house here
ve seen today a broad banner, 20
t long and a yard and a half wide,
with a film title recalling Holywell
Street in its shadiest days, supplemented in large letters by the announcement "Men and Women Only Admitted." Probably it is all a catchpenny, so that the browsing billygoats of the shy streets behind Piccadilly Circus who are lured in will possibly be "sold again." The real "spice" is sold secretly and not at ordinary prices, but is offered to the select subscribing few, who pay heavily, and get their value in obscenity, so I am informed.

"Is there one picture theatre that pays its way today?" This is a question raised in a prominent film-trade journal. Probably there are a few, but most are in the mire. Renters who have bought from producing firms the district rights of miles of poor stuff and find to their consternation that they cannot unload it on the long-suffering exhibitors who today are mostly concerned in begging to be let off the bitter bargains made before the public found out that scenarios hastily stuck together from pieces of unsuitable novels are not what they are willing to pay to see. No wonder that many studios are closing down, for how can they be carried on by means of bills at six months, which possibly may never be met at all. So the inglorious game goes on in its old vicious circle, and the prime culprits, the producing firms, have not nous enough to see that the whole origin of the trouble is the staleness, the lack of originality, and the absolute unattractiveness of the Soho output itself. If they do not or will not improve this, then the same dreadful slump period will always be repeating. Big colored advertisements in the trade papers no longer are of any use to work off the duds. What is wanted? Obviously more films with original stories and better brains behind the selection department. One picture house proprietor seems full of desperate humor as he advertises "Wanted, an audience." I hope he may get it, but first of all he must secure the attractions.

ing roles will be played by actors from

Knut Hamsun's novel "The Last Joy," is being prepared for the film theatres in Czechoslavakia. The lead the Art Theatre of Moscow.

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AMERICANIZED ENGLAND.

As the World Wags:

So constantly have our ears been assailed with accusations of Britain's sway in our dear land, that it is a refreshing surprise to many of us to learn of our own Americanization of England, and this in the light of achievement.

A leading English legal periodical, in the course of discussing Queen Victoria's place in English constitutional history, in a notice of Mr. Strachey's outspoken biography of the late Queen, finds that the Teutonic influence which had dominated England for a century—German love of science and education, German Philistinism, German solidity—was displaced, and ended, at the close of the 19th century.

In its stead arose the sentiment of Americanism, and the Americanization of English life, of industry, of society, of the home, of the position of women, of literature and art. These have been the outstanding feature of the last 20 years. And it was a spirit with which Queen Victoria had nothing in common. She was the last of the Teutons in England—solid, protestant, philistine, conservative, and a trifle unsympathetic—as the Teuton always has been. The Queen's death and the decay of her personal influence, and an intensifying hatred of Germany, were followed by this vigorous new growth.

And when we have given ourselves to reflection, lo the truth is seen to be in striking measure as the reviewer has represented.

RALPH WARDLAW GLOAG.
Boston.

LIFE ON THE VINEYARD

As the World Wags:

With your indulgence, I have already told of the delight that one may receive in the course of skimming country newspapers and the enhancing of that delight from reading the morsels aloud. I was, nevertheless, taken sharply to task by an anonymous correspondent from Bowdoin, who communicated with me through you, and I was asked if that was "Bostonese."

Again I find fun in my friend Landers's Martha's Vineyard Herald. In setting forth a warning as to the taking of lobsters, we are told that they are not to be taken less than 9 inches uncooked or 8¾ cooked. I won't be rash. Mebbe, daouwn there—but hereabouts the catches all come up in the raw state.

In the same issue the announcement is made by a local concern that "we have associated with us for the season in our meat department Mr. R. L. St. Clair, formerly journeyman butcher for Sir Thomas F. Lipton (spread in caps) of Liverpool, Eng. Any time you desire his co-operation in arranging dinner parties, etc., we shall be awfully pleased to have you call on us. Any fancy cuts or out of the ordinary roasts cheerfully suggested. We also specialize in French, Scandinavian and all European spoken languages."

Various causes of offence are to be found in the announcement. And a boycott may be the outcome. Why, too, should they come in the way of cheerful suggestions—these "cuts" and "roasts"? And why the prominence given to French and Scandinavian languages—to the ignoring of that of Eireann It almost seems an affront. And the worst of them is that they don't care, on Martha's Vineyard.

RALPH WARDLAW GLOAG.
Boston.

THE REPRINT, OF COURSE

As the World Wags:

Finding myself in a Boston bookstore it occurred to me to make inquiry as to what might be had in a copy of "Moby Dick."

With professional patience "clark" listened to my scraps of information and then said "Right this way, please." Without the least delay I was handed one of many copies of "Moby Dick, or the White Whale."

Said I "Have you read the interesting letters in The Herald on this great book of the sea?"

"No, I haven't," he answered, "but we're selling a lot of 'em." That pleased me!

. . . . . .

Until 2 after midnight I am on the high seas with Melville and my family shows the mark of those who stay ashore and hope and pray.

Boston. JOHN QUILL.

COL. MICHAEL CORCORAN

The following from Lossing's History of the United States may not be without interest in connection with his refusal to parade in honor of the Prince of Wales:

"Col. Lee advised the Virginians to erect a battery of heavy guns on the Arlington Heights, not far from his home, which would command the cities of Washington and Georgetown. They were about to follow this advice when, late in May, their plans were frustrated by the general-in-chief, who sent national troops across the Potomac to the Virginia shore by way of the long bridge at Washington and the Aqueduct bridge at Georgetown, to take possession of Alexandria and Arlington Heights. . . .

"The troops that first passed the long bridge constructed a battery at the Virginia end of it, which they named Fort General Irwin McDowell; and upon the spot where Lee proposed to erect a battery of siege guns to destroy the capital the troops erected a redoubt to defend it, which they named Fort Corcoran, in compliment to the commander of an Irish regiment among them. These were the first redoubts constructed by national troops in the civil war."

So Col. Mike seems to have made some sort of amende in 1861 for the insubordination of 1860. He was on the job when the rale ruction started.

DENIS A. McCARTHY.
Arlington Heights.

ADD "STRIKING SURNAMES"

As the World Wags:

In a little New England village through which I passed in a swift-coursing motor car recently—the name of the village, alas, I did not learn—there cut across our port bow a tradesman's vehicle of the type called in Gray's Inn Road a "van." It was horse-drawn and not particularly new, neither fact having any material bearing on the point of this anecdote, both being inserted merely as local color. The point is that the name of the tradesman was lettered large on the side of the vehicle's sheltering cover. The name was "Inman Spector." I should appreciate your opinion as to whether or not this commercial gentleman's intimates call him "In" for short. I hope so, indeed; otherwise the charming effect would be wasted. Furthermore, desperadoes of every ilk will do well to observe that among the Esperantist ladies and gentlemen recently in Boston (if one may believe The Boston Herald, and who may not?) was one Flicop!

Chelmsford. C. L. ARMSTRONG.

GOLF IN PLYMOUTH

As the World Wags:

Plymouth is a trifle more high-brow than Boston. Here when conditions require it a temporary special rule is posted at certain spots in golf courses reading "free lift allowed." At the admirable 18-hole course in Plymouth they have it, "preferred lies permitted." "Preferred lies" sounds like Boston; "free lift" suggests California.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.
Boston.

'GOSSIPY SEX' HEADS KEITH'S

Once in a while someone writes a sketch for the vaudeville stage which has the merit of a one-act play. It goes over big for that reason and stands out boldly on the bill also for the reason that such acts are so few and far between.

"The Gossipy Sex," in which Robert Emmett Keane, the well-known comedian, and Claire Whitney, who is so familiar to the movie fans as a star of the screen, is just one of those little playlettes that appeal in their human interest. Miss Whitney is clever on and off the screen. Mr. Keane carries the burden of the gossip with a naturalness that convinces. This is the feature number of the long list of attractions at Keith's this week, and a large audience last night stamped it with approval.

Other Acts Take Well

Rena Arnold and Harry Lambert, in "Pills," were another couple that scored heavily in a neat vehicle, novel and amusing, clean and wholesome, with grotesque dancing and just enough of the burlesque to make it sparkle. Howard and Sadler in their harmonious comedy songologue entitled "Wedding Bells" proved an unusual song number, and the artists were warmly greeted. Mary Clark, Boston's favorite soprano, sang a number of songs in excellent voice. Frank Jerome, eccentric comedian and gymnast, was an added attraction.

Jack Henry and Edythe Maye, with a company of dainty girls and good looking young men, presented "Two Little Pals," which proved to be an interesting musical comedy in tabloid form, neat in conception and filled with pleasing melodies.

Miller and Capman, in dancing numbers, Dallas Walker, "The Girl from Texas," in rope throwing, knot tying and songs of the jazz type, and the Four Lamys Brothers, in aerial stunts, completed a fine bill with the usual Aesop Fable, Topics of the Day and Pathe Weekly thrown in for abundant measure.

August 4 21

Miss Henrietta Straus talked in Vienna with Richard Strauss. Her report of their conversation was published in the Nation (New York). Having told her that his new opera is light, in three acts, "in small tome for small orchestra, like the Mozart," he said in answer to his wife's remark, "Perhaps we shall come to America next winter for the Metropolitan," "I don't know. They won't pay me enough." In the course of the conversation he showed his contempt for this country as follows: "You have Bodanzky, and he is very good—for America. America has no understanding of Europe." Miss Straus neatly countered by saying, "Perhaps Europe has no understanding of America."

Richard then said that Salzburg needs a Festspielhaus: "that would cost a million dollars. America ought to give it."

"For a moment," says Miss Straus, "I was too astonished to speak. Only a short time before, on my way to the opera house, I had passed a man who had fainted from hunger in front of one of those cruelly glittering shops that line the Kaerntnerstrasse, and the mute sympathy and white, bloodless faces of the gravely staring crowd were still haunting me. It seemed to me that Austria had more immediate needs for our millions than festival houses. So at last I said, slowly and curiously: 'If you will tell me just why America should give Salsburg a million dollars for a Festspielhaus, I will write it.'

" 'Because,' he answered roughly, 'America has no culture. Culture will always come from Europe.'

" 'But,' I protested, 'it has been many years since you have been in America. You will find a great change, especially in the musical world.'

" 'That may be,' he admitted grudgingly, 'but America needs Europe. Europe does not need America—only her dollars.'

"I like America," tactfully interposed Frau Strauss. "I once gave between 30 and 40 concerts there. I would like my husband to be at the Metropolitan for a winter."

" 'No,' said her husband, 'I will not go through what Mahler and Mottl had to endure.'

"There is no reason why you should have to," I said dryly.

" 'Perhaps we will stay there three or four months,' she persisted.

" 'No,' he repeated angrily, 'only one month. I will not give a year of my life to America.'

" 'But there is no money here in Vienna,' pleaded his wife.

" 'One needs no money here in Vienna,' he replied sternly, and turning to me, indicated that the interview was over."

Miss Straus ends by saying: "I am still wondering which we in America need the more—such a luxury as Richard Strauss, or that inner grace, our self-respect."

Whatever Mr. Strauss thinks of this country he knows it is Tom Tiddler's ground for foreign musicians. In like manner a certain German lieder singer, who, happening to be in this country twice in the course of the world war, was violent in her denunciation of the United States and contemptuous of the American soldiers, raging like a fishwife against all patriotic Americans, will sing here next season, glad to receive the dollars from the poor wretches whom she abused for their gross ignorance of art and their rank materialism.

A Note About the Husbands of Adah Isaacs Menken

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

A correspondent recently questioned in the As the World Wags column the order of Adah Isaacs Menken's husbands. I give a list of her matrimonial ventures, beginning when she was 20 years old.

She married on

April 3, 1856, Alexander Isaacs Menken;

April 3, 1859, John C. Heenan, (the Benicia Boy);

October, 1861, Robert H. Newell, (Orpheus C. Kerr);

August, 1866, James Barclay.

Four husbands in 10 years; for a girl who died when she was 33 years old was "going some." I wonder if any of the principals in the cast of "Mazeppa," at the Howard Athenaeum in June or July, 1862, are still living. On that occasion these principals were with her: Mazeppa, Adah Isaacs Menken; Olinska, Miss Annie Eberle; Agatha, Mrs. Savage; Zemilla, Mrs. Biddles; Thamar, Kate Newton; Khan of Tartary, W. H. Curtis; The Caspellan, L. Nourse; Count Palatine, F. E. Aiken; Officer, J. H. Browne.

The duel between Mazeppa and the Officer was a corker. I think "Mazeppa" would make a great film play. There is plenty of action, a bit of barbaric. As for the absence of clothes that does not matter these days.

Remember we got all this for: Gallery, 15 cents; parquette, 25 cents; family circle, 25 cents; orchestra chairs, 50 cents. O for the good old days of Wyzeman Marshall!

A word about hats, high, top, etc. When the Benicia Boy met Mr. Sayre in that little Farnborough argument, I am certain that 90 per cent. of those present wore tall hats, even if the time was only 6 A. M. Peers and publicans, clerics and costermongers, all wore plug, mostly black. Some real sports wore a white beaver with a long nap which they rubbed up the wrong way to show that it was the real thing, made down in Spitalfields, much as our Boston ladies, a little later, who owned a camel's hair shawl (worth, say $100) wore it wrong side out to show the world that theirs was not made in either Paisley or "Glasgie." V. E.

Winthrop.

We have not yet seen Richard Northcott's life of Adah Isaacs Menken, and we now quote from a review published in the Stage: "It should be recorded that her father was James McCord, an Irishman, who had lived in the now vanished Newcastle street, Strand, and who married, near New Orleans, a Creole, whose elder daughter, born June 15, 1835, was christened Dolores Adios. Hence came the names of the well-known poem 'Dolores' and the afterwards repudiated sonnet 'Doloid' written in Menken's album by one of her various eminent literary friends and admirers, Swinburne, who called her the World's Delight. In her early days in New Orleans, this typical heroine of romance had, under the name of Bertha Theodore, as she first called herself, a dancer, begun writing poems and other things, and copious extracts from her volume of poems 'Infelicia,' published in the autumn of 1868, soon after her premature death in Paris, at the age of 33, have been made by Mr. Northcott, who has given, in addition to the four selected by William Michael Rossetti, five more, including one of five short stanzas on Adelina Patti. Menken's friendship with Dickens, Thackeray, John Oxenford, and some other once-popular dramatists, Farnie, Reece, Watts-Phillips, and Dumas pere forms the subject of other references in Mr. Northcott's fascinating little book.

"It should be added that Menken made her debut as an actress in the part of Bianca in Dean Milman's tragedy 'Fazio' at New Orleans, May 3, 1859; that she first appeared as Mazeppa at Albany, June 7, 1861; and that she then boomed greatly by E. T. Smith for her debut here at Astley's, Oct. 3, 1864, this opening run of the Menken 'Mazeppa' lasting for 10 weeks. Other rivals, in this country and in America, and her playing in Paris for a hundred nights of Feorio, a dumb Mazeppa, with a special scene introduced into the drama 'Les Pirates de la Savane,' occurred before this meteoric performer's disappearance from the scene. Mr. Northcott, who has taken infinite pains over the compilation of this monograph, says that the last occasion on which Menken acted on the stage was in the old role of Mazeppa, at Sadler's Wells, May 30, 1868. This illustrated biography has 11 portraits of the heroine, two of them together with Swinburne and with Dumas, and Mr. Northcott acknowledges the help of Mr. Ge

R. Sims, who possesses the original American cuttings of Menken's poetical contributions to the Trans-Atlantic Press."

We doubt if Swinburne's "Dolores" was inspired by Adah.—Ed.

Concerning Chorus Girls

(Patterson James, in The Billboard)

But far worse than all the newspaper vilification and misrepresentation to which the chorus girl has been subjected is what she is compelled to endure as part of the performance. Last summer we had the sweet privilege of attending a musical show in the program for which opposite the names of the girls in the chorus appeared their addresses and telephone numbers. That seemed low enough to justify the conviction that the limit of flesh brokerage had been reached, but apparently the limit is still unattained. In "The Broadway Whirl" the chorus (who work for a bare living wage—fixed only after a bitter battle by the actors' union and kept in existence only through fear of the same union) participates in a song, "Button Me up the Back." One verse is sung on the stage and then the girls descend into the auditorium aisles, sit on the arms of the chairs occupied by men, and the opened backs of their dresses are hooked or buttoned by the patrons of the show. A little later in the performance the girls again come down into the audience to polish the finger nails of the male customers. On this trip they sing a noble ditty, "Let Cutie Cut Your Cuticle."

Now, it may be true—though personally I do not believe it—that a certain percentage of the girls who are compelled to take part in these numbers enjoy the experience of getting into closer contact with tthe audience. It may be that a few of them welcome the opportunity to indulge in elevating conversation with the dress buttoners and fingernail owners. But I think the great majority of them shrink from such pieces of stage "business" and loathe the producer who orders them in or permits them to remain in his show. Observation also indicates that the men selected as victims of the producer's lovely sense of novelty were more nonplussed than pleased by having a girl with an unbuttoned dress plump herself down on the arms of their chairs while the soloist warbled "Button Me Up the Back." In oriental slave markets of old women were put on the block and prospective customers were permitted to assure themselves of the soundness of their contemplated purchases by feeling their flesh, examining their teeth and feet and sundry other little pleasantries. Western civilization always considered such practices utterly abominable and an indication of the internal rottenness of the people which permitted them. There is no record that the slaves involved in the body market usages approved or enjoyed their position. But being slaves they had no choice in the matter. Their masters ordered and they obeyed. There are these wide differences between the old flesh market of Stamboul and the East and certain of our musical shows. One is that the eastern mart was not labeled a theatre, and another that buying and selling women was a business not classified as entertainment.

Random Notes About the Stage and Concert Hall

The Daily Telegraph spoke most disrespectfully of "A Doll's House" when it was revived in London last month, saying that today it is a mere curiosity. "So out of date is it that you can feel nothing but a detached interest in it as a great piece of drama that was once something like life. Nora Helmer was never a very satisfying heroine; now she is a perfectly impossible one. Miss Muriel Pratt plays the part in her own bobbed hair and one of those knitted frocks which people never wore till lately. Perhaps she is not exactly blameworthy for this; but as a fact it is rather disconcerting to find a girl with the complete outward appearance of the modern 'Old Bean' submitting to be referred to patronizingly as her husband's skylark and dove and other ornithological endearments."

Mr. John Drinkwater has set a fashion with his play, "Abraham Lincoln," by taking a great historical character and depicting in a series of scenes episodes in his life. In "Mary Stuart" he follows his own fashion, and has he not taken Cromwell as the protagonist of another episodical drama? In the meantime, two young writers, H. F. Rubinstein and Clifford Bax, have made a similar play in episodes entitled "Shakespeare" (Benn Brothers), in which the poet is represented at five stages of his career. It is an interesting experiment, and, as Prof. Pollard says in his preface, "raises a hope that the English drama may escape from the monotony of artificial plots into the rich variety of human life by becoming biographical."—London Daily Chronicle.

I note that we are to see that fine character-actor George Arliss about August, 1922, in his big American success "Green Goddess," by William Archer. Both actor and author began their careers theatrically at a minor London theatre. When I first saw Arliss he was a member of Joe Cave's stock company at the Elephant and Castle—now he is one of the most prominent stars in America. William Archer made his debut at the Grecian by writing a bush-ranging melodrama for that historic house before his Ibsen days. The new play will be run by Gilbert Miller at the St. James's when the Lyn Harding season has finished.—The Stage.

We do not believe in irresponsible rubatos for "Adelaide." If Beethoven condemned it in his maturity as sentimental, that is all the more reason for us to make it virile.—London Times.

"The pianist in chamber music ought to be like the stroke of an eight, who is there to give quick and right decisions rather than to pull the boat along. The piano should be felt rather than heard. The strings are the protagonists, and if their voices are quenched the play might as well not be acted."

A few days ago I had a chat with Fraser Gange, who has just returned to England from a 10 months' tour of Australia and New Zealand with his wife, Miss Amy Evans. And most cheering it was. For Mr. Gange told me that there is a corner in this wretched world where music is a prime necessity of man's life, and that is in the two countries named.

He said that in Australia and New Zealand the folk have the concert habit even as we here have the theatre habit, that it is not only possible but desirable that musicians who succeed should give series of concerts and not merely one concert here and another there. The folk have a pretty taste too, in English song, and that which they preferred was not your tuppeny-ha'penny ballad, but Frank Bridge's "Isobel," Vaughan Williams's "Roadside Fires," and that kind of thing. Further, he assured me that by far the finest collection of real English song he ever saw was in the hands of a young Englishwoman who had taken up her abode in, I think, Perth, W. A.—London Daily Telegraph.

Cesar Franck's Sonata renewed its youth; its points, that have been battered down to stumps by many assaults, bristled again full of courage, and we felt ourselves in the presence of living music.—London Times.

Professor Granville Bantock, now bereaved by the death of his actor brother in Melbourne, has himself found inspiration for his art in Australia, but its chief background lies in the ancient Oriental civilizations. One of the great musician's most remarkable qualities is that of doing two things at a time. While deep in a composition he used to get a friend to read to him. Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" was one of the books so used, and Mr. Bantock occasionally eased up his writing a little to make some comment on the historian's views.—London Daily Chronicle.

The Rev. J. Kasakaitis of Wyoming valley is translating into Lithuanian some of the best Italian, French and German operas, all of which have received their initial presentation in Lithuanian. One of Verdi's operas, the translation of the Rev. Kasakaitis, will be produced in northern Pennsylvania this fall.—N. Y. Evening Post.

Mozart's "La Finta semplice" will be performed on Oct. 2 at Karlsruhe. The opera was written 153 years ago at the request of Joseph II. The original libretto, written by Marco Coltellini, has been revised and translated by Anton Rudolph.

Sir Harry Lauder, in an interview at Dundee, told why he had sold his Glenbranter estate in Argyllshire. "The estate was bought for my son," he said. "Now he has gone my interest in it has gone." This is the pathetic explanation given. "My interests now lie solely in my work," he continued. "Taxation or anything financial has nothing to do with my decision. But for what had happened Glenbranter would have been the Lauder home for all time." It will be remembered that Sir Harry's only child, Capt. John Lauder, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was killed in action in France.—The Stage.

FROM THE LONDON DAILY TELEGRAPH

All those who have read and enjoyed—and who has not?—William J. Locke's latest novel, "The Mountebank," will be interested to hear that before very long they are to have a chance of seeing it, in dramatic form, on the stage. The adaptation is the work of Ernest Denny, author of "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," and has been acquired by Frank Curzon and Dennis Eadie for the latter's use. The version is in four acts, and presents the hero in his two-fold character of Le Petit Patou, the popular vaudeville artist, and of the distinguished soldier, Brig.-Gen. Andrew Lockaday, who, from humblest beginnings, eventually secured for himself a high position in the recent war. We make his acquaintance first in the former capacity, doubtless soon after he and Elodie have entered into partnership. The other side of the picture deals with Andrew's love for Lady Auriol, which loyalty to his first sweetheart prevents from coming to fruition until the close of the story. It is hardly to be expected that we shall be given a glimpse of the famous Cirque Rocambeau or of that wonderful dog Prepimpin, Patou's faithful companion. But we may confidently count on meeting in the flesh that fascinating figure of a man, Bakkus, the sweet singer and sage philosopher.

I learn from Norman McKinnel that he has just secured the rights in Sem Benelli's play, "La Cena delle Beffe," adapted by B. C. Fernald. This, it will be remembered, is the piece done in the provinces under the management of Gilbert Miller and then named "The Jest." Mr. McKinnel, however, will give it an entirely new production, in which music is to play no inconsiderable part, when he presents it at the Comedy in the autumn. Meanwhile Mr. Galsworthy's "A Family Man" is doing very well there, and reaches its 50th performance tomorrow evening.

The signal success of the French season at the Garrick has encouraged Charles Cochran to push his endeavors still further in the same direction. His new venture will be, however, on a larger scale and cover a much longer period. It involves the formation of a stock company, composed of capable French artists, who will, so to speak, represent the backbone of the enterprise. From time to time it will be reenforced by well-known Paris actors and actresses, who will appear in the various plays in which they have achieved popularity on the other side of the channel. The less prominent roles in these will be distributed among the members of the stock company. In this way Londoners will be permitted to witness a very considerable number of plays, signed by the best French dramatists, that have received the imprimatur of the Paris public. Mr. Cochran has already submitted his scheme to many of the leading lights over there, and in every instance it has been accepted with enthusiasm. It has even been accorded the support of the Comedie Francaise, a point of no small significance. No date has yet been fixed for the initiation of the project; enough for the moment that it will take effect during the course of next season at one of the West end theatres under Mr. Cochran's control.

As intimated a fortnight ago, Mr. Donald Calthrop is, by arrangement with Sir Alfred Butt, to be the next tenant of the Queen's with the view of Pinero's famous farce "The Schoolmistress," the adaptation being by Percy Greenbank and score by Howard Talbot.

Mr. Lane Crauford wrote to the Daily Telegraph: "In Mr. Archer's interesting article on the 'Wicked Baronet,' although he traced the inception of the character to the plays of Morton and Holcroft, and from them to Pinero plays, yet curiously enough no mention was made of the 'Wicked Baronet's' predominance in domestic melodrama of the old transpontine and cispontine theatres such as the Old Vic., the Surrey, the Pavilion, and the Britannia. Surely the 'Wicked Baronet' attained his "pride of place" in this genre, and so became a stock character for burlesque; and it suggests that Gilbert had this particular vogue in mind when writing 'Ruddigore.'"

Discerning Singers: Certain Tests of Public Taste

(The London Times)

Speaking of Mme. Patti the other day Mr. Herman Klein said emphatically that she would have been as great in the kinds of opera which are fashionable today as she was in those of her own generation. The point is clearly one which lends itself to debate without leading to conclusions, but Mr. Klein made his meaning clear by reference to Mme. Patti's progress in perception of different kinds of music which made their appearances in connection with the stage after she had won her first brilliant reputation in Bellini, Donizetti, and Mozart. His contention was that what we all feel ought to be true of an artist who is called "great" by posterity was true of Patti; he claimed that her art grew with that of her generation.

The chief complaint against most of the popular women singers of today is that they have so little sympathy with or understanding of current musical types that they prefer to reiterate the half dozen or so of old-fashioned arias which show off their voices, and have practically dropped out of consideration by serious musicians in consequence. So much is this the case that to credit a singer with "intelligence" is almost taken to be an admission of her lack of pure vocal capacity. There are a few splendid exceptions, like Mme. Destinnova, who has ranged from Donna Anna to Salomo with equal ease, bringing a highly developed intelligence to the enrichment of fine vocal capacity in both cases. Whether Patti, had she belonged to this generation, could have achieved a similar conquest of divergent styles is a point which most of us nowadays are not competent to decide, but Mr. Klein's own account of how he taught her Wagner 30 years after her debut at Covent Garden, and of how in "Traume" she then "for the first time in her career wedded her golden tones to one of Wagner's long-drawn melodies" does not suggest that she was exactly quick in the uptake of the new music.

As a further sidelight on the perception of great melody it may be recalled that when Wilhelmj played her the "Preislied" she "rewarded" him by singing Gounod's "Ave Maria" to his violin obbligato.

The excuse for singers of the last generation who admired Wagner, but did not sing him always, was that his music was destructive of the voice, and the same charge has been brought against almost every species of modern music since, and is crystallized in the possibly apocryphal story of Richard Strauss urging on his orchestra with cries of "Louder! louder! I can still hear the singers!" No doubt composers have shown a tendency to treat the voice with an increasing amount of perversity lately. The decisive change in modern composition from the standards of preceding centuries lies in the fact that now for the first time composers normally think instrumentally and are inclined to write for the voice by transference of instrumental ideas to it, where formerly the process was the reverse one.

That may go too far, in some instances it certainly has done so, and resulted simply in bad music, but the course of events has undoubtedly shown that the voice can learn from instruments as in the past instruments learnt from the voice. A new technique can always be evolved to meet difficulties which are worth overcoming. For a long time the majority of singers, like the majority of the public, were not sure that the difficulties of Wagner were worth troubling about. Some of them, like Patti, only began to find out when it was too late, and the same thing is happening with increasingly distressing results between the singers and the music of today. It is bad for the singers and bad for the music; for the singers because they tend more and more to the mechanical reproductions of former triumphs which nowadays might be relegated to the gramophone record, for the music because composers have less and less encouragement to understand and apply the principles of vocal art to their work. Hence comes the double complaint that there are no great singers now and no great music for them.

But it is the singers who really have the remedy in their hands. As we suggested the other day when Mme. Melba sang at the Albert Hall, the songs which people like are the songs their favourite singers know how to sing. However much the "star" system may be decried the personal power of the singer is the biggest force in determining the taste of the large public. The singer has not the power of life and death over a musical work, but he, and still more she, has often power to advance the appreciation of it at once or to put it off for half a lifetime. That is why we need singers of discernment more than ever today, and need discernment in conjunction with the highest type of vocal ability. The musical intelligence with inferior executive powers earns some praise and gratitude when it devotes itself to serious music and the vocal ability alone will always get the bouquets and the encores. But only the two together will deserve to be called great "after the singer is dead and the maker buried."

(Louis Calvert in the London Daily Telegraph)

We English build much and rightly on traditions handed down from our fathers. They are a source of strength and depth to the various phases of our national life. But no one can deny that too great adherence to artistic traditions may bind shackles upon the inspiring artist. He may blindly follow the mistakes of his predecessors as well as their moments of insight. He may copy the outworn fashions of another day rather than apply to his work original thought.

Especially is this true of the actor. History has handed down, linked with the great names of the past, traditional interpretations of Shakespeare which in many cases are not in accordance with the original text. Often the text was mutilated to suit the taste of the actor playing it, or to please better the audience to which it was presented. It is not for the present-day actor to accept these would-be improvements on Shakespeare blindly. Many of these changes came about in the last century because of conditions under which great actors like Betterton, Garrick and Macready played.

For example, Shakespeare wrote for a theatre holding perhaps 700 people. The patent theatres, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, at which alone Shakespeare could be presented in London during a long period, held some 3000 each. In these theatres the actors needed a very much broader style than was in use in Shakespeare's time. The diction had to be slower. Delicate touches and characterization were lost in the great auditorium. Therefore the ponderous style of elocution was the only effective one.

But these exaggerations are no longer necessary in our modern compact auditorium, with lighting and acoustics which make possible shadings of tone and facial expression. Since this is so, why should our modern actors cling to unnatural forms of acting for which there is no longer any necessity? I myself have heard many Hamlets speak to the ghost in the measured tone handed down by tradition.

Be—thou—a—spirit—of—health—or—goblin—damned—
Bring—with—thee—airs—from—heaven—
or—blast—from—hell.

And this slow utterance, mark you, comes from a man whose pulse must be striking heaven alone knows how many to the minute.

Tragedians of the past carried

their dignity into everyday life. I remember meeting Phelps of blessed memory at my father's house. His hand was always imbedded in the lapel of his coat, and he spoke in measured tones, as if to say, "It is my duty to uphold the dignity of the English language as an example to others." Dignity on the stage was everything to them then. I saw him play Malvolio, Wolsey and Bottom, all wonderful performances, but in a style entirely different from that favored today.

Charles Lamb, a thinking critic of the period, preferred to read his Shakespeare rather than hear the text subordinated to the sheer rhetoric of popular actors. Contrasting the impressions obtained at a theatre with those derived from reading, he observes, "We are apt not only to sink the playwright in the consideration that we pay to the actor, but even to identify in our minds in a perverse manner the actor with the character which he represents. It is difficult for a frequent playgoer to disembarrass the idea of Hamlet from the voice and person of Edmund Kean. We speak of Lady Macbeth when we are in reality thinking of Mrs. Siddons."

Hazlitt said: "It would be ridiculous to suppose that anyone ever went to see Hamlet or Othello represented by Kean or Kemble—we go to see Kean or Kemble in 'Hamlet,' or 'Othello.'" I do not mean to imply that the fame of these actors of old was not well deserved. Modern actors could take many a lesson from their sincerity and application to their art. Kean, "the little Kean," whose height was 5 feet 4 inches when he was 20 years old, developed his art with a singleness of mind that would surprise many of our modern stars. He was wounded once while fencing, and fainted. When he regained consciousness, his first question was "How did I fall?" His rehearsals were almost unintermittent. He would practise his lines wherever he happened to be; on the street, in booksellers' shops—anywhere.

One tradition that these actors of the past have left us, and one that should be followed, is that blank verse must be spoken with an absolute sense of its rhythm. The modern tendency is to speak it so colloquially that we lose the beauty and power of the poetry. The great actors of the past were trained to speak blank verse, retaining all its beauty, and yet to make their audience forget that they were listening to a form of speech other than that of daily life. In these days, however, blank verse is becoming almost a lost art on the stage. We have no budding Forbes-Robertsons and no new Ellen Terry.

My mother, Mrs. Charles Calvert, and for that matter my father, too, spoke their blank verse in a style that was a happy medium between the ponderous method and the too colloquial. This was, perhaps, due to the fact that they played for many years in the Prince's Theatre in Manchester, which was small compared with the patent theatres in London. To my mind it is in the small theatre that the actor will learn to speak blank verse correctly.

As to the emotions of these great characters: At present we have Mr. Godfrey Tearle giving eight performancnes a week of Othello. No matter how much this artist may wish to put all his soul into the portrayal of the character, inwardly he must realise that he has to safe-guard his strength for the rest of the week. The actors of the last century did not spare themselves, consequently Kemble, Kean and Mrs. Siddons had to rest the day after a performance to recuperate. Salvini seldom played more than three times a week. A performance of a great Shakespearean role, such as Othello, given eight times a week, must of necessity change from art to photography. The audience is given each night a replica of the performance of the night before.

Shylock in Warsaw

A visit to the Teatr Polski the other evening enabled me to listen to some fine diction, for which Polish actors and orators are famous. The performance was that of "The Merchant of Venice," and the company of trained artists, except the exponent of the principal character, were well chosen for their parts. It was a pleasure to hear Shakespeare's lines spoken so easily and harmoniously in their Polish garb. The Shylock of Aleksander Bogusinski was a good performance, and vocally he fitted the character well. Physically, this proved the strangest of Shylocks, being the shortest "Merchant" I have ever seen on the stage. Bassanio seemed twice his size, and his daughter Jessica towered over him like a giantess. Bogusinski acts the character quietly enough until Shylock discovers the disappearance of his daughter and his ducats. He then runs through the house shouting in crescendo "Jessica! Jessica!" One hears him tear from room to room, hears the crash of broken china and falling brass pans, and then sees him struggle out of his door, a broken man, his hair bedraggled, his costume torn. He mutters and curses and moans and yells in unspeakable anguish, and, finally, falls flat on the floor, and then squirms all over the stage in convulsions of pain. It is a fine performance, vigorous and intense, but one that would hardly find favor with an Anglo-Saxon theatre audience.

Perhaps the most remarkable impressions carried away from this creditable performance of a great English play is the vehemence of the acting of the Prince of Morocco, who comes in at an early part, wooing the attractive Portia. He enters with a retinue of brown followers, and behaves like some wild Dervish, dashing about the stage and falling upon his hands, knees and feet in so fierce an adoration of the taunting Portia that she and her ladies must needs every now and then step back in horror at his approach. When he finally chooses the wrong casket the prince begins to belabor his brown followers, who yell in uncanny fashion as he beats them off the stage, himself following at their heels, raging in the terrific anger of a wild beast. The scene closes with Portia and her ladies giving vent to ripple after ripple of happy laughter at the sight of the passionate disappointment of the brown prince.

The Teatr Polski is a magnificent building; one of the finest art theatre buildings in Europe. It is owned by a private company, which rents it to a group of actors, who run the theatre and produce high-class plays throughout the year. Bernard Shaw is a great success in Warsaw. "Pygmalion" was the last of his plays produced here. "Fanny's First Play" is a favorite in the Teatr Polski repertory, and is continually reproduced. The greatest favorite of all the English dramatists with Polish theatre audiences is Oscar Wilde. The average Pole knows more about Wilde and his literary works than the average Britisher knowns about football, and when he is told that London now rarely sees a Wilde production honestly believes you are fooling him.

Continental Stage News

Robert Milton, newly appointed stage director for William Harris, is just back from Europe, with varied impressions of England, France, Germany and Italy. He arranged with Ludwig Fulda to make a German dramatization of "The Charm School," which Alice Duer Miller and Mr. Milton wrote together. In exchange, Mr. Milton brought back manuscripts by Sudermann and Fulda.

The best ensemble acting in western Europe now is at the Comedie Francaise, according to Mr. Milton, who admits that he was no admirer of the French theatre before the war. He feels that this famous company has made great progress, while the Germans have retrogressed. Mme. Simone, who created no sensation in this country when introduced by George C. Tyler—Mr. Milton directed her on that occasion—is now the reigning favorite at the Comedie Francaise. Mr. Milton said that she was giving magnificent performances, and the company, as a whole, was marvellous. At the Vieux Colombier he saw a production of "Twelfth Night" by Jacques Copeau's company that he said was the best acting of a Shakespeare comedy he had ever seen.

In Italy, Mr. Milton saw Mme. Eleanora Duse given an ovation as the audience rose and cheered her at a regular performance in Milan. He also had breakfast with Mme. Duse—reminding her of the days when she had played at her father's theatre in Russia, and he, with other boys, had unhitched horses from her carriage, so that they could drag her to the theatre themselves. After breakfast Mme. Duse hurried off to a rehearsal at 8:30!

Wind Storms Made to Order

That day is past when a thunder storm or tidal wave or cyclone in the films has to be announced by a title. Present-day audiences want realism, and that means the showing of the thunder storm or tidal wave or cyclone in picture form. A mere flip of the author's pen sets the scenery for his readers, and it is just as easy for him to call for the destruction of the Woolworth building or the wrecking of the Leviathan. But when it comes to filming—well, words cannot tell the story; nothing less than realistic action, no matter what may be the cost, is necessary.

Now wind storms are often required in photoplays. They do not always occur when wanted, and it costs time and money to wait for them. So—and this is typical of the ingenuity of the motion picture folk—a mechanical genius at one of the Fort Lee, N. J., studios got busy and developed a sure method of producing a wind storm wherever and whenever wanted. Taking a light automobile chassis and an eight-cylinder airplane motor fitted with a propeller, he developed a compact wind machine. When in operation this portable wind machine has to be chained to the ground lest it start off on its own account. The propeller blows the air past the engine and toward the scenery. The speed of the engine may be controlled so as to obtain anything from a gentle breeze to a full-fledged hurricane capable of bowling over the kind of scenery employed in motion picture work—Scientific American.

Aug 6 1921

'ENTER MADAME'

SELWYN THEATRE—"Enter Madame," a comedy in three acts, by Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne. First performance in Boston. It was first produced at the Garrick Theatre, New York, Aug. 16, 1920. The cast:

Gerald Fitzgerald, Madame's husband ... Mr. Henry Stephenson
Mrs. Flora Preston, a widow ... Miss Jane Meredith
Tamamoto, Mr. Fitzgerald's servant ... Mr. George Moto
John Fitzgerald, his son ... Mr. Gavin Muir
Aline Chalmers, John's fiancee ... Miss Sheila Hayes
Rice, Madame's maid ... Miss Michelette Burani
The Doctor, her personal physician ... Mr. Francis M. Verdi
Miss Smith, her secretary ... Miss Minnie Milne
Archimede, her chef ... Mr. William E. Hallman
Madame Lisa Della Robbia ... Miss Gilda Varesi

The artistic temperament, difficult as it is to define, has been the subject of many of our most fascinating novels and plays. Anne Douglas Sedgwick has never done anything finer than "Tante," with its cunning portrait of a great pianist. Doris Keane will always be remembered best as Mme. Cavallini in "Romance," which part, by the way, Miss Varesi, herself, played so often in this city.

The artistic temperament, again, is the subject of "Enter Madame." Madame is a great opera singer; known professionally as Lisa Della Robbia; in private life the wife of one Gerald Fitzgerald. Madame, like all persons afflicted, or blessed as the case may be, with the artistic temperament, has refused to grow up; she herself declares she is possessed of eternal youth. Even the fact that she has a grown-up son refuses to convince her that the years are creeping on her. At the time the play opens Gerald Fitzgerald has grown weary of being the husband of a famous woman; he longs for domesticity; his slippers by the fire; for lares and penates. He believes he will find all this in marriage with a widow, Mrs. Preston. Therefore, he asks his wife for a divorce, and in answer, she arrives from Europe. In the end, however, he decides that the gay old life, harum-scarum as it may be, is the only life for him. Therefore, "exit, madame," with monsieur en route for Buenos Ayres, leaving the slippers by the fire and the domestic widow bent on revenge.

Character True to Life

Miss Varesi and Mrs. Byrne have created, in Lisa Della Robbia, a character entirely true to life. Here is a great artist; childlike, unconsciously selfish; moved entirely by impulse, and who, in her own words, "never talks business." The character, and, indeed, the whole action of the play, is consistent throughout. For a moment, in the last act, when Lisa announced that she would forsake the operatic stage and "raise chickens," we trembled. Were the authors going to sacrifice truth to a happy ending? But no; the play ends with Lisa going to Buenos Ayres to sing; with her husband grumbling, but happy, trailing along after her, carrying the despised poodle; ends, just as such a situation in life would end, whether it were to lead toward happiness or sorrow. Let us thank the gods for a few realists in the theatre!

Miss Varesi has the rare gift of provoking humor, which lies dangerously near to tears. She keeps one in a delicious state of trembling on the brink. Even when madame is most ridiculous and irritating in her irresponsible childishness, she is most appealing; even most pathetic. Miss Varesi's acting has the charm of humaness; of deep feeling, finely controlled. Mr. Stephenson, as her husband, at last has a part in which he can display his unusual ability in subtle comedy. Natural at all times, tender but never sentimental, he makes of the harassed husband a very real person. Miss Burani, as madame's maid, approximates Miss Varesi's own memorable performance in the similar part which she played in "Romance." Mr. Muir, as madame's young son, is excellent. The other members of the splendid cast are spirited and consistent. A large and enthusiastic audience applauded generously. "Enter Madame" is, indeen, an unusual play, unusually well done.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Opening of the regular season and first performance in Boston of "Irish Eyes," a comedy with songs, in three acts, by Edward E. Rose, featuring Walter Scanlan. Cast:

John Brady ... Charles W. Dingle
Lanty ... Bennett R. Finn
Eileen Brady ... Olive Meehen
Dan Riley ... Mr. Scanlan
Shane O'Brien ... Albert West
Kathleen Barry ... Frederica Going
Judy ... Lida Kane
Peggy Riley ... Olive Meehen
Earl of Bray ... Pacie Ripple
Capt. Danforth ... Clay Cody

Mr. Scanlan had a friendly audience that filled the theatre. There was hair-trigger laughter and applause, and many intensely interesting and poignant scenes were marred by a holiday mood on the part of the spectators.

The characters of the Earl of Bray and Capt. Danforth were bald caricatures. The rest were flesh and bone. There is a successful attempt to get away from the conventional Irish drama, even if Mr. Rose had to lift the main idea in "On Trial" and "Common Clay." The play would stand on its legs regardless of the charming voice of Mr. Scanlan. There is the usual blarney and it is laid on with a heavy hand, but the talk is witty.

Dan Riley, in America, acts as arbiter in the love of Shane and Eileen. The latter's uncle is obdurate. The match must be stopped. Dan is equally insistent and cowers the uncle. The uncle becomes interested, the audience is immediately transported back to Ireland, and the tale that Dan starts is enacted before the audience, which is none less than his own experiences with Cupid. Dan, an intensive lover after the best Irish style, loses Kathleen through a misunderstanding. The tale brings the action back again to America. Dan continues to plead for Shane and Eileen that his own tragedy may not be the lot of this pair. In this he is successful.

Mr. Scanlan sings with ease and tonal charm. He is an exceptionally skilled comedian.

Olive Meehen made a decided impression in the roles of Eileen and Peggy. In fact, the whole cast is to be commended.

COLONIAL—"A Wise Child," a comedy by Rida Johnson Young, presented by Charles Dillingham, featuring Vivienne Segal. First performance in Boston. The cast:

John Dent ... Robert McWade
Doctor Haven ... William Ingersoll
Rev. Mr. Thane ... B. N. Lewin
Bagby ... Charles Abbe
Mr. Wilkins ... Wright Kramer
Vonnie Leslie ... Vivienne Segal
Ruth Haven ... Iska Murff
Fred Clayton ... Waller Regan
Tim Magee ... Douglas Stevenson
Peggy ... Sara Enright
Miss Van Stuyvesant ... Dorothy Leeds

Before an audience that filled the Colonial with its presence and enthusiasm was presented a play that will doubtless entertain the theatre-loving public for many a week.

The plot of "A Wise Child" is so filled with surprise and quick turns that it would be unfair to disclose it. It is built about a young vaudeville actress, Vonnie Leslie, who has found success and love with her dancing partner, Tim Magee. She is summoned to the bedside of her dying "father," who had cast off his wife before the birth of her little girl. How Vonnie bore herself in the home of her wealthy father and how she met adversity that ensued is the subject of three acts.

Miss Segal invades the speaking stage after success in musical productions such as "The Little Whopper" and "The Blue Paradise." In "A Wise Child" she has opportunity for acting, for singing, and for dancing, all of which she does with youthful charm, which will some day be amplified by greater experience.

She is surrounded by a company of unusual ability. John Dent, her "father," as played by Robert McWade, moves from the edge of the grave, through the paths of rejuvenated sportdom, to a lovable, broken old man. Bagby, the butler of Charles Abbe, is a real creation of an artist who has every means at his fingers' ends. Tim Magee as Douglas Stevenson represents him, makes perfectly plausible Vennie's love for him, which the audience fully shared. The little scene of Vennie and Tim, in which her father joined all unintentionally in the first act was the climax to a number of admirable scenes which made that act one long to be remembered for its skill, its diversity, and its human qualities.

The maid of Sara Enright and the Miss Van Stuyvesant, nee O'Hagan, of Dorothy Leeds were admirable bits.

The play was well put on, the setting for the last act being particularly attractive. A knowledge of the human heart, of the theatre and how to show the two together was deftly welded by the author, producer and actors in a manner to bring cheer to the lover of the theatre. Light comedy, bright lines, song and dance combined with serious and thrilling situations to move an audience from laughter to tears, and to send many a spectator away with the resolve to see again so joyous, bright and clean a comedy.

KEITH'S PROGRAM

TIME—Last evening.
PLACE—B. F. Keith's Theatre.
A—Overture: Excellent, as usual.
B—Aesop's Fables: Modernized for the screen wtih original cartoons by Paul Terry, laugh No. 1; topics of the day, more movies, laugh No. 2.
C—The Great Johnson, aerial wonder ties himself in bow knots, lovers' knots, nautical knots and whatnots.
D—Paul Nolan & Co., the jesting Swede; a tempest of laughter in a tea cup.
E—Elsie Pilcer and Dudley Douglas, smart songs, dances, sayings and gowns—particularly gowns.
F—Harry Holman and company, comedians, particularly Harry, in one of the very funniest little acts you ever saw. They (meaning the audience) nearly fell out of their seats; really and truly and honestly funny—very funny laughs No. 20—220.

Nellie G. Doherty.
Harold R. Dolby.
Fred Dolph.
Francis E. Drummond.
Charles S. Dunham.
William Fitzgerald.
Patrick J. Flaherty.
Robert M. Garland.
Mildred Glynn.
Maurice E. Goldberg.
Milo Goldstein.
William H. Gray.
Thomas Greenall.
Evelyn Hamilton.
William Hyland.
Charles W. Jones.
J. Raymond Kelley.
Edmund F. Knight.
Bertha Lechten.
Katharine M. Lyons.
George F. Madden.
Frank G. McManus.
Walter McMillan.
Henry S. Millay.
Winifred Monahan.
William M. Morgan.
Agnes Murray.
Mary E. Murray.
William R. Naugle.
Lillian C. O'Connell.
John J. Phillips.
Charles F. Roberts.
Joseph Saxe.
Percy I. Schwarz.
Gertrude Z. Shapiro.
Bertha Sherman.
Philip E. Shirley.
Charles R. Sibley, Jr.
Dorothy Silvorman.
Ruby W. Stanley.
Elmer R. Steeves.
Hugo C. Swenson.
Paul Toomoth.
Walter P. Tulley.
Mary J. Wallace.
Minnie Wallensteln.
Winnie Zisman.

Composing

Fred W. Parshley, superintendent.
Herbert B. Fenerty, night foreman.
William J. Thomas, day foreman.
William A. Abbott.
William F. Arrington.
Fred C. Austin.
Charles W. Ayer.
Charles H. Blackburn.
Edward Blanche.
Frederick Bogardus.
John J. Breen.
Frank J. Breslin.
Joseph F. Brindley.
John F. Briscoe.
R. K. Bristol.
John J. Brown.
Samuel Browne, Jr.
Raymond J. Buell.
Robert W. Burke.
Frank Butler.
James H. Butler.
James E. Cameron.
Charles L. Carpenter.
Matthew Carroll.
Alfred B. Chapman.
Harold Clary.
Charles C. Clough.
George Coburn.
Francis A. Cogger.
William C. Considine.
Harry R. Cook.
John Cooley.
Samuel H. Crawford.
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AUGUST 28, 1921

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G—Raymond Wylie and Marie Hartman, more laughs, particularly from Marie.

H—Fay and Florenco Courtney, accompanied by the Ultra String Quartet. They have a way about them, harmony, melody and mirth; quite worth while, and we really mean it.

I—Wellington Cross, assisted by Dean Moore. Wellington sings and dances and tells stories; does all of those things well. But his and Moore's burlesque on things psychic brought laughter that equalled that occasioned by the gentleman in F, above.

J—Mignonette Kokin and Fred Galetti: Mignonetto gives a pleasing performance.

All of which, arranged as Keith's has arranged its program for years, may give you an idea that there is a good show there this week. There is a very good show, particularly the sixth letter in the alphabet. Roll your own alphabet.

Aug 21 1921

The Herald has published several letrs about Adah Isaacs Menken and mmented on them. A few days ago e looked through a volume of poems titled "The White Book of the Muses," G. F. Reynolds Anderson. This volne was published at Edinburgh by orge P. Johnston in 1895. The edition is of 666 copies. We do not remember w we became the possessor of this igular book: we surely did not purase it: no one gave it to us; perhaps was sent by some amateur of the rious wishing a paragraph that would ll attention to it.

There is a poetical dedication to Walter ater. Then follow poems addressed to poets, from Homer to Verlaine, from aucer to Joaquin Miller, from Dante Ebenezer Jones.

Jones? Jones? We doubt if young ntlemen enjoying the advantages of course in English literature at any one our universities are familiar with the rses of Ebenezer. As Mr. G. F. Reyolds Anderson remarks in the first of s five stanzas:

His greatness was not like the tower
Heaven's architectural azure builds,
ut secret like the yellow flower
Which God, the selfsame artist, gilds."

Adah Isaacs Menken is one of Mr. F. Reynolds Anderson's century of ets. He thus addresses her:

Half slave she was, and yet half queen;
More queen in hand and heart than slave
aught else that she may have been
Through acts her proud heart's prayers could save.
ut, queen or slave, her spirit gave
One mien alike to slave or queen,
o life, and what of grimy death was human—
The fame, the shame, the name of woman.

Day, was it day or starless night
Filled the nude gulfs where her eyes lay
ike twinned worlds wading in that light
Which laps the spirit's brows for aye?
h! night or day, her spirit's sway
Was light alike to day or night,
o earth, or aught the lovely dews illumine—
Flame of the fame and shame of woman.

Like joys for Hell, from her heart's Heaven
Her honey of song oozed up and fell;
s, when the months have counted seven,
The roses give the air their smell.
f Heaven or Hell, her spirit's spell
Could leaven alike both Hell and Heaven
Vith color and sound (God Raphael felt with Schumann)—
The fame, the shame, the name of woman."

Are these lines wholly or partly inelligible? We read Adah Isaac Menken's thin volume of poems, "Infelicia," vhen it was published. At that time the 'poems," in the manner of William Blake's "caco-rhythmic productions"—o borrow Mortimer Collins's characterzation—excited derision. If they were published today, Adah would, no doubt, e hailed as a mistress of vers libre. She must have been an extraordinary woman, one long to be remembered by those who had the pleasure or pain of her acquaintance, for men loved her desperately, and not only for her beauty.

Barbey d'Aurevilly wrote an amusing—amusing in his bitter manner—of her appearance on the Parisian stage in "Les Pirates de la Savane." This article is included in the three volumes of his theatrical reviews.

Martha Fitts, a 7-year-old girl in Chicago, was so moved by hearing of the death of Caruso that she wrote this quatrain:

"The golden voice no more shall rise
In glorious triumph to the skies,
But with the angels he will sing
A hymn of praise unto the King."

A New but Victorian English Comedy; Other Stage Notes

"M'Lady," by Edgar Wallace, produced at the Playhouse, London, was thus reviewed in jocose spirit by the Times: "In the present temperature criticism must be suspended. With a refreshing breeze playing over us we might have held that the mother who says to her daughter (who innocently believes herself to be somebody else's daughter). 'Suppose, I only say suppose, I were your mother—won't you for a moment, just for a moment, call me mother?' etc., and who subsequently exclaims to herself with rapture, 'She called me mother,' was a typical Victorian supersentimentalist whom it was the privilege of Georgian criticism to deride. We might have felt that the sudden reappearance of the woman's husband as a criminal lunatic, escaped or released from Broadmoor—after she has been living for all these years as a respectable second-hand clothes dealer in Bayswater—was just the sort of thing that would be sure to happen to such a mother, and to be promptly followed by his death in a heart attack. But the extreme heat left us critically prostrate under these things, and wholly unable to withhold an innocent tear for the mother's motherhood or to repress a sympathetic thrill at the husband's sudden death. Nor was that all. There was a Socialist turned capitalist, a rejected suitor of the little Victorian mother, who made jokes about comrades and peers and cigars and what not, and we even laughed 'whole-heartedly' at him. Finally there was an ex-detective who knew the little mother in the bad old time at the Old Bailey, but nobly declared, when questioned by meanly suspicious parties, that she was a perfect stranger to him. With a lower thermometer we might have remembered he was by no means a perfect stranger to us; but as it was, we accepted him gratefully as something new, original and exciting."

In the passing of "Chu Chin Chow" we have celebrated the longest run on record, but what is the shortest? Two plays were withdrawn this season after four performances, but Lamb's farce, "Mr. H.," was less fortunate, for it survived only one night at the Drury Lane Theatre on Dec. 10, 1806.

Elia set much store by the title of his play, and in a letter to his friend Manning said: "The title is 'Mr. H.,' no more. How simple! How taking! . . . I shall get £200 from the theatre if 'Mr. H.' has a good run, and I hope £100 for the copyright. Nothing if it fails. . . . The whole depends on the manner in which the name is brought out, which I value myself on, as a chef d'oeuvre."—London Daily Chronicle, July 22.

Harry Arberg, secretary of the "Lady Billy" company, has been spending his vacation with his father in Norway and has come back deeply impressed with the absence of "make-ups" on the stage there. "We went almost popeyed," he says, "when we realized that the chorus girls on the stage had not the slightest suggestion of make-up. They had beauty of form and feature, too, but they didn't have much to say. They were shy, spirituelle, and speechless. The boys were agreed that it was nice to gaze on this fresh, unkalsomined beauty, but it was better fun listening to a Broadway girl talk—even through rouged lips."—N. Y. Evening Post.

Should there not be some restriction imposed on the use of the word "star," which suggests one idea to our budding Newtons and Einsteins, but quite another to patrons of the stage and film? We are told, and have little difficulty in believing, that the following question and answer appeared on a London county council school examination paper:

"What star is it that has recently been measured and found to be of enormous size?"

"Fatty Arbuckle." — London Daily Chronicle.

The idea of a "League of Nations Theatre," planned in England, "to assist the reconstruction of the international of art" means a tour of continental cities by English actors in the better English plays. The Manchester Guardian said editorially of the plan: "The notion that a League of Nations Theatre should produce dogmatically internationalist plays is as fatal as the belief that a People's Theatre could flourish in this country on a diet of labor plays. The ideal is an exchange of quality in thought and expression. The direct service to the league as a piece of political machinery may not seem obvious. But the giving and receiving of intellectual and aesthetic services will plainly help to strengthen the foundations of the peace that comes from understanding."

Sudermann's "Die Raschoffs" has been translated into Italian by Hans Barth and Clarice Tartuffari and performed in Rome. The Italian press lauds Sudermann as the leading dramatist of Germany, which is probably due to the fact that very little German drama has been done into Italian, and rejoices at the opportunity to find out just how the Germans lived at the outbreak of the war. "Die Raschoffs," incidentally, is a salacious work in the old and irrepressible Sudermann vein. The Italians very likely conclude that it was the low standard of German morality that enabled them to win such a victory on the Piave.—New York Evening Post.

Theda Bara (Mrs. R. J. Brahant) and her husband, summering in Nova Scotia, have bought 1000 acres fronting on Annapolis basin. "A yield of about 100 barrels of apples will probably be realized this season from their farm."

Mme. Pavlova, who has left London for Bournemouth, Eastbourne, Southsea and elsewhere for a tour of the United Kingdom ere sailing for America early in October, told me a few days ago of the extraordinary kindness to her of her many followers who flocked to the gallery of Queen's Hall during her recent short season there. On the closing day there was a queue of them gathered by the doors of the Queen's Hall at 8 o'clock in the morning, and a few days later a delegation of them put in an appearance at her beautiful home in Hampstead to give her greeting. Among them was a very young and diminutive little lady who had raised Mme. Pavlova to the dignity of a goddess. Mme. Pavlova told me that that little lady is likely, in due course, to develop into a dancer of the highest rank. It is not generally known, I think, that Mme. Pavlova has a large salon at her home where much practising is done by herself and the principals of her company. There, too, little dancers who have been discovered here or there in London or elsewhere are put through their paces and taught their business, if so be the divine Pavlova sees the seeds of a great talent in them. Years ago Mme. Pavlova was ever watchful in the purlieus of Soho among the gamins who danced in the streets, and often she has told me of the remarkable talent she has frequently noticed among these children. It would not surprise me in the least if in the not distant future Mme. Pavlova herself set to work to train an English ballet. For under the guise of Russian female terminations will be found in her company several young English ladies. What, for example, do you think is the rightful English of Mme. Butsova?—London Daily Telegraph.

Notes About Music and Musicians in the Dead Season

The season is dead, and many will be glad to hear it. It has been a very busy one, in spite of the absence of opera. In point of fact, had there been the old regular season at Covent Garden it is difficult to see how engagements could have been covered by critics. As it happened there were concerts week after week, at the rate of betwen 40 and 50. Far be it from me to guess how many of these have lingered in the memory. But nevertheless the average, I think, was quite as high as it used to be, and there have been some events of more or less historic value. Of these I would hazard the two given by Eugene Goossens, not, if you like, because of the music performed, as of the manner of its performance. Undoubtedly Eugene Goossens carried conviction to many hearers who previously had been doubting Thomases by the brilliance and musicalness of his conducting, which placed him once and for all upon a very high pinnacle. But this is but one example.—London Daily Telegraph, July 16.

So our friend Sasha Siloti, like so many of his compatriots, is about to visit America for the purpose of a prolonged tour of the American continent. Twenty-three years have elapsed since the distinguished Russian pianist last visited that country. But it seems hard on him that even after so great a lapse of time he should be announced as enjoying "the reputation of being a genuine pupil of Liszt." Sakes alive! as they say over there. Siloti "reputed" to be a Liszt pupil, and this after all those long years at Weimar in the Liszt villa! O la-la!

On one of the horrifically hot nights recently, when I was vainly trying to get an idea into my head and thence on to paper, I was suddenly aroused by the strains of a 'cello, very well played, accompanied by a small harmonium, the players being "kerbstone artists." The playing was so superior to that usually heard in similar conditions that I went and interviewed the players. The 'cello produced a very charming tone, but was quite the smallest of its kind I ever saw, and for many years I also was a 'cellist. I found the player to be a very enthusiastic young fellow who had adopted this means of adding to his income, and apparently he was satisfied. But on examination it turned out that he was the author of plays, ballets, etc., that had been produced at various music halls, but that for the moment there was a slump in his particular line. As these are days when a new "thrill" is that which is universally sought, it struck me that there might be a great deal of real talent playing in our streets which required only the helping hand to bring it forward into the stronger light. Is there anybody whose spirit of enterprise takes a turn this way? Many of these street players play vastly better than many a concert-giver I have heard. Why not organize a band of them? Or, discovering their particular talent, turn that to advantage? Is the idea too Utopian?

Three orchestral pieces by Poulenc were played in London at a Russian Ballet entertainment July 14. "These were given amidst organized opposition, hisses, jeers and laughter from a section of the audience. Poulenc's pieces are the most puerile rubbish, yet perpetrated in the name of modern music; but it seemed scarcely worth while to make so much fuss about them."

Mr. Walkley continuing Voltaire's "Candide" in the London Times writes: "Candide and Martin took a gondola on the Brenta, and arrived at the palace of the noble Signor Pococurante. The gardens, laid out with taste, were adorned with fine marble statues. The palace was beautifully built. The master of the house received the two travellers with polite indifference, which put Candide a little out of countenance, but was not at all disagreeable to Martin. While they were waiting for dinner Pococurante ordered a concert. Candide found the music delicious. 'This noise,' said the senator, 'may amuse one for half an hour, but if it were to last longer it would grow tiresome to everybody, though they durst not own it. Music, today, is only the art of executing difficult things, and what is only difficult cannot please long. Perhaps I should be fonder of Stravinsky if so many ordinary people did not profess to enjoy him."

There is a good deal of tonic, dominant and sub-dominant, harmony in the music of Luigi Denza—a phenomenon one has observed in the works of more than half a dozen masters, ancient and modern. In the immortal "Funiculi, funicula," you may see the efflorescence of the Denza method, and you may see it, moreover, in a new form, for the famous tune is now dressed up as a duet under the title of "A Merry Heart," and published, of course, by Ricordi. The task of Edward Oxenford was not a light one in providing singable, trivial, English words in the light-hearted spirit of the original that should not be sheer nonsense. On the whole he has been successful, though we care not much for the sound (or the appearance—which to many of us is the same thing) of lines rhymed.

Listen! echoes sound afar,
Funiculi, funicula,

or

Listen! hark! the soft guitar!
Funiculi, funicula.

Mr. Denza's gift is essentially a melodic one, his rhythms as national as could be. One could hardly find in the whole grotesque avalanche of modern music that has swept down upon us this season anything more typically national than the "Italian Serenade," otherwise "Ricordo di Quisisana." The same old tonic and dominant harmony, the same old appoggiatura (single and double), the same serenata accompanied. One is occasionally tempted to refer to these days as days of no melody; but let us not be so pessimistic. Never was melody so rife; never was harmony so abundant, so rich, so reproductive. All we want to do—and that we are always doing—is to separate the dud from the real article. Chiefly in these duets and songs published by Ricordi you will find the real article—of its type. You will find a delicious example of the talent of Puccini in the newly-translated (by Lute Drummond) 'E L'Uccellino," Englished as "A Little Birdie." This is the merest trifle of three pages, delicate, whimsical, sentimental, a thing that the most highbrowed of high-browed sopranos, mezzos, or contraltos should be glad to have in their repertory.—London Daily Telepgraph.

Arthur Bliss's "Madam Noy" has that sense of irresponsibility which makes a song live instead of being dead. Mr. Warwick Evans and the composer played Goossens's Rhapsody, Op. 13, and Mr. Scott his own Ballade. The touch of these two good pianists showed up the absence of it in the pianola most unmercifully. It was deftly handled by Mr. R. Reynolds; but if any hesitater who happened to have ears wanted to resolve his doubts as to whether the pianola is an instrument or a disease, he had his proof here.—London Times.

Clara Butt, with her own concert company, will begin a tour of this country at Seattle.

At Mr. Monteux's orchestral concert in Paris last June he brought out Vaughan Williams's "London" symphony and a piece by the lamented Grippes. Armand Ferte said that the symphony was "solidly written, not very individual, but well orchestrated, with an interesting variety of timbres, a richly sonorous work." In Grippe's symphonic poem—it was probably "Kubla Khan"—M. Ferte found the influence of Stravinsky apparent. "It is the work of a genuine musician, remarkably endowed, whose death we must deplore."

Ellen Terry in the Three-a-Day

(Manchester, Eng., Guardian.)

At the Gaiety Kinema, where drama has been put down from her throne, the opening on Monday was not without its irony. One of drama's brightest jewels was set in the crown of the new venture to give it a far-seen attractiveness. And, let it be frankly said, the jewel did not shine well in that setting.

Introduced to us as an item interpolated among the films of Mr. Le Queux and the slashing music of an orchestra which is advertised to have "soul," came Ellen Terry—upright as ever, gracious and imperial-looking as ever. It was with difficulty that she ascended the few steps to the little rostrum allotted to her who had peopled a stage. From a reticule she took a pair of large

horn-rimmed spectacles, and, reading now and then from pages on which the letters were printed an inch high, began to give us the passage between Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, when they had received identical love letters from Falstaff. The beautiful voice came haltingly. Now and then the actress leaned heavily on the back of a chair.

Henry IV's soliloquy on sleep followed. But here the nobility of the lines at last fanned the dying embers to the old bright flame. How finely came these lines:

"Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge . . ."

An extract from a poem by Christina Rosetti was then given, and finally came the "quality of mercy speech"—the only one in which the prompter was not needed. Then Ellen Terry apologized. She was not well. . . . She had difficulty in learning new lines. . . . She was helped down the steps and went away.

Within a few yards of the theatre where her Portia was played, Ellen Terry is being asked to do this three times a day at an age well over 70. Surely it ought not to be necessary. Hard things have been said of our disregard of artists, and one felt that we deserve them all.

London Promenade Concerts

The twenty-seventh season of the Promenade Concerts in Queen's Hall, London, beginning on Aug. 13 will continue nightly until Oct. 22. Sir Henry Wood conducts the orchestra. Twenty new works are promised: 10 by British composers; the remainder by composers from the continent. The British works include two folk song Idylls by the late George Butterworth; Edgar Bainton's symphonic poem "Paracelsus"; Bantock's Coronach for Strings, Harp, and Organ, a violin concerto in A minor by O'Connor-Morris, and An Impression on a Windy Day, by Malcolm Sargent—most of which are first performances in London. The Prelude and Call from Norman O'Neill's music to "Mary Rose" will be heard for the first time in a concert room. Among the first productions are "Koong Shee," a ballet, by Dorothy Howell; "Uam-Var," for orchestra, by Desiree MacEwan; Melee Fantasque for orchestra, by Arthur Bliss, and a Bach Suite in G, orchestrated by Eugene Goossens.

There are four compositions of Italian origin: "Crepuscolo sul mare" and "Il profumo delle Oasi Sahariane," by Santoliquido; Danza (Tarantella), by Martucci, and Poema Gregoriano (founded on Gregorian Tones) for pianoforte and orchestra, by Francesco Ticciati. Belgium contributes three novelties—"Les propous des beuveurs" (Introito), by B. Van Dieren; the symphonic picture "Lalla Rookh," by Joseph Jongen, and a pianoforte concerto in E flat by Theophile Ysaye, introduced by A. de Greef. An orchestral work entitled "The Four Temperaments," by Carl Nielsen, a Danish composer much discussed in his own country, will be given for the first time in England. A new suite by Jarnefelt and a rhapsody for piano and orchestra by the Hungarian composer Bela-Bartok complete the list.

Besides these novelties there will be some important revivals and additions to the repertory. Sir Edward Elgar will be represented by his Symphonic Poem "Falstaff" and the "Enigma" Variations, as well as by "The Wand of Youth" suites. Three movements from Gustav Holst's "The Planets"—Mars, Saturn, Jupiter—will be given. Walford Davies's "Conversations" for pianoforte and orchestra, originally produced at these concerts in 1914, will be heard again, with the composer at the piano. Rutland Boughton's "Love and Night," Delius's "In a Summer Garden," and Edward German's "Theme and Variations," are some of the important native works which will be repeated.

Foreign compositions reintroduced into the program include Vincent D'Indy's "Istar" and "Souvenirs"; "La Valse" and "Le Tombeau de Comperin," Ravel; Berlioz's (a) Scene d'Amour and (b) Fetes des Capulets (Romeo and Juliet); Sibelicus's Suite "King Christian II"; Scriabin's Second and Third (The Divine Poem) Symphonies, and also the Poem of Ecstasy; Stravinsky's Suite "L'Oiseau de Feu," and Richard Strauss's "Heldenleben."

Roland Hayes, tenor, of Boston, is one of the 53 singers engaged for these concerts.

The Gramophone Habit: Popular Records Now Unpopular

(The London Times, July 22.)

In a speech which was reported in the Times yesterday Sir Edward Elgar made some interesting remarks on the value of the gramophone. He pointed out that the day had gone when the gramophone was looked on as a toy, and that it had now taken a definite place in the artistic world. He urged that a gramophone and a suitable selection of records should be installed in every school in the country.

The value of such a definite pronouncement from so distinguished a musician can hardly be overestimated. It is frequently forgotten that the modern gramophone is now so perfect that it can nearly achieve the artistic results obtained by the real signers of musicians whose work it reproduces. With the technical improvement there has come an artistic improvement, and with the latter there has come a further improvement in popular taste.

A member of a large gramophone manufacturing firm said yesterday that the so-called "popular" records were not nearly so popular as they used to be. Far better business was being done with records of good pieces of music and of good songs by good singers, although the latter were more expensive than the "popular" records. Records of comic songs and ragtime music combined quantity with cheapness; but what the gramophone user required at the moment was quality. He preferred fewer records, so long as those few were good.

The change in taste has been unexpectedly rapid. During the war the "popular" record was "all the rage," but after the war came industrial depression and now not many records were being bought for amusement pure and simple. People simply could not afford to do so, and the result was that the buying of records of any kind was now largely confined to the so-called "cultured" classes. More of those were buying records than ever before, and they had created such a demand that the supply of good records had been steadily growing.

My informant added that Wagner, Stravinsky and the Russian composers seemed to be most in favor at present, and good vocal records had a steady sale. Machines had been so improved that they could do justice to a good record. The days were gone, he hoped for ever, when the gramophone was regarded as such an active nuisance that it was often found necessary to insert barring clauses with regard to its use in contracts for the leasing of flats and houses.

First Night Deadheads

(From the Stage)

Quite a number of managers are doing away with the once treasured first night lists of wearisome deadheads, and giving the public an opportunity of judging the true merit of a play without the aid of a large gentleman with an eccentric guffaw which has been carefully studied to come in at an opportune moment when the fun is flagging. Other equally obnoxious people who profess to be "friends of the management," cheer everything to the echo and get breathless over the excellance of the performance in the managerial presence. Afterwards at the club, they air their knowledge, or want of it, by trying to look wise and dubious on results, and generally give the whole show away faint with non-committal praise.

There are some people on first night lists who are not worthy of an invitation to a dog fight. They haven't an interest in the theatre of any sort, and only scramble for the privilege to be seen by other deadheads, or perhaps a few legitimate first nighters—keen playgoers who may include them in a supper party afterwards. They are not even loyal to themselves. I have known some of them call on a manager and warn him not to invite one of their own kidney, saying he was hostile to the play, so how can they be loyal to their misguided hosts?

I laugh now when an acting manager tells me he has the "best first-night list in London." I know what it is worth, and what that acting manager is worth for compiling it.

First nights are different from other nights. If a play fails to catch on and the manager has to run it for a certain number of weeks, it is much better that those people who do buy seats and for the artists themselves not to see a row of empty benches. A clever acting manager will compile a useful list of people he can invite from a distance who may be potential advertisers of the merits of the play, and thus bring in sufficient patrons to help the play over a trying period. I have known cases where—not knowing how to do it—managers have sent whole blocks of seats to banks, wholesale establishments and the like, and because the seats were sent out in such quantities the word has gone round that the play is a frost, and not worth a visit.

It is quite as bad when bill inspectors give them away to their publican friends, who pass them over the counter to their customers.

The Old Teacher Lamperti; His Method of Instruction

(London Daily Telegraph.)

"A genius of song." I wonder how many of our present-day teachers of singing could claim this title. And also how many of our contemporary aspirants to operatic stage and concert platform could say honestly that they have studied the art of singing as seriously and with such painstaking perseverance as did Mme Albani and her generation of great singers. "A genius of song"—thus does Albani affectionately style the old maestro, Lamperti, to whom she declares she owed, not her wonderful voice, for that was nature's gift, but the faultless phrasing, breath control, and all the technique that goes to make a world-famous singer. The other day, when I called to see her, she drew such a vivid little picture of those early student times that one could almost imagine oneself transported to the Milan of 50 years ago, there to seek out the maestro's studio, where the real art of singing lived and had its being.

Lamperti's home was an "appartement" in a drab block of tenement dwellings in a side street off one of the main thoroughfares of Milan; here many a pilgrimage was made by all sorts and conditions of would-be singers. Elegantly gowned women of means would pick their dainty way up the stairs, which were none too clean, and would buy the maestro's services in hard cash, fondly hoping that lessons from the great Lamperti would develop a voice, whatever material they had for him to work upon! Here also would come the serious student, blessed with a voice, to place his or her destiny in the hands of the wonderful old man who dominated the studio with his brilliant personality, and sometimes 14 or 15 pupils sat round the small room for many hours a day while Lamperti took each in turn for an individual lesson. Seated at the piano was his assistant, a real Italian woman of the people, Elpina by name, and "as common as you make them!" (thus Albani aptly described her). She it was who was allotted the task of playing single notes on the piano with the first finger of her right hand while the pupil took her cue therefrom for some exercise or solfeggi. This was Elpina's only accomplishment, for she could not play an accompaniment. Lamperti would assume her place on the piano stool when an accompaniment to a song was necessary. When teaching, the maestro carried a stick, a little longer than the usual baton of a conductor. With this he would illustrate to the pupil the art of correct phrasing and sustaining the voice, humming the phrase over while he played an imaginary fiddle on his left arm with his stick for bow. Beautiful tone, combined with perfect phrasing, was his passion, and woe betide the pupil who was careless in this respect. Slowly, always slowly, was everything done at first so that the work should be executed thoroughly. Exercises for beautifying the voice were insisted upon—mark this, you young singers of the present day! Lamperti would not allow songs to be attempted until the pupil had perfected herself in exercises.

Albani tells how she was kept long at exercises, and only exercises, ere she was permitted to attempt a song—and this, although she had come to Lamperti as no mere novice, but as a singer who had already gained a degree of professional experience in Albany (New York). Moreover, she studied also under the famous tenor, Duprez, in Paris. Lamperti's was such a joyous temperament; he treated with good humored contempt those pupils who came to have lessons merely because it was the correct thing to study with the famous teacher of the day. When Albani was first with him, a frequent visitor to the studio appeared in the person of Madame Peralta, an old pupil of his, and a lyric soprano who had made a great name for herself in Italy and South America. The maestro would scream for joy as Peralta stood trilling, or running up the scale to top C and down again, with the greatest ease and brilliance. Here, indeed, was a polished jewel complete from his workshop, and what pleasure it gave him!

At one end of the studio was hung a dark and rather grimy curtain. Behind this—so Albani later discovered—were concealed Lamperti's two sons, one of whom acted as theatrical agent in Milan; he sat behind the curtain to note the singers who might be ready for launching on the operatic stage.

A fellow pupil happened to be a young Viennese girl, who, later on, married the maestro. When this happened the now Madame Lamperti persuaded her husband to go with her to Paris to teach, and afterwards to Nice. It was there that he died, after only a few days' illness. The studio at Milan knew him no more, and his pupils mourned him deeply. The Milanese never appreciated his worth, for they were jealous of his success as a teacher, and during his frequent visits to the theatre they resented his ill-concealed laughter at the efforts of many of their operatic favorites.

Pastor and Organist

Mr. Harvey Grace in "The Complete Organist," published recently in London, imagines the following dialogue between a vicar and a church organist who have come to smoke a pipe together and talk things over:

C. O.: My dear vicar, you are so accustomed to deal faithfully with your flock, that I hope you will allow one who, though an official, is still one of them to do the like with you. We are at cross-purposes over the mission and other unworthy types of hymn tunes. I am going to put before you the musical side of the question, that being the only one on which I have the right to speak. I object to these, as I would to shoddy anthems and services, not because I or the choir dislike them, but simply on the ground of their not being good enough for use in church.

V.: But that's just the point. I don't want elaborate music. I want something simple and bright, so that the service shall be hearty and go with a swing.

C. O.: There you follow the bulk of the cloth in supposing that good music is necessarily elaborate. Good music may be quite simple, and simple music quite good. But there is more than one kind of simplicity—there is that of the genius and that of the idiot. So in music you have on one hand an old psalm tune like "St. Ann's," or "Dundee," and on the other the revivalist type of tune. Both kinds are simple, especially the old tunes, but there can be no question as to which is good. What is needed in the parish church is the good simple thing done well—the good, strong hymn tune, versicle and chant well sung. So much for the "elaborate" bogey. Then you demand that the service shall be "hearty." By that you mean it must be loud.

V.: Well—I didn't really—er—aren't you rather crude?

C. O.: Precisely! It is not a case for subtleties, but facts; and facts are crude. You, as well as 99 per cent. of your fellow-clerics, mean "loud," when you say "hearty." . . . Good congregational singing I agree may well be loud and strong, but the loudness is nothing in itself. It is a mere by-product. To prove the absurdity of this fetish of noise, I need only to remind you that of all choral effects the most thrilling is a real pianissimo by a big choir. So much for your heartiness. . . . And in this matter of "brightness and swing" I am going to risk your anger by pointing out that we do not find the clergy as a body feverishly anxious to make their part of the service conspicuous for these qualities. Instead, we have too often slovenly reading of the lessons and prayers and careless intoning. . . .

The church organist's monologue proceeds in this direct fashion to give a careful analysis, as it were, of the clerical attitude of mind. He points out to the vicar that if he is right—and this he denies—in his contention that "the poorer people of our district" only care for cheap and nasty music he should, logically, paint the oak choir-stalls with stripes of red, white, and blue on the ground that a considerable percentage of the congregation "would think the carving vastly improved with some such scheme of decoration." "When I find you" (he says) "decorating the church to suit their taste, you will hear no protest from me in the matter of hymn tunes."

V.: But who is to decide that these tunes are bad? Surely it is a matter of taste, about which there can be no argument?

C. O.: I grant you that it is not always an easy thing to decide, especially in the case of the numerous examples that hover near the border line. But how do we decide in the other arts? In a dispute as to what constitutes a good book you will consider the opinion of a dozen literary men of standing worth that of ten times the number of the ordinary reading public. Do you realize, too, that music has its grammar—a code of rules as definite in most cases as those governing language? You would be horrified if I suggested that the choir should sing a hymn, the first lines of which ran:

"I is a awful sinner
And you be just the same."

You would point out that although the lines contain a statement about which there can be no dispute, the diction is so crude and the grammar so hopeless as to render the hymn unfit for use, and I should agree with you. Do you know that most hymn tunes of the popular type contain breaches of musical grammar quite as excruciating to a musician as the above lines are to you?

Here the author gives two staggering examples from an extant collection known as the Mirfield Mission Hymn Book.

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Miss Elizabeth Robinson, afterwards the wife of Edward Montagu, Esq., grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich, wrote many letters, although she was not a bluestocking. (An edition in three volumes was published in 1825 by Wells & Lilly of Boston.)

Was she in a cynical mood when she wrote nearly 200 years ago: "One common objection to the country is, one sees no faces but those of one's own family"?

EDGAR AND FRANCIS SALTUS

The death of Edgar Evertson Saltus excited little remark in the newspapers. Some one said that President Harding admired "Imperial Purple," but there was no suggestion that a note to the effect should grace the tombstone:

D. V. E. writes to us:

"So Edgar Saltus is dead! His name finds no echo in the minds of the younger newspaper folk of today, though his latest published work is only eight years old, and at least three others were published in the present century. He is recalled by older men in the newspaper trade as a brilliant cosmopolitan, the first of those who shocked mid-Victorian America by plain speech on forbidden topics, and t

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ofession of pessimism. That was
g before young ladies took to writing
tion that their mothers forbade them
read. Emancipated women have so
eatly out-salted Mr. Saltus that his
rly books are forgotten by the seek-
s for shocks. Francis Saltus Saltus, a
other 11 years older, dead more than
years, was perhaps the abler of the
o, as he was the more unhappy in
and in death. The father and the
er son were men of much charm.
es anybody now dip into the four
umes of the elder son's verse piously
ued by the father? It is doubtful
ether Edgar Saltus was guilty of
re pose in his voluminous and ne-
cted writings, and pretty certain that
ancis was thoroughly sincere. The
oddly illustrate the ease with
ich a public forgets."

We knew Edgar Saltus at Yale. He
ered that college in the fall of 1872;
left our class at the end of freshman
r and was for a time in the class of
. He was a dark and handsome fel-
, affable, amusing in conversation,
to some he gave the impression that
was mentally corrupt. No doubt he
s then a bit of a poseur. He left col-
e on account of an unpleasant inci-
t that turned some of his classmates
inst him. He once told us that his
her had offered Francis a large sum
money if he would stop writing
try. "The damned fool," said Edgar,
dn't take him up." Francis was
n known chiefly by his volume,
oney and Gall," which showed the
uence of Baudelaire.

dgar's first book was "Balzac," pub-
ed in 1884. Living in Munich, he
t a copy of it to the mad King Lud-
. "The Philosophy of Disenchant-
nt" and "The Anatomy of Nega-
n" followed. His first novel was
r. Incoul's Misadventure" (1887).
en or eight romances followed. It
s either in the first novel or the sec-
, "The Truth About Tristrem Var-
," that he borrowed from one of
zac's, shorter novels a passage
ich, according to reviewers at the
e, showed the "brutality" of the
erican.

o the "Record of the Class of 1876,
e College, 1876-1892," Edgar Saltus
tributed a sketch of his literary life.
said that his "Balzac," being "ab-
utely detestable," was widely praised.
uccess made me melancholy, and in
redding tour which I then undertook
rote 'The Philosophy of Disenchant-
nt,' which is, I think, the gloomiest
worst expressed book ever pub-
ed. . . . I may fairly claim to
e been haunted by antiquity. If I
s not at the siege of Troy, no one
convince me that I did not ride
wide chariots over the white road
Greece . . . and assist with Hello-
alus at the wedding of the Sun and
Moon. There was an hour when I
ed to be known as a novelist; I
e now to make at least a pencil-
rk in history. . . . Consistency is a
fession of failure. It is the faith-
, not the faithful, who know the
oyments of life. They are never
ed. My existence, it is true, has
n passed in libraries where my ad-
tures have been with phrases and my
apades with lexicons; but such as it
s it has brought me a great variety
disbeliefs, no less, in fact than three
hundred and sixty-five."

Then he wrote about antiquity
inting him, he undoubtedly had in
d an outburst in one of Flaubert's
ters.

ur friend Mr. P. K. Foley informs us
t since President Harding's liking
"Imperial Purple" has been sounded
oad, other books by Edgar Saltus,
most forgotten, now bring after his
th a foolishly high price.

fter the death of Francis Saltus
tus in 1889 his "Flasks and Flagons"
e published in Buffalo (1892),
re were 500 copies. Many pages of
s book were incorporated in "The
adere," copyrighted by the father
the poet and published by G. P.
nam's Sons. The father afterward
nt much money in preparing a
ptuous edition of his son's poems,
uding several volumes besides those
ntioned above. Fifty copies of each
ume, superbly bound, were to be dis-
uted among public libraries.

BASS'S ALE

(From "Flasks and Flagons")

Ve ne'er thy foaming beads attract my lips,
rapid vision passes o'er my mind
f strong Cunarders, battling with the wind
d cosy cabins, and the roll of ships.

hear the tempest lash the sails like whips,
see the rigid bow its pathway find
eep in the night, leaving in sheen behind
naky trail of phosphorescent tips.

when thy vigor to the lees I drain,
from the belfry of St. Paul's behold
igantic London, in gray winter hours,
iting for drowsy dawn to come again,
hile the great sun, veiled in a fog of gold,
urgts in red glory on her haughty towers!

A pretty mountain girl, visiting Uniontown, Pa., last week, wore a large black snake around her neck. It is said that she attracted considerable attention. Asked why she sported this necklace, she answered by saying that it was the most convenient way to carry her pet. She probably had no pocket; the snake would not be at ease in a stocking.

Mortimer Collins in his essay, "The Roman Girl of the Period," introduced Seneca, Lucian and Pliny, bearing witness that the girls of Rome wore living snakes around their necks and cherished them in their bosoms. "They seem to have found them pleasantly cool." In like manner the Glaclilla of Martial's epigram twined an icy snake round her neck. The women of today go to the other extreme: they prefer for hot weather the fur of some dead animal.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRITTEN

De Quincey, reviewing "Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches and Memoirs," by Letitia Matilda Hawkins, found fault with her for the "barbarism of 'compensate' for the trouble" instead of "compensate the trouble."

When extracts from John Wesley's Journal were published at irregular intervals, a reviewer of an issue in 1772 spoke of Wesley's "well-cultivated taste." Opening the Journal at random, we find on one page these two entries: 1785, Jan. 18: "I now found a lively Society, and one of the most elegant congregations I had seen for many years.

"On Thursday the 20th preached to a lovely congregation at Purficet."

"Elegant," "lovely"! But on the same page is an entry that makes amends:

"I spent two or three hours in the House of Lords. I had frequently heard that this was the most venerable assembly in England. But how was I disappointed! What is a Lord, but a sinner born to die!"

On the next page Wesley at a Love Feast observed that "the accent, the tone of voice, wherewith illiterate persons, men and women, young and old, spoke, were such as a scholar need not be ashamed of." And in his joy he exclaimed: "Who teacheth like Him!"

OUR FAMILY DOCTOR

A book that should be in every household is "The First Edition of Healing Art," by Dr. Wm. Stewart of Bloomfield, Me.; "to which is Added All his Improvements and New Discoveries from 1812 to 1826, Including His Whole System Upon Physick and Surgery and a Concise Herbae." This invaluable volume was published at Saco in 1827. These two prescriptions will show its worth:

To cure deafness. "Bore 10 or 12 holes almost through a large onion with a small spike gimlet, fill the holes with rattlesnake grease, roast the onion in a petty pan before the fire until the juice and grease incorporate, then squeeze through a fine cloth and cork it tight in glass vial; drop in ear and cover it on going to bed."

For shingles: "Knock the first and fattest cat that comes to hand in the head, cut her throat, let the blood run on the affected part, then cover instantly with the warm cat's skin, flesh side next the patient; after 12 hours roast the cat, apply the grease," etc.

This reminds us that when Philip, Duke of Burgundy, fell sick at Bruges, a physician recommended the flaying of an ape and the application of the body to the duke's breast. No ape was at hand, so the physician said: "A dog is next best to an ape; only it must be of one color." A liver colored dog was skinned, and clapped to the duke's breast. Nevertheless Philip died of diphtheria.

A NORTH SHORE GARDEN

As the World Wags:

Have you heard pipsissewa?
It has a thirsty sound—
Or chinensis pfitzeriana,
Come hissing from the ground?

Don't miss the ericaceous shrub,
Or homolepsis rare,
You'll see it in a dark green tub,
Near chamaedaphne there.

Look for some packysandra,
It hides beneath the tree,
Quite near the pseudotsuga,
And climbing leucothoe.

I would I were a florist
And knew them all by name,
But now I seek my aurist
The sounds are all the same.

Beverly Farms. EUONYMOUS.

IF IN DOUBT, ASK MR. TURNER WHAT HIS BUSINESS IS

(From the Kearsage Independent and Times, Warren, N. H.)

NOTICE

My shop, which has been closed to shoeing since last September, is again open to shoeing. Mr. Lyons will take charge of the shoeing.

Give us a call.

Notice some of the shoeing.

Sincerely, B. F. TURNER.

A REASONABLE QUESTION

As the World Wags:

Some time ago a young traveling salesman called at the store, and was taken with a fainting spell. He was taken to the rest room and a doctor called who said he was suffering from auto intoxication. The young lady at the toilet goods counter remarked, "Oh, did he come by auto?"

Putnam, Ct. KANUCK.

FROM "THE PROHIBITION SONG BOOK"

(By Joseph Kidder Konrad, Jr.)

What's become of the Pocomoke?
Yo ho ho! And a bottle of rum!
Staunch and strong with her ribs of oak,
Yo ho ho! And a bottle of rum!
A Squarehead skipper bad and bold
A Cockney crew with a greed for gold
And a cargo of joy in her middle hold.
Haig and Haig
And Gordon Gin
Johnny Walker
Bottled Sin,
We'll loaf at the Light till she noses in,
Yo ho ho! With a bottle of rum.

A QUESTION FOR ANTIQUARIANS

As the world wags:

Can you explain to me why, in practically every saloon from San Francisco to Rockland, Me., there used to hang, displayed where all who drank could read, a neatly-framed dollar bill? I am not referring to the old gag of pasting a half-dollar underneath the glass cigar counter. This was done, I know, so as to beguile the unsuspecting jay to reach out surreptitiously for the coin. At this point the assembled fraternity would give him the merry laugh. No, the framing of dollar greenbacks is due to some sort of barroom symbolism, but I've never dared to expose my ignorance of such important matters before that fount of wisdom, the lofty bartender.

WILLIAM L. ROBINSON.

Allston.

FIRST CLASS IN NAVIGATION

As the world wags:

I am informed that the old salts of Cape Cod "boxed the compass" in their own way. Instead of "Nor-Nor by Nor East-Nor East by Nor-Noreast," etc., it ran in some such manner as this:

Cod
Cod by Fish
Fish by Cod
Cod Fish
Fish Cod by Cod Fish
Cod Fish by Fish
Fish
Etc.

Boston. J. E. P.

'BIFF, BING, BANG'

WILBUR THEATRE—"Biff! Bing! Bang!" the Dumbells in their overseas revue. First performance in Boston. The members of the company:

Ross Hamilton, "Red" Newmann, Al Plunkett, Ian McLaren, Alan Murray, Arthur Holland, Fred Fenwick Charles McLean, Bill Tennent, Frank Brayford, Tom Young, Jack Ayer, Jimmy Goode, Leonard Young, Ted Charters, Ben Allen, Morley Plunkett, Bobby Scott, Bert Wilkinson, Percy Campbell, Arthur Witham, Arthur Nicholson.

The Dumbells, the official entertainment corps of the 3d division of the Canadian army in France, every man of whom saw active service, opened the Wilbur Theatre last night with a performance which, for "pep" and jollity, we have seldom seen equalled on the strictly professional stage. By this time the "Dumbells," of course, may be included in the term "professional."

They have a record of two years as entertainers in France, a season in London, 84 weeks in Canada and three months in New York. Their curious name comes from the fact that since no unit was allowed to use its number in France, in case of giving away identity if captured, symbolic figures were used. The 3d division adopted the Dumbell as its sign, because it was the first code word used by the division in France. When this theatrical company was formed they called themselves the "Dumbells." The name has no connection with one of our latest and most picturesque bits of slang.

Their entertainment follows the lines of a revue, which means that vaudeville "turns" follow one another with lightning rapidity. The curtain rises on a realistic war scene. From the first moment the entertainment lives up to its name. Through it all runs a martial flavor—most of the jokes centre around the humorous side of wartime existence in France; many of the songs are those well remembered by the men who saw service in France.

In the skit, "Behind the Lines," a group of soldiers seek refreshment in an estaminet. Here is the typical proprietress, with a sharp eye toward her profits; here is her young relative, Marie. (There was always a Marie.) Here in an atmosphere of good-fellowship; they sit around, singing and drinking. And the seance finishes with the singing of the inevitable "Madelon," with Marie and the aged proprietress dancing with the best of them.

"The Duchess Entertains," with which the program ends, is an extremely funny skit. Anyone who went to a "highbrow" entertainment, concocted for the "dear soldiers," will enjoy this. It is perhaps, the best thing in a unique and memorable performance.

The members of the company, while very professional in their efficiency, still retain much of the charm of amateur entertainers. There is a freshness about their performance—even after their long seasons—and a sense of having a good time, which is delightful. It comes over the footlights. Last night every one in the audience joined in to "put the show across," as one Canadian soldier expressed it.

The individual members of the company are responsible for the zest of the whole. Capt. Plunkett, who organized the company, is a young man of pleasing voice and personality "Red" Newman's song, "Oh, It's a Lovely War," in which he appears looking exactly like Bairnsfather's "Old Bill," literally brought the audience up on its toes, and at the second singing of the chorus, the audience joined in. Ross Hamilton makes a very fetching girl; indeed, he had several gentlemen in the front row quite obviously delighted with his attentions.

A large audience enjoyed the performance hugely. The Dumbells have given the theatre something new and altogether delightful in "Biff! Bing! Bang!"

BILL AT KEITH'S

Girls and music in equal proportions, with a dash of comedy and the dance, make up the entertainment formula for audiences at B. F. Keith's during the current week.

With no star of the first water, the bill, nevertheless, is a good one, well-proportioned and approaching excellence.

First honors in mirth-provoking were divided last night between the team of Harry Kranz and Al. B. White, in "15 minutes of musical foolishness," that constituted a lively and comical turn, and the offering of George Jessel, who, aided by several other comedians and 12 pretty "trouble makers," stirred up the "Troubles of 1921."

The latter is a skilfully wrought satire on the present-day epidemic of musical revue, musigirl comedy and the like.

Though foolish indeed—and admittedly so—the songs of Harry Kranz and Al. B. White possessed a deal of merit as thought-free entertainment.

Eddie Carr, in another "good" bit of the bill, burlesqued the age-old troubles of the office boy. With the able assistance of Walter Kelly and Laura Lawrence, the office boy, ingenious in sloth, was portrayed in excellent fashion.

Another girl and some more music—in the person and offerings of Jean La Cross, cited as "California's favorite soprano." A few songs in 15 minutes—that was Jean La Cross.

A second touch of musical comedy, but not, this time, in the sense of burlesque, was furnished by Edward Foley and Lea Leture. They danced and sang and it was all right.

Novelty acts were those of "The Wonder Girl" in a scenic aerial "classic," Frederick Easter and Beatrice Squire in "Dance Fantasies," and the Melnotte Duo, acrobats, in "A Night Out."

Aesop's Fables, the always popular "Topics of the Day" in wise and witty vein, and the Pathe Weekly completed the bill.

Aug 30 1921

Before we left the city to visit Mr. Herkimer Johnson. The Herald published a letter from Mr. Cyrus H. Bates, sojourning in Osterville. Reading Mr. Hergesheimer's "Java Head," in which the novelist, as Mr. Bates thought, described Salem houses "around 1825," he came across an allusion to "the metal back log of the kitchen fire." Mr. Bates, born in a house dating back to 1725, had never seen or heard of a "metal back log."

Mr. George F. Sever of Kingston has written an interesting letter to Mr. Bates, which we have permission to quote:

"In our house in Kingston we have an open fireplace in the kitchen, and there is set in the back of the fireplace a heavy slab of cast iron. Just back of this in the laundry is a copper boiler mounted in a brick frame. We often use this boiler for washing clothes or for preserving, building a wooden fire underneath. I have measured roughly the relation of the fire back to the copper boiler, and found that the fire back registered with the back of the boiler but there seemed to be a thickness of brick between the fire back and the back boiler enclosure. I feel that when the kitchen fire was in continuous use it must have been the means of keeping the water hot in the copper boiler for general household purposes, and at other times an additonal fire under the boiler would provide hotter water for

ding, etc. When we first used the house 49 years ago we cooked in front of the open fire. I never saw a fire back containing water."

Mr. Sever drew an explanatory diagram. We regret that we cannot reproduce it.

HERGESHEIMER AND OLD SALEM

Mr. Bates's letter to The Herald was reprinted in the Salem News. "M. A. T." wrote that Mr. Bates was looking too far into the past.

"It is not 1725, nor even 1825, but about 1845, that the copper back log came into use, in Salem at least. Hergesheimer, the author, got his information here in Salem for use in 'Java Head.' He was seeking data for the story a few years ago and wanted everything he could get hold of applicable to the period of 1845 to 1850, when the old-time full ships were about to be supplanted by the clippers. Just at that time modern plumbing was introduced into Salem. Among the first houses here were the Salem clubhouse, then George Peabody's, and some houses on Chestnut street, about 1848. Half the families in Salem then cooked by kitchen wood fires, and ranges were a novelty. To have hot water in the upstairs bathroom the copper tanks in the kitchen were supplied with hot water by means of a coil of pipes at the back of the fire, covered by a strong copper boxing which would withstand the bumps of the heavy logs of wood thrown on the fire. The water was soon heated in the morning with a new fire, and the bed of ashes kept it hot nearly through the night. There was a more even chance of getting hot water early in the morning than with the modern range when the fire was allowed to go out in the evening. An iron fore-stick was used in these open kitchen fires to hold the brands in place, and a facetious old Salemite up in Chestnut street used to tell his cronies at the insurance office that he saved a great deal in his fuel bills by having a copper back log and an iron fore-stick in his kitchen."

LINKS AND THE HOME

Mr. Lansing B. Robinson sends to The Herald these lines that he received from a friend in Milwaukee:

"Who's the stranger, mother, dear?
Look, he knows me—ain't he queer!"
"Hush, my own, don't talk so wild;
He's your father, dearest child."
"He's my father—no such thing—
Father died away last spring!"
"Father didn't die, you dub,
Father joined the Golfing Club.
But they's closed the club, so he
Has no place to go, you see—
No place left for him to roam—
That is why he's coming home.
Kiss him—he won't bite you, child;
All them golfing guys look wild."

HOW TO TELL A VERSIFIER FROM A POET

As the World Wags:

That was a fine distinction Mr. Clawson, one of the Stillman witnesses, made in court.

"Are you a versifier, or should I call you a poet?" asked the lawyer.

"I suppose you had better call me a versifier," modestly replied Mr. Clawson. "I publish my own poems."

From this we may deduce a useful rule, to wit: If you publish your own poems you are a versifier. If a publisher publishes your verses you are a poet.

This will be of great interest to members of poetry societies, new and otherwise, throughout the country.

The literary content doesn't matter, not a bit;
'Tis how you get 'em out that makes the poet—and the hit!

DENIS A. McCARTHY.

IN THE ORIENT

As the World Wags:

It was at the cigar counter at a nearby seaside resort that I asked for a package of Fat-ima cigarettes. "You mean Fati-ma," said the female attendant with a superior air and a heavy accent on the "i." "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," was my reply. The woman with bobbed hair looked on me with terror in her eyes, as if she thought I had escaped recently from some institution for mental incompetents. LUKE GREEN.

Dorchester.

Mr. Green should have quoted Tennyson's passionate poem written when he was imaginative; before he became the official eulogist of the Prince Consort, or Owen Meredith's "Bluebeard," ending:

"Ay, Fatima! I loved her well,
With all of love's and life's despair,
Or else I had not strangled her,
That night, in her own fatal hair."

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

(London Daily Chronicle)

"By the present mode of female manners the ladies seem to expect that they shall regain their ascendancy over us by the fullest display of their personal charms, by being always in our eye at public places, by conversing with us with the same unreserved freedom as we do with one another. In short, by resembling us as nearly as they possibly can."

Can you identify that passage? Perhaps you will say that it is taken from some speech made by Mrs. Kendal or some other modern castigator of modern femininity. If so, you are wrong, for it is taken from a little book on feminine deportment the title page of which is dated 1808, 113 years ago. Nothing new is there?

Aug 27 '28

Some time ago, Summer Hill, the family seat of Lord Langford in County Meath, was destroyed by fire. London journals seized the occasion to say that Lord Langford's great-great-grandmother was the original of Lady Kew in Thackeray's "Newcomes." Was this pleasing to the Irish peer? Lady Kew was a most worldly woman; also a tartar.

We read about the same time that Jean Armour Burns Brown, who appeared in "The Scotland of Robert Burns" at a theatre in Dumfries, is a great-grand-daughter of the poet; that she bears a remarkable resemblance to the Naismith portrait of Burns; that she sings only his songs and says her favorite is "A Man's a Man for a' That," possibly thinking of her great-grandfather and Jean. We doubt if she enjoys W. E. Henley's remarkable study of Burns, the man, the poet, and the women that were attracted to him as moths to a candle flame.

A CASE OF EUTHANASIA

The London Stage is publishing theatrical items from its columns of 50 years ago. The following paragraph is of local interest:

"A peculiar burial occurred at the Home of the Inebriates in Salem, Massachusetts. One of the gentle brotherhood, who had just been admitted for the 78th time, passed away peacefully in a fit of delirium tremens. With his last breath he murmured: 'I'm going home—home at last, and as full as a goat.'"

NUTTALOGUEAWRITHEMS

(In answer to "Cataloguearhythms")

In Assinippi Centre the Pipsissewa does not grow,
But 'neath the deciduous Balsamae you'll find plenty there, I know.
The Malanthemum Canadense, too, must lift its lacy spire,
Though some prefer to call this plant Smilacina bifolia.
The Habenaria fimbriata with its cousin Psycodes
Has scent like Tuberosa and has cunning little ways.
A common weed is Achillea Millefolium,
You'll never find it near the Rose or brave Chrysanthemum.
Clintonia borealis and the Calopogons rare,
Pogonia ophioglossoides and Spiraea fair—
(Spiraea salicifolia, of course I meant to say,
But you'd have known without my explanation anyway!)
All grow in wildest forests and are seldom seen by me,
But I could write of many more if I had a botanee.

Manchester. EUONYMUS.

L'HOMME QUI RIT

As the World Wags:

"Laugh and grow fat" is an old adage. Some years ago I was dyspeptic and despondent. The doctor gave me medicine to act upon the liver, also the spleen, which is supposed to be the seat of melancholy. He advised me to keep in a happy frame of mind, and to do something every day to "get up a laugh."

So I went to vaudeville shows and minstrel shows, but their jokes did not appeal to me. I read Mark Twain. I read Bill Nye, who was arrested in the West for shooting an Indian out of season. I tried many other methods. All to no effect. But one day, walking in the North end of Boston, as I passed through Commercial street, I went into the Copps Hill burying ground, being near by. I set down the Tomb for Unbaptized Infants. It made me laugh.

C. L. RICHARDSON.

Did not Cotton Mather advise the capturing of a shipload of Quakers in Boston harbor and the sending of them to the Barbados, there to be exchanged for sugar and rum? Good old days! The world went very well then.—Ed.

FOR THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE

As the World Wags:

Bowler hats and Congress gaiters have been discussed in your column; now I am prompted to ask a question regarding Navy trousers. I have long had an intense curiosity as to the why and wherefore; I mean, why the absence of the normal buttons, giving the appearance of a straight front. I have been in places where I noted the extreme awkwardness of this arrangement, and I have congratulated myself that my profession allows me to wear pants (I use the word advisedly) of the conventional cut.

Now the questions that arise are these: Are the naval trousers a survival, a sort of rudiment of a more primitive civilization? What is the explanation of their not having been brought up to date? It occurs to me that Gilbert and Sullivan in their criticism of the Queen's Navy neglected to touch on this point. G. S. W. K.

Newtonville.

WHAT HEADING, DO YOU SUGGEST?

As the World Wags:

"One prize cockerel which its owner values at $50 is of a mahogany shade. His parents were always successful with fowl, his mother having specialized in turkeys, raising a flock of about 100 each year."

This clipping from the Boston Globe seems to me to be worthy of space in your column. I think no comment is necessary. CARLOS GIOVANNI.

Bar Harbor, Me.

AN AIREDALE AND HIS NEWSPAPER

(From "Dogs, Birds and Others.")

The dog's master, who used to have porridge for breakfast during the winter months, generally gave the dog the remains of his porridge to finish. "But," he writes, "finding he was apt to slobber the food on to the carpet, we put a newspaper under the plate morning by morning. He soon learned the connection between the newspaper and the porridge and used to bring the newspaper himself, and before long fetched it from the newspaper rack without any suggestion on our part.

"In the following spring we left off our porridge owing to the warm weather, and after fetching his paper for several days and finding no porridge resulted, he ceased fetching his newspaper. . . . When for the first time for six months porridge was cooked for breakfast, he quietly got up from the fire and fetched his newspaper as usual. For six years he has continued to fetch his paper when there is porridge, but never to fetch the paper when there is not porridge in the room for breakfast."

PAGE MR. LLOYD GEORGE

S. O. S. sends us El Mundo (San Juan, Porto Rico), of July 13. He translates two staring headlines, one above the other on the first page.

Georges Carpentier will fight with anyone.

The Irish problem will be settled very soon.

S. O. S. adds: "Why not pass this on to Lloyd George as a possible solution of one of his most vexing problems?"

Aug 28 '921

The story of Circe and Ulysses as told by Homer has been used by operatic librettists. Now comes M. Alfred Poizat, whose "Circe," a play in two acts, has been produced at the Comedie Francaise. As in Homer, the companions of Ulysses are turned into swine by the enchantress. Ulysses endeavors to deliver them. Circe, the "image of shameless love and the illegitimate pleasure that reduces man to the state of the brute," tries her power on him. Failing, she becomes enamored. He insists that she should free the sailors. Having her promise, he forgets Penelope. Circe respects her oath. And now M. Poizat has his say. The companions of Ulysses were pleased with their condition; they had their swill, they forgot the past, they did not wish to brave again the dangers of the deep and the wrath of the gods, nor did they wish to resume the daily toil, or see Ithaca, their families and friends! "Let us remain pigs," they shouted. It was necessary to use force in embarking them. M. Poizat said to a reporter of Comoedia that, writing his play, he had this in mind: "The problem for man is to remain a man. It is necessary for him to think as a man, to act as a man, to hold fast to all that gives dignity to life, to the ideal, to the feeling of duty and responsibility."

M. de Max purposes to play Hamlet this winter, using the excellent translation of Marcel Schwob.

The Vieux-Colombier in Paris is so small, having no balcony or galleries, that people are turned away at every performance. M. Jacques Copeau, who tempted fortune in New York, now makes both ends meet by subscriptions and a subsidy.

The Paris correspondent of the Stage writes: "Gemier, Copeau, Lugne-Poe. Three great names in the French theatre. All three are actors, all three have widely different artistic temperaments. There is a sober mysticism about Lugne-Poe's productions. The simplicity of his scenery savors almost of dinginess. All is centred on the acting. M. Copeau extremely minute. Every word, ever detail, is carefully studied out. He sug gests an atmosphere by a lamp, drapery. He has done away with foot lights. He has created a style of h own that is unmistakable. M. Gemier i more far-reaching. He does not adap plays to his formula; rather does h create a formula for each play. He ha also suppressed the footlights, an makes use of a built-in scene. But is nearly a wall, old-gold in color, tha divides the depth of the stage. In th wall, which is canvas, not solid plaste as at the Vieux-Colombier, are tw openings, one large, the other smal and these are alternately opened o into doors, stairways, gateways, blocked up, as the action may require With such simple changes and a r markable play of lights he creates wo derful pictures. I have never seen the stage such a powerful impressio of life in the desert as in his produ tion of 'Le Simoun,' nor such a simp and mystic image of the middle ages in certain scenes of 'L'Announce fai a Marie.'"

Miss Estey Marsh, playing the leadi part in "The Great Lover" in Englan is the daughter of Alec Marsh a Alice Estey, at one time prominent the English operatic stage. Her moth went from Boston to England.

The hero of "Skittles," a new comed produced at the Apollo, London, is benevolent pawnbroker.

"The Temptation of Saint Anthony a mystery in three parts, words a music by Raoul Brunel, will be pr duced at the Paris Opera.

At the concerts of the Society of Ge man Musicians held at Nuremberg n works were brought out: among the Sthamer's "Dream" (after Strindberg songs for baritone and orchestra by Salomon; a symphony in C minor Petersen and a Rondo by Pringsheh Paul Bekker, critic of the Frankfo Gazette, sounded an alarm over t mediocrity of the festival. He thoug it betrayed a lowering of the standa of German music.

The tenor Muratore has handed $10,0 to the Society of Old Pupils of the Pa Conservatory to be distributed betwe a small number of artists or famill of artists who especially suffered by t war. M. Rabaud thanked him and t Americans who answered M. Muratore appeal.

On account of the Silesian questi the Max Reger Festival at Breslau h been adjourned to Sept. 13-17.

Max Hirschfeld, who conducted oper and operettas at the Castle Square Th atre 26 years ago, will conduct for M Savage's revival of "The Merry Widow

There will be a Bruckner festival Stuttgart next month.

Verdi's string quartet was played long ago in London.

Teresa Brambilla, the widow of P chielli, died recently at Vercelli, in 76th year. We heard her at Florence 1883 in her husband's opera, "I Prome Sposi." She was a charming singer.

Mozart's "Escape from the Seragli and Saint-Saens's "Asoanis" will be p formed at the beginning of the season the Paris Opera. Reynolds Hahn rehearse and conduct them.

Humperdinck has left Berlin for Rhineland to compose an opera.

On Sept. 15 the Stuttgart Conser tory will be transformed into a "Ho schule," with Max Pauer at the h of it.

Blair Fairchild's "Dame Libellule" on the list of works to be heard for first time at the Opera Comique, Pari

Mr. Justice Eve in London remark "What good is it?" when M Maugham said that Sir Thon Beecham had spent a fortune in p moting music in England. This led Nation and the Athenaeum to say: British government that I ever knew heard of treated music as being of a 'good' whatever. And no Englishm who believed in it, and spent mon brains, energy, health, or even life interpreting and furthering it, was e (officially) thought to be other than fool for his pains."

Little has been said in this coun about the death of Cosmo Charles G don-Lennox, actor and dramatist, July 31 at Marlow in his 52d year. was a grandson of the fifth Duke Richmond and was for a time the h band of Marie Tempest, whom he m ried in 1898.

From information in their possess the officials of the Variety Artists' F eration decided that the Rigole brothers, who were billed to open the Palace, Manchester, came wit the description of ex-enemy aliens. view of the declared policy of the f eration in the matter of ex-ene aliens, it was decided to take the m ter up with the management of Palace, Manchester, at the end of l week. A happy termination was reac when the V. A. F. received a telegr from the Palace declaring the sym thy of the management with the V. F.'s attitude in the matter, and stat that the offending turn would be wi drawn.—The Stage.

The second part of "Henry Fourth" was played in the course the recent Stratford Season Festi There was no cutting of the play. Holloway took the part of Falstaff a Miss Green as Salt Pearsheet wore striped dress.

The late George Lowell Tracy was versatile and accomplished music with a melodic gift and a decided tal for delicate and euphonious orches

on. He was a most industrious man, ho, when he was not professionally ngaged, found pleasure in gardening.

A Surprising Opinion

When Mr. Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" was produced in England, the eviewers and the general public were ull in the praise of play and performnce. The play was revived in London his summer. This gave Mr. Sidney W. arroll, writing to the London Times, o speak bitterly of the drama and the layers. His article is certainly an exraordinary one.

"It is a most pretentious 'spoof,' an npertinent 'travesty of the life of a ally great man. It assumes a loftiness treatment it is far from possessing. s simplicity of construction and charterization has an eccentric naiveto o found only in public waxwork shows. ramatically it has practically no value. s historical accuracy is questionable. is episodic, lacking continuity, and ch action as there is, is constantly terrupted by bombastic and swollenaded imitations of the Greek chorus.

"The author attempts to show the hole purpose of Lincoln's life contrated into six scenes. Only a real nglish poet would have the hardihood attempt such a feat. Gladstone's reer, no doubt, will shortly appear filled down into three scenes, while the e of Aaron Burr can no doubt be ncentrated into a curtain-raiser.

"The actor who plays Lincoln represents him as an opinionative, aggresve, drawling old Irishman, duly lanrn-jawed and whiskered, alternately hining or ascending pedestals with the anner of a man who knows that reorters and camera-men by the score e in attendance upon every shuffle of attenuated shanks and every totter his hydrocephalic noddle. He is yed as a transfigured, inspired scarebw, surrounded by a retinue of Amerin senators, whose movements rend one of a little army of supers atched to a grand-opera chorus. These ghty representatives of the American ople, whenever they are faced with ncoln, bend low, and, with bated eath and whispering humbleness, se into morose silences and throw o exalted supremacy this intellectual mmoth who meanders over their flatned carcases.

"This is no President of the United ates, but the King of Roscommon stle intoxicated with the exuberance his own verbosity. This Lincoln has sympathies at all. He is a fletiferous pocrite. All his ideas are fixed. He perpetually offering words of advice all and sundry, with pontifical oracurity. He delights in the snub. His ncipal pleasure is lecturing his friends well as his enemies. He can carney d blarney almost as well as he can ap and sneer. He can never pass a ap of the United States without gazing it ecstatically, as if it were some inting by Raphael or Leonardo. If I re an American as I am an Ausalian, while such a caricature of one my noblest countrymen remained in country I never would lay down my n.

"This may be Mr. Drinkwater's idea Mr. Rea's idea of Abraham Lincoln. is not mine. And yet here's the rub. e public both here and in America t only like it—they go again and ain."

Concerning Vampires

[From the Nation, New York.]

ho movie censors have begun their rk, and right at the start they are fronted with a problem: What shall done with the vampires? Do they not viously corrupt the morals of the ung — or have the young of today rals? And if they have no morals— more than one passionate preacher s hinted—will not the vampires, those ck-gowned, sylphlike, cigarettoking, eye-rolling enemies of their n sex, keep them from ever acquiring y? These, in addition to the hot ather, are the question that keep a spectable movie censor awake nights. e only question they never have to k is: Should the young have morals? or to that, of course, there can be only e answer.

Well, the matter is by no means a simple one. The movie censors must determine who— and even what—is a vampire. There are some types which are sy enough to recognize and delete. The mmon type of vampire, besides being ssessed of the attributes suggested ove, is usually a widow—often grass who reclines on a chaise-lounge in Louis XIV. drawing room, confides in r French maid, and is reckless about mmoning messenger boys, whom she s lavishly. Of the undesirability of s type there can be no question. On Louis XIV. count alone she should instantly disqualified. But on moral ounds it is doubtful if there is any ed of disqualifying her. Every one ows that, diabolically clever as she y seem in the first four reels, her ench maid will betray her in the fifth, d the young wife will regain, just rough her kind heart and simple faith, husband, who will be only too glad sink, pipe in his mouth, into the easy air by the fire, on the arm of which young wife sits, while for a discreet mber of film-feet they gaze into the ping flames and see a vision of Arur, Junior, taking the oath of office as ief justice of the state court of appeals, not to appear too romantic and unlike life. The morals of the young can never be corrupted so. The only persons who could object would be those dyspeptic, middle aged souls who dislike lithe, willowy ladies on principle, and who even have some inexplicable Aversion to kind and simple young wives.

No, it is another species of vampire that will test the mettle of the censor, a species where the triumph of virtue over vice is not quite so apparent. Lilith, Cleopatra, Madame Du Barry—where is the kind young wife in their stories? Would it not be better, therefore, in the interest of purity, to take some liberties with the text in these and similar film dramas? Could it not be shown that Cleopatra allowed herself to be stung by an asp in her rage and chagrin because Antony, yielding to the unchanging goodness of his Octavia, had repudiated her in scathing terms? Would not Madame Du Barry shine as a social worker trying to interest Louis XV. in the fatherless children of France? Or could not Lilith be discovered to be Adam's brother's wife engaged in a little conspiracy with Adam to buy a birthday present for Eve, and so everything be explained in the end? Plainly some amendments of this sort would be preferable to the ruthless elimination of these ladies, especially when the young would profit so indubitably by the change. A movie censor would certainly not shrink from the attempt to reform a vampire, however hopeless a task it might seem to less courageous persons.

Nil Nisi Bonum

(The Nation and the Athenaeum)

"I suppose it is a pointless thing to say, but I confess to having taken small pleasure from the singing of Caruso. The power of his voice (which was wonderful) seemed to be in excess of what was needful for the production of beautiful sound; and its splendor of tone was marred for me by the impression the artist gave of coarseness in physique and shallowness in mentality. This arose, no doubt, from a defective gift of aesthetic enjoyment. All I can say is that it never occurred when De Reszke was singing. Then, mind and ear were equally satisfied; and if the singer's voice was not quite so magnificent as Caruso's, its exquisite using made that, and more than that, up for me. Neither was an unpremeditated strain; but De Reszke's seemed to me to come from the diviner region."

Franz Schreker Log

(From The Musical Digest)

In a recent number of the Vienna paper: The Music Journal of the New Era, is published an article by Franz Schreker, the prominent opera composer, entitled, "A Character Sketch of Myself." In the following paradoxes Mr. Schreker expresses the current opinion regarding himself.

"I am an impressionist, expressionist, internationalist, futurist, musical verist; a Jew, risen by the power of Judaism, a Christian, 'made' by a Catholic clique under the patronage of an arch-Catholic Vienna princess.

"I am an artist of sound, a sound-fantasist, a sound-magician, a sound-aesthete and have no trace of melody (if you leave out the so-called melody of short duration). I am a melodist of anaemic, pure, water, to perverse harmonist, nevertheless a musician of the first rank. I suffer, unfortunately, from an erotic mania, and have a bad influence on the German public. (Eroticism is apparently my own invention in spite of Figard; Don Juan, Carman, Tannhauser, Tristan, Walkure, Svglome, Elektra, Rosenkavalier, etc.)

"I am also, thank heaven, an idealist, a symbolist, and stand at the furthest left wing of modern music with Schonberg and Debussy, but still not altogether on the left; am harmless in my music, use thirds (yes, even the entirely 'Trivial' diminished seventh), lean to Verdi, Puccini, Halevy, and Meyerbeer, an absolutely individual, a speculator on crowd instinct, a movie-dramatist.

"I am a 'man who takes his strength from longing and morbidness,' exclusively homophonic, but my scores are at the same time masters of counterpoint. My music is pure and genuine, false; a sea of beautiful sound, a terrible heat of cacophoney. In contrast to others, I am an advertiser of the worst sort; 'full of the sweetest wine,' 'grandiose document of the fall of civilization'; insane and a clear-headed, calculating man. I am a miserable leader and stand out in my leading as a personality; cannot even conduct my own works, and lead them all the time. I am in my case, a 'case'—furthermore, a poor poet, but a good musician, although my poetic talent is greater than my musical talent. My music arises from my poetry and vice versa. I am the farthest removed from Phitzner and the successor to Wagner, a competitor of Straus and Puccini I flatter the public and rouse them only to anger and really had the idea recently to emigrate to Peru."

Notes About Film Plays from the London Times and the Stage

It will not be long now before the first cinematograph "photo-play" of any scope and in which natural colors will be completed. This, as has already been stated in these columns, is to be called "The Glorious Adventure." It is claimed that the camera with which this film is being taken is so perfect that it answers every requirement needed for the reproduction in color on the screen of continuous dramatic action. Many of the scenes are being photographed by electric light, and this is a very great step forward, because it has hitherto been found difficult to take color pictures with any great success without the help of natural light. It is stated that no more artificial light is needed for photography with the new color camera than for photography by the customary monochrome camera. It will be possible very shortly now to discover whether all these claims can be substantiated. If they can, and if films can be produced showing persons and objects in their natural colors, little less than a revolution should take place in the film world.—The Times.

To turn Sherlock Holmes into a film character was a good conceit. His adventures always were apt for the film, and the firm of Stoll has shown good judgment in selecting them. A number of these have already been reviewed in the Times, but last week there was shown privately the most ambitious attempt that has yet been made in this direction—a full-length version of "The Hound of the Baskerville." It is an exciting story and an exciting film—almost as exciting as those Wild West films that America is so fond of sending to this country, and infinitely more intelligent. The "Hound" in the film is even more terrible to look on than the hound that has a habit of appearing in nightmares after a perusal of the book, and the atmosphere of mystery and horrors is extremely well preserved throughout the production.—The Times.

"The Tiger Band" is one of those "serial" films that manages to defy all probabilities and retain its place in the affections of the public. They have to be judged on a standard of their own, and "The Tiger Band," compared with its fellows, is at least up to the usual standard. In places even it is a little above it. It is packed full of thrills, but at the private view last week only some of the earlier episodes were shown, and it was just a little difficult to find out what it was all about. Apparently, the solution of the mystery is to come at the end, but that is rather hard on those who have to judge its merits from its beginning. At any rate, if it is inexplicable, it is certainly not dull. In one episode the heroine is left dangling by her hands from the upper window of a skyscraper while the villain inconsiderately beats on her fingers. In the next she is seized by desperadoes while asleep in a train and hauled on to the roof while the train is going at full speed. She is not in the least upset at this, but merely dives off the roof through the iron lattice of a bridge and into a river. The villains are rather upset about that and immediately steal a railway engine! But the heroine is soon after them again. She climbs on to the roof of a railway station and jumps on to the engine as it rushes by. Moreover, she has a spirited fight with two of the villains on the footplate and easily routs them both. After this she is trapped by a flood in a mine shaft and pursued by a tiger, but she escapes each time. Why she should undergo all these dangers and why she should escape them no one is yet in a position to explain.—The Times.

One of our best known authors maintained that the novelty of moving pictures has worn off, as people find in the stories no deep-laid human sympathy. He has just received a letter from the producer of a London company saying that instead of turning out as many films per annum as they could, they were going to confine themselves to three. That means that they realize that the day of quantity for the producer is over and done with and that the era of quality has begun. So long as the British picture-producing firms lean for support on the underpaid "continuity" writers of slight ability and small experience they can never compete with the theatre manager who gets his plays written by the best man available for the job and pays his writer as much as his star leading man—sometimes more—realizing that they are at least of about equal rank and importance. Ian Hay tells us: "The film as a dramatic vehicle is only in its infancy. Story writers should develop their themes toward that realm into which the spoken drama cannot penetrate." Mr. H. de Vere Stacpool adds his opinion: "What the film lacks chiefly is story. It is often condemned to tell long-winded and pointless fables, and it is a merciless critic of the tale as it tells it."—The Stage.

I notice that the Rev. John Wakeford has been at Peterborough, replaying, on the actual locations, incidents in his life, and during the lecture he gave last week the audience was shown on the screen what a London daily describes as a "close up of an immaculate bed, with a virtuous, old-fashioned nightshirt laid out on a single pillow." What end is morally or kinematographically achieved by this I am puzzled to discover.—The Stage.

Recently I read in extra large type in a trade paper of importance how it must be admitted that "good films are rarer today than they were five, seven, or even ten years ago," and then the article went on to inquire whether the state of things is due to the fact that we have somehow got hold of the wrong producers, the wrong writers, or the wrong actors. The question is not a difficult one to answer. We have got hold of the wrong directors at the top end. These people employ no original writers at all—of course, cheap "continuity" hacks cannot rank as writers of imagination. There is also a howl that "capital" will not come in and help British pictures. But then capital is often joined to shrewd common-sense and presumably it doesn't see why it should come in, to come out with loss. Let some enterprising producing firm show it can put out original stories of arresting merit, then capital will fight to back up so money-making a proposition. Money is not entirely in the hands of Simple Simons. Exhibitors are now wailing to renters, "Where are the better pictures which you admitted were necessary to save us, but which are still out of sight?" It is up to the exhibitor to say, "We won't blindly book without seeing first, and when we see we won't book British films at all unless they are good." The duds have brought the trade to its present state. It can be remedied—will it be, and when?—The Stage.

Lord Leconfield says: "I regard the invention of the kinematograph as one of the greatest misfortunes from which this country has ever suffered." Not for a moment do I agree with this assertion, but truth compels me to admit that the great power of the picture has been mostly misapplied in the clumsy hands of grasping money-getters, ignorant controllers and slapdash producers — the whole inartistic bunch having been backed up by blatant publicity men who have claimed super-excellence for their employers' C.3 output. It is not the invention itself that is the misfortune; it is the wretched result so trying to the public's patience and irritating to any one who knows what might be made of it that brings about these outcries of disgust from lord, laborer and artist.—The Stage.

The Famous-Lasky and the Goldwyn firms of America are going to put up a big fight as to which shall get in first with a screen play on the biblical subject of the deluge. Such a theme could not be undertaken in England these times; we have not enough rain-water to spare. Who is to be cast for the star character of Noah is not yet definitely decided. Both firms declare that their respective processions of animals out of the ark will be stupendous, as duplicated specimens of living creatures from the ponderous elephant to the active pulex irritans are being hastily collected by both competitors. I have it on the authority of my friend, John Drinkwater, that the scenario is not his.—The Stage.

"What exhibitors want," said Councillor G. F. McDonald at the annual conference of the Kinematograph Exhibitors' Association at Birmingham, "is to get away from the stuff they began with 10 or 15 years ago. What was good enough then is not so today. In comedy they want really good, wholesome humor, at which not only father and brother, but also mother and daughter can laugh."—The Stage.

Germany Suppresses Film

(From the Public Ledger.)

German propaganda agents were taught a sharp lesson by their own government here when German foreign office officials denounced the "Black Shame" film as partly untrue and misleading to the public.

This motion picture play, which was built up on vivid scenes of French atrocities in the occupied territories staged by Germans and which was intended to enlighten people at home and abroad, called forth a protest from the French ambassador, who urged the German government to have the film suppressed. Foreign office representatives supported the French protest before the board.

The German government officials stated that they wished to criticize the number of untrue scenes in the film. The accumulation of riotous happenings following one another in quick succession, it was said, gave a false picture to the public of existing conditions. Propaganda, they said, could only be effective if founded on facts, but the "Black Shame" film contained several falsities and therefore must be forbidden.

Luck in the Theatre; Some Stage Superstitions

(Clemence Dane in the Reandean Pictorial.)

The one temple left for Puck, god of Luck, to dwell in is the theatre. There he took refuge when, as Mr. Kipling tells us, all the rest of his kinsfolk, all the fairies, trolls, bogies, trixies, elves, fly-by-nights and will-o'-the-wisps, all the good and bad little half-gods who used to grant our ancestors' modest requests for magic fiddles, bottomless purses, shoes of darkness and such like were rung out of England by the bell of revolution—and there, jesting and gibing, he has reigned supreme ever since.

His rule is the oddest in the world and nearly as old, so old that his very worshippers have forgotten the meaning of the rites they religiously observe. They

put his image in their dressing room "thumbs up," for luck, never remembering the far-away times when thumbs down meant death to a performer; they wear white heather, and never guess that it is Puck's own flower growing at his deserted doorway into the hills. But Puck knows; he can tell you the way of all his rules and regulations. Never wear green, it's the fairy color. Don't whistle in a dressing room, or Puck will answer and pipe you out of the theatre and your job. Never speak the "tag" (the last line of the play) at rehearsals; if Puck hears it he'll lose interest; but keep it a secret and he'll come to the first night out of sheer curiosity and brong Good Luck with him. Use a dress basket, not a trunk; trunks have nails and so have coffins, and Puck hates death and dying. That, too, is why you must never use a black pin in your frock. And Puck dislikes Macbeth. Whether because he and the Witches are in the same trade, so to speak, or it's a more case of professional jealousy; no one knows; but the fact remains that to quote Macbeth is horribly unlucky, almost as unlucky as opening on a Friday or decorating the stage with real flowers. For let Puck but sniff a bowl of roses and off he flies, homesick, to Warwickshire, to snooze on a certain bank he knows of, quite over-canopied with lush woodbine, and the theatre may not see him again for weeks and weeks and weeks.

The only remedy in that case, as all managers know, is to revive the "Midsummer Night's Dream." However mortally offended he is, back he has to come; for he is a friend of the author and had a finger in the pie himself.

August 20 - 21

We spoke a day or two ago of the interest shown in the novels of Edgar Saltus, now that he is dead, and readers are reminded that President Harding was enthralled by "Imperial Purple." This interest, however, is shown chiefly by collectors.

Books have their fate, as some venerable and deep thinker remarked. The second-hand book shops are now searched in Boston for first editions of Herman Melville's account of his adventures in the South Seas, his romances, even his poems. A year or two ago these books were sold at a low price. (We regret to say that "Moby Dick" in the Everynian and the World's Classics editions is slightly edited. Mr. Christopher Morley, who has collated the various editions, says that the World's Classics (Oxford Press) omits the dedication to Hawthorne. The Everyman edition omits one brief chapter [a perfectly innocuous one] and also the Epilogue. ("Mr. Morley knows" only two modern editions of "Moby Dick." There is a third, comparatively modern, published by the United States Book Company, and copyrighted by Elizabeth S. Melville in 1892. This edition contains the dedication to Hawthorne, the Epilogue, the curious appendix entitled "Etymology, Supplied by a Late Consumptive Usher to a Grammar School," also the footnote to chapter 87, but the table of contents is missing.)

A few years ago editions of Walt Whitman, even the "Leaves of Grass" of 1855, were easily obtained at a comparatively reasonable price. Now the prices have soared beyond the reach of modest buyers. The books from William Morris's press are again costly.

It is not easy to find volumes of the Tauchnitz edition in the second-hand shops. These volumes are light in the hand, easy to read, not too large for a generous coat pocket, a delight in every way. Many English novelists were thus introduced to American readers. Leonard Merrick was one of these novelists. His novels and short stories—14 volumes in all—were in this edition long before he was "discovered" by American critics. "The Man Who Was Good" was the first of the Tauchnitz set, dated 1895. The title page stated that Mr. Merrick was the author of "Violet Moses," "Mr. Bazalgette's Agent," etc. These two novels are not included in the Tauchnitz, and we do not think they have been reprinted, yet in "Opinions of the Press" published at the end of "The Man Who Was Good," the Daily Chronicle praised "Violet Moses," a study of Jewish life, for its "graphic portraiture." "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," that pleasingly ironical story, appeared in the Tauchnitz edition in 1903, the eighth of Mr. Merrick's novels in this series. The 14th was "The Position of Peggy Harper (1911). In "Opinions of the Press," published in "The Quaint Companions" (1904) Prof. Tyrrell in a review appearing in the Speaker is quoted as saying, "Is it Possible that the public has been narcotised into insensibility to the power, the brilliancy, the pathos, the knowledge of man (and especially woman) of which Mr. Merrick is a master?" So Mr. Merrick was apparently not appreciated in England at that time.

TO A TALKATIVE GUEST

(Po Chu-i, A. D. 836 in Mr. Waley's "More Translations from the Chinese")

The town visitor's easy talk flows in an endless stream;
The country host's quiet thoughts ramble timidly on;
"I beg you, sir, do not tell me about things at Ch'ang-an:
For you entered just when my harp was tuned and lying balanced on my knees."

TO GO BACK TO "MOBY DICK"

As the World Wags:

Passing by the Old State House, I remembered that in previous visits I had seen relics of the whaling industry exhibited there. I made my way to the whaling section and found models of the different types of whales, models of whaling vessels, a set of whaling tools, and old prints that vividly portray scenes similar to those described in "Moby Dick." This visit gave me a new "Moby Dick."

As I have not seen this valuable collection mentioned in your columns, I thought that other friends of "Moby Dick" might like to know about it.

CHARLES HANSON GALE.

Medford.

As the World Wags:

On page 70 of "Moby Dick" Melville writes in relation to the Whaling ship "Pequod."

"Scorning a turnstile wheel at her reverend helm she sported there a tiller—the helmsman who steered by that tiller" etc., whilst on page 269 we read:

"'Clear away the boats Luff" cried Ahab. And obeying his own order, he dashed the helm down before the helmsman could handle the spokes."

I share your reverence for "Moby Dick," but as a matter of curiosity and not bearing on the literary quality, what kind of a steering gear did the old tub have anyway? Where do the spokes fit in?

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Boston.

AUTHOR? AUTHOR?

As the World Wags:

I find in my scrapbook the following verse, credited to "the letter-carrier poet."

Will some reader tell me where I will find the whole poem?

Oh! for the joys that ever cluster round
My school days on that hallowed ground,
When I, carefree, light-hearted child
Like woodland brook ran on and smiled,
Was charmed by music of the bird,
Or startled by the partridge as it whirred,
And watched the squirrel as it played
I, sweet little, winsome maid.

It appears to be a stanza from "The Old Red Schoolhouse on the Hill." But who wrote it or when, my memorandum does not show.

(MISS) LUCY O. TUTHILLE.

Cambridge.

August 30 '92

Many have written recently about "Moby Dick," but no one to our knowledge has alluded to Melville's use of a term that is now common. This term is in chapter xxxiv, "The Cabin Table." The steward of the Pequod is there described: the steward "thrusting his pale loaf-of-bread face from the cabin-scuttle" to announce dinner to Captain Ahab.

This steward was "naturally a very nervous, shuddering sort of little fellow, * * * the progeny of a bankrupt baker and a hospital nurse." His whole life was "one continual lip quiver." And under what name did he wait on Captain Ahab, Starbuck, Stubb, Flash, and the harpooners Daggoo, Queequeg and Tashtego?

"Dough-Boy."

Now "Moby Dick" was first published in 1851.

If any one should draw up an examination paper on "Moby Dick," as Calverley framed one for "The Pickwick Papers," these questions should be included: What became of Dough-Boy? What was Captain Ahab's family name? Who was Zogranda? How did Stubbs like his whale-steak cooked, rare or well-done? Whose "Arithmetic" had Captain Ahab studied?

THE IRISH QUESTION

As the World Wags:

Is it true that De Valera has Ulsterior motives?

R. W.

Little Compton, R. I.

THE INSPIRED HEAD-LINE WRITER

The Bath (Me.) Daily Times of Aug. 19th published startling information from Hartford, Ct.; startling if the head lines were not misleading:

"DECEASED COWS TO BE KILLED"

FRANCIS THOMPSON

As the World Wags:

Francis Thompson was a great poet, one who saw visions and dreamed dreams, magnified no doubt by using laudanum—a great poet. Reduced to utter want, unloved by his own, this gentle, fine-souled lad walked the streets of London almost "with a saucer in his hand" depending upon such chance jobs as the city threw him—while Fame stood by. It is to the credit of the Meynells first, and many others afterwards, that he lived to accomplish some of the finest bits of imagery and tender feeling in the English tongue.

The days are poorer for your loss
Who knew so well the English lanes,
And London nights in foggy gloss
They miss you in the rains.

Poet, alone among the crowd
Nor home, nor fire, nor bed,
Limning with wond'ring eyes the shroud
That palls the silent city's head.

Nor poorer now than you were then,
Time, with a touch of gold
Has writ with an unfaltering pen
Your name in letters bold.

And they who gave parched lips a sup
Before Fame's words were spoken,
They, too, shall drink of glory's cup—
Who gave to body broken.

The London nights they gleam at dark
At Charing Cross and on the Strand,
But England's sky has lost a spark
That burned aloft for motherland.

Fort Warren. EDWARD YERXA.

THE NOSE OF N. M. BUTLER

As the World Wags:

Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler is reported as having said that the sense of smell is the least intellectual of all the senses. Let us listen to a remark of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table:

"Memory, imagination, old sentiments and associations are more readily reached through the sense of smell than by almost any other channel."

Of course, the particular odors which act upon each person's susceptibilities differ. The smell of phosphorus is one of mine. Its luminous vapors with their penetrating odor throw me into a trance. It comes to me in a double sense, "trailing clouds of glory." Then, there is the marigold. When I was a child and wont to ride wedged between the knees of fond parents, we would sometimes cross the bridge to the next village and stop opposite a low, brown, gambrel-roofed cottage. Out of it would come Sally, sister of the swarthy tenant, swarthy herself, shady-lipped, sad-voiced, and bending over the flower-bed, would gather a posey, as she called it, for the little child. Sally lies in the churchyard with a slab of blue slate at her head, lichen-crusted, and leaning a little. Cottage, garden beds, posies, grenadier-like rows of seedling onions, stateliest of vegetables—all are gone, but the breath of a marigold brings them all back to me.

Perhaps the herb, everlasting, the fragrant immortelle of our autumn fields, has the most suggestive odor to me of all that set me dreaming. I can hardly describe the strange thoughts and emotions that come to me, as I inhale the aroma of its pale, dry, rustling flowers. A something it has of sepulchral spicery, as if it had been brought from the core of some great pyramid, where it had lain on the breast of a mummied Pharoah. Something, too, of immortality in the sad, faint sweetness lingering so long in its lifeless petals. Yet this does not tell why it fills my eyes with tears and carries me in blissful thought to the banks of Asphodel that border the River of Life.

There may be a physical reason for the strange connection between the sense of smell and the mind. The olfactory nerve, so my friend, the Professor tells me, is the only one directly connected with the hemispheres of the brain, the parts in which, as we have every reason to believe, the intellectual processes are performed. To speak more truly the olfactory nerve is not a nerve at all, but a part of the brain. Contrast the sense of taste as a source of suggestive impressions with that of smell. The Professor assures me that the nerve of taste has no immediate connection with the brain proper; only with the prolongation of the spinal cord.

G. H. F.

Dorchester.

Our correspondent might have cited the use of the sense of smell for a dramatic purpose in Sardou's "Diplomacy."—Ed.

'DEAR ME' OPENS

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"Dear Me," a comedy with music, in three acts, by Luther Reed and Hale Hamilton. The music by John Golden; the lyrics by Grace LaRue. First performance in Boston. The cast:

Wilbur Oglevie	T. K. Hutchison
Herbert Lawton	George N. Price
Robert Jackson	George Spelvin
Gordon Peck	Mart E. Helsey
Joseph Renard	Luis Alberni
Mrs. Carney	Camilla Crume
April Blair	Grace LaRue
Anthony Turner	James G. Morton
Edgar Craig	Hale Hamilton
Shelly Willard	Max Frick
Manny Begu	Robert Lowe
Clarence	T. Kodama
Dudley Quail	Baker Moore
Maid	Elva Nelson
A Pianist	William Conway

The Hollis Street Theatre opened its season last night with this ingenious comedy, which brings Miss La Rue and Mr. Hamilton back to this city, after a long absence. It takes its title from April Blair's fancy for writing letters to herself, beginning always, "Dear Me." April is the "slavey" in a home for artistic and literary failures, established by one Amos Prentice, when his own son gave every indication of joining the ranks of the failures.

April, with a boundless sympathy, mothers Craig; when she is invited to leave, by the terrifying housekeeper, Craig and Renard, a composer who is also one of the failures, leave with her. The three take up a studio existence in New York; sharing their pennies, their woes and their joys like true Bohemians. April studies for the stage; Craig continues to hammer at his typewriter on his plays, and Renard works on his music.

A year passes. Then April gets her chance in a play for which Renard has written the music; she and Renard become famous overnight while Edgar is left alone, still hoping for success. Little by little it trickles out that everyone of the erstwhile failures is climbing to success—all save Edgar. But in the end, of course—in the happy ending—Edgar proves the most successful of all. To those who will see the play it would be unfair to divulge the secret. Suffice it to say that April no longer finds it necessary to write letters to "Dear Me"; the letters after that will begin "Dear You."

The play, in this case, for all its whimsical charm, is hardly the thing. The action drags wofully in spots; the rise of an oppressed slavey to happiness and prosperity is a somewhat trite theme. And yet it holds one's interest with its delicate humor, and its human interest. Most of all, perhaps, it holds one because of the personalities of Miss LaRue and Mr. Hamilton, and their suave, graceful acting.

Miss LaRue is enchanting to look at, whether she be attired in the gingham of the first act or the seductive costumes of the following scenes. She sings appealingly; she knows how to use her voice. Mr. Hamilton's part gives him ample opportunity to be himself; gracious, easy and natural. Few actors on our stage have his facility for getting the most out of a humorous line; his by-play is delightful.

Mr. Alberni as Renard, the musical failure, gives a lifelike portrayal of the temperamental, warm-hearted Latin. Some of his scenes, with Miss LaRue, in the first act especially, are genuinely moving. The other members of the company are individually competent. A very large and interested audience applauded generously.

AT ST. JAMES

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Scandal." Comedy in three acts, by Cosmo Hamilton. The cast:

Pewsey	Harold R. Chase
Sutherland York	Frank Charlton
Malcolm Fraser	Aubrey Boswerth
Pelham Franklyn	Walter Gilbert
Beatrix Vanderdyke	Leona Powers
Mrs. Henry Vanderdyke	Emily MacPherson
Honoria Vanderdyke	Viola Roach
Major Barnet Thatcher	Mark Kent
Mrs. Brown	Florence Roberts
Regina Warehouse	Ethel Milholland
Helene	Dorothy Tremble
Benders	Rupert V. LaBelle

The newly organized stock company at the St. James Theatre opened its season auspiciously last night. A capacity audience, which included Gov. Cox and Mayor Peters, greeted the first performance of Cosmo Hamilton's witty comedy "Scandal." It is well to note that the St. James Players risked the beginning of their opening season on this play, which demands that its smart lines be "put over" with an easy nonchalance, born of long practice. And it is still more important to note that the company accomplished this very thing with pleasing deftness. A result perhaps of the unusual balance and spirit of partnership which it possesses.

"Scandal" as a play is a worthy example of the way a shrewd purveyor of the theatre may create an evening's entertainment from a judicious use of the sex question. That the players last night gave creditable performance reflects more to their own credit than Mr. Hamilton's. And this they did, for the play went with a snap and vigor that made one almost believe there was a serious question at issue. One and all the actors made the most of the lines, in some cases brought keen perception to their parts, and made the lines look even greater than a work-a-day author would have hoped for.

Miss Powers Conspicuous

Miss Leona Powers was fittingly the most conspicuous in this respect. She played the role of a sophisticatedly demure debutante to perfection. True to her type, she knew a lot about the world and also knew how to conceal with guileless carelessness that same knowledge. But Walter Gilbert with facile gesture and well-tim

nce made choice between "the leads" truly difficult matter.

Viola Roach created a commanding d distinguished aunt of her comparely minor part. "Scandal" has to intents but two dominating personties. Miss Roach, however, made a tinct hit. But the entire cast handled smart and cryptic comments upon iety's misconduct with happy neatss.

Settings Are Good

Three settings were used and all were rked with daring yet tasty origility that put them far above the rage run of stock productions. It very evident that the management spared no money in its efforts to ase. The theatre has been beautily redecorated in rose and ogld. Every venience imaginable has been inlled.

the midst of much speech mak, to which Gov. Cox contributed, Masson, the stage director, anced his aim was to equal the atments of the old Boston Museum pany. His company may well be ously considered for such rank. It uniformly excellent one and should ly carve a unique position for it in interest of Boston theatrers.

VER THE HILL' AT TREMONT TEMPLE

ars Flow Freely at First Showing in Boston

seven maids with seven mops swept or half a year it is doubtful whether not they would succeed in quite ring the floor of Tremont Temple the gallons of tears which were shed t night during the presentation of ver the Hill."

ust how many yards of cambric and n were saturated with salt water in two hours and a half during which sorrows of "Ma" Benton were ied over the screen will probably er be known. It was an awful lot. laundries of Greater Boston will fit exceedingly so long as "Over the Hl" is shown here, and they can thank illiam Fox for the sudden increase business which they will doubtless perience.

Over the Hill" is quite the weepiest h production that has been put on e for many a day. It just drips sententality. It is a blend of melodrama the brand popular 20 years ago and farce slapped in with a brush as wide a comet's tail. It takes its title m the poem by Will Carleton, on ount of which our grandfathers were nt to turn on the waterworks so copily, and it is on the intellectual level "The Old Homestead."

he author does not spare the agony. ht in the "prologue," which shows martyr heroine dealing with a boilhousehold of youngsters and a nocount husband, in which are presumly early New England environings. e has her hands full. There is a leestrict school" scene which is broadcomic, with an impossible schoolcher, who might have been one of e interpolated freak people from Way Down East."

Mary Carr, as "Ma" Benton, does her est with a part that is entirely destute of relief and calls mostly for hysical endurance. She is in vigorous motional action, embracing, smiling, eeping, stepping from one high peak f excitement to another so continuousy that one wonders whether or not, fter all, the poorhouse did not give er some moments of much needed est.

The other characters in the piece are tressed to the utmost limit. There re no shadings anywhere. Positively othing is left to the imagination. The bvious reigns throughout.

Probably throngs of people will go to e "Over the Hill" and blow their oses vigorously while the band plays he "Traumerei" and griefs multiply on he heroine's devoted head.

But it is inconceivable that anyone would ever want to see it a second ime.

BILL AT KEITH'S

Truly, we here in the states excel the matter of music halls; we are rikingly original as it were, and all at sort of thing; you know how it is, d dear:

Consider B. F. Keith's last evening 8:15, jolly well packed and the chestra playing and the cymbals unding and all that. And thereafter, perfectly ripping bill, preceded by an roariously ludicrous cinema.

Then followed a trio, Bill, Genevieve nd Walter, thundering good cyclists: en a sweet young thing, Miss Betty Washington, violoncellist; then a count rson named Perrone; a baritone, you now, of more than ordinary ability, ith a stunning partner, Miss Trix liver, who sang, too, and well. Then two gentlemen who danced well, Flanders and Millise. Two young chaps, one by the extraordinary name of Espe, the other a blighter named Dutton, tossed cannon shot all about.

Then an extraordinarily good bit by Jack McCowan, whose voice is most appealing and whose own original song is so much better than he thinks it is, truly. And then Mary Young and her company, cordially welcomed, in a bit of variety called "Fire and Brimstone," a quite smart thing.

Eventually a chap, Jack Donahue, who left the audience convulsed with unrestrained mirth. And, last, Roland Travers, illusionist extraordinary; one [illegible] fellows who presti-presto-[illegible] agitates [illegible] should go [illegible] h's. It's being done. That's all.

Choerio!

Sept 1 1921

Mr. Waggoner Woodling of Marblehead Neck was walking with his friend, Mr. de Phillipe, some years ago in the streets of Boston. De Phillipe, known to some as "Phial Phil," was of an old family, "a family of European origin, transplanted from across the sea generations before to make up the original aristocracy of America. As his immigrant ancestor landed in 1670 and hobnobbed with the famous Bostonians of that time, he was much interested in historical memorabilia and loved tradition," the two entered Adams square. "Phial" Phil called Mr. Woodling's attention to the statue that stands there: to green and white streaks on the statue, the result of weather beating and "the existence of the chemical action of something in the bronze alloy used in the image." Before they separated, "Phial" Phil handed Mr. Woodling a sheet of paper on which these lines were scrawled:

TO ADAMS SQUARE

As all Americans must know,
Samuel Adams years ago
Gave to his infant native land
His very life, his heart and hand.

Now in Boston's Adams square he stands—
"A statesman, incorruptible and fearless"—
Smirches on his clothes, dirt on his hands,
And now his noble face looks worse than cheerless.

The left eye weeps a large green colored tear,
Agents chemical have stained his legs,
Harsh storms are making him look queer,
While Adams from the grave for mercy begs.

Samuel Adams on the day when the statue was erected might have justly complained that he had not in effigy the virile appearance that distinguished him in life.

BIRDS IN THEIR BATH

As the World Wags:

I have been studying the manners of birds in the stone bathtub that stands in front of my veranda. It seems to me from close observation that the robin is the cleanest of them all. He squats for a long time as in a "sitzbad." Then he stands up, ducks and splashes. This he does several times. He picks and cleans himself carefully. He stands on the rim and meditates for a time before he makes his way to a neighboring tree.

With him bathing is a serious affair, nor on a sultry day is he content with one sitting and splashing.

Little birds, as the song sparrow and yellow birds—I do not know the exact species of the latter—also enjoy the bath.

The bluejay by his discordant cry calls attention to the fact that he is about to bathe. He reminds me of the woman that is always saying "After I took my bath." He splashes only once or twice; he does not sit; does not pick himself clean; he leaves the tub hurridly. Is his stay short because he fears lest he may dim his gorgeous plumage? Will his colors not wash? I know he has a bad character; he plunders nests; it is said that he murders little birds; he is a thief. Yet Christopher Marlowe speaks of "one of Juno's birds, the painted jay," and Louise Driscoll made this excuse for his sins:

Verlaine among the birds is he,
A creature of iniquity;
And yet what joy for one who sees
An orchid drifting through the trees!
The bluebell said a naughty word
In mischief, and there was a bird.
The blue sky laughed aloud, and we
Saw wings of lapis lazuli.
So fair a sinner surely wins
A little mercy for his sins.

Manchester. SYBYL MUSGRAVE.

WAS MR. GRIFFITH THE FIRST?

Mr. Frank Carlos Griffith, now at South Poland, Me., believes that he coined the title "Rehoboth Sunday Times" in 1906 when he was editing "The Hill Top" at Poland Springs. "At that time I used the title as a blind when I had something original to say that I wished to have appear as a quotation. Was there an earlier use of an imaginary Rehoboth Sunday newspaper" On Aug. 23 Mr. Griffith celebrated the 50th anniversary of his first appearance in theatrical life. It was at the Boston Museum in "Wild Oats."

CONCERNING LAMPS

Mr. Cyrus H. Bates asked the Man About Town, who writes in an entertaining manner for the Salem News, this question: "Did you ever see a copper or brass table lamp for burning whale oil, that had a little jar inside, at the base, wound up with a key, that threw up a current of air to the wick?" The answer was: "Some of the old astral table lamps of half a century ago had such an arrangement, and were used in country houses long after they had been given up by city folk. I distinctly remember one in Danvers, and that at an evening party it grew dim and the hostess, seeing it, said 'Why the lamp has run down,' and then wound it up."

We remember vaguely a lamp, burning whale oil, or sperm oil as it was then called, in our little village on the Connecticut. This lamp was wound up with a key. The lamp was not of brass, not of copper. It was tall and handsome. The body was white; a female novelist of that time might have used the word alabaster. (We like to think, in this age of electrical lighting, that we once sat near an alabaster lamp.)

This lamp threw a chaste light in the sitting room about a year before Fort Sumter was bombarded; before the Wide-Awakes paraded in honor of a presidential candidate named Lincoln.

What became of these lamps with keys? But where are the contemporaneous carpet bags and leg boots of calfskin?

When lamps are now used in country houses, the ornate shade vexes the eyes. The best lamp, after all, for reading is the old-fashioned "German student lamp," single or double. Next to it is the plain, unpretentious kitchen lamp of nickel with a white porcelain shade. And yet in the boys' books of the early 60's inculcating heroism, the great man as a child read Plutarch's Lives or studied the spelling book by the light of pine knots or a swaling candle.

A SPOONERISM

(The London Daily Chronicle)

Mr. G. B. Burgin, the veteran novelist, has some good stories to tell in his entertaining "Memoirs of a Clubman," which Messrs. Hutchinson publish. He tells one of a nervous young girl who had written a couple of novels and was taken in to dinner by no less a person than Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

"Well, my dear, what do you do for a living?" gruffly asked the great man.

The girl was so embarrassed by this unexpected inquiry that she faltered out, "I bite rooks."

Sept 2 1921

The Manzanola Sun, published at Manzanola, Colorado, is characterized by the editor as "a live newspaper printed in a live town." This is no idle boast. The "Flood Extra" describing the tragic "five foot wall of water" that swept down Arkansas river valley contains two pages of graphic narration.

"Perhaps the most pitied animal near Manzanola was one of C. W. Johnson's milk cows that swam from the corral at the ranch and found her feet on the road leading to the Beaty ranch house. The cow kept her head above water during the worst of the flood and stood for hours in the deep water. A part of the time she leaned against a large log to keep from washing away, but about 5 o'clock in the evening made her way slowly to dry land. She was cheered as she reached the safe confines of a nearby alfalfa field." The cow was cheered. This speaks folio volumes for the sporting blood of the men and women near Manzanola, suffering as they were from the mighty rush of water.

NO APOLOGY NEEDED

It was not easy to publish this "Flood Extra" of the Manzanola Sun.

"If any of our readers think it is a joke to get out a newspaper under conditions similar to those under which this paper was issued, they are sadly mistaken. From 6 o'clock Sunday morning until 6 o'clock this morning the editors of the Manzanola Sun and the Fowler Tribune have worked, without rest and without sleep. Five gasoline engines were installed before we got one that would do the work satisfactorily. Pulleys had to be changed, line shafts altered, belts cut and related, and hundreds of things alcered to meet the old-time conditions that existed before we enjoyed the use of electricity. The fact that it was Sunday, when we should have been in Sunday school, trying to learn why Noah was forced to swallow the whale, may have had something to do with the cause of all our many griefs. Nevertheless, here's your latest paper. Help yourself, and if it is worth anything to our readers, just remember us in your prayers and when the watermelons get ripe. Editor Bicknell, who makes the Manzanola Sun shine, knows how to pile up type on a linotype when he gets the durn thing started, and he led us a merry chase for copy. Of course, when we got the paper off the press, neither of us looked like humans, but we should worry about that. In 100 years from now we'll never know the difference. The subscription price of the Manzanola Sun is $2 per year and that of the Tribune is 'two bucks.' Now is the time to subscribe."

HISTORY REVISED

(Theodorus Van Wyck of Far Rockaway, N. Y., in a letter to the World.)

"Sir Thomas More denounced the wholesale ownership of land by the rich and was hanged for expressing his sentiments in 1535."

IN FINE FRENZY

(From a Novel Not Yet Completed.)

Eugene, in his delirium, was at school again. As a freshman he was again passed over the heads of upper-classmen at the Thanksgiving jubilee. He now chanted wildly verses that he had heard in those more innocent days, verses of a widely distributed geographical and anthropological nature; from "The Young Man of Batavia" to "The Young Girl of Alaska," from the adventures of "The Young Lady at Sea" to the romantic experience of an English maiden who for the first time saw the Crystal Palace. Gwendolen put her hand on his burning brow. She did not attempt to quiet him; she listened eagerly, straining ear and mind to make the verses her own. Thus her soul would throb in unison with his in the mysterious years that might be spared to them. And when his voice faltered she exclaimed passionately: "Go on, go on, Eugene. I could listen to you forever."

MATHER AND THE QUAKERS

As the World Wags:

No, Cotton Mather did not advise capturing Quakers and sending them to the Barbadoes to be exchanged for rum. The story that he did so is based on the copy of a letter that first appeared in the Easton, Penn., Argus, April 28, 1870, signed apparently by Cotton Mather, and giving details of "a scheme to bagge Penne." But the utterer of this forgery did "protest too much", for he asserted that this letter had been found by Mr. Judkins, librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society in a chest of papers deposited by Robert Greenleaf of Malden.

This letter was reproduced generally in the papers of that time, and Dr. Green, the librarian of the society, was overwhelmed with inquiries and made a search for the origin of the story, though on its face it was clearly wrong. No Mr. Judkins had been connected with the society, nor was any chest on deposit by Robert Greenleaf who was unknown.

The compiler of this letter was one James Shunk, a young man, each of whose grandfathers had been a Governor of Pennsylvania, and who for some reason best known to himself was strongly prejudiced against the Puritans. The incident is referred to three times in the printed proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, June, 1870, December, 1902, and March, 1908, and the evidence given at length. Yet the story still appears, but the refutation follows slowly, if at all. At a dinner given in September, 1919, to Mr. Hoover the toastmaster read it, and in a recently published book on Cape Cod it has appeared again, so that for some time to come it will probably be quoted.

Boston. JOHN ALBREE.

Mr. A. B. Mills, a gentleman of London, asks if it is so harmful to read at meals as some would have him believe. "Are my advisers quite certain that I injure my inside by swallowing my mutton chop with the latest ghostly story from Nottingham, and that it is impossible for me to digest my cheese and celery if I persist in digesting the money market at the same time?" He is one of thousands in London who lunch companionless and find that "the next best thing to a friend to talk between mouthfuls is a book or newspaper to read."

BREAKFAST AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS

In Boston a man, whether he is a husband and father or a bachelor, is tempted to read his newspaper at breakfast. If he has a wife and chil-

dren he may in the flight of years have been house broken, so that he indulges in the game of questions and answers before taking his hat in hand, saving the newspaper for street car or office. If he is a bachelor he may read The Herald or Plato's "Phaedo" at breakfast without fear of scowls and interruptions. In the country, where the newspaper is late in arrival, a book is tempting. Much depends, however, on the nature of the breakfast.

The ancient Romans ate in the morning only a bit of bread, with a grape or two (not a bunch of grapes), a raisin or two, a date or an olive. The Emperor Augustus took his "jentaculum" in a wheel carriage, in a litter, anywhere in fact. There was no sitting down to an appointed meal. As De Quincey says, breakfast was not invented for many centuries after Augustus. He also says that the elder Pliny, after taking the air and bathing, "broke his fast on a morsel of biscuit." De Quincey amplifies the simple word "gustabat." The industrious Pliny did not read at this simple meal, if meal it can be called, but while he was rubbed and wiped at the bath he heard some book read to him.

In England for many years ale, wine, bread, salt fish, "baconn'd herring," sprats, butter, half a chine of mutton, boiled beef, boiled mutton bones, a "cheeking," were on the table, but Harrison in Holinshed's Chronicle thanked God that breakfasts were then left out, "and each one in manner (except here and there some young hungry stomach that cannot fast till dinner time) contenteth himself with dinner and supper only." If Izaak Walton is to be believed, he and his fellow-anglers took a glass of ale and a pipe of tobacco for breakfast.

BREAKFAST IN NEW ENGLAND

It is not likely that there was reading at the old breakfast tables except in monasteries, where there was an appointed reader of grave manuscripts or folios. Squire Clinton in Mr. Archibald Marshall's novel, "The Squire's Daughter," walked to a side table for his breakfast dishes—bacon, scrambled eggs, whiting, mushrooms, marmalade and hothouse grapes, and cursed the cook for the "same thing day after day." The squire read his letters before breakfast; the Times arrived later in the morning. Think of the breakfasts eaten in New England 50 years ago: Fruit or a melon, raw tomatoes, cracked wheat or oatmeal, chops, bacon, beefsteak, sausages or hash; sometimes fish; a variety of hot bread, including johnny cake and "gems," eggs served in one way or another; toast, waffles or griddle cakes, coffee, doughnuts, iced water. What a mess! No wonder that Uncle Amos took boneset tea for sick headaches; that little Maude grew up a tripe-faced, querulous dyspeptic. In our little village there was no reading at breakfast. The Springfield Republican did not come in until 9 o'clock. If any child brought even a picture book to table he was scowled at, frightened, and told to eat what was set before him.

We are more civilized today. Visiting Mr. Herkimer Johnson last month, we were impressed by his abstemiousness in his own home. He has given up English walnuts, to which he was once passionately addicted. His meal consisted of two or three rolls, or gems of cornmeal, dabs of raspberry jam, and two cups of tea. No wonder, temperate at other meals, he is able to pursue the sociological researches that have made his name illustrious in foreign seats of learning, although an ungrateful American public has not yet insisted that he should grace the Hall of Fame. Yet Mr. Golightly informs us that when Mr. Johnson sits at Golightly's old-fashioned breakfast table he eats heartily from fruit, through cereal, chops, etc., to griddle cakes thickly buttered and swimming in maple syrup.

LEIGH HUNT AND OTHERS

Leigh Hunt, quoting Thomas Fuller's disputable comment on the ravens that provided Elijah with morning and evening food—"It seems dinners are but innovations, whilst breakfasts and suppers are men's most ancient and natural meals"—described his own breakfast: tea and coffee, dry toast, butter, eggs, ham, something potted. "Something potted"—how these simple words kindle the imagination! "When we lived alone," he says, "we could not help reading at meals; and it is certainly a delicious thing to resume an entertaining book at a particularly interesting passage, with a hot cup of tea at one's elbow, and a piece of buttered toast in one's hand. The first look at the page, accompanied by a coexistent bite of the toast, comes under the head of intensities. But when in company, unless it is of a very private and pardoning description, it is, of course, not to be done, unless all read; and a general reading in company is a sort of understood talking. The most allowable approximation is that of a newspaper. It involves a common interest, and is in itself a very sufficing and matutine thing."

But is the newspaper today with its reports of suffering and starvation abroad and unemployment at home; with its stories of prohibition raids, crime and suicide, a cheerful preparation for the day? One might as well open the Bible at the Lamentations of Jeremiah.

If there is reading at table, what books should be greased? There are many lists of books for reading in bed or on a desert island. We have not seen a list for table-reading. Watts on "The Stomach" will hardly be the thing. A cook book might make one discontented. Nor do we advise Fletcher's treatise on mastication. We once sat at table with Mr. Fletcher. Curiosity led us all to observe him. The dinner was a formal, pompous, foolish one. He ate heartily of every dish; he cleared each plate in turn before the other guests and the host were ready for the next course.

We come back to the question, Does reading at table impair digestion? Most of us sit too long in the dining room. Only stout stomachs can brave a dinner of many courses, when the guests are expected to be entertaining in conversation; when there are long waits between the bringing on of dishes; when there is a barbaric mixture of liquids and solids, hot soup and ices, that if thrown together in a tureen would disgust the coarsest feeder. A reader to the company, if he were not a hired professional elocutionist, might aid digestion. He would at least give a guest opportunity for exercising judgment and discretion in the choice of the courses. And discussion of the book after the dinner would be an agreeable change from "a little music."

When L'Ecole des Hautes Etudes Musicales, at Fontainebleau, was opened on June 26, a school which, it is hoped, will attract many American students of music, Camille Saint-Saens made a remarkable address. The full text of this address has been published in Le Menestrel.

Saint-Saens will be 86 years old on the 9th of October. Some one may say that it is time for him to be a reactionary. Years ago he was accused, foolishly accused, by his countrymen of being infected with "Wagnerisme." He was, indeed, a modern. He was also an eclectic, able to imitate neatly great masters from the time of Bach; but he also displayed a neatness, a grace, an elegance, a logical sense in development, that, while they were characteristically French, were peculiar to him in the manner of expression.

His dislike of certain tendencies in music is not recent. It was shown when he objected to a statue in memory of Cesar Franck. On many occasions since, he has expressed himself in no uncertain way as opposed to the ultra-modern school of his native land. At Fontainebleau he warned the students against the theories and the practices of this school.

He first paid a graceful tribute to the United States, hoped that the new school would strengthen the bonds uniting France "the guardian of the past" with America, "the land of the future." He gratefully recalled his sojourn in San Francisco during the Exposition. All this was to be expected, for Saint-Saens is a courteous man.

He then went on to say that hitherto Americans had sought musical instruction in Germany, impressed by the great names of masters that had shed glory on that country. One forgets that music, as we know it, was born in Italy. The Bachs underwent Italian influence, later French influence. "From this happy mixture of Italian, German and French temperaments came the excellent school which is German only in name, a school that is really 'mondiale.' Mozart himself was not a German, but a Tyrolese, that is to say, half Italian. Gluck, a German by birth, was an Italian during the greatest part of his life, to become French in the last and most glorious years of his career." Meyerbeer was another example. "And so, music in its best period, far from having no country, had three. Let us hope that it will have four, when America, growing always in art as in science, will add its personal metal to the precious blend."

Then Saint-Saens began his words of solemn warning: Young people, do not seek after originality. Let your personality shape itself naturally. Seeking after originality one arrives only at bizarrerie and madness, as the Italian architects of the 12th century, who, wishing to break with vertical monotony built those leaning towers that stand so awkwardly in Bologna. At this moment there is an analogous evil in the musical world: one searches novelty at any price. There are persons that proclaim the right of making laws for themselves. There are persons that knowing neither grammar nor orthography also make laws for themselves. You know the result.

Primitive music, Saint-Saens said, admitted only two elements: melody and rhythm. Musical art began only with polyphony. The first attempts were barbarous: successions of fourths and fifths. One wished to make several independent parts move together: one wrote cacophonies. Then came strict rules, from which the magnificent school of the 16th century was born: priestly music, inexpressive or nearly so, which nevertheless was passionately cultivated. The only interest was in learned combinations. Melody was banished to songs and dance tunes. At last the rules were broadened, and softened; music became more expressive, simpler; melody and vocal ornaments supplanted the learned music. Forbidden chords and dissonances were permitted; composers grew bolder and had civic rights; one at last arrived where we are today.

And now one wishes to go farther. This is impossible; the extreme limit has been reached; to overstep it, is to fall back into the cacophony whence one set out. And it is useless, for in the vast field in which music moves about, there is room for inventions which, if they are not infinite in a mathematical sense, are practically infinite. To bring about something new, it is not necessary to resort to dissonances. One does this, however, one puts one tonality on another, asserting that you can accustom yourself to everything.

"I have a neighbor who strives painfully to play the piano. The pitch of the upper part is a semi-tone below that of the middle part. The woman is wholly accustomed to it, for she has not remedied in any way this situation. One accustoms oneself to uncleanliness, to vice, to crime. There are those for whom robbery and assassination are habitual things. Why is it not understood that in art, as in everything else, there are things to which one should not accustom oneself?

"Some wish a clean slate; to owe nothing to the past. It is not by cutting the roots that the tree lives."

Saint-Saens then spoke of fashions in music as in hats. It has been the fashion for some time to pooh-pooh the brilliant school of French light music, which, after Mehul, Dalayrac, Boieldieu, reigned with Auber and his successors, and flowered splendidly in "Carmen" and "Manon." This school had its weaknesses; it also had its brilliance; it charmed several generations. Operas like "La Dame Blanche," "Le Pre aux Cleres," "Le Domino Noir," "Galathee," "Mignon," to cite only these, are by no means negligible. They have their place in the history of music, as Marivaux and Regnard are by the side of Corneille and Moliere in literature.

There is another fashion; the fashion that banishes from the vocal art all that is ornamental and florid, though one may wonder that two little ligaments named vocal chords can produce such effects. Up to recent times, all the composers, Italian, German and French, employed them. Berlioz was first in mocking singers that "played on the larnyx"; then came Wagner, who preserved only one ornament: he even wished to suppress the vocal art, proclaiming that melody should be committed to the orchestra, not to the voice. As if the voice were not the most beautiful of instruments! It is well to add that if some of Wagner's works were very successful, it is because he often forgot to apply his principles.

The operetta, a girl that has turned out badly, is the child of the Opera-comique. Girls that turn out badly are often agreeable. This one with all her faults has one quality: She has preserved for us dialogue, which compels the actors to act and to articulate. They preserve these in singing, while singers that only sing too often neglect to act their roles and enunciate the words; the hearer does not distinguish the words and the composition becomes unintelligible.

"Here, gentlemen, I stop. France opens to you her arms. With a great joy she sees answering her call these brilliant youths confiding themselves to her instruction. Let us have faith in the future. The intimate union of France and America will assure the triumph of peace, without which the arts will not know how to flourish."

A New Play, "The Edge o' Beyond"; with Other Stage Notes

"The Edge o' Beyond," a new play adapted by Roy Horniman and Ruby Miller from the novel by Gertrude Page, was produced at the Garrick, London, on Aug. 9. The Times said of the play: "In Rhodesia, if one is to believe Miss Page, there is perpetual sunshine and perpetual sloth. It is a land flowing with milk and honey, or rather with sleep and whiskey. No one works. Everybody drinks whiskey and everybody is a hero. Self-sacrifice (apart from the enjoyment of sleep and the consumption of whiskey) is the current coin of this Arcadian Rhodesia. There is only one villain in the piece, and he is what Dickens would have called a 'regular out-and-outer.' He ill-treats animals and women and does all sorts of dreadful things, and he, alone among all these Arcadians, is a teetotaller and non-smoker. It must be admitted that his behavior is very refreshing when compared with that of the virtuous imbibers.

"Chief among the imbibers are three inseparables. They are heavy drinkers, hearty sleepers, and, incidentally, very fond of their own little jokes. They only seem to appear in the play as a kind of comic background to the protagonists. They certainly succeed in being a background. Against this gay background are outlined a number of types. There is a 'society butterfly,' who goes from the drawing-room to the desert, and (after four acts of indecision) prefers the desert. She marries a strong, silent man, and leaves various other strong, silent men heartbroken. Their broken hearts are strewn throughout the play like amorous milestones. Then there is the teetotal villain. He has a long-suffering wife, and she eventually finds happiness in unexpected ways. There are also two comic black servants, and there is an excellent storm, which rages furiously throughout one act whenever the door is opened. And that, as far as we can remember, is 'The Edge o' Beyond.'

"Many of the players were worthy of a better means of displaying their abilities than the simple vagaries of this unsophisticated block of sentiment. Miss Doris Lloyd, in particular, gave an admirable performance, and for 30 seconds she threw a beam of brilliance over an arid waste of platitudes. That flicker made the preliminary weariness well worth while. She played the villain's wife, and made her quite tolerable. Mr. Martin Lewis, Mr. Wilfrid Seagram and Mr. Antony Holles were pleasing as the comic background of three, and Mr. Basil Rathbone made the most of a most intolerable part. The piece had a very enthusiastic reception.

Phyllis Neilson-Terry began on Aug. 15 her fourth consecutive tour in England with "Trilby."

Barrie's "Quality Street" was revived at the Haymarket, London, on Aug. 11. The success, according to the Times, exceeded the most sanguine hopes. The "spell was woven more deeply than ever. The war has shown up many old favorites rather mercilessly, but even wars cannot stale the infinite 'Barriness' of this delightful play. We are inclined to think that 'Quality Street' is even more attractive now than it was 10 or 20 years ago, and the reason is that our 'Great War' has freshened all the whimsical illusions in the play to that 'Great War' that exercised the inhabitants of 'Quality Street' so gravely. When it was first produced one was inclined to love all those ingenuous people—and think how quaint they were. Now we are more disposed to love them—and think how unexpectedly natural they are."

A dance-play, "The Death of Columbine," by John W. Bostock and Rutland Boughton was announced for the Glastonbury (Eng.) Festival (Aug. 25-Sept. 3). "The scene of this work is Glastonbury Tor in mid-winter; and the motive the conflict between two tendencies of human effort. Harlequin stands for force of materialism—Pierrot for those of sentimentalism—and Columbine for the ideal which the two male puppets try to win. Pantaloon stands for the primitive cave man spirit which confuses the fight and dances in triumph over the bodies of the three other figures. There are parts in this play for two members of the audience. The other new productions are the first performances of plays by Laurence Housman and Josephine Barnett. Two chamber concerts of music by Rutland Boughton (including a stage production of his choral ballet, "The Moon Maiden'), play-readings by John Drinkwater and Laurence Housman, and musical lectures by Edward Dent complete the Festival program."

Lionel Glenister, formerly with the Henry Jewett Players, is now playing in "Tarzan of the Apes" at the Broadhurst Theatre, New York.

Bertha Bady, a celebrated Parisian actress, is dead. Born in Belgium years ago she first appeared on the stage at the Theatre l' Oeuvre in Paris.

Louis Bouwmeester, the leading Shakespearian actor in Holland, played Shylock last month at Stratford-on-Avon. He spoke Dutch; the other English. His performance was brilliant one of "tremendous vitality and a marvellous command of gesture." "The most striking means employed to elucidate the unintelligible spoken word was a tireless stream of formless yet expressive ejaculations which flowed in gutural volumes from the actor's throat and pointed with extraordinary fidelity the various emotions of the cruel usurer. There were times when one got tired of these snarling comments, but there was no doubt of the enlightenment that afforded to the hearer. Mr. Bouwmeester's Shylock had nothing nobly nothing likable about him. He was the essence of rapacity and bitterness, a low cunning—mean enough to fawn as a slaver over Portia's hand when the tribe seemed to be going in his favor, and cruel enough to linger tantalizingly before Antonio when the latter's breast lay bare to the knife. The rendering was that of a thoroughly horrible Jew, but its power was undeniable."

Rita Benton's "The Star Child and Other Plays," are published in one volume by The Writers' Publishing

f New York. The eight plays were ritten for children of the settlement t which she, a graduate of Vassar, orked in Chicago. The plays are planned r boys and girls between 8 and 14 years d.

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Remy de Gourmont, meditating on the revailing and erroneous idea of a nalonal or artistic decadence, remarked: 'Nations hate one the other, only a little ecause they are not well acquainted. When there has been warm fraternizalon, an alliance always ends in the oar of cannon."

COPLEY PLAYERS IN NEW YORK

Mr. Leon Gordon, the actor, is pleasntly remembered here by the patrons f the Copley Theatre. It should interst them to know that his play, "The oppy God," was brought out by Selyns at the Hudson Theatre, New York, Aug. 29. This play by him, Le Roy lemons and Thomas Grant Springer is scribed by the Evening Post as "A elodramatic tragedy of Oriental vencance by opium torture, without the sual bow to the conventions and the eeley Cure." The critic, Mr. Reniers, as rejoiced to see "a melodramatic agedy in which the villain isn't foiled, which the two lovers don't end up each other's arms, and in which their lestial bodies are not shown floating wn a celestial Yangtse-Kiang." Rerring to the matter of realism, Mr. eniers thinks that the spectacle of a rbary coast saloon gang singing the ht words to "My Country 'Tis of ee" may smack of "a vivid imaginan rather than of phonographic prelon." If we are not mistaken, "The ppy God" was played some time ago the Pacific coast.

The patrons of the Copley Theatre ll learn with pleasure that another e of their favorites, now an actor in he Poppy God," was complimented Mr. Reniers. "H. Conway Wingfield the 'Doc,' fallen foul of drink and e dregs of humanity, but with a heart gold, which reveals him as a charac- not altogether fresh, but one which Mr. Wingfield's experienced keeping well rounded and warmed anew with ." His performance was one of ree pieces of acting that stand out."

RHETORIC; NOT SYMPTOMS.

the World Wags:

n the statement issued by Mr. Benmin H. Swig in The Herald of Aug. I note his assertion that his "heart rns with indignation" and in aner paragraph that his "blood runs d."

not this unusual condition a subt of interest to the medical fraterv as well as to financial circles?

oston. P. S. G.

CONCERNING SIROTA.

he circular of Mr. Leo Sirota, a nist, has arrived at The Herald of, after its crossing of the Atlantic. e Alexander MacPherson in the old ses, Mr. Sirota is an extraordinary son. An Austrian newspaper debes him as a "salonphilosoph interional and modern." The Wiener gemeine Zeitung hailed him as—we te the English of the translation—tist full of poetry and never heared uty of sonoud and fervour." The es Wiener Tageblatt was even more nuslastic: "Leo Sirota is the comation of all former pianist-types. knows and masters every shade, n the deepest one to the superficial of the virtuos. For this pianist's ersal readiness there is, to be sure, place in the whole piano-literature t would not be executed with all s of exquisity."

e Signale also had its little say: e conzert Leo Sirota was a sensare in the concert house: his fine repands ultra-violet beams."

FASHION AND ART

girls would brush the hair back their ears, says a great organist, would sing better.)

nanda is all out of tune,
e sings like a cuckoo in June,
Her cavities aural
Are rendered unchoral
pads that would choke a maroon.

usilla was queen of the waltz
til she developed grave faults;
Her jazz-pattern stocking
The steps interlocking,
unconstitutional halts

line is a musical maid,
four, the piano she played,
But since manicuring
Has proved so alluring,
e vamps in long gauntlets of suede.

A. W. in the London Daily Chronicle.

"FATEE-MA"

As the World Wags:

I cannot refrain from voicing my thanks to Mr. Luke Green, who wrote in your column about the present popular pronounciation of a certain brand of cigarettes. As I do not smoke, not yet having joined my emancipated sex in the habit, I cannot haughtily refer to "Fat-lma" as I would like, when inwardly writhing as "visitors" speak of "Fatee-mas." These are they who wish the wife had a "coop" to drive about in; but I try to excuse the last, knowing they are thinking of Hen-ry.

Canton. E. R. S.

"HER," NOT "HIM"

As the World Wags:

It is rather surprising to find a Boston book reviewer referring to E. O. Somerville, author of "An Enthusiast," as "him," and commenting on "his" name as follows: "Properly that middle initial is combined with an "E" in digraphic fashion."

The author's full name is really Edith Anna Oenone Somerville, and together with her collaborator, the late Violet Florence Martin, she was responsible for a number of light and amusing sketches of Irish country and sporting life. CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

Boston.

"THE LETTER CARRIER POET"

As the World Wags:

Asahel W. Root of Deerfield has, I think, signed himself as "the letter carrier poet." Miss Lucy O. Tuthille might learn from him about the verse published in The Herald of today.

Greenfield. JOHN C. LEE.

"DELOIDA"

As the World Wags:

An extract which, in The Herald of Aug. 14 you gave from the Stage's review of Richard Northcott's biography of Adah Isaacs Menken, speaks of "the afterwards repudiated sonnet, 'Deloida,' written in Menken's album by . . . Swinburne, who called her the world's delight." I understand that extract from the Stage as an assertion that Swinburne wrote that sonnet, but that he afterwards denied that he did so. Have you ever seen the sonnet? If so, do you think that Swinburne wrote it? How about the name of the sonnet, "Deloida"? Is the name a Spanish word recognized by the dictionaries? Is it, like "Dolores," a Spanish female forename? What is the literal meaning of the word? If it is a Spanish word, I suppose that it is pronounced in four syllables, da-lo-ee-dar. Is the accent on the third syllable? SPECTATOR.

Brookline.

We have never seen the sonnet. We have already said that we doubted whether Swinburne wrote it. Your "Deloida" should be "Doloida."—Ed.

Sept 6 1921

E. H. B. of Boston writes:

"Your notices of Herman Melville's books have interested me greatly. I am very fond of his stories and have first editions of most of them. I have failed to see any reference to 'White Jacket.' This is a pen picture of the U. S. navy in the forties: 1843, I think. The characters mentioned would be known to old navy officers. I can distinguish only 'Mad Jack' (Percival). I should like to know who sat for the pictures of Capt. Claret, the old commodore, the surgeon and others."

We spoke of "White Jacket" in The Herald of June 22. "It is said that by this book he (Melville) was of influence in obtaining the abolition of flogging in the navy." We then expressed the opinion that the account of the operation performed by the sugeon, Cadwallader Cutlcle, M. D., on board the U. S. frigate Neversink and the description of his character surpassed the pages relating to an English navy surgeon in "Roderick Random."

Melville wrote an introductory note to "White Jacket" in 1850. "In the year 1843 I shipped as 'ordinary seaman' on board of a United States frigate lying in a harbor of the Pacific ocean. After remaining in this frigate for more than a year, I was discharged from the service upon the vessel's arrival home. My man-of-war experience and observations are incorporated in the present volume."

"White Jacket" was reprinted by the United States Book Company and the copyright was taken by Elizabeth S. Melville in 1892.

In 1919, the centenary of Melville's birth, the New York Times published a most appreciative editorial article, written in a vein, at times fantastical, that would have delighted Melville, indifferent as he seemed in his lifetime to praise or blame. The writer ended: "A kind man as well as a strong. One sees him faintly in the streets of New York, tall and stalwart, as such a man ought to be, walking along in a reverie, a solitary treading the mystic pathway, yet visited still, one hopes, with glimpses of enchanted islands, hearing still the grumble of the forecastle, the sound of white cascades innumerable, falling from sheer cliffs or wooded heights, 'the long, measured, dirge-like swell of the Pacific.'"

Apropos of seafaring men, we have received an extraordinary letter, which we now publish, although it does us foul injustice.

IS THIS A CASE OF BLACKMAIL?

As the World Wags:

As a general thing I'm not one to complain. But there are times when a body has got to say something or bust and this is one of them.

You may call to mind that a few weeks back my cousin Eliza Ann Saltmarsh had some trouble with a pair of elderly seafaring men. They'd been chasing a rum runner or the rum runner had been chasing them or they were rum runners, which seems most likely, and by some mistake or other they came to in Eliza Ann's tearoom and tried to order liquor. And then they had some kind of a rumpus and last seen of them was one trundling the other toward the bay in a wheelbarrow.

And then I wrote to you about it and told about the rum runner being off the Vineyard and offering to do something handsome with the reward. All you had to do was to get them to order out some destroyers and a few battleships and maybe three or four seaplanes and run the villains down red handed.

But instead of that you printed my letter and let on that you were leaving immediately on your vacation. Which may have fooled some folks but didn't fool some others. Because just as soon as you and this Herkimer Johnson creature dropped out of sight the papers began to be full of news about the Arethusa and her vile cargo off the Vineyard. And just as soon as the Arethusa disappeared you came back. And as I say, I can see as far into a grindstone as the next one and so far as I know they haven't passed any 20th amendment repealing the law that two and two make four.

And beside that, the other two of your four were recognized, meaning the two who like to have wrecked Eliza Ann's teahouse. Aunt Thamezin Bullen, who knows every one that ever went to sea since the time of Noah, passed them over on Heartbreak Hill road. And Thamezin she says that the one pushing the wheelbarrow was John Coffin that used to be mate of the Acushwam. He's got a brass-bound wooden leg made out of teak from the first ship he was wrecked in, and she'd know him anywhere. And the other one, the one in the wheelbarrow, she says was Capt. Peter Fitzurse that used to sail from the island. He had no hair and store teeth and had lost three fingers from his right hand on his first whaling trip—either by having them froze or bit off by a whale or lost by scurvy or tangled up in a running line and pulled off. Thamezin couldn't call to mind which. Anyway she recalled him perfectly and Amos Holbrook, the constable, has descriptions of both of them and says he'll make things hot for them if they dast show up again.

So there's the whole matter straight. As I said, I'm not one to complain, but I will stand up for my rights. Unless I hear something pretty soon about that reward Amos Holbrook's going to have occasion to polish up his badge and knock the rust off his comealongs. Of course this Capt. Peter Fitzurse may not be master of the Arethusa and John Coffin may not be mate. And maybe you and this Herkimer Johnson wasn't concerned in running her cargo ashore. But it all looks mighty suspicious.

Don't bother to telegraph. A special delivery letter will do.

(Miss) ABIAH STONE.

East Wyeport.

VENUS IN SACKCLOTH

(It is stated that the newly discovered Venus has been wrapped in coarse canvas.)

Alas for our new Aphrodite,
If sooth is in rumor's dark hints,
With never a frill to her "nightie,"
And sackcloth for chintz!

Full many a Venus is met on
The shores of the amorous sea,
Divine in a swathing of cretonne
At one-cle'n-three.

Cyrene, if hither dispatching
Your Lady of Love, will you wire
For fabrics in color-schemes matching
The patterns of Tyre?

Adonis, his camera packing,
Swift back to his suburb would skip
If Venuses swaddled in sacking
Came down for a dip.

A. W.—In the London Daily Chronicle.

"SAFETY FIRST" IN LONDON

A new aid to "safety first" is to be seen in streets of London.

"It takes the form of a special coloring, green and yellow, upon the larger lamp standards at certain busy corners. A few feet upward a stripe and star attract the eye, and over this hangs a new signboard bearing, in green letters on an opaque ground, the words:—

CROSS the
road HERE

There is no mistaking this simple and effective call, and there is no earthly reason why it should not be obeyed—except when you do not want to cross the road."

'LADY BILLY' AT THE TREMONT

By PHILIP HALE

Tremont Theatre: First performance in Boston of "Lady Billy," a musical romance in three acts by Zelda Sears, with music by Harold A. Levey. Produced at the Liberty Theatre, New York, Dec. 14 by Henry W. Savage after a preliminary tour. George Hirst, musical director.

Tom.....Harry Lang
Dick.....Lawrence Lee
Harry.....Harry R. Webster
George.....Ted Weller
Joe.....Mack Kennedy
Anastasia Kosiankowski.....Louise Dose
Bateson.....Sydney Greenstreet
Mrs. Wallingford-Butler-Daventry.....Vira Rial
Eloise.....Elsa Foerster
Senor Manuel Montijo.....Arthur Uttry
Mlle. Viorica.....Beatrice Collenette
Countess Antonia of Pardove.....Mitzi
John Smith.....Boyd Marshall

The theatre was crowded; the audience was in holiday mood. Comedians, singers, even the dancers were vigorously applauded; the tunes, melodically fluent, but without individuality and with an accompaniment scored without distinction, were repeated in answer to imperative demand. Yet, after all, it is not too much to say that with all due respect to Miss Foerster, Miss Dose and Messrs. Greenstreet and Marshall, little Mitzi is the whole show.

A poverty-stricken Roumanian countess is she, with a faked echo and a faked ghost for the benefit of tourists visiting her castle. An American engineer, Smith by name, meets her in her overalls, and thinks she is the gardener's son Billy. Billy, by the way, is a well-known Roumanian Christian name. Of course there is a faithful retainer, Bateson, but Anastasia, the cook, is leaving for America. Smith is interested in Billy, and charmed by her voice—for she sings the legend of the castle, urges her to visit America and provides travelling expenses, that she may make money as a boy soprano.

There are other persons in the first act—a vigorous male quartet, a fiery Spaniard, and an intolerable American woman seeking a fortune for her daughter. Smith left alone, and in love with the portrait of the ghost, sees the ghost coming down the stairs. He has already heard the echo, a peculiar echo, for it sings the second phrase to his first phrase of a musical period.

The curtain rises on the second act, and lo, we are in Greenwich village. All of our old friends appear there in the studio of the cook, who is now Mme. Kosiankowski, and betrothed to the Spaniard. Mitzi now wears knee breeches, and is famous as a boy soprano. It is easy to guess the complications that follow. Billy jealous of Smith, the Spaniard suspicious of Anastasia. More could have been made of the Village. If it were not for Mitzi's pranks and her joyous nature, her glib and often impudent speech, the act would drag. Not even the easily perplexed Spaniard could save it.

In the third act in which Mitzi has been conveyed against her will in a chest to Smith's apartment, there is the inevitable, yet eagerly expected, ending, after another scene of jealousy on the part of the effervescent Spaniard. Mitzi sang her airs with pleasing simplicity; sang prettily and without affectation. As a boy she delighted the women in the audience as well as the men, and thus stood the severer test. Miss Foerster by her agreeable voice gave an excuse for the introduction of Eloise and the jealousy of Billy. Mr. Greenstreet was amusing in a dry manner when the dramatist gave him an opportunity, and Mr. Marshall was a manly figure, wearing evening dress as if it had not been hired for the occasion.

Mr. Savage has seen to it that the piece is well mounted.

Shubert Theatre—Arthur Hammerstein presents Frank Tinney in a musi-girl comedy, "Tickle Me." Book and lyrics by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II and Frank Mandel. Staged by Willie Collier. The cast:

Mary Fairbanks.....Doris Arden
Jack Barton.....Rowland Woodruff
Marcel Poisson.....Vic Casmore
Frank Tinney.....Frank Tinney
Alice West.....Lillian Ring
Customs Inspector.....Tom O'Hare
A Native Boatman.....Vincent Townsend
A Slave.....Jerome Kirkland
The Tongra.....Eugene Ordway
Blah Blah.....Gerard Gardner

Anything Frank Tinney has anything to do with is stamped with at least one thing, plenty of "pep," and so as a start let it be known that his latest vehicle has that and then more. In fact it is Frank in both black and white, meaning in burnt cork and as himself, which to many theatregoers will be a novelty. In the familiar garb of the

stage negro Frank scored at old time hit and as himself in the slight disguise of a property man of a moving picture concern he has ample opportunity to give those who have the Tinney habit all they can possibly expect inside the time limit of a musical show.

Why one should attempt to describe the plot of such a piece is a question most anyone might ask, but in this particular show there is much more than the ordinary attempt to hang a few specialties together surrounded with the girls and having the songs the composers hope to have whistled and sung before many days have passed. The thread of "Tickle Me" leads in strange places and winds about so many curves it would discourage a snake. It speeds with the flash of the lightning from the land of the movie, Hollywood, Cal., to Thibet, to the Sacred Bath where the picture, the property man has written, must be filmed.

Now Frank is the property man, who later as the story develops, win the hand of the haughty leading lady despite early protestations that it was the leading man, he of the accustomed patent leather hair that was her ideal. She explains that she would most certainly wed a property man—that is if he had property enough.

Now you know the story, be assured that Tinney has plenty to do in his own peculiar way including a response to a self inflicted call for a speech in which he described the leeague of nations and the solution in which it is to give Ireland back to Ireland, Palestine to the Jews and Revere Beach to Boston. Tinney plays the cornet and makes love. This in itself is worth the price of admission not to say the war tax and cost of a seat in the stalls.

But there is much in addition to the star to attract. The piece is staged with lavish disregard to expense in point of scenic and costume effects. The company is a clever one with a chorus of more than ordinary ability. There are songs that will be remembered, dances raved about, and taken as a whole they form a most enjoyable evening's entertainment.

Among the hits of the show is the song "If a Wish Could Make It So," sung by members of the chorus. This was demanded time and again and deserved its popularity, being put across in rare manner by a group of clever girls. Then there is "Until You Say Goodby," sung by Lillian Ring and "We've Got Something," sung by Doris Arden. These were enough to have carried the piece.

The dancing of Frances Grant and Ted Wing, and that of Mary Haun and Galdino G. Sedoni was novel, athletic and almost endless. A distinct novelty was the introduction of a foamy, soapy bath, in which and from which the dancers disport. "It Floats," as one gentleman remarked.

Just what "Tickle Me" means is a secret. Go and solve it. It tickles.

COPLEY THEATRE—"Trelawney of he 'Wells.'" Comedietta in four acts by Sir Arthur Pinero. The cast:

Tom Wrench.....Nicholas Joy
Ferdinand Gadd.....E. E. Clive
James Telfer.....Moffat Johnston
Augustus Colpoys.....Walter Kingsford
Rose Trelawney.....Catherine Willard
Avonia Bunn.....Evangeline Hilliard
Mrs. Telfer.....Dierdre Doyle
Imogen Parrott.....Pamela Gaythorne
O'Dwyer.....Lawrence Cecil
Mr. Denzil.....George Tawde
Mr. Mortimer.....Henry Alden
Miss Hunston.....Irene Cushing
Miss Brewster.....Helen Arlington
Hallkeeper.....Chester Parsons

Vice-Chancellor Sir William Gower, Kt., Percy Foster
Arthur Gower.....Clifford Turner
Clara De Foenix.....Katharine Standing
Miss Trafalgar Gower.....May Edliss
Capt. De Foenix.....Lawrence Cecil
Mrs. Mossop.....Margaret Ritt
Mr. Ablett.....Paul Hansell
Charles.....Alexander Sarner
Sarah.....Helen Arlington

The Copley Players reopened their playhouse last night with that charming little drama, "Trelawney of the 'Wells'," which Pinero so aptly entitled a comedietta of the life behind the scenes. An admiring audience, in greater part made up of well tried friends, was on hand to renew old-time acquaintance. It welcomed once more the skilled abilities of Walter Kingsford, E. E. Clive and many another of the older members of the company. It was a receptive listener to the actors of more recent standing. But it frankly missed the subtle mannerisms of H. Conway Wingfield, the cultured, deft shadings of Viola Roach and others, whose departure will leave gaps not readily refilled.

"Trelawney of the 'Wells'" is a difficult play to present on the stage of today, for many of the best bits of business are now trite with age. But the Copley Players handled their parts, many of which are truly character roles with able precision. Perhaps they were better rewarded with well deserved praise, on the long practised artifices of their profession, than on the many little emotional and very tragic glimpses into that world behind the footlights.

But on the whole theirs was a highly creditable production.

For an audience of today the early scenes are a bit conventional and listless, but Paul Hansell and Margaret Pitt manoevred flowers from one vase to another, and made age-old flourish of napkin over arm in such a way as to capably conceal. Indeed Paul Hansell, actor of many and varied possibilities is being woefully hidden in the uniform of low comedian.

An audience unknowing of the life and profession, found trifling reasons for inopportune laughter, when it should have been moved to tears. But it did realize the strength of that scene in act three, where a headstrong father-in-law meets and learns to love an equally headstrong daughter-in-law. Percy Foster as that irate father, displayed a range and power to still his audience that is not often seen. By word, by gesture, by movement of the eye, he drew great moments of the theatre to realistic fact. He was ably seconded by that actress of wide and diverse powers, May Ediss. Her tiny stature did not prevent her from displaying the dignities of a far taller matron.

Among the people of the theatre Evangeline Hilliard and Walter Kingsford scored heavily. And, of course, E. E. Clive obtained much facile mirth from the vagaries of his maudlin meanderings. Walter Kingsford should be congratulated in particular for his seeming deliberate avoidance of many opportunities to overdo the farcery allotted him.

As produced last night "Trelawney of the 'Wells'" has a few of the faults peculiar to the Jewett players, such as too heavy underscoring of easily discernible humors. But there are many merits not heretofore to be seen. A successful year awaits the Copley Theatre if the present standard is maintained.

St. James Theatre. "Polly with a Past," comedy in three acts by George Middleton and Guy Bolton, one time Belascan vehicle for Ina Claire. The cast:

Hanus

Clay Collum.....Allen Karle
Harry Richardson.....Walter Gilbert
Polly Shannon.....Leona Powers
Rex Van Zile.....Aubrey Bosworth
Myrtle Davis.....Ethel Milholland
Mrs. Clementine Davis.....Viola Roach
Stiles.....Mark Kent
Mrs. Van Zile.....Florence Roberts
Com. "Bob" Barker.....Harold R. Chase
Parker.....Dorothy Tremble
Prentice Van Zile.....Frank Charlton
A stranger.....Benjamin Legere

Again a large and enthusiastic audience accorded the players of the new St. James Company a cordial greeting to old favorites and a welcoming hand to newcomers.

Polly's story needs few words to tell, for Boston has recently seen and heard it as told by Mr. Belasco and Miss Ina Claire. After the Belasco manner, it centres around a young and charming lady. In this instance she is a minister's daughter. She is not looking for the traditional deacon's son, but for a career in music. Art is unfortunately longer than the family purse, however, but Polly is a resourceful and sensible young person. She turns to domestic service in order to win the money she needs. In that occupation she proves herself the kind of "help" that is found only in the employment offices of Utopia. Even in that land of wonders perhaps not every maid can serve a meal or impersonate a gay Parisian, accent perfect, with equal facility. But what is the theatre for anyway, if not to show us the best that Utopia can afford?

It is an ambitious project for a stock company, new to its task, to present a play on the preparation of which Mr. Belasco doubtless lavished weeks of meticulous care, especially when the stock company is giving 10 performances a week, a new play each seven days, and rehearsing next week's production in its scant leisure. The company and the management of the St. James meet these demands in an extremely capable manner. The company already has admirable team play, the settings are much above the average of stock, and the coaching shows experienced judgment. It is far too early to think of equalling the traditions of the old Museum, but Boston likes the new theatre none the less for hitching its wagon to so bright a star, and is evidently prepared to smile approvingly at all successes won. It is no kindly exaggeration to say that the St. James players present the best result achieved in Boston by any stock company since the days of the old Museum. The very excellence already won points to the goal to be aimed at.

Miss Powers plays the part of Polly with a Past in a manner to indicate that she herself may surely count upon a future. Her quick change of manner prove the real Polly from the parsonage in Ohio, the demure maid in a city apartment, to the gay and vivacious lady of the Parisian stage is deftly done. Miss Roach seems thoroughly happy in her new surroundings. Her Mrs. Davis is one of the best hits in her versatile repertoire. Mr. Kent as the reformed drunkard does an admirable bit of character sketch. Mr. Bosworth, though hampered by the fact that during two acts he is deprived of his engaging smile, has his audience in constant gales of laughter. Mr. Gilbert gained in spontaniety as the evening wore on. Miss Roach, Mr. Kent, Mr. Bosworth, and Miss Roberts by their clear-cut diction set an example for several of their younger companions.

The play is thoroughly amusing, a clean and deftly written comedy. A program of interesting and admirably played music diverts the audience for half an hour before the curtain rises and during the entr'acts. Players and musicians have already won a warm personal attachment on the part of the audience.

EDITH TALIAFERRO HEADS KEITH'S BILL

Other Good Acts Make up Program for Week

Edith Taliaferro, whose successes in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "Mrs. Wiggs" still linger pleasantly in the memory, was easily the star of the Keith's Theatre bill last night. She appeared in a charming and dainty little sketch called "Under the Same Old Moon," by Kenneth Webb, a series of love episodes placed respectively in Holland, China and the Northwest.

One of these episodes is serio-comic, one is tragic and the third is melodramatic, and they all enable Miss Taliaferro to sparkle like a gem in a romantic stage setting.

Joe Rome and Lou Gaut achieved a triumph. The pair have capitalized their physical difference and the contrast between six feet six and thin as a rail with four feet flat and stubby to boot was sufficient to put almost any sort of antic across.

James J. Morton, an old favorite hereabouts, gives a nonsense monologue that tickles one's risibilities. Edith Claxer and her two young men assistants do a dancing act that is in the very highest class of agility and grace. The McDonalds, who open the bill, are dancers who won a deserved hand.

Al Haig and Earl Lavere amuse with a primitive brand of humor and the former as an exceptionally good whistler. William Newell and Miss Most, a personable couple, give an amusing musical burlesque. Charles Lloyd and Earl Christy extract laughs from the very smallest of patter. Sherwin Kelley is a trick bicyclist, who, in addition to having a pleasing voice, can do about every stunt on her wheel that was ever before done or thought of.

Sept 7 1921

Correspondents have written to us discussing weighty matters: Why colleges do not manufacture poets; how the word "replica" is shockingly abused; why there should be a mosque in every large city and the Koran should be read in schools. And there are letters of a personal nature commenting unpleasantly on some of our leading citizens. These correspondents must wait patiently their turn. This morning we are interested in a story of life and manners in El Paso.

THE PASSING OF RED IKE

As the World Wags:

When Kelly Clarke came back after the war and his service in the navy he regaled those of us who had stopped at home, and never seen salt water, with ribald songs about sailormen and their adventures. One verse I remember as perhaps printable:

I meet him at a fancy ball
And he asked me out to dance.
I knew he was a sailor
When I looked down at his pants.

Kelly told us that the pants of a sailor are held together by exactly 13 buttons, symbolizing either hard luck or the 13 original states, I forget which.

But what I wanted to speak about was the ancient practice of the publicans in keeping pieces of money in frames above the bar. In the East, as elsewhere, the custom was a sentimental one but rooted in sordid commercialism. Rum-sellers framed the first piece of money spent over their bars and thought it brought luck. They did it better in the West, where I come from. Every bar there used to have one or more coins framed and these moneys always represented the last spendings of some one going off a magnificent bat. There was a particularly fine specimen in the Dos Amigos saloon on the edge of the Mexican quarter in El Paso. It was a silver dollar exorbitantly framed and embellished with a hand-illuminated legend which read about like this:

"On Sept. 21, 1907, Red Ike of Walla Walla come in here with $500 and blowed himself. This was his last dobe dollar. He swore off when he blowed it and took oath by the gost of his mother that he wouldn't drink no more likker. We never knowed Ike had a mother and dont beleeve it now but he wont drink no more being gutshot fataly the same night and went to his reward sudden and in grate pain. Ike was a bad hombre. R. I. P. as the feller says."

Now there, I claim, is an obituary worth while and a dollar worthy a place in the collection of any numismatist. We can picture Red Ike as he came bulgin' into the bar and invited all hands to belly up and name their pizen. He was a curly wolf and it was his night to howl. He may have worn chaps and high heeled boots and a two bushel Stetson; or quite as likely a narrow-brimmed derby with a buckle on the side—those soldiers of fortune of the southwest didn't always dress the part—but you can gamble that Ike had a thin mouth and the cold eye of the gent who views life down the blue barrel of a gun. He had 500 iron men—easy money. Likely he'd rolled a drunk somewhere. Or maybe he had been running some of Don Luis Terraza's cattle across the border. He may have been high grading in the mining camps. Anyhow it was "easy come, easy go." The word went out and the hardbolled lads of the border drifted in. Miners from Chihuahua way; gamblers from Juarez; shifty-eyed gents from Arizona and New Mexico headed south and one jump ahead of the law; pimps from the crib district. You're darned well tootin' it was a party. $500 buys some liquor in any man's bar and they finished it. Red Ike got sentimental toward the end. He remembered his mother and like enough in a surge of emotion bethought him that it was fitting to go out and bag a Mexican. It was a mistake. Sentiment and business never mix. His hand was unsteady. He fumbled on the draw and was gathered to his fathers. So passed a bad hombre; but he left a souvenir that was worth talking about. Red Ike of Walla Walla and all points south. R. I. P. as the feller says. Yours,

JOSEPH KIDDER KONRAD, JR.
Boston.

FORTITER IN RE

Mr. Patterson James saw a new comedy, "The Scarlet Man" in New York and reviewed it in the Billboard. His review is pleasant reading, although the dramatist may not agree with us.

"Meet me tonight at midnight beside the old mill and br-r-r-ing the papuhs!"

"If she's a married woman, where's her weddin' ring?"

"My God, what will Mrs. Delafield say?"

"I have come to do the right thing by your daughter."

Mr. James quotes these "gems" from "The Scarlet Man" and "all his melodramatic family, congenital and theatrical." He then wields the axe:

"The Henry Miller Theatre is no place for 'The Scarlet Man.' It ought to be played in the restaurant next door. In that case the odors of steamed cabbage, Brussels sprouts, frankfurters and flapjacks would not seem so exotic as they do percolating into the atmosphere of Mr. Le Baron's burlesque melodrama. While in the same class as that well known $4 epic of the varieties, 'More To Be Pitied than Censured,' the piece at the Henry Miller is not nearly so funny. Of course, it is not played for burlesque. It is a serious play! Oh, my yes, a very serious play! As a matter of fact, it is no laughing matter at all. It is played as if it meant something. That is a ghastly error. . . . John Cumberland, rescued living from the Al Wood's bedroom farce belt and sentenced to the comedy of 'The Scarlet Man,' is entitled by all the laws of fair play to shout to the high heavens, 'If this is virtue take me back to 'ladies' night!' There at least I will know what is expected of me! . . . But like the other players in the cast, Mr. Cumberland played Casabianca to the last scorching cinder. He never faltered once. Good horse! . . . A girl named Beatrice Tremaine, who plays the maid, ought to be a leading woman inside of six months. She already speaks like a grand duchess, and for society manners and inflections completely outshadows the Daniel G. Talbots, the Mrs. Delafields and all the other best families of Putnam-Westchester Co., N. Y. There are the necessary qualifications for success as a prominent actress just now."

It is fair to say that the New York Evening Post said that "The Scarlet Man" is not a play for the literal minded. "It maintains throughout an engaging see-saw between comedy, satire and burlesque."

MODERN ENGLISH

(London Times.)

We are not precisians in language or habits. We are fairly ready to adopt a good thing when we know of it, from a French phrase as an addition to the language to an American soda fountain as an addition to our drinks. Only cranks strive to preserve the pure Anglo-Saxon tongue or drink beer because it is English. The Englishman who knows French or Latin or German or American slang never gets very far in conversation or in writing without using it. Indeed, it may almost be said that lack of education is the only preserver of the English language. Did not the practical education of the war endow us with "no bon," "na-poo," "strafe," "pukka," and a host of other useful words?

PRINCE IN SEARCH OF A WIFE

A copy of an important Berlin daily,

ntains the following alluring advertisement:

Required, for a Prince of a German house, with view to marriage, lady who disposes in her own right over at least ten million marks. This obviously impecunious wooer is e among a crowd of princes and ncelings similarly circumstanced in ntral Europe. At the same time the pply is not unlimited, and one Berlin mmentator on the advertisement oted suggests they should be included ong the "other necessaries of life" ich are still rationed in Germany. A rince card," he proposes, should be ued to all ladies owning "at least n millions."—London Daily Chronicle.

Sept 8 1921

We read in a London journal that ap-hanging in omnibusses is to be olished in that city. It is said that ap-hanging was introduced there dur- the American industrial invasion of or 17 years ago. "Surplus passengers ed to stand in the old horse busses d steam underground trains, but the st straps for hanging which Lon- ers saw were in the Tube electric rs. It was the business principle of T. Yerkes, the American financier, o promoted the tubes and modern- d London traffic that he never made ney out of the passengers who sat wn—"The people who hang from the aps pay the dividends." America ber Alles!

THE STRAP-HANGER'S SONG

. W. in the London Daily Chronicle.)

I dangle, dangle, dangle,
a serio-comic angle,
rom a little leather loop,
th my trotters in a tangle,
d a neighbor's corns a-mangle—
n asphyxiating group—

mes a rumor, strangely pleasing,
a day when wild strapezing
hall for ever pass away,
en no dame with glances freezing,
ll demand my seat, and seizing
hat, rebuke me when I sway.

nce these balance-feats exciting,
uges painful and affrighting!
et my peace were incomplete,
ould I hear a voice inviting,
ny gentleman alighting?
ere's a lady wants a seat!"

A SURPRISING CRITICISM

the World Wags:

few of us who went to Hollis Street eatre last spring to scoff at "Abra- n Lincoln"—and remained to scoff, d in a Sunday's Herald Sidney Car- l's observations on the play, and n went and shut ourselves in a dark set and gave three rousing cheers.

ho dramatist who introduces into play a great historical figure, poleon or Washington or Lincoln or osevelt, labors under a great handi- , for it is next to impossible to pre- t on the stage a breathing image of character. The American produc- n of "Abraham Lincoln" was more cessful in its physical portraitures n the English one, but anybody who nt to Hollis Street and imagined he a counterfeit of Lincoln walking ut the stage must have studied the racter of the man to little purpose. was no more Lincoln than it was g Ahab. And did Lincoln ever sit nd a table with such a collection of affs" as were gathered together in scene of the cabinet meeting! Poor Stanton, if he saw with his spiritual that burlesque of himself, must e turned over in his grave several es with great violence.

should like to have seen Coquelin kle the part of Napoleon in "Mme. s Gene," just to assure myself that irst-rate actor could satisfy the eye tho mind in his impersonation of Great French hero. I have seen ge Napoleons done by third-rate ac- . Their idea seemed to be that Corsican spent the greater part of life seeing that the fingers of his t hand were inserted between the per buttons of his weskit.

e most satisfactory historical figure er saw presented on the stage was Disraeli of George Arliss, and yet ss has stated that he would not e give the play in England. There too many people in England who w their Disraeli. There are too y people in America who know their coln to get the slightest satisfaction n Mr. Drinkwater's play. For Eng- people, who have never bothered nselves much about Lincoln's ap- ance or about American politics, play may do, and lure archbishops the purlius of London to find out t it's all about. But who is there imagines the play will have any e in America this coming season? is really a work of extraordinary it, and the characters are capably d, there is no particular reason why hould not continue to draw crowds. it won't, for public curiosity about s been satisfied, and that is the only g that kept it on the stage for so

W. E. K.

ston.

A CONTRARY OPINION

It is perhaps needless to say that we in no way share the opinion of "W. E. K." concerning the play "Abraham Lincoln." To us this play is of an engrossing and lofty nature, and the performances in Boston were admirable, free from anything that might cause disillusionment. Nor were we disturbed because Lincoln was represented as dying in the theatre. As a play "Abraham Lincoln" is far above "Disraeli." When the latter drama was performed in England it failed dismally, although an excellent English actor played the spectacular mountebank; it failed not because gross liberties were taken with history, not because Disraeli is a sacred figure to all Englishmen. We are sorry that our valued correspondent, "W. E. K.," regards "Abraham Lincoln" as a fit subject for scoffing. Like Sydney Smith's man, W. E. K. will soon be speaking disrespectfully of the equator.

Sept 9 1921

Messrs. Gourdin, Niles and other broad jumpers are more than worthy successors of Cardinal du Perron, who, according to his own account, was a remarkable person in many ways. "Monsieur de Thou coming to visit him, and seeing him crippled by gout, remembered that he had seen him otherwise disposed. 'I have formerly jumped,' said the cardinal, '22 feet after having drunk 20 glasses of wine; yes, I was formerly marvellously strong. I remember that one day at Baiguolet, Monsieur de Ronsard, a good fellow, seeing me jump said, "that's not jumping, that's flying.'" The cardinal speaks—say rather, shouts—about his jumping more than once in "Perroniana." When he leaped at Josephat in the presence of Monsieur de Tiron he wore slippers; at another time, pumps. His jump is always 22 feet. He attributes his gout to his abandonment of this exercise, and quotes Cardinal d'Oppat saying that he knew a nobleman who used to exercise daily; coming into an inheritance, he hardly moved about, and so his legs soon became shaky and his body tottered. The physician ordered him to go back to his former way of living. He obeyed and was cured.

Perron says that he drank 20 glasses of wine before jumping 22 feet. He was fond of cider. Friends used to send it to him bottled from lower Normandy. Talking about thirst-quenching drinks, he said that cider was the more effective; wine took away the effect of thirst; cider took away the cause.

A strange man this Perron, a bit of a blowhard, we fear. There are malicious stories about him in old French memories. He shocked his King Henry III. by offering to prove that no God existed after he had proved conclusively, to his own satisfaction, at least, that there is a God. Then there is the scandal of his death. "Perroniana," however, is an entertaining little book, the Cologne edition of 1694, the first edition, made from a poor manuscript, is said to be faulty.

John Wilson, "Christopher North" of Blackwood, was another mighty jumper before the Lord. As De Quincey put it, Wilson "divided his time and the utmost sincerity of his love between literature and the stormiest pleasures of life. Cock-fighting, wrestling, pugilistic contests, boat racing, horse racing, all enjoyed Mr. Wilson's patronage; all were occasionally honored by his personal participation."

Wilson was famous as a "leaper." Richmond the Black and others, the best at that time, "on getting 'a taste of his quality,' under circumstances of considerable disadvantage (viz., after a walk from Oxford to Moulsey Hurst, which I believe is 50 miles), declined to undertake him." Wilson was said to have natural advantages: a short trunk and remarkably long legs; also the particular conformation of his foot, "the instep of which is arched, and the back of the heel strengthened, in so remarkable a way that it would be worth paying a penny or so for a sight of them." By the way, De Quincey thought Perron's "stupendous" leap wholly fabulous. "It is really laughable to think of the coxcombry which eminent men of letters have displayed in connexion with their powers—real or fancied—in this art." There was Descartes. Some one should draw up a list of mighty jumpers from the time of Homer or before. Then there is the Welsh religious sect known as the Jumpers. Perhaps Mr. Lloyd George thus gained his agility in jumping from one opinion to another and back again.

DIED ON THE STAGE

Joseph Mann, tenor of the Berlin Opera, will not sing at the Metropolitan Opera House this coming season, although he had been engaged. He dropped dead on the stage in Berlin while he was singing in "Aida" last Monday night. In the history of the theatre actors have thus died, some in England; one or two after repeating lines about death, as "there is another and a better world." In New York, the Frenchman Castlemary died on the stage while he was taking the comic part in "Martha"; he died in the arms of one of the De Reszkes. Castlemary was a nobleman, a man of fine attainments, an excellent actor, one who shone in important roles when he was younger. In his later years he made much of minor parts, as the peasant father in "La Navarraise" and the Duke in "Romeo and Juliet," without making the role incongruously important. His marriage was unhappy. Some say it saddened the remainder of his life. For three years he was the husband of the dramatic soprano, Marie Sass, also known as Sax and Saxe. The daughter of a Belgian bandman, she was heard singing in a Paris music hall. Trained for grand opera, she soon became famous. Her volume of reminiscences contains entertaining stories about Verdi, Wagner, Meyerbeer and others. The reader infers from this book that she was not a restful person. When she took the name Sax, a lawsuit was brought against her by Adolphe Sax, the inventor of the saxophone, the saxhorn, the saxotromba. Castlemary's real name was Castan. Reimann's "Musik-Lexikon" does him injustice by describing him as an "inferior" singer. It also spells his name with "n," not "m."

WAS IT A "CARCEL" LAMP?

Some days ago we spoke of a lamp, burning sperm oil, that was wound up with a key in our little village of the sixties. We regret to say that our correspondents were asleep or indifferent. No one has shed light on this lamp, but the Salem News has been more fortunte than The Herald, though the late Albert G. Brown, Jr., of that city once characterized his birthplace as "the city of the unburied dead." Mr. Shepard D. Gilbert and others have described the lamp. The inference is that it was known as the Carcel, named after a French inventor early in the 19th century. The oil was pumped to the wick by clockwork. Mr. Gilbert wrote: "As recently as the year 1894, I obtained from a New York lamp dealer . . . a metal lamp called the Hitchcock lamp, about the size and appearance of a Rochester lamp, which had clockwork in its hollow case wound by a fixed key which produced a draft so that the lamp, burning kerosene oil, gave a brilliant light without the use of any chimney." Mr. Cyrus H. Bates at Cohasset has a Britannia lamp, about six or eight inches high, "which burned whale or lard oil, had a slot on one side for a small round glass reflector to throw a ray of light on grandmother's sewing." Our lamp wound with a key and had a chimney.

After all, the lamp of lamps to own is Aladdin's. Where is it now? Is Mr. Edison, J. D. Rockefeller or Henry Ford the possessor? It is not in Mr. Herkimer Johnson's cottage at Clamport or in his city room in Blossom court.

DYNAMIC LANGUAGE

me hope you will allow me (writes clas molee, ph.b., the latest language reformer, who eliminates all capitals from the pamphlet propounding his gospel) to insert . . . before me go more far, let me give a few easy rules for marking "copy." . . . . capital letters be not needen in any language. many great tongues have no capitals. as sanscrit, hebrew, and arabic. latin in the time of cicero, they haven no small or more low case letters.

let we (proceeds elias) abolish the useless "s" for the third person singular, and say "i have. he have, we have, you have. . . . let us say, "if i been (was)." "o" be the most good possessive form: me's (mine), she's (hers).—London Daily Chronicle.

Sept. 10 1921

Mr. Wilfrid A. French of Boston calls our attention to the abuse of the word "replica." He quotes many instances of this abuse from novels and newspapers.

"A replica of his father," "a replica of the first kiss"; "Wednesday morning was a replica of the preceding day"; "replicas from the same long-ranged gun"; "Gen. Pershing wore the artificial replica of the blossoms," etc.; "replicas of the real flowers"; "the modern replica of David's sling-shot is the aerial bomb."

Now a "replica" is "a copy, duplicate or reproduction of a work of art; properly, one made by the original artist." Mr. French would probably accept this definition in the great Oxford Dictionary. The word, adapted from the Italian, is not illustrated by any quotation in English dated before 1824.

"Replica" was used much later with the meaning "copy, reproduction, facsimile." Ouida was apparently the first to use the word with this meaning: "Strathmore" (1865): "replica of ourselves." Kipling speaks of a replica of houses. Clodd, "such theories often take the form of belief in the soul as a replica of the body."

We now quote from Mr. French's letter: "Instances are numerous where famous artists have made replicas of their works. Rubens, Van Dyck, and Stuart found it profitable to supply many replicas of original portraits of their distinguished patrons. Stuart's portraits of George Washington, all executed by the artist himself, are said to number as many as forty. Millet also produced replicas of some of his most famous paintings, notably, 'The Sower'. Corot likewise made replicas of a number of his landscapes, although he never could have painted more than a small fraction of all the works ascribed to his brush. Of Canova's celebrated marble group 'Cupid and Psyche' now in the Louvre there is an exact duplicate at the Villa Carlotta on Lake Como; the first is the original; the second, a replica. Had he made a third (of which I have not heard) of the original or of the replica in Italy, it would have been another replica. If another sculptor were to make an exact duplicate of the original in Paris or of the replica in Italy, it would not be a replica, it would be a copy."

"MINERAL WATERS"

Other words and phrases are now often abused. A contributor to the Daily Chronicle of London heard a young man in a railway restaurant ask for a glass of mineral water. "What kind do you wish?" "Oh, any kind you like." A bottle of lemonade was passed over the counter. This led to a question: "The incident may seem trivial, but it calls up the question, whence came the ridiculous and ugly expression 'minerals' as applied to a whole class of fizzy drinks—sweet and otherwise? One might as well call champagne a 'mineral'."

SODA WATER AND THE POETS

The contributor was answered in the Daily Chronicle. "Fizzy drinks, such as lemonade, etc., owe their designation as 'minerals' to the fact that they were originally artificial imitations of natural waters which spring bubbling from the earth. Such famous medicinal waters contain minerals or salts as well as the carbon dioxide gas which makes them fizz and sparkle. Joseph Priestly, chemist, first reproduced them artificially by charging water with carbon dioxide and adding soda, lithia, potash, or a flavoring syrup. These aerated waters were first manufactured in Geneva about 1790, and in London a few years later. They have at least one mention in literature, for Byron wrote:

" 'Now wine and laughter,
Sermons and soda water the day after.' "

One mention in literature? Man, read Byron's "Don Juan." First, the fragment on the back of his manuscript of Canto I:

"I would to heaven that I were so much clay,
As I am blood, bone, marrow, passion, feeling—
Because at least the past were pass'd away—
And for the future—(but I write this reeling,
Having got drunk exceedingly today,
So that I seem to stand upon the ceiling)
I say—the future is a serious matter—
And so—for God's sake—hock and soda-water."

Then turn to Canto II for a pick-me-up after a wet night:

"Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring
Some hock and soda-water, then you'll know
A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king;
For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with snow
Nor the first sparkle of the desert-spring,
Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,
After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,
Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water."

There is an allusion in Canto XVI, where Byron likens the evaporation of a joyous day to

"A soda bottle when its spray
Has sparkled and let half its spirit out."

Soda-water has been known to other poets. W. S. Gilbert in the "Bab Ballads":

"We took him home and put him to bed,
And told his wife and daughter
To give him next morning a couple of red
Herrings and soda-water."

A correspondent of the Daily Chronicle quoted from Chesterton's "Flying Inn":

"As for all the windy waters,
They were rained by heaven down
When good wine had been dishonoured
By the tipplers of the town.
When red wine had brought red ruin
And the death-dance of our times,
Heaven sent us soda-water
As a torment for our crimes."

Mr. Herkimer Johnson tells us that in his earlier years, before he had consecrated himself to sociological research and had not even sketched the plan of his colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast" (elephant folio; sold only by subscription), he found clam-juice

soothing in the morning, though some Albanians preferred great draughts of Congress water. In Berlin, Mr. Johnson saw Prussians attempting to find relief from "Katzenjammer" in two or three glasses of hot asparagus water before coffee, a "semmel," and an egg that, produced in Italy, had crossed the Alps, but slowly. When he was suspended from college, Mr. Johnson found his little village a tolerable resting-place because his indulgent father brought to his bedroom before breakfast—there were substantial breakfasts in those happy years when there was no talk of proteins or vitamines, of intestinal flora, of the Bacillus Bulgariacus or the Bacillus Acidophilus—a tall glass of hoch and seltzer. As for Byron, his favorite drink was gin. Thackeray commented on Byron's taste, and accused him of being a humbug in his praise of Samian wine in the verses we spouted at school: "The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece." The only Greek wine we ever drank was in Berlin. It was flavored with resin and was thick and stupefying; often sweet and nasty.

Sept. 1 1922

ONE indication of the success of the coming season, the 41st of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall, which will begin Oct. 7-8 and extend through 24 pairs of concerts, is the extent of the subscription sales which have in no former season been so large at this time of year. All seats for the Friday concerts were re-engaged last spring.

A similar response is observable in the other cities in the full traveling schedule which the orchestra will undertake. This includes the usual 15 concerts in Greater New York, the concerts in the larger cities of New England and a trip through the West and North, extending to Montreal, where the Boston Symphony Orchestra has not played for a number of years. Dates are being reserved, however, for a number of young people's concerts, which will be given on the basis successfully carried out during the last two seasons.

As a result of Mr. Monteux's sojourn in Europe during the summer, and of his reputation in seeking out the finest scores of the younger generation, new music of interest and worth may be anticipated from him in this, his third season with the orchestra. The acknowledged masterpieces of the orchestral repertory will, of course, have their due place upon the programs to come.

For one pair of concerts Mr. Monteux will yield his baton to Vincent D'Indy, the celebrated French composer, who is to come to this country in the course of the season and appear as guest conductor. He has not visited the United States since 1905, when he conducted at the Boston Symphony concerts. Since that time the interest in his creative genius has been increased by his new and important works, some of which have been played by the orchestra.

Soloists of Long Standing

AN especially fine list of soloists will add further enjoyment to the Symphony concerts during the course of the season. A favorite of the past who will appear once more is Louise Homer, the American contralto, applauded in her own concerts and as a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Equally prominent among baritones is Emilio de Gogorza, of American birth and Spanish descent. He has made memorable the Symphony concerts at which he has appeared. This may also be well said of Josef Hofmann. A pianist somewhat younger and yet pleasantly remembered here is Olga Samaroff.

New Soloists

THERE will be as many as seven soloists new to these concerts. Each one of them is more than qualified for the honor by high musical pre-eminence in various parts of the world. Yolanda Mero, pianist, known here by her recitals, makes her debut at the Symphony concerts.

Probably no new figure will stand out more strikingly during the coming musical season in America than Ferenc Vecsey, the violinist, hailed in Europe as the matchless master of his instrument. Born in Buda-Pesth in 1893, of musical parents, he manifested extraordinary musical ability as a child, and, studying under Joseph Joachim, at the age of 10 he made his first appearance in public the same year (1903). His success led to tours of Europe and America, and, indeed, a series of concerts in Symphony Hall, Boston. His early maturity has evidently brought about new beauty to his playing.

An older master, whose coming to America will also be an event of note, is Alexander Siloti. This pianist, who, when a youth, lived at Weimar for the last three years of Liszt's life as one of his favorite pupils, has ever since then been revered as the apostle of the extraordinary piano virtuoso. Siloti also studied with Nicola Rubinstein, the distinguished brother of Anton, and with Tschaikowsky at the Moscow Conservatory.

Another celebrity of Europe, not only as pianist, but as composer, conductor and generally versatile artist, is the Hungarian Erno Dohnanyi, who, as a young man of high promise, with several fine, original works to his credit, played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1900. Since that time his fame as a virtuoso has spread throughout Europe and was recognized here when he came to the United States last spring.

Now Comes Nyiregyhazi

ALSO to be heard at these concerts is Dohnanyi's compatriot and pupil, Erwin Nyiregyhazi (pronounced "Near-rej-hah-zy"), a young man of 19, who made a striking impression in New York when he played several times toward the end of the past season. As yet he is known to Boston only by hearsay.

Another comparative newcomer to this country is Paul Kochanski, a native of Russia, the country that has brought forth such a surprising number of great violinists. Through his studies with Emil Mlynarsky, the Pole, and Cesar Thomson, the Belgian master, he has inherited the great violinistic traditions of the past. His several tours of Europe and his concerts in New York last February herald him as an artist of a calibre not soon forgotten.

There is as much interest in Nina Koshetz, prima donna soprano, long applauded in the imperial opera houses of Moscow and Petrograd, as in any singer new in this country. On account of her fine talents in the interpretation of songs, the Russian composers, Medtner, Prokovleff, Gretchaninoff, Taneieff and Rachmaninoff, have been her admirers and collaborators. The last two have accompanied her at recitals, and Rachmaninoff was among the first to dedicate a number of his songs to her. Naturally, her repertory of songs and operatic roles exhibits a distinct leaning toward the wealth of music which her own country has produced. Mme. Koshetz has been engaged to sing with the Chicago Opera Company the coming season.

H. B. Irving at Oxford: Other Dramatic Notes, Chiefly English

Mr. Austin Brereton is contributing to the London Times a series of interesting articles about the early years of H. B. Irving and his brother Laurence. H. B. went to New College, Oxford, in 1889, and Mr. Brereton thinks that Oxford had much to do in moulding his charactr and influencing his future. He was a striking figure, but, wrote his friend, Mr. W. J. Morris, "a man with a white Bowler hat at the University causes young men to say, 'Who is that fellow?' On account of this white hat he was 'terribly ragged' until he abandoned it in favor of a black one. His 'striking personality and the wonderful resemblance to his distinguished father' also attracted a more than a momentary glance. Canon Meyrick recalls an incident at Oxford: "It so happened that he and I—he a fourth-year man and I a freshman—were 'haled' before Dr. Spooner of New College for 'cutting' college chapel. As the senior man, he was interviewed first, while I waited. Dr. Spooner was sitting in a low chair, with his eyes a few inches off his book. Irving was towering above him, carelessly leaning on one elbow on the mantelpiece. At length Dr. Spooner looked up with the words, 'You seem, Mr. Irving, to be very regular, very persistent, in your absence from chapel.' Irving's answer and manner struck me forcibly, and still remain a vivid impression. There was no playing to the gallery, no striving to be clever. It was all so natural that it disarmed criticism. In anyone else's mouth the reply would have been sheer insolence. Dr. Spooner knew his man too well, and was far too generous to be offended. He probably enjoyed the joke as much as I did. 'Believe me,' was Irving's answer, 'I've never been regular, never been persistent in my life.' It is quite impossible to express in words the voice and manner and bearing with which the reply was made." As a member of the Oxford University Dramatic Society, H. B. Irving attracted attention as Decius Brutus, Strafford and King John. Mrs. Bancroft went to see him act in 1891 and wrote him that she was delighted. "You have a handsome presence, a good voice, and clear, distinct delivery of words. Your movements are easy and natural, which is a wonderful and most rare achievement, and to think that you have only appeared now and again in your young life upon a stage makes it all the more astonishing. I consider your acting as King John one of the most remarkable things I have ever seen."

Laurence Housman's new play produced at the Glastonbury (Eng.) Festival "shows how a fairy designing to win a more fruitful kind of life becomes mortal; how the fairy folk try to win her back, and how in the end she has to go as the price of the soul of her grandchild, who feels within her the call of her fairy blood. The English public is not sufficiently awake to the value of Mr. Housman's small plays, which in America enjoy great vogue." Do they? How many readers of The Herald have seen a play by Mr. Housman or can name one by its title?

Some one, writing to the Daily Telegraph of London, pointed out that a prominent dancer of the Russian Ballet is English. "I refer to Mlle. Sokholova, who, though she speaks Russian with complete command, and has been a member of the Diaghileff company for a considerable time, is yet the daughter of an English family resident in Bournemouth. This would seem to emphasize your point as to the ability of English dancers to take the highest places, given the opportunity, and to encourage the idea of an English ballet. May I be permitted to point out that a difficulty it would be well to foresee in connection with an English ballet the equal of the Russian Ballet at its very highest is likely to be rather in the nature of the things danced than in the dancers? The proper medium would, no doubt, be evolved in course of time, and might well prove the equal of most that the Russians have given us in the past; but these things cannot be evolved in a day, and as yet there have been few signs of a new heaven and a new earth in connection with English ballet of the highest rank. We don't want a first-rate native ballet to waste its sweetness and strength on the trumpery spectacles that used to obtain on the West end stage in the conventional ballets of the past."

"The Game," a football comedy by Harold Brighouse—the play has been published—after a week at Hammersmith, beginning Aug. 29, was taken on a tour of the principal football centres.

Some time ago considerable attention was given in the press to the fact that the famous dancer Isadora Duncan had accepted an official invitation to open a school of proletarian dancing in Moscow. Miss Duncan in numerous interviews indulged in glowing accounts of her future activities. She was firmly decided not to return to old capatilistic Europe. Now I understand that after a few weeks' trial of conditions at Moscow the famous dancer has applied for a visa to leave the country where, notwithstanding its Communist government, proletarian dances are not welcomed.—London Daily Telegraph.

Londoners on Aug. 15 were rejoicing in the belief that chocolates, confectionery and ice cream, would soon be on sale in theatres from 8 P. M. to 9:30 P. M.

"King Henry V" was performed at the Stratford-on-Avon Summer Festival last month at a matinee, when the cast was composed entirely of women. The company was the one that performed the play some time ago at the Strand Theatre, London. "This was the first time that a Shakespearean play performed entirely by women has been presented at the author's birthplace. It is certainly a curious inversion of the procedure in use at the time the poet lived, when all the parts, whether male or female, were played by men alone."

"What Women Love," which was shown privately last week, leaves a nasty taste in the mouth. It lays emhasis throughout on the physical aspects of men and women and culminates in an episode to which "the British board of film censors" cannot have paid very careful attention when they gave the film their sanction for exhibition. The film deals with a high-spirited young American (played by Miss Annette Kellerman), who spends most of her time in bathing costumes and it is not surprising that a campaign is started to reform bathing costumes. The high-spirited heroine, however, snaps her fingers at the reformers and, after a series of pictures which show her contempt for any ideas of reform in her own costumes, the scene changes to a yacht. Apparently the heroine has been kidnapped and brought to this yacht by a villainous man who has been overcome by her charms. They have a strenuous physical argument, which ends under the sea, and when the heroine, who began the argument in rather filmsy garments, eventually emerges victorious, her attire has obviously suffered in the process. The pictures, many of them, are clever, and the film was probably made in perfect good faith, but its effect is almost bound to be other than was intended. Film audiences have got beyond the stage when they will sit and gape at revelations of the human form. It is unfortunate that Miss Kellerman should have been compelled to waste her undoubted gifts on such poor stuff as this.—London Times.

Primrose Caryll, who this season will play Cerise in "Erminie" with De Wolf Hopper and Francis Wilson, is a daughter of Ivan Caryll, the composer.

Patricia O'Connor was an actress of more or less ability and appeared in various roles in musical comedy. Then she married Baron Charles de Grandcourt and became a baroness. Now all this fuss is made because she is to appear as the Queen in "Aphrodite." If she were to play the role as Miss O'Connor, she would have received the same sort of a notice that every one else who is signed up for a new part gets. But because the lady happens to have married a man with a handle to his name newspaper reporters must needs burn midnight oil to see that the copy gets in on time. It seems to the M. R. that for a democratic country we do a lot of needless grovelling in the dust.—The Billboard.

A negro stock company will open in Chicago on Oct. 7 for a season of nine weeks. The first play will be "Turn to the Right."

"The World of the Theatre," a collection of impressions and memoirs by J. T. Grein, and "Pastiche and Prejudice," by A. B. Walkley, will be published this fall by Messrs. Heinemann of London.

Interest has been aroused in theatrical circles by an exhibition of masks by Mr. Berman, the well known West end costumier. One mask in particular, named the "New Satan," is particularly hideous, and by a skilful arrangement the eyes reflect the cunning and cruelty of the part without in any way impairing the sight of the wearer. It weighs only a few ounces, and is made by a secret process which gives it the appearance of a living face at close range.—The Stage (London).

"The mere shoveling out of capital is not everything needed to bring respect in other countries for the British film. In America they ransack the world for great stories before spending £50,000—here, apparently, any old plot is supposed to do. I am also sorry to see this decidedly worthy picture 'pushed' like an attraction in an American dime museum. We don't do it that way in the West end of London, Mr. Clarke.' The reference is to "The Bigamist."

Music Notes

AN appraiser has been appointed for Maud Powell's estate for the purpose of assessing taxes due to New York state under the inheritance tax law. She left all her property to her husband, Mr. Godfrey Turner.

Sir Henry Wood, now conducting the Promenade Concerts in London, is "less widely known as a teacher of singing—the only art in which he gives private instruction." The Daily Chronicle says: "Inheriting a fine voice from his father, who was a church solo tenor, Sir Henry studied under 17 different teachers, only two of whom, he declares, did much to help him. One of these was the famous Garcia."

Amateur writes: "I have just seen the list of soloists for the forthcoming season of Queen's Hall symphony concerts. With the exception of Lamond, who plays three times, and who is British-born, there is not a single English artist among them. We may not have a very large number of soloists of the front rank—I doubt if any country has—but we have at least a few young artists who will compare to our credit with all but the very greatest of those who come from abroad. Now that the war is over, by all means let us hear good foreign artists again. But let us hear our own also. Are they no longer to be given the chance of appearing, nor we the privilege of hearing them, at London's more important concerts? A great deal is written about the encouragement of British music. When we have the talent among uh we do not seem to go the best way about encouraging it."—London Daily Telegraph.

Miss Ethel Frank, soprano of Boston, has been engaged for one of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society's concerts. Among other soloists are Messrs. Cortot, Casals, Silotl, Thibaud, Moiseiwitsch.

Part-songs and music for the organ abound, as usual, in the latest publications received from Novello. Foremost among those who have added their compositions to the famous "Orpheus" edition of Glees and Part Songs for Male Voices is Edward German. He is represented here by a characteristically vigorous and well shaped setting of John Masefield's "London Town."

O London Town's a fine town, and London sights are rare,
And London ale is right ale, and brisk the London air.
And busily goes the world there, but craft grows the mind,
And London Town of all towns I'm glad to leave behind.

For several of its sentiments one must presume a pre-war attitude of mind on the part of the poet; its allusions are clearly not of things as they are today in one or two material instances; but the composer's music admirably fits the verses, and that's the main thing.—London Daily Telegraph.

The season of promenade concerts in London began on Aug. 13. One composition was heard in England for the first time: a suite of three pieces tak

from Jaernefelt's incidental music to an anonymous Finnish drama "The Promised Land." The Daily Telegraph said of it: "The first movement—'The Captivity of Israel'—which forms the overture to the drama is intended to express the sufferings of the Israelites during their bondage in Egypt. The second is 'Elitzeba's Lament,' a simply constructed movement in which a solo-oboe and clarinet enunciate melancholy phrases over a pizzicato accompaniment, Elitzeba being the heroine of the drama whose distress is here pictured. The last movement is an 'Egyptian Dance,' which, formal in design, and elegant in its part-writing—for the composer is no cacophonist—works itself up to a brilliant climax and brings itself and the suite to a sonorous ending. 'The Promised Land' will scarcely, as a suite, attain the popularity of the 'Praeludium,' for like most suites of the kind it must depend largely on its stage story to make its purport convincing. The 'Egyptian Dance,' however, may well be heard everywhere before we are all much older. One could not help being reminded a little of Saint-Saens in the first and slightly in the second movement."

Another piece played at this concert was Sir Henry Wood's new adaptation of the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria" with solo violoncello, harp and organ which "came in for a frenzy of acclamations." Good old London public! It's a wonder that some one did not fiddle Raff's "Cavatina."

Sept 12 1921

Among the singers, pianists and fiddlers to perform at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are a few acquaintances of long standing and some unknown to Boston. The name of Nyiregyhazi is reassuring. Any one with a name like that should be able to do something well. Otherwise there is no excuse for his existence. The joy attending his appearance on the stage will be enlarged by the attempts to pronounce his name correctly. There will be a great opportunity for Miss Know-it-all on Friday afternoons.

Some remembering Mr. Vecsey, when he fiddled here as a boy of 12 or 13 years, will be moderately anxious to find out whether he has grown in musical stature or whether he is merely a glib fiddler. It will be a pleasure to hear that fine pianist Alexander Siloti again. It was rumored a year or so ago that he had died, but he soon took the trouble to contradict the report.

The prospectus of the orchestra for the season includes the words "others to be announced," with reference to soloists. We hope that Alfredo Casella, pianist and composer, is surely engaged. He is one of the most prominent figures today in the musical world, and has already been gladly engaged for symphony concerts in other American cities, even Detroit. Mr. Cortot should certainly be heard, if he is in this country, as should Mr. Robert Schmitz. One or two pianists already announced for the concerts might be persuaded to withdraw in their favor. Musicians have long been famous for graceful courtesies of this nature.

"A NAME TO CONJURE WITH"

"Nyiregyhazi." The name reminds us of a passage in that amusing book of reminiscences, Lord Frederick Hamilton's "Vanished Pomps of Yesterday."

"How wise the Russians have been in retaining the so-called Cyrillian alphabet in writing their tongue. In other Slavonic languages, such as Polish and Czech, where the Roman alphabet has been adopted, unholy combinations of 'cz,' 'zh' and 'sz' have to be resorted to to reproduce sounds which the Cyrillian alphabet could express with a single letter; and the tragic thing is that be the letters piled together never so thickly, they invariably fail to give the foreigner the faintest idea of how the word should really be pronounced. Take the much-talked-of town of Przemysl, for instance."

IN APPRECIATION

As the World Wags:

I wish to tell you how much I appreciated and enjoyed The Herald of Aug. 28. Those wonderful reminders of the past were a special delight to me. The one of Boston in 1848, when the water was introduced—I was there, a little girl, standing near the Frog Pond, and have never forgotten how amused I was when the people who had been standing in the pond listening to the exercises scrambled out as the water was turned on.

Another picture of especial interest was the old Boston Museum with its fascinating row of lights. When six years old I remember seeing Adelaide Phillipps there in "The Drunkard's Daughter." What a delight it was to go to the Museum those days and see William Warren and dear Mrs. Vincent, and all the other members of that wonderful cast! Still another picture calls to mind Pemberton square with its beautiful white side walks, where I rolled hoop up over the hill and down to the Common. Do children have any such pleasures nowadays? H. J. L.

Boston.

IN LONDON SOCIETY

(The Times.)

"The extension of the hours during which drink may be served in London will have an effect on many phases of social life."

OTIS SKINNER AND OTHERS

Mr. Otis Skinner is already playing the part of the bull fighter in a dramatization of "Blood and Sand," a novel by our old friend Ibanez. It may be remembered that Mr. Skinner went to Spain in order to daub himself in "local color," likewise to enwrap himself in the proper "atmosphere." Mr. Skinner is a romantic actor and as a romantic actor he is now without a rival on the American stage. By the way, nothing has been said, not even by his press agent about Mr. Skinner sticking a bull in the arena.

Bull fighters on the stage remind one at once of Escamillo in "Carmen," Escamillo, who was invented by the libettists. They tried to turn the shadowy bull fighter Lucas, of Merimee's tale into a substantial figure, and so introduced him with a song that Bizet said in anger he would write for the "canaille." Who was the most effective Escamillo you have seen, Miss Eustacia? You are not old enough to remember Del Puente, who was thought to be a fine fellow in his day, although he sang his song without the slightest regard to Bizet's directions, roaring it lustily from the beginning to the end to the exceeding joy of the audience. Many good singers have failed as Escamillo, among them Plancon and Van Rooy. Baklanoff acted the part with more understanding than any one we have seen. Especially noteworthy was his performance in the third act—the scenes with Don Jose and afterwards with Carmen—scenes in which the other actors taking the part were inconspicuous, unintelligent.

We read astonishing stories about the scenery and costumes to be brought over from Spain for the production of Penella's operetta, "The Wild Cat." Twelve bull-fighters costumes have been made by "the most exclusive" tailors in Spain. One of the back drops will be a Spanish shawl 50 feet by 35 feet, which took five men over a week to make, with 75 girls doing the needle and drawn work. The fringe is 10 feet long. Nothing is said about the quality of the libretto or the music, but the posters have been designed by Sorolla.

CONCERNING MR. BELASCO

The New York Evening Post, apropos of the revival of "The Easiest Way:"

"Mr. Belasco, who would gild a lily or a cabbage with equal enthusiasm and impartiality, has, of course, provided it with a setting worthy of a masterpiece."

SUMMER'S DROOPING

(Thomas Nashe, 1567-1601)

Fair summer droops, droop men and beasts therefore;
So fair a summer look for never more:
All good things vanish less than in a day,
Peace, plenty, pleasure, suddenly decay.
Go not yet away, bright soul of the sad year,
The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear.

What, shall those flowers that decked thy garland erst,
Upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed?
O trees, consume your sap in sorrow's source,
Streams, turn to tears your tributary course:
Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year,
The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear.

Sept 13 1921

Mr. Robert Douglas Bright of Sandwich is exercised about the Japanese question. His letter should interest the conference at Washington, for he proposes a satisfactory solution of a vexing problem. He begins: "Even though the Japanese make good valets and make pretty toys, which they pack so well that even the American expressmen cannot break them, nevertheless they are a menace, and it is safe to say that the majority of people in America desire them to go home."

He admits that the Japanese are all industrious to a surprising degree. "Altogether too industrious for comfort, and that is why those three extreme western states, California, Washington and Oregon, despise them. They are all Anglo-Saxons out there; they adore a bit of leisure and pleasure along the outskirts of business; and although we New Englanders may be superior in many ways, yet we, too, like to be inefficient at times. But the Japanese are always busy, always efficient; they are honest, which is most disappointing to a great many American business men."

Mr. Bright, therefore, comes to the astonishing conclusion that the Japanese race is different from the American. He offers a solution. "Make the races alike, or rather Californiaize, Washingtonize or Oregonize the Japanese who dare to be too industrious. I would even say New Hampshireize the Japanese, but I had better put it on a common basis and say 'Americanize.' Give him a shampoo with cocoanut oil to make his hair grow curly; inoculate him with iodine to change his complexion hit him on the back of his skull to make his brow slope forward. All that is necessary to bring this about is a law. It would read something like this:

TO AMERICANIZE THE JAPANESE

"(1) Every Japanese, not having been in this country or having been a resident here for not more than 50 years, will report at the office of the Bureau for Americanizing Japanese and receive instructions in saluting the flag.

"2. All Japanese will be prohibited from watching a sunset, as this may remind them of their own country's flag.

"3. Every Japanese must attend an American properly censored moving picture entertainment at least once a week, or a more expensive musical comedy at least once a month.

"4. Every Japanese must own an automobile even to the extent of mortgaging his house, and drive said automobile every Sunday between 3 and 5 P. M.

"5. Every Japanese must treat the other Japanese to an ice cream soda at least three times a day.

"6. Every Japanese, who has had university training in the United States or England, and therefore can speak good English, must take a special course in American English, which includes the most effective swear words and slang phrases in existence.

"7. Every Japanese will attend a baseball game at least once a week and learn how to cheer properly. All those who are inefficient in this practice will be given a free course in the art of 'razing' the umpire and rattling the pitcher.

"8. Every Japanese at all musically inclined and having the width of hand to stretch an octave on a piano will be taught jazz music and will play it every evening for the entertainment of the other Japanese. Japanese boys will learn how to play the saxophone, whether they want to or not.

"It should be a simple matter with a little outside and inside enthusiasm to get this bill through Congress; it sounds as foolish as the Volstead act, and it would be much easier to enforce, for all the sensible Japanese would remain at home. Any one of them who should happen to set foot on American soil would probably be insane and easily disposed of by putting him into a padded cell."

OMNIBUS COURTESY

As the World Wags:

The lines in the "Straphanger's Song,"

Yet my peace were incomplete,
Should I hear a voice inviting,
'Any gentleman alighting?
Here's a lady wants a seat!"

remind me of a picture—I think John Leech drew it—in Punch years ago. It is raining pitchforks. The bus has stopped. A fop of the period elaborately dressed stands in the street. The conductor shouts: "Will any lady go outside and give the gentleman a seat?"

Manchester. HOMER BAGBEE.

CLOCKWORK LAMPS

As the World Wags:

Are you sure that the Carcel lamp of your boyhood was furnished with a chimney? As I understand it, a uniformity of combustion was secured by a small pump driven by clockwork that fed the wick with oil.

Whittier's Maud Muller, thinking what a happy time she would have with the judge for a husband, saw a tallow candle replaced by an astral lamp. To my mind, the best light to read by is the German student lamp, either with one or with two cylinders, that we used in school and college in the seventies. The worst light I ever read by—worse than a bedside candle—was a fish-tail gas jet in a Fourteenth street boarding house in New York. By the way, what is a Hotchkiss lamp? What is a Rochester lamp? I recently read again Robert Louis Stevenson's diatribe against the electric light, especially the glaring, ghastly one at the Figaro office in Paris. This reminds me that I must reread "The Lamplighter," that novel once dear to thousands. Then for "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and "The Children of the Abbey." I am saving "The Mysteries of Udolpho," with golf, for my old age, say for my 85th year. When I was a boy I read "The Monk." I should like to see the unexpurgated edition again. As I remember the novel, it was what the vulgar call hot stuff.

Beverly. GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

VERSES FOR THE TIME

We quote from curious verses written during the reign of Henry VII (?) of England, lines that are pertinent today. Note the introductory prose:

"Here beginneth the prologue of the processe of the Libel of English policie, exhorting all England to keepe the sea, and namely the narrowe sea; showing what profite commeth thereof, and also what worship and salvation to England, and to all English-men.

Now for the poetic lines

The true processe of English policie
Of utterward to keepe this regne in
Of our England, that no man may deny,
Ner say of sooth but it is one of the best,
Is this, that who seeth South, North, East and West,
Cherish Merchandise, keep the admiraltio;
That we bee Masters of the narrowe see.

* * *

So that if Ireland helpe us to keepe the sea,
Because the Kingcleped is Rex Angliae,
And is Dominus also Hyberniae,
Old possessed by Progeni tours;
The Irish men have cause like to ours
Our land and hers together to defend,
That no enemie should hurt ne offend,
Ireland ne us; but as one commontie
Should help well to keepe about the sea.

* * *

And, as men say, in all Christendome,
Is ne ground the land to Ireland lieke,
So large, so good, so plenteous, so riche
That to this worde Dominus doe long,
Then mee seemeth that right were and no wrong
To get the lande; and it were piteous
To us to lese this high name Dominus
And all this word Dominus of name
Shuld have the ground obeysant wilde and tame,
That name and people togidre might accord
All the ground subject to the Lord,

D'ARTAGNAN IN A FILM DRAMA

By PHILIP HALE

SELWYN'S THEATRE—"The Three Musketeers," a film play adapted from the novel of Dumas the elder by Edward Knobloch. Direction under Fred Niblo. Photography under Arthur Edeson. Music selected by Louis F. Gottschalk. Shown at Lyric Theatre, New York, Aug. 28, 1921.

D'Artagnan.....Douglas Fairbanks
The three musketeers:
Athos.....Leon Barry
Porthos.....George Seigmann
Aramis.....Eugene Pallette
De Rochefort.....Boyd Irwin
George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham
Thomas Holding
The Cardinal Richelieu....Nigel de Brulier
Fr. Joseph.....Lon Poff
The Queen (Anne of Austria).....
Mary MacLaren
Constance Bonacieux.....
Marguerite De La Motte
Milady de Winter.....Barbara La Marr
Louis XIII, King of France.....
Adolphe Menjou

Mr. Fairbanks said in his little speech from a box in Selwyn's Theatre last night that Max, the celebrated tragedian, told him in Paris that he, Fairbanks, should play d'Artagnan, for d'Artagnan was a Gascon, and the Gascons are wild men. Mr. Fairbanks appreciated the compliment and took the Roumanian's advice.

But M. Fairbanks in this adaptation of Dumas's romance is pleasingly wild in the eyes of the audience, disconcertingly wild in the eyes of Richelieu and Rochefort. No one can complain that this filmed version lacks action. In this respect it would have satisfied Demosthenes. Mr. Fairbanks is romantic hero, as crazy to fence as was Tybalt, athletic as in the preceding films in which he figured, every now and then giving a capital imitation of Harlequin in a pantomime, though his sword is not of lath, but what is known in reports of police court proceedings as a lethal weapon. As in preceding filmed plays, Mr. Fairbanks climbs to roofs, makes perilous jumps, acts the human fly, nor for him has river or sea any terror. Always good-natured, except when his horse is laughed at; he kills his man gaily, makes love fervently, and is in every way a musketeer after Dumas's own heart.

It is not necessary to tell the story, which is known to every lover of romance, one of the best stories of the best story-teller the world has seen since the unknown reciters of the tales in "The Thousand Nights and a Night." Nor is it necessary to point out in what respects the adaptation differs from Dumas's romance.

In this adaptation wives are wives, not mistresses, although in the time of Louis XIII the noble dames were too often like Brantomes "femmes tres honnetes." No one loves another man's wife and Constance is a spotless maiden. Even Milady does not attempt to work an evil spell—not even on Buckingham, when she robs him of Queen Anne's gift.

As the adaptation stands it is of an engrossing nature. As an example of "screen art" it is a constant joy to the eye and to the mind. The photography is excellent and most varied. The broad effects and the details are alike admirable. The scenes in old Paris, streets, houses and palace, are relieved by scenes in villages and along roads, where horsemen are in full gallop on matters of life or death. Costumes, furniture, behavior, with architecture and interior decorations, take one back to the edge of gallantry and deeds of derring-do.

The most rep...

The parts from King to servant are played so well that the illusion is unbroken. Especially noteworthy, however, were the impersonations by Mmes. De La Motte and La Marr, and by Messrs. Menjou, de Brulier, Irwin and by Robards (the captain of the Musketeers), nor should Mr. Whitman as d'Artagnan's father, be ignored.

Music by Delibes, Massenet, Gounod and others was as a rule pertinent, never distracting.

St. James Theatre, "Clarence," a comedy in four acts, by Booth Tarkington, produced in the late spring of this year in Boston, under the direction of George C. Tyler, after a new York success. The cast:

Mrs. Martyn.....Florence Roberts
Mr. Wheeler.....Mark Kent
Mrs. Wheeler.....Viola Roach
Bobby Wheeler.....Aubrey Bosworth
Cora Wheeler.....Helen Milholland
Violet Pinney.....Leona Powers
Clarence.....Walter Gilbert
Della.....Georgina Patten
Dinwiddie.....Harold R. Chase
Huber Stein.....Frank Charlton

Once more the management and the company of the St. James Theatre show the courage of their resources. They are not afraid to tackle a play still fresh in the memory of Boston as performed by company and management dowered with all the means, the ability, the time at the disposal of the theatre of that metropolis from which our dramatic blessings flow.

The whimsical story of "Clarence" distinctly proves, as does "Buddies," that whatever may be the feeling of the theatre-going public toward the war play pure and simple, it has a strong liking for the story which sets against a background of the great struggle a picture of human emotions and situations. If Barrie had not already pre-empted the title, Booth Tarkington might very well have dubbed his play "The Professor's Love Story," though such a name might have given away too early the amusing mystery of Clarence's post-war plight. Into the office of one Mr. Walker, man of "big business," plumps a discharged soldier adorned with a pair of large spectacles, a limp, and an ingenious and absent-minded look. It is Clarence in search of a job. Mr. Walker is of course anxious to do something for the soldier—but there are so many of him, and Clarence's qualifications for big business are so hazy. But fortunately for Clarence and for the audience, Mr. Walker is not so successful as director of domestic affairs as he is of commercial matters. Clarence is given a job as general utility man about the Walker home.

The manner in which he fits into his new surroundings affords material for a thoroughly joyous evening of the theatre. As unconscious joy makers he has able assistants in Bobby and Cora Wheeler, youth of the best Tarkingtonian manner, created with the deft understanding of callow offspring of the species which sets Mr. Tarkington in a niche all his own. To them is added Mrs. Wheeler, scarcely older in mentality than the children whose destiny she would direct, and Miss Pinney, mainstay of the house. The meanderings of Clarence through the affections of these various people, and his own emotional experiences would furnish enough of amusement for an evening. To all that, for good measure, is added enough of human understanding to make the play much more than a mere string of comic situations. Even in his lightest efforts Booth Tarkington is a maker of American literature.

The faults of last evening's performance at the St. James are those of direction. The note was set too hard and dry. The audience was amused and interested, but the amusement and interest would have been greater if the real spirit of whimsy had been caught. It was not till the last act was reached that the true humanity of the play was felt. Doubtless as the week advances the actors will find themselves more at ease in their parts and will cast aside the overemphasis of a first night. Mr. Gilbert was nearest to the real note of the play. His Clarence was whimsical and winning, especially in the last act. Miss Powers was hard and metallic as the wonderful Miss Pinney. She did not make clear why all the men in the play fell before her charm. Miss Roach displayed her usual skill, but lacked the foolish fatuousness demanded by the part.

Mr. Bosworth and Miss Milholland both overplayed their roles in an endeavor to make maturer years represent the Tarkington Kids. Miss Milholland added to the general over-emphasis of the evening that of her make-up.

The music of the evening added greatly to the enjoyment. Mr. Hector and his players are far above the usual theatrical orchestra. The audience joins in the spirit of manifest pleasure which the musicians take in their work.

Harry Carroll Well Supported in "Varieties of 1921"

Harry Carroll in "Varieties of 1921," a musical comedy act, supported by Grace Fisher, Bennett Sisters, Harry Laughlin and a sextet of pretty girls, is the feature act at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week.

Mr. Carroll's act is much on the same plane as other musical acts in vaudeville. There is the employment of a group of vivacious dancing girls, with a change of costumes for each song; a prima donna and two cooing comediennes. But the act is interesting, and Mr. Carroll works throughout with never a respite from the piano.

An agreeable feature of the bill was the act of Bill Robinson, "The Dark Cloud of Joy." He has not only something new to offer in the way of steps, but also shows his heels in this respect to many of the dancers in contemporaneous vaudeville who are held in high esteem.

Other acts were the Reynolds Donegan company, in a skating and dancing act; Joe Rolley and company, in a comedy sketch; Nella Webb, singing comedienne; Stephens and Hollister, in a comedy act that was well put over; Brennan and Rule, singing their own songs; and Dare Brothers, in a neat athletic act.

Copley Theatre—"Public Opinion." Farce in Three acts, by R. C. Carton. First time in Boston. The cast:

Smeeton.....Lawrence Cecil
Finshett.....Alexander Sarner
Lord Percy Kilgour.....E. E. Clive
Horace Wibsey.....Percy Foster
Phillis Dagenham.....Catherine Willard
The Hon. Mr. Justice Mulley.....Moffat Johnston
Sir Babington Mulley.....Nicholas Joy
Spencer Traughton, C. B.....Walter Kingsford
Viscount Poiley.....Clifford Turner
Lady Diana Caldershaw.....Deirdre Doyle
Pansy Bligh.....Evangeline Hilliard
Charlotte.....Katherine Standing
Jowers.....Paul Hansell

Once again the Copley Players have brought a play as yet unseen hereabouts to their stage. And in so doing they have drawn themselves great credit. In former times farce has been their weakest field. But last night they excelled as they seldom have before. One and all found hitherto undiscovered powers of speedy byplay. The production went with a snap that has rarely been seen on that stage in recent years. Perhaps one reason for the newly widened abilities was frequent use of freshly decorated bits of business, upon which the players did not once bear too heavily.

"Public Opinion" is a farce ideally suited to the Copley's improved method of treating such plays. It has easy, obvious humors yet makes its audience think. And if the latter enters into it with spirit, it finds due reward in the confidential author, who allows his hearers to be always three jumps ahead of the bewildered players.

Though possessing many twists and turns, the plot of "Public Opinion" may be boiled down to small proportions. It would seem that Pansy Bligh, star of the variety stage, has won incriminating letters from no less than four or five distinguished men. She seeks to convert these into cash, for she desires to marry. But each and every one of the gentlemen pursue her under a separate disguise or alias.

They seek the letters, but Lady Diana Caldershaw steals them in behalf of one of these same gentry—Lord Percy Kilgour—and then she, too, loses them. But, of course, the final curtain brings the letters once more to the front and they are duly distributed to their rightful owners.

As of old, E. E. Clive proved himself ingenious and sagacious purveyor of his profession. But an outstanding piece of acting was given by Percy Foster. Last week he showed he is possessed of more than ordinary ability in the field of subtle emotion. This week he ranged to other extremes. His every movement brought well-deserved laughter from an audience that appreciated to the full his elaborate and expansive burlesques.

And yet his acting was touched with the quality that puts farce upon a high plane. For Mr. Foster's every finger moved, each turn of foot, and even the twisting of his umbrella, held comic import.

During many moments he made his audience enjoy his antics with busy telephone. The Copley Players may find joy in the varied powers of Mr. Foster. Particularly pleasing was his teaming in the first act with E. E. Clive. This pair found delight in co-ordinating their fast flowing humors into a propitious whole.

The surrounding cast was a capable one and followed the pace set by their leaders. Miss Deirdre Doyle was especially of note. And Walter Kingsford gave capital portrayal of Spencer Haughton, C. B.

The Copley Players have made a production this week, which has been rarely equalled in the past and should be fitting mark for future aim.

GEST'S 'MECCA'

Whenever Morris Gest brings his annual spectacle to Boston the thing to do is to get out the dictionary and compile a long list of adjectives that will suitably apply. In the case of "Mecca," the third of his Oriental spectacles, which opened at the Boston Opera House last evening, we were generously assisted by the publicity man, who has been sending out glowing reports for several weeks past. Although in the same class as "Chu Chin Chow" and in a sense "Aphrodite," "Mecca" is a long lap ahead of either one of these.

While not possessing the melodramatic intensity of "Aphrodite" it has more the character of a pageant with a good suggestion of grand opera. Although 11 scenes are necessary to tell the story there is continuity of interest that holds them firmly together.

"Mecca" is not for the lovers of drama and whether it would soothe the tired business man is also a matter of conjecture. But while, Irvin Cobb says, the best prescription for the tired business man is to go home and spend the evening with the tired business man's wife, there is no reason why he shouldn't arrange to see "Mecca." To begin with, it is a veritable feast for the eyes, and although it will not move one to shrieks of laughter it might help to take off the dull grind of the day.

The producers, Comstock & Gest, have spared no expense to make it the gorgeous spectacle it has been heralded. They engaged a large corps of artists for its elaboration and beauty, whose combined efforts have resulted in a dazzling array of colors, music, costumes and girls.

Oscar Asche, the author of "Chu Chin Chow," is also the author of "Mecca." Once more he has selected the far east for his background and brought forth the Orient of 1000 years ago.

The story concerns the love of a sultan of ancient days for a beggar maid, the daughter of Ali Shar, a wrestler and strong man from Bagdad. The wrestler is foiled into a trap by conspirators to overthrow the throne. His motive is discovered and he is banished from Cairo and sent to Mecca.

The wrestler's plans thwarted the sultan's enemies still conspire and succeed in abducting the wrestler's daughter whom the Sultan is about to marry and holding her for ramson.

Details of the story must be sacrificed in order to give justice to the contributing splendors which are given forth in various display. Egypt and its naughty Cairo certainly furnish a colorful background for pictures. History tells us of its philosophers who dwelt there, but it takes Morris Gest to depict its gaiety and wickedness.

The blending of colors both scenically and in costume is exquisitely done, but the real gem of the performance is the dancing ballet of Michel Fokine. As eye filling as this spectable is one is always aware of its artistic value.

The cast is tremendously large, calling as it does for Egyptians, Ethiopians, Chinese, slaves, peddlers, girls, stewards, wrestlers, camels, donkeys and dogs.

The gigantic figure and sonorous voice of Lionel Braham in the title role dominated many of the scenes, but the acting honors must go to Gladys Hanson, who made a really regal figure as the widow of the former Sultan.

Orville Caldwell made a handsome hero and proved his right to the title of "America's handsomest man" which Elinor Glynn had bestowed upon him, but a most striking bit of performance was that of Ida Mulle as the old Chinese woman. The audience responded to the beauty and splendor of the production by spontaneous applause as the various scenes developed.

'TOWN GOSSIP' AT THE COLONIAL

Ned Wayburn's new musical comedy "Town Gossip," opened last night at the Colonial Theatre before an audience that taxed the capacity of that favorite playhouse. Johnny Dooley and Lillian Fitzgerald are featured in it and each co-star has plenty to do, but just why it should be called "Town Gossip" is hard to figure. For years the name Ned Wayburn, stage director, has stood for general excellence in production. In fact he is some picker of talent for his chorus, hence the "Wayburn Girl," which meant beauty, grace, form, voice and vim. In "Town Gossip," his first offering as a producer, Wayburn has had much to do with the action, therefore it is a smooth performance, a mixture of music comedy and revue.

Not all the stage jokes are levelled against the 18th amendment it would appear, for in this merry whirl there is many a jest directed against the attempt to stop the use of tobacco and whitel there are a few moments when the dialogue tends toward seriousness the raps taken at personal liberty crape hangers are many, mirthful and telling.

From Red Bunk, N. J., to Little Old New York, and thence to the country home of the tobacco king the action moves. There are pleasing songs, clever dancers and girls of the various types one expects to find in a Wayburn show.

As it is the thing to have a melody introduced at the start and constantly repeated, this performance was no exception. "Just Like the Sunshine" is the melody that will be on the lips of the public before many days. It is one of the hits of the evening and variously introduced. "I Have Something Nice" is another number worth while, and "Golden Evenings of Autumn Time" proved effective.

Johnny Dooley has plenty to do and he does it in his eccentric manner from the time he appears as the floor walker in the 5 and 10 to the time, as a detective, self-taught through correspondence school, he lands the job as president of a smoke-consuming company at $20,000 a year. Dooley and Lillian Fitzgerald have many numbers together and scored in each. Miss Fitzgerald as the French singer and in her imitation of the manner in which a grand opera singer would render the "Sunshine" melody was clever, as was her "comeallye" in the first act.

Edythe Baker in rhythmic rhapsodies at the piano was a striking addition to the general merriment of the evening. The costumes, settings and general groupings were sumptuous. "Town Gossip," is likely to set the town talking.

MR. HALE DISCLAIMS FOR ALL EXCEPT HERKIMER JOHNSON

To the Editor of The Herald:

While The Herald is celebrating its Jubilee this week, I hope you will allow me to call your attention to another anniversary which some of your devoted readers have kept in mind. Just ten years ago the World began to Wag before our delighted eyes, at first slowly and tentatively, and then about this time of year with the steady rhythm it has since maintained except in vacations. Its wide researches into "curiosa" and folk-lore would of themselves arouse admiration and gratitude; but you have gone beyond this and have created a remarkable gallery of "originals"—Frothingham Clancy, Liverpool Jarge, Capt. Shaghellion and Mr. Herkimer Johnson.

DAVID B. POTTINGER.

Cambridge, Aug. 28.

Sept. 14 1921

Three hundred years ago Father Antoine de Balinghem published at Saint-Omer a pleasing, thick little book in 16 mo. entitled: "Apres-dinees et propos de table contre l' Exces au Boire et au Manger." This title might be freely translated, "Stories Told Against Guzzling and Stuffing." The good Jesuit Father introduces a prince desirous of instruction talking with theologians, lawyers, philosophers, historians, physicians, all of them garrulous and well pleased with themselves.

A physician excites himself in showing how copious draughts of hot water benefit orators, monks, nuns, warriors, all those who support themselves by "cerebral labor"—in fact, all human beings. What he says about the Japanese in 1624 is especially interesting. It might be read at the approaching Conference.

According to this learned leech, boiling water was the ordinary drink of the Japanese. "It is true that they press rice, which grows abundantly, to extract from it a spirituous liquor, but their favorite drink is water so hot that it is almost boiling. They drink it even in the hottest summer months. They put into this water a certain powder called tcha (the in Japanese and Portuguese). . . . They say, and it is true, that cold water constricts the extremities, the liver, the lungs; it provokes coughing, induces maladies of the chest, extinguishes the natural heat that maintains life, while hot water increases and nourishes the inner fire, opens the conduits of the body, is more refreshing and assuages thirst in a superior manner." As for the Japanese, they are robust, "marvellously adapted to war for which they serve until they are 60 years old;" they are brought up rigorously; they are keen witted, prudent, surpassing in judgment, willingness to learn, memory, not only the other Oriental nations, but those of the West. "The greatness of their courage is natural to them, and they are exceedingly jealous of glory."

JAPAN IN THE 16TH CENTURY

Thus the Jesuit Father in 1624. There is in Hakluyt's "English Voyages," which was first published in 1589, an account of Japan by one R. Willes. He describes the inhabitants as "tractable, civill, wittie, courteous, without deceit, in vertue and honest conversation exceeding all other nations lately discovered." They lived on fish, herbs and fruits so healthfully that they died very old. "They feede moderately, but they drink largely. The use of vines they knowe not, their drinke they make of Rice. No man is ashamed there of his povertie." There is no mention of tea or hot water, though the practice of hara-kira is described, but Willes included in his account a letter written by "Alosisius Froes to his companions in Jesus Christ that remaine in China and India," taken, as Willes said, from a volume written long before in Italian "and of late compendiously made latine by Petrus Maffeius, my olde acquainted friend." Alosisius gives a minute account of the Japanese:

"Even from their childhood they weare daggers and swords, the which they use to lay under their pillowes when they go to bed: in shew courteous and affable, in deeds haughtie and proud. They delight most in warlike affaires, and their greatest studie is armes . . . the merchant, although he be

ealthy, is not accounted of. Gentlemen, be they never so poore, retaine their place: Most precisely they stande upon their honour and woorthinesse, ceremoniously striving among themselves in courtesies and faire speeches." Not a word from Alosisius Frocs about tea. "This Nation feedeth sparingly; their usuall meat is rice and salets, and heere the sea side, fish. . . . To be delicate and fine, they put their meate into their mouthes with little forkes, accounting it great rudenesse to touch it with their fingers; winter and summer they drinke water as hot as they may possibly abide it."

TEA, COFFEE AND RICE

We knew a man, Governor Andrews's secretary in the civil war, a reporter of supreme court cases, connected later as editorial writer and editor with the N. Y. Evening Post and the N. Y. Herald, before his death a banker in Boston—for an attempt to rescue a slave in Boston about to be given back to his Southern master our friend was imprisoned in Charles street jail—who was of the opinion that the tea-drinking nations could surely overcome the nations that preferred coffee. Before his death Russia was mysteriously formidable. Will the "Asiatic Peril" be maintained on tea?

We hear from Washington, D. C., that Japanese officials, recently inviting American officials to a luncheon for an important discussion, served only rice with a little grated cheese, this and nothing more. The incident recalls a Southern story; was it first told by John Phoenix? A colonel invited a Northerner to sit at table with him. There was only rice with mustard. The Northerner said he did not like rice. "Very well," said the host, "help yourself to the mustard."

IN MERRY ENGLAND

(From Reresby's Memoirs)

"Jeffries, then Lord Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer and others, in a furious debauch at Mr. Alderman Duncombe's, stript to their shirts and were only by accident prevented from getting, in that condition, on a sign-post to drink the King's health."

A CLOWN'S MEMORIES

"Whimsical Walker," who has played his pranks in over 30 pantomimes at Drury Lane, remembering his adventures for 60 years—he began in a circus when he was about 10 years old—has written his memoirs, "From Sawdust to Windsor Castle." He is said to be as amusing a clown as ever.

Dickens wrote the life of the famous Grimaldi. Our great American clown, George L. Fox, could have written an interesting volume. Is there any book about the Ravels?

The chief of a Parisian theatre claque, the hairdresser of Marie Antoinette, the valet of Guy de Maupassant, did not hesitate to publish their reminiscences. Mr. Henry S. Mower's "Reminiscences of a Hotel Man" is an entertaining little volume. Will not some distinguished ex-barkeeper in New York be persuaded by an enterprising publisher? The men that stood behind the bar of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, if they are alive, should have many stories to tell of leading politicians and other prominent men; of their behavior and their favorite drinks. Old Gabriel Peignot of Dijon did not disdain to draw up a list of dishes favored by mighty emperors and kings and lights of science. And centuries before him that key-hole and back-stairs gossip, C. Suetonius Tranquillus, noted that the Emperor Augustus, who ate sparingly, was particularly fond of coarse bread, small fishes, new cheese, made of cow's milk, and green figs from the trees that bear fruit twice a year, but was content with a little bread and a few raisins. Has any biographer of George Washington told us what the general ate at breakfast?

Sept 16 1921

The readers of The Boston Herald know that an "American millionaire" purposes to use an abandoned mine shaft in Chile as the tube of an immense telescope which will bring stars so near that even myopic persons can see whether the Martians answer the ingenious Mr. H. G. Wells's description of them. This millionaire, we regret to say, will not be the first to use a deep hole in the ground for astronomical purposes.

John Flamsteed, rector of St. Bartholomew's, Burstow, in Surrey, was also the first Astronomer-Royal. He sank a well 120 feet deep in the grounds of Greenwich Observatory and placed an object glass with a focus of 100 feet at the top. Thus was he able at the bottom to make observations of a certain star which passed immediately overhead at Greenwich every 24 hours. No one knows today the precise location of this well. It is marked on plans of the Observatory made in Flamsteed's time—he died in 1719—but the well was covered over years ago and the plans all differ.

The father of Flamsteed was a maltster. It was John's duty when he was a boy to carry out malt with a brewing-pan. Finding this method tiresome, he framed a wheelbarrow to carry the malt. The father rose to the occasion by increasing the load. The boy was so chagrined that he never could afterwards bear the sight or the thought of a wheelbarrow, yet once, after he was appointed astronomer at Greenwich, he was taking leave of friends at the Ship Tavern in a most ceremonious manner, when, stepping backwards, he fell into a wheelbarrow which ran down hill with him in it to his great discomfiture. But we digress.

Before the "American millionaire" puts his money in a Chilean hole, he should read the remarks of the late Remy de Gourmont on astronomical researches. "Astronomy was complete," Gourmont says in his "Loi de Constance Intellectuelle," "the day on which a Chaldean shepherd found out that the sun was the centre of our universe and the earth was one of the tops spinning about it. Since that uncertain night the progress of astronomy has been only mathematical. Its philosophical worth has not changed. . . . What has been added since is of very slight importance: to determine durations, to strengthen with some ciphers the distance of stars from the sun, and from one star to another, to measure to count, to compute, to see nearly all hope put in telescopes fail, and our curiosity reduced to amusing itself with the witty conceits of a Fontenelle or a Flammarion."

A THRIFTY MAYOR

(The mill between Barney Burke and Jimmy Crilley, reported in the Evening Tribune of Lawrence.)

"It was a dull affair, lacking any brilliance except for the moment in the third when Mayor William P. White pushed to the front and began shouting, 'Make 'em fight, make 'em fight for the city's money.' "

A GOOD FISH STORY

As the World Wags:

Did you ever hear of "Peloras Jack," the fish protected by the parliamentary acts of the commonwealth of New Zealand? This fish, which has been famous since New Zealand was discovered, acts as pilot in one of the many straits between the north and south islands. For many years no channel could be found in those straits until one ship, attempting to make the passage, noted two fish breaking water off the bow. Following them, the ship made the dangerous passage without damage, and soon these waters were famous with tales of the prowess of the fish that came to meet every boat attempting the passage of the straits, leading the boats through with unvarying accuracy. One day a sailor posted in the bow of a boat making the passage shot one of the fish. The other, without taking fright, continued to lead the ship until she was firmly planted on the rocks, where she became a total wreck. From that day to this the remaining fish has been protected by a statute of the commonwealth of New Zealand making it a criminal offence to harm "Peloras Jack," as he is now called. He is still piloting ships through the straits.

J. O.

Boston.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN" AGAIN

As the World Wags:

My best respects to "W. E. K." and three lusty cheers for his point of view on Drinkwater's play. I met not long ago a Massachusetts civil war general and a writer of the history of that day which has insight, poetry and pathos for blue and gray alike. He told me he was not only disappointed in the play, he was affronted by it.

I thought it began abominably. Lincoln sought office and ennobled that seeking by self-sacrifice. Many times in his career he yielded to others for the public good, and therefore when the greatest honor was sought by and for him he was justified in his attitude. That is why this committee business in the play and Lincoln's hesitation over the "offer" were not only bad history in detail, but also, in that broad sense, which no dramatist who pretends to depict the basic essentials of character is justified in distorting.

The last act? Tragedy is not mere death on the stage. It is death that the action makes inevitable or death in which the character dying has some part: Hamlet in his duel or Louis XI. picking at the coverlet. Drinkwater's fragmentary play marched to no tragic inevitability; nor was Lincoln, sitting in a chair and shot from the rear, anything other than a stage property at that moment. In his first act Drinkwater abandoned history to make drama; in his last, he abandoned drama to approximate history.

I think you are a little bit off on your view of "Disraeli." It seemed to me the better play because it had a central episode, the Suez canal affair, whereas Drinkwater's play was a mere procession of incidents.

Boston. SHERWIN L. COOK.

Mr. Cook is unfortunate in his reference to the treatment of the Suez canal in "Disraeli." The putting through of that canal project was due, not to Disraeli, but to Frederick Greenwood. This gross historical inaccuracy was one of the reasons why "Disraeli" failed in England. What evidence can Mr. Cook bring forward to prove his assertion that in the first act of Mr. Drinkwater's play history is distorted? —Ed.

Sept. 17 1921

Collectors with long purses pride themselves on books illustrated by Cruikshank, Leech, Beardsley and others. It matters not whether the book be a novel by Ainsworth or a temperance tract, a story of hunting or the Comic History of Rome, the "Monte d'Arthur" or "Earl Lavender," the strange romance of flagellation by John Davidson to which Beardsley, that great master of black and white, still imitated by men unworthy to tie his shoes, contributed one exquisite drawing.

When we have money in the bank and are no longer in fear of landlord and tax collector, then we may be the happy possessor of all the books illustrated by John McLedan of this country. He drew pictures for "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Great Expectations," when these novels first appeared in New York, and these illustrations are in the tall and poorly printed editions published in Philadelphia by Peterson. Our impression is that the pictures were ordered by Harper & Brothers for their Weekly. No other illustrator of these two novels has equalled, or even approached, McLelan in humor and dramatic powers. He also illustrated Wilkie Collin's "Woman in White" and "No Name" for the Harpers. His Count Fosco in various attitudes and scenes is a memorable figure.

McLelan was busy in the late fifties and the early sixties. Can any reader of The Herald tell us about him? Where he was born? When he died? Or give the titles of other books illustrated by him?

WANTED: A TUMBLER

A. L. W. encloses this advertisement cut from the newspaper of his town:

"WANTED—A young man, able to tumble a little. Meet party at News office Wednesday, 8 a. m. or write C. F. News office. 8-30-3t"

A. L. W. writes: "Is not the enclosed inquiry worthy of being brought to the attention of more of the unemployed than will see it in our local paper?"

It all depends on the precise nature of the tumbling required. Is it ground or lofty tumbling? or should the young man tumble at once to his employer's wishes and even his jests, though they be withered or moss-grown?

Note the hideous use of the word "party."

"REPLICAS" OF "THE SOWER"

As the World Wags:

Mr. Wilfrid A. French, in his letter about "replicas," is wrong when he says that Millet made replicas of "The Sower." Millet's first painting of that picture was on a canvas too short for framing. Rather than rub it out, as he did with many pictures, to use the canvas for some other picture, he added a piece of canvas and sold it to his paint dealer for 300 francs. William M. Hunt saw it, bought it at that price and sold it to Quincy A. Shaw. The picture hung for many years at the foot of the stairs in Mr. Shaw's home in Jamaica Plain. It was at the sight of this great work that Walt Whitman rhapsodized when he first saw it.

Millet then made a copy on a larger canvas that much later was sold for $40,000 by Cottier of New York to one of the Vanderbilts.

Lovers of this subject have always regarded the first painting as the better of the two. It is true that Millet made several pencil sketches of "The Sower" before he painted it. So far as I know the Shaw "Sower" is in Boston.

TRUMAN H. BARTLETT.

Jamaica Plain.

LAMPS WITH A KEY

As the World Wags:

Apropos of lamps which wound up with a key. I recall one which stood on my father's study table. It was of bronze, had a circular wick somewhat like the Rochester lamp, burned lard oil and wound up with a key. It was always referred to as the "Moderateur" and was supposed to be of French origin. The winding lifted a plunger, which slowly descended, forcing the oil up to the wick, the superfluous oil finding its way back to the reservoir. The lamp burned with a steady, white light which was very easy on the eyes. I never investigated its internal workings, but my impression is that there was no clockwork about it and that the plunger worked by gravity. In the long winter evenings a second winding was sometimes required.

Once when we had a new maid a brass lamp appeared, and upon investigation it developed that the maid had spent a wearing morning cleaning the dirty old lamp with sand and soap. She was very proud of her success. XENES.

Chestnut Hill.

MUCH-ENDURING HENS

As the World Wags:

The report in The Herald of the hen that was found alive after two months beneath a pile of hay reminds me that hens have been known to live longer than that shut away from food and drink and apparently suffered no bad effects.

My grandfather discovered the secret of this matter when his pet hen, "Old Layfast" was lost. Old Layfast was missed from the dooryard for some time, and her large brown eggs were missed still more. After a month the family gave up all hope of seeing her again. Grandfather happened to go out back of the barn one day to get a coop box he had left after the early chickens were hatched. There in the box was Old Layfast. The old gentleman had absently shut her in and left her there. No water, no food of any kind had been in the box, but the old girl seemed well and quite contented.

Puzzled to know how this had been possible, Grandfather sat down and scratched his head. At last the imprisoned bird began to stir. She talked to him a moment, rose in front and laid a large brown egg on the floor of the coop. Cackling with pride and anticipation, she turned and ate the large brown egg, after which she settled back as quiet and contented as before.

Boston. QUARTUS CLARK.

A TIME EXPOSURE

(Feminine ears are coming back into fashion)

Her little ears 'neath love-locks used to bide,
Lest Cupid's whisperings arouse sweet fears.
Now shears of Fate reveal, on either side,
Her little ears?

Nothing is there for laughter or for tears
If Revelation, like a sweeping tide,
Drags from the deeps the mystery of years!

Dame Fashion, boldly lengthening her stride,
Smiles a reply to Madame Grundy's jeers.
"While fig-leaves strew her path, why seek to hide
Her little ears?"

—D. W. in the London Daily Chronicle.

Pinero's "The Schoolmistress" has been turned into a musical farce by Percy Greenbank, with music by Howard Talbot. Pinero's "Magistrate" has been turned into the musical comedy, "The Boy," and his "In Chancery" into "Who's Hooper?" "The First Mrs. Tanqueray," "Mid-Channel" and "The Thunderbolt" are still waiting for a libretist of a farcical spirit and a gay composer. The gallery booed "My Nieces" and the Times sympathized with the gallery.

Scott's "Ivanhoe" is being filmed "on the actual ground where the scenes were set."

The London Times finds Ravel's "La Valse," played at a promenade concert, an unsatisfying work. "It is neither impressionistic nor suggestive; it is also far too long, and the orchestral tricks lack variety of effect. This sort of thing—'highbrow jazz'—should be left to the Stravinsky's, for the true character of Ravel's art is not exemplified in sensationalism. Perhaps one would appreciate it better with a stage setting. Certainly Borodin's 'Danse Polovtsienne' sounds more exciting in the theatre. Heard as music only, its persistency of rhythm and rowdiness soon become tiring." The Times found Sir Henry Wood's orchestration of Dvorak's "Humoreske" a "delicate bit of work."

It remains an abiding curiosity of the film industry that the writing of the "letterpress" should apparently count for so little, and that there seems to be no regular "readers" to look out for obvious mistakes. It happens very rarely that a word is misspelt in the great modern newspaper, in spite of the rush of production, whereas film letterpress writers seem still to be in trouble with the spelling of quite ordinary words. When the industry was a young one this was to be understood, but it seems curious that mistakes of spelling and the negation of any sort of literary style, in spite of much attempt at fine writing should still be possible.—London Daily Chronicle.

Shaw's "John Bulls' Other Island" is announced for performance at the Court Theatre, London.

Leon M. Lion will produce this fall a cycle of plays by Mr. Galsworthy "perhaps the most representative dramatist

true to life, enter-

of the 20th century," according to the Times.

"Box and Cox," Sullivan's operetta, "almost unknown to the present generation," will be revived next month at the Princess Theatre, London.

Busoni's "Rondo Arlequinesque" played at a Promenade Concert, London, on Aug. 25, puzzled the hearers, "as though they were not quite sure whether to take it seriously or not. If you do take it seriously, it is unendurable; as a joke, its only failing is that it breaks down in the middle. The beginning and end are most ingenious. It is curious how quite ordinary and commonplace Busoni is sometimes, both in ideas and in orchestration, when he can show such brilliance at others."

Chaliapin, whose English tour is expected to materialize in spite of the recent visa difficulties, has enlisted in the growing army of men who have read their own obituaries. News of his death at the hands of the Reds reached London in October, 1919, to be contradicted in the following month. The great Russian basso amused Sir Thomas Beecham on his previous visit by demanding his fee—£400—half way through the performance, as the Arab guides demand backsheesh half way up the Pyramids. Like them, he declined further service until paid. It is said that when the Russian authorities equalized wages, Chaliapin elected to do porter's work for the money, but not to sing for it.—London Daily Chronicle.

"I hear with real sorrow," writes R. H. L., in the London Daily Telegraph, "of the death, at the early age of 56 years, of my old friend, the Count Gherardo Scalzi, who for many years was a prominent figure in the vocal part of our musical world, in which he appeared as Armand Lecomte. His was a fine, resonant baritone voice of considerable power; it was very well and very easily produced, and its effect in the many operatic airs which figured so prominently on his concert programs always obtained a distinction, apart from their own merits, by M. Lecomte's fine singing of them. M. Lecomte was an intimate friend of Scotti and Caruso, whom I had the pleasure in bygone days of meeting fairly frequently when engaged in one of our many discussions and confabulations on some musical topic or other with Armand Lecomte. May the earth rest lightly on him, for he was a sincere and intensely earnest artist." Lecomte gave a recital in Boston a good many years ago and made little impression.

"The Beggar's Opera" was performed for the 500th time at the Lyric, Hammersmith, on Aug. 17th.

Shortly before his death Claud Lovat Fraser completed a new edition of "The Beggar's Opera," with color plates reproducing his original designs for the costume and scenery of the play as produced at the Lyric, Hammersmith, together with many of his characteristic pen-and-ink decorations. The text is reprinted without alteration from that of the first edition, save for the omission of one or two passages, and the rearrangement of the scenes according to modern ideas. All the original airs are reproduced in facsimile. The edition, which Messrs. Heinemann have in preparation, is prefaced with an appreciation of Claud Lovat Fraser by John Drinkwater.—The Stage.

Marie Lloyd is seriously sick, so that her physician has ordered complete rest.

New England has its nasal voices. In exaggerated form this twang is always an affliction. It suggests "characters," the country lawyer, the rustic politician, the small-town crook, or the rube in general. As I think of New England, bad nasal voices are the exception rather than the rule. If fulness and openness of vowel is also exceptional, the voice may be somewhat flat and drawly. But the stigma of nasality does not apply to the American voice as a whole. On the stage one of the most striking nasal voices on Broadway at the present time is a British voice. The actor is playing a straight part where this defect has no excuse. On the stage nasal voices as a rule are heard only in character parts.—The Billboard.

Theatregoers admit that the manager could make out a good case for increased charges if the entertainment that they provided was on the same scale as hitherto. As a matter of fact, in most cases the West End theatre program today is but a shadow of its former self. The curtain raiser seems to have gone forever. The normal time of theatre opening, where straight plays are concerned, is 8:30. There are cases where even the orchestra has been dispensed with and the curtain generally does not rise until 8:40 P. M. Even with two or three intervals the theatre is in darkness before 11 o'clock and the actual traffic of the stage often does not occupy more than an hour and three-quarters. In these days, when money is becoming scarce, the playgoer does not relish paying increased prics for an entertainment which does not occupy his attention for much more than two hours in all.—London Times, Aug. 19.

A symphonic sketch, "Crepuscolo sul Mare," by Francesco Santoliquido, was performed at a Promenade concert in London for the first time on Aug. 18. Speaking of the composer as one of the pioneers of the newer musical movement in Italy, the Times says of the symphonic sketch: "It cannot, however, be regarded as typical, since it dates from the composer's student days and shows immaturity all the way through. As the work of a young writer of 22 or 23 years of age, it is certainly extremely promising, for there are many traces of a certain warmth of phrase and harmony, but the working out and the instrumentation are void of interest. Doubtless the recent work from his pen which is to be produced later on will intrigue us more."

According to the Menestrel of Paris, Arthur Nikisch with an orchestra will give concerts this season in the United States.

The Approaching Season of the Experimental Theatre

The Experimental Theatre of Boston announces the opening of it's season at the Peabody Playhouse, 357 Charles street, on the evening of Oct. 17, with Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon," declared by some critics to be the greatest American play. At the time of its original production in New York, two seasons ago, it was awarded the Pulitzer prize as the finest American play of the season. The Experimental Theatre has 16 bills planned for the coming season, including the work of the best American, English, Russian, German and Austrian writers. Such names as O'Neill, Kreymborg, Moeller, Schnitzler, Wedekind, Gorky, Tchekoff, Andreyev, Wilde, Shaw, occupy much space in the program of this ambitious organization.

As an organization, it holds a unique position in that it is complete in itself and not dependant on professional costumers, scenic studios and the like, as all work, including printing, dyeing, weaving, etc., is done in the building by members. The group is definitely experimental in its work and the results should be well worth watching. At present an effort is being made to raise a fund of $10,000 in order that the proper equipment may be installed to produce plays competently. Contributions will be received by John Melvin Perkins, 357 Charles street. The repertoire of the season is as follows:

OCT. 17.
Beyond the Horizon.....Eugene O'Neill
OCT. 31.
Salome .....Wilde
Vote the New Moon.....Alfred Kreymborg
The Angel Intrudes.....Floyd Dell
NOV. 14.
Such Ie Life.....Wedekind
NOV. 28.
The Life of Man.....Andreyev
Pokey .....Moeller
The Dominant Male.....Daly
DEC. 12.
Papa .....Zoe Akins
DEC. 25.
The Moon of the Carrabee's.....O'Neill
Literature .....Schnitzler
Father and Son.....Daly
JAN. 9.
Sophie .....Moeller
JAN. 23.
Diff'rent .....O'Neill
Lima Beans.....Kreymborg
The Swan Song.....Tchekoff
FEB. 6.
Savva .....Andreyev
FEB. 20.
The Green Cockatoo.....Schnitzler
The Concert Singer.....Wedekind
MARCH 6.
Anatol .....Schnitzler
MARCH 20.
The Wind Over the Water.....Merivale
Everybody's Husband .....
The Birthday of the Infanta.....
APRIL 3.
John Ferguson.....Ervine
Ile .....O'Neill
King Arthur's Socks.....Dell
MAY 1.
Night's Lodging.....Gorky
MAY 15.
Hamlet .....Shakespeare

The Movement for the Establishment of a Repertory Playhouse

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

Bronson Howard once said: "We are living in the daylight, not in the dawn," and prophesied: "In all probability the next great revival of literature in the language will be in the theatre." The repertory idea of dramatic presentation is of the "daylight." It has grown from the dawn of theatrical production, with stars and spotlights, into the day. It throws its beams impartially on every actor, and lets no artificial shadows obscure the playwright's thought, or prevent a well-balanced production of his drama.

The Frances Jewett Repertory Theatre Club was formed as an answer to the call of this repertory idea, on Lincoln's birthday, 1919, by seven women, whose purpose incorporated into its constitution was twofold: "To educate the public by awakening and enlightening it concerning the value of the repertory idea as a vital factor toward the higher development of dramatic art, and to establish a permanent playhouse to carry out the ideals of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jewett for the theatre." This club now has a membership of over 1800.

How far has it today accomplished that purpose, and what are its activities? Its first step was to arouse the community to realize that the audience, by its support and encouragement, had its part to play in the production of all good drama; that it must clasp hands with the actor and producer across the footlights, and by its appreciation bring out the full beauty of their efforts. This awakening has been brought about to a great extent through its monthly meetings from October to April, and its entertainments after the Thursday matinees. Branches of this club have assisted: one made up of school teachers who have kept in touch with their pupils; one co-operating with the welfare department in Boston's larger stores; still another branch, "the Wayfarers," made up of English, Canadian and Scottish members interesting fellow-countrymen in Boston and its neighborhood. The Girls' City Club has also been of help.

Under the club's finance committee strides have been made toward the achievement of the second part of its purpose, the permanent Repertory Theatre in Boston. In the spring of 1918 a small group of interested friends decided to raise a fund to sustain, encourage and enlarge the scope of its influence and usefulness. This was to be in the form of an endowment, built up by means of gifts from those who desire to foster this idea. This fund is incorporated under the state laws of Massachusetts for "educational, literary or artistic purposes," and as such is tax exempt. It is named the Jewett Repertory Theatre Fund, Inc., and the money is deposited in the Old Colony Trust Company. To this fund, now over $50,000, the club has added in two years' time between $30,000 and $40,000. It has formed a general committee to increase this fund, of prominent bankers, business and professional men and women.

Indorsed by the State Federation of Club Women, which is a member in the name of its literature committee, this theatre has received the support of the president, Mrs. Baker, and its war president, Mrs. Gurney, who are active on its general comittee. Writing to the club presidents of Massachusetts, Mrs. Baker said: "The executive board of the Massachusetts State Federation of Womens' Clubs has indorsed the plan of the Repertory Theatre Club to build a new theatre in Boston. We are in hearty sympathy with the desire to have a new theatre which will continue producing high-class plays. We urge your club members to assist in every possible way by giving this plan financial support, and we hope you may bring the plan before your community."

A warm response came in donations to the fund, and in club memberships, from the women's clubs of Arlington, Auburndale, Chelsea, Danvers, Melrose Highlands, Nahant, Newton, Norwood, Quincy, Worcester and from the Boston City Federation, the Brookline Morning Club, the Fortnightly (Winchester), the Friday Club of Everett, the Kosmos Club of Wakefield, the Massachusetts Daughters of Maine, the Monday Club of East Weymouth, the New Hampshire Daughters, the Philergian's Club of Braintree, the Popular Authors' Literary Club of Winthrop, the Presidents' Club and the Thursday Fortnightly Club of Dorchester.

The mayor of Boston has authorized the extension of Stuart street through to Huntington avenue. This project will necessitate the tearing down of the Copley Theatre. The present lease of the Copley Theatre does not expire until the fall of 1922, and while it is hoped that the building will remain until then it will certainly not be available after that date. To purchase a desirable lot of land of about 20,000 square feet on which to build a theatre in the neighborhood of Copley square will cost approximately $250,000. The cost of the building and equipment will approximate $400,000 making a total of $650,000.

The fund now amounts to approximately $50,000.

A. B. C.

Boston.

Mr. Wodell, Conductor, Writes About Choral Singing in Greater Boston

To the Editor of The Herald:

Some years ago the writer, with Dr. Perrin of McGill College Conservatory of Montreal, adjudicated the competitions of the Alberta music festival, that year held at the city of Edmonton. An extended and illustrated report thereof was printed in The Musician of Boston. Mr. Walter Henry Hall, choral conductor, New York, and Mr. T. Tertius Noble, organist and composer of that city, performed a like service at the Alberta competition festival of 1921, held this time at Calgary, May 16 to 19. Mr. Hall wrote of this festival in the September issue of the New Music Review of New York and in particular of the choral singing in the competitions with much enthusiasm. Three mixed voice choruses, each of about 75 voices, competed for the principal honor of the festival.

Mr. Hall states that these choirs showed a technic equal to that of the celebrated Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, under Dr. Vogt, "plus a full-blooded intensity which was not revealed by the Toronto Choir during its tour of American cities."

And all this in a far northwestern province and shown in a city of about 60,000 population.

The writer has often heard it said that the Mendelssohn Choir was largely if not wholly made up of "professional singers." Not so. Neither are these northwestern choirs largely made up of "professional singers," meaning by the term vocalists who have had considerable private voice training and experience as paid soloists. The fact is that these splendid choirs are composed of men and women who love to sing choral music for that music's sake. They like very much to get together to sing the best of choral music, and without thought of being paid in money for so doing. Hence they are willing to rehearse steadily under competent leadership two, three and four times a week for months in succession before a public performance. Many of them come from England, Scotland and Wales, where the people have for many years been accustomed to skilled and constant vocal drill, and brought up to love to sing together for the very joy of it. The Competition Festival has also done much, in the "old country," to raise the standard there of choral singing, and increase general interest therein. So we find that in Toronto, and in Alberta and Saskatchewan in the far Northwest, English, Scotch, Welsh and native Canadian men and women join in keeping alive the best choral traditions.

Here is Greater Boston with a population of nearly if not quite two million people. Here are the schools having our children for say eight or nine years, through the grades and high school, and teaching them "music." And splendid work is being done, under great disadvantages, in this teaching of music in the schools, lack of sufficient time being one of the worst. But where are the companies of our people gathering through the winter two or three times a week to practice thoroughly the best choral compositions? The writer may be mistaken, but feels it safe to say that there are not more than two thousand men and women numbered in the membership of the societies regularly organized for artistic choral practice and performance in Greater Boston. The field for the extension of this work in our community is therefore a large one. People do themselves and others much good whenever they meet to practise the artistic singing of worthy music combined with worth-while text. And they get a lot of enjoyment out of so doing. The writer is particularly interested in getting more of the recent graduates of our high schools, and as well more of the many who come from smaller towns each fall to work in the big city, into the enjoyment and benefit of singing good choral music, and is again bringing forward the Philharmonic Choral Society (formerly the Philharmonic Choir) to that end. The field is so large that there is abundant room for all the organizations now working therein, and several more. It is not good to rest satisfied and say, because there is at present apparently a lack of interest on the part of our people in singing in chorus, that nothing more can be done; or to work over the same field, practically, calling upon the same singers to help out several different organizations. What should be done is to spread the gospel of the enjoyment and benefit of singing in chorus under competent leadership among thousands more of the population of Greater Boston, particularly those of the younger generation.

FREDERICK W. WODELL.

Boston.

German Films: A Growing Industry

(From the London Times, Aug. 26.)

As yet the Germans are doing practically no film business with this country, but it is nevertheless a fact that a few indifferent films have arrived here since the war. These, I believe, have been immediately deployed into the country without any attempt being made to show them in London. The Cinema Exhibitors' Association passed a resolution not to admit German films into this country for a period of five years after the cessation of hostilities; but I doubt whether this ban will prove all-powerful for the intended period.

Scientific, natural history and some "trik" films, as the Germans call them, bear no trace of their country of origin, and, being excellent in the way of production and cheap to secure, they would probably prove to some English exhibitors an attraction not easily disregarded. As for the average German drama, the quality would appear to an English audience to be decidedly crude and mediocre.

One direction in which business is being done with Germany is in connection with equipment, such as cameras and projectors. It is well known that there are one or two firms in London specializing in the sale of this class of German goods. I went to some trouble to ascertain the prices of these goods in Germany. Full-size best quality German theatre projectors can be bought retail for what corresponds to £30, and portable projectors for anything from £2 10s. to £12. The identical machines are selling in this country at over £100 in the first case and from £15 to £40 in the second. The makers are more than willing to obliterate any German names or other marks which might disclose the country of origin.

There are over 3700 picture theatres in Germany alone, of which Berlin—with

tal population of just over 2,000,000—ntains 370. There are between 6000 and 00 in the whole central Europe, so it ill be realized that the Germans are t in any way dependent on any other untry for the exhibition of their proctions. A fairly large business, howver, is being done with South America, candinavia and Italy.

One cannot walk down any street in erlin and look up at the buildings ithout seeing the names of several lm companies prominently displayed. Friedrichstrasse alone, for instance, here are over 100 such companies. In ondon we have approximately 150 enting and producing companies all old. During my stay in Berlin I was sked on more than one occasion by erman renting firms whether I could t them have particulars of any good nglish dramas for importation to ermany. I expressed not unnatural urprise that they were in a position buy or rent English pictures with e mark at such a low ebb, and it was ointed out to me that as they were ready handling American "stuff" why hould they not be in a position to do kewise with English productions?

Since my return I have been asked by ne or two producers and artists as to hether I considered there was any pening for their talent over there, and have replied in the negative. There s an abundance of talent, both among roducers and actors and actresses in ermany. The salaries are somewhat maller than obtain in England. For n Englishman the cost of living is ery much less. The "crowd" artist eceives 75 marks a day, but is given guarantee of eight days in the fortight. This is possible on account of he fact that the working hours are rom 9:30 A. M. until 5 P. M., when vork ceases automatically, and even a ew minutes will necessitste a "carryover" until the next day.

There are no cinema agents in Germany. In lieu thereof there are two "Kinema Cafes" in Berlin. One is frequented by the "leads" and small part artists, and the other by the "crowd." These cafes are visited by the producers at specified hours in the evening, when a glance around the room will suffice to show them the particular types they are requiring, and the artist gets his contract on the spot. A case has recently occurred in which the services of a well known English actress were requisitioned for a special character part, but before the production was half way through she was so grossly insulted by the producer that she returned to England disgusted.

THE BERKSHIRE MUSIC FESTIVAL

The Berkshire Music Festival will be held under the auspices of Mrs. F. S. Coolidge at Pittsfield on Sept. 29 and 30 and Oct. 1. The Letz quartet, the Barrere ensemble, the Elshuco trio, the Detroit Symphony string quartet and Messrs. Henry Eichheim, Gabrilowitsch, Percy Grainger, Selim Palmgren, Leo Sowerby and others will take part.

The concert on Thursday by the Letz quartet will be at 4 P. M. Quartets by Beethoven and D. S. Smith; Quint op. 3 by Brahms.

Friday, 11 A. M., the Barrere ensemble. Music by Bach, D'Indy, Mozart, Roussel, Sowerby and, for the first time, Suite for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon by Domenico Bresela. 4 P. M., the Elshuco trio. H. Waldo Warner's Suite for piano, violin and 'cello which took the 1921 prize offered by Mrs. Coolidge.

Saturday, 11 A. M., Sowerby's Suite for violin and piano; Palmgren, Masquerade Ball for two pianos (Messrs. Palmgren and Grainger); Eichheim, Oriental Impressions for piano, four violins, viola, flute, oboe, bells and percussion (Mr. Eichheim of Boston conductor); Grainger, Pastoral from Suite for two pianos, "In a Nutshell" and Scott, Symphonic Dance for two pianos (Messrs. Grainger and Palmgren. 4 P. M., Detroit string quartet; Beethoven, Quartet op. 18, No. 4; Schubert "Trout" Quintet.

Sept 19. 1921

Seekers after the books written b Herman Melville—and the seekers (late have been many—should know the "Typee," "Omoo" and "Moby Dick," have just been reprinted in Everyman' series. The first printing of the book in this series was in 1908.

A blunder, or typographical error, i the prefatory note of the editor, Mr Ernest Rhys, of "Omoo," should hav been corrected in this second edition.

"Melville lived first in New York"—after he left the sea—"and then fo many years near Pittsville (sic) where he had for a time Nathaniel Hawthorne as his neighbor."

"Omoo" is a delightful tale of adventures in the South Seas. When it was first published in 1847, it sorely vexed the missionaries. They were violent in their abuse of Melville, but his statements concerning the "converted" natives were approved by all intelligent and honest visitors, naval officers, or travelers bent on scientific, anthropological research. The book made as great a sensation in London as "Typee." Mr. Rhys might have quoted Douglas Jerrold concerning it. "It possesses much of the charm that has made Robinson Crusoe immortal—lifelike description. It commands attention, as if old interest was created by the narratives—

'Of Raleigh, Frobisher, and Drake—
Adventurous hearts, who bartered bold
Their English steel for Spanish gold.'"

Strange to say in "Omoo" there is no hint at the streak of mysticism and the wild fancy that made "Mardi," published the next year, a stumbling block to many. The style of "Omoo" is picaresque. Doctor Long-Ghost might have figured in "Gil Blas," in a story by Quevedo, or one of Smollett's yarns.

Here and there are sentences that might be in "Moby Dick" or "The Confidence Man." Melville is speaking of Polynesian hospitality, how a native stranger entering a village may choose any house for his sojourn, but if it is afterwards discovered that he has no house of his own, he may thenceforth go a-begging for his lodgings. "Thus it is precisely as in civilized countries, where those who have houses and lands are incessantly bored to death with invitations to come and live in other people's houses; while many a poor gentleman who inks the seams of his coat, and to whom the like invitation would be really acceptable, may go and sue for it."

"WE MET BY CHANCE"

(Mr. Guy Eglington in the International Studio.)

"I never yet knew a bathroom to be conveniently situated in an English house. That is half the charm at house parties. One meets all the other guests in extreme deshabille, which somewhat helps to overcome the terrible English prejudice against speaking at breakfast."

CONCERNING "WHITE JACKET"

As the World Wags:

Did Herman Melville, in "White Wings," make any reference to the man-o-war's man's pigtail, or had that fashion disappeared by his time? To the prime seaman of 1800, the fore-top man (the smartest seamen in the ship) the length and thickness of his pigtail were matters of the most solicitous concern. Much time was spent in greasing and braiding it, as well as providing a suitable sheath, of oiled silk or snake skin, for its protection.

Surgery in Herman Melville's day, and before, was a grimly primitive affair. In time of action the cockpit was located below, or as close to the waterline as possible. In a six-foot-high wooden cavern, dimly lighted by a few flickering battle-lanterns, the surgeon and his assistants, with their few crude instruments, took their station at a wooden table, to wait for the wounded that would begin coming below as soon as the first broadside had been discharged; and there they did their business while the decks overhead shook to the roar of broadsides, the crash of solid shot coming home, the shock of falling spars and masts, and a constant tumult of running feet, orders, oaths and cries.

Did Melville ever put down on paper any description of an action at sea? Cupples account of the duel betwen the "Ariadne" and "Le Harpagon" in "The Two Frigates" is considered a classic.

It was a quaint but fiercely-determined world, that sea-life of "eighteen-hundred and war-time," with its pig-tailed, barefoot hearties, and officers brilliant in blue or scarlet uniforms, with gold-laced cocked hats and epaulettes, manning nimble-heeled frigates as dainty as the Pagan nymphs and goddesses the names of which they bore; yet which, for all their dainttiness, under hostile colors hunted and fought each other from the chops of the Channel to the ends of the earth.

CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND.

Boston.

1—Melville shipped on board of a United States frigate in 1843. There were then no pig-tailed men on the "Neversink," but there was a great row when Capt. Claret ordered the men to have their hair cut short and their whiskers trimmed. (See chapter LXXXIV and the three following.)

2—The surgical operation in "White Jacket" was not "grimly primitive." A top-man, attempting to go ashore although his transgressions had deprived him of that liberty, was shot by a sentry in the leg. Amputation was necessary. The surgeon of the fleet was the distinguished Cadwallader Cuticle, Md., a veteran practitioner. The operation was on the half deck. (See chapter LXIII.)

3—You ask whether Melville ever described an action at sea. The "Neversink" was not engaged in battle. Melville wrote a remarkable desription in "Israel Potter" of the fight between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis, a description equalled only by Walt Whitman's account of the same fight and by Tennyson's "The Revenge," with the heroic death of Sir Richard Grenville.—Ed.

WITHOUT BLOODHOUNDS?

The Rennet American company has been playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in London. "Specialties" are introduced to enhance interest, athletes, La Belle Sapphare, a female contortionist, the Sadie Vone Trio, who play on the trombone, concertina and instruments of the musical glasses type. The Stage admits that these specialties are "sometimes to the detriment of the plot per se, perhaps." Nevertheless, there is flogging, Uncle Tom and Little Eva die, Legree, Eliza, George Harris, Topsy and the persecuted quadroon girl are all there. Nothing is said, however, about the bloodhounds.

We were shocked when Mr. Herkimer Johnson informed us—not in a whisper, but in a rather brazen voice—that he had never seen "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (Alas, we have never seen "The Cataract of the Ganges.") Nor has Mr. Johnson seen "Ten Nights in a Barroom," though he has been one night in 10 barrooms.

ADD "BOOK REVIEWS"

(New York Times Book Review)

"Although there has been a deal of matter written about Gauguin in the last few years, most of it may be dismissed as the work of men or women who did not know what they were writing about."

Might not this be said of nine-tenths of those writing about the world war and the future of the human race?

WITHOUT SOUSA

Large audiences that assembled yesterday in Symphony Hall, for both the matinee and evening concerts, regretted to hear the announcement that owing to a fall from his horse Lt.-Comdr. John Philip Sousa, U. S. N. R. F., would be unable to conduct.

The slight accident, however, did not prevent them from keenly enjoying Sousa's music, and its creator, physicians promise, will be able to join his organization immediately.

John Dolan, concert master, filled the vacant post very acceptably, having acquired from long association much of the efficiency of his superior, and even some of his mannerisms. So admirably drilled, moreover, is hte organization that one of its regulation programs is run through with absolute smoothness even in the absence of its famous conductor.

So then, although lacking the sorcery of the actual presence, the audiences enthused mightily over the gorgeous color and strange power, so wild and varied, of his themes. Besides the formal program, the leader generously accorded encores, and once again were heard those never-to-be-forgotten favorites—"The Stars and Stripes," the composition which has brought to its author more than $50,000, and the "Washington Post March," which in his early days he sold for $35; "El Capitan," another big money maker; "On the Campus," "Semper Fidelis," and the "U. S. Artillery."

Of the composer's own works, his suite: "Three Quotations," was the most ambitious of the afternoon program.

Mr. Dolan proved himself a virtuoso as a cornet soloist, and the band was assisted by Miss Mary Baker, soprano; Miss Florence Hardeman, violinist; Miss Winifred Bambrick, harp soloist; all of whom evinced musical talent of a superior order. The afternoon program was as follows:

Rhapsody, "The Fourteenth" ..... Liszt
Cornet solo, "The Volunteer" ..... Rogers
Mr. John Dolan.
Suite, "Three Quotations" ..... Sousa
Soprano solo, "Carmena" ..... Wilson
Miss Mary Baker.
Religious Meditation, "Songs of Grace and Songs of Glory" ..... Sousa
"A Study in Rhythms"
Transcribed by Sousa
Being a manipulation of a group of classics)
(a) Harp solo, "Themes and Variations" ..... Pinto
Miss Winifred Bambrick.
(b) March, "Keeping Step with the Union" (new) ..... Sousa
Violin solo, "Polonaise in D-flat" Wieniawski
Miss Florence Hardeman.
Dale Dances of Yorkshire ..... Wood

Sept 20 1921

The statement was recently made that the tendency of modern novellsts is to portray the male musician as disagreeable in every way if not thoroughly immoral or unmoral. Perhaps the writer had in mind Arnold Bennett's "Book of Carlotta," a revised edition of his "Sacred and Profane Love," in which the pianist Diaz is the shabby, not to say disgusting, hero. Modern novels in which musicians play prominent parts were contrasted with Miss Sheppard's "Charles Auchester," a sloppy, sentimental book once dear to maiden aunts and gushing school-girls; Crawford's "Roman Singer," Jessie Fothergill's "First Violin," Myrtle Reed's "A Master's Violin."

A writer pointed out that in one recent novel, E. F. Benson's "The Challoners," the attractive hero is a musician.

No one, discussing this question, has mentioned a "musical" novel which is singularly true to life, entertaining throughout, humorous, also ironical. We refer to Ernst von Wolzogen's "Der Kraft-Mayr," which has been admirably translated into English, "Florian Mayr," by Edward Breck and Charles H. Genung. A novel that depicts musical life is usually laughed at by musicians and regarded by the general reading public as boresome. Victor Debay's "L'Amie Supreme" is an exception in one way, and so is "Miss Traeumerie," by Mr. Albert Morris Bagby with its hero suggested, it is said, by Mr. George Fred Williams whose voice might well have been envied by tenors on the concert and operatic stage. These two novels—the former had reached a fifth edition in 1898—could not justly excite the mirth of musicians, for their art is treated respectfully and with understanding. The discussions in "L'Amie Supreme" would interest musicians today. Mr. Bagby, who had studied diligently in Berlin and Weimar, has been for many years known in New York by the brilliant concerts under his management. The two novels, however, would be as caviare to the general reader, while he would be greatly amused by "Florian Mayr," in which Liszt is introduced by name and, figuring prominently, is graphically described, while other composers and pianists, bearing fictious names, thinly disguised, are satirized or praised, and the intercourse of the bourgeoisie with musicians is treated in a most entertaining manner. This translation was published in New York in 1914.

IN THE DAYS BEYOND RECALL

As the World Wags:

The reading of references to barkeepers framing dollar bills and a recent letter from someone familiar with El Paso days and ways, brings up another curious custom of the West.

In the mid-Victorian period the Palmer House, Chicago, was one of the world's wonders. Its barber shop was the first to operate 30 chairs (count 'em), each presided over by a languid nobleman in irreproachable white ducks.

The floor of this shop was tessellated marble in black and white checkerboard design, and at the corner of each slab was imbedded a silver dollar. As the paving was about eight inches square and the room a large one, it set the proprietor back hundreds of dollars.

The shop is still doing business, and you may see the remains of the dollars yet, but with faces worn as smooth as a newly-shaved alderman.

Is there any basis for this wanton treatment of a dollar, other than that of ostentation? Has anyone observed such decoration elsewhere?

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Boston.

BUTLER AND THE AMERICA

As the World Wags:

In this morning's Herald I note one or two references to the yacht America, but nowhere do I find any references to the late Benjamin F. Butler. I am writing to inquire if I am wrong in having always had the impression that he was in some way connected with the yacht America when she won the cup. In fact, I have always had the idea that he was an important factor in the matter.

N. J. L. R.

Medford.

Gen. Butler, we understand, at one time owned the America, but he did not own her at the time she won the cup, which was in August, 1851. In that year the America was built by George Steers of New York, the son of an English ship-wright, for Com. J. C. Stevens. Com. Stevens went to England and competed successfully for the cup which had been offered as a prize by the Royal Yacht Club, beating the other yachts, some say 17, some say 18, by about seven miles. Com. Stevens gave the cup to the New York Yacht Club in 1857.

EDITOR.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE"

As the World Wags:

Though they may be considered hypercritical by many of your readers, the purists who call attention in your column to the mistakes made by the majority of us in speaking and writing the English language are doing good work. I read their contributions with interest and profit. The gentleman who vigorously objected to the outrageous use of "loan" for "lend" is a public benefactor.

Some find fault with the so-called "Americanisms" which enrich the vocabulary. The lexicographers are certainly working hard to keep us in touch with the times, but they are sadly handicapped. They cannot keep pace with our national impatience at the time wasted by the use of unnecessary words in the expression of ideas. We are all for "efficiency," cutting out nonessentials even to the extent of omitting the "Mr." when addressing a letter to William Jones. I have seen a case in which one of our leading citizens, whose first name was William, got a communication through the postoffice which bore the terse but sufficient

superscription, "Bill Blank, Eastham, Cape Cod." What a contrast this was to the circumlocution of former days!

But in other ways we have undoubtedly added much to the value of the language, and the English of the future will bear still more remarkable evidence of American fertilization. A hundred years from now, at our present speed, we shall have English as different from our present speech as that of John Barbour (1326-1396) from ours. Listen to John:

"A noble hart may haiff nane ese
Na ellys nocht that may him plese,
Gyff fredome failythe: for fre liking
Is yearnyt ow'r all other thing."

Barbour was a contemporary of Chaucer and they both used the best English of their time. Can anyone doubt that there's a great future in store for a language which has victoriously emerged from its early struggles and is regnant today in the tongue of the world? And America is foremost in the march of progress; careless, perhaps of grammatical restrictions, but alert in other details. It is not surprising that our illustrious reformer, the late Col. Roosevelt, was disgusted with our modern spelling, but, anyway, it is in a higher class than Barbour's.

I wonder if Henry Ford could give us the meaning of Barbour's lines in good American?

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

Orleans.

Barbour's lines begin: "A! fredome is a nobill thing!" and some would have freedom in spelling. The late Col. Roosevelt was prepared to talk and write dogmatically on all things knowable besides other things, but we should hardly accept him as an authority on spelling. Ed.

WINTER IS I-COMEN IN

"Autumn hath all the summer's fruitful treasure;
Gone is our sport, fled is our Croydon's pleasure!
Short days, sharp days, long nights come on apace:
Ah, who shall hide us from the winter's face?
Cold doth increase, the sickness will not cease,
And here we lie, God knows, with little ease.
From winter, plague and pestilence, good Lord, deliver us!"

'THE CLAW' AT

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The Claw," a play in four acts by Henry Bernstein, adapted by Edward De Lancy Dunn and Louis Wolheim. The original, "La Griffe," was produced at the Renaissance Theatre, Paris, in 1906; M. Guitry, Cortelon; Henriette Roggers, Antoinette. First performance in the United States.

Jules Doulers.....Charles Kennedy
Paul Ignace.....E. J. Ballantine
Antoinette.....Irene Fenwick
Marie.....Marie Bruce
Achille Cortelon.....Lionel Barrymore
Vincent Leclerc.....Giorgio Majeroni
Anne Cortelon.....Doris Rankin
Nathaniel.....Joseph Granay
A doorman.....Ian Wolfe
Guy Germain Leroy.....Harold Winston
A police officer.....S. B. Tobias
Gerard.....A. K. Miller

Fifteen years ago when Bernstein was reproached for having chosen weak or vicious men and women as characters in "La Griffe" and "Le Voleur," he replied with a letter in which he described himself as "a tourist in the feverish quest of the picturesque; a dreamer of strange pathways hardly broken." one seeing "The Claw," might wonder how Bernstein defines the word "picturesque," and regard his dreams as nightmares.

"The Claw" written in Bernstein's early, violent, brutal manner, with its concise dialogue, its savage irony, its pessimistic view of life; with its keen sense of theatrical intensity, is a story in which nearly all the characters are actuated by the lowest and basest motives. In the original French, even Anne is accused of perverse tastes.

A strong man, rejoicing in the foes he has made by his newspaper, a socialistic organ, having buried his first wife, who could not survive the bitter and slanderous attacks made upon him, falls sensually in love with Antoinette, the daughter of one of his staff. Cortelon is about 50 years old; Antoinette, much younger, has already had a lover. Her father is a shabby journalist, whose mother is a drunkard. Antoinette is in search of a husband. She throws over her lover in a cold-blooded manner, but hints at a renewal of the liaison after her marriage.

Cortelon's love is the sensual love of a man who feels that this love must be his last. Antoinette dominates him by the flesh. She is extravagant. She lures him to leave his party and forsake his principles. He gains for a time in worldly success and political power, after having dismissed his conscientious editor and turned his own daughter out of doors. Antoinette has lover after lover. Cortelon knows his degradation. He knows remorse. Memories haunt him. Yet he blesses the chain that binds him to the wanton. At last, when he is endeavoring to clear himself in the tribune from a charge of corruption, she leaves him with a lover. Then, forgetting in his madness, the necessity of a defence, and the immediate promise of ruin and imprisonment, his one cry is for Antoinette, for his "Toto."

No such portrayal of sensual degradation has been seen on the stage since Otway introduced the Senator and Aquilina in "Venice Preserved."

It is easy to see how the role of Cortelon fascinated Mr. Barrymore. It gives opportunity for strikingly dramatic action and, what is more, for portraying the development, or rather the change of character, in a man of heroic stature who falls by the flesh; a change that is physical and mental. The sturdy, self-confident Socialist, working for the people and, as he honestly believes, for political righteousness, is good-humored in a blustering manner, idolizing a young woman who is wholly without honor or common decency. The change is shown step by step in a masterly crescendo by Mr. Barrymore until the final scene of senile rage and fleshly longing. There was no forcing the note, not even in the scene between Cortelon and Leclerc in the third act, when the former suspects his discharged editor and now his implacable foe with being Antoinette's lover. And in this scene it would be easy to be ridiculous—before an English-speaking audience—rather than pathetic. Delightful was the first scene between Cortelon and Antoinette, where the wooing is awkward on the part of the man, so intense is his longing; where Antoinette plays the demure and the surprised maiden. All in all, a remarkable portrayal of a character that constantly interests but never commands respect or pity.

Miss Fenwick played for the most part in a caressing and soubrette vein. Physically attractive, she did not bring out the sinister, horrible cynicism of the woman. Too often she gave one the impression of wishing to fascinate the audience, not the man on the stage. Nor even in the last act did she rise to the demanded height.

Miss Rankin gave an incisive characterization of Anne, especially in the third act. In the last scene her performance was marred by indistinct enunciation. Occasionally Mr. Barrymore erred in this respect.

Among the other men in the cast, Mr. Majeroni was the strongest in understanding the dramatist's intention.

There were many curtain calls. Mr. Barrymore showed good sense and artistic feeling by not making a speech.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"The Wren," a comedy in three acts, by Booth Tarkington. Given for the first time, under the direction of George C. Tyler and A. L. Erlanger. The cast:

Cap'n Olds.....George Fawcett
Mrs. Freehart.....Marion Abbott
Frazee.....John Flood
Francis.....Sam Reed
Mrs. Frazee.....Pauline Armitage
Roddy.....Leslie Howard
Seeby.....Helen Hayes

The announcement of a new comedy by Booth Tarkington, especially when it is coupled with the knowledge that Helen Hayes, fresh from her successes in "Bab" and "Clarence" are agreeably fresh in memory, will take the leading part, would be sufficient to draw a crowd anywhere and last night a typical Hollis Street Theatre audience, which quite filled the house, testified by abundant applause the esteem in which both the author and the little star are held hereabouts.

"The Wren" is not really a dramatic work of sufficient importance to merit much serious criticism. It is a sketchy, tenuous scrap of a thing with barely substance enough to hold it together for the three acts consumed in its production. Captious critics might be so unkind as to dub it a "potboiler" and dismiss it from their further consideration.

Be that as it may, the comedy, as presented last night, was distinguished not by artifice of plot or brilliancy of dialogue so much as by the sincere and effective manner in which its situations, meager as they were, were handled by an exceedingly competent company of actors.

The scene is laid in what is described as a summer boarding house "on the New England coast," and the same set suffices for all three acts, afternoon, evening and the morning after.

Miss Hayes as "Seeby" is the mistress of the establishment and the ruler of her crippled old father, Cap'n Olds; of Francis, the man-of-all-work about the place, and of Mrs. Freehart, the cook. To them enters one Frazee, a manufacturer of cotton mill machinery, who finds his wife philandering with an artist chap. He discovers the pair, returning after a painting expedition, festooned with mutual daisy chains. "Seeby" is elected to avert the threatened matrimonial smash.

The painter is, according to his own words, "without backbone and without brains," and straightway becomes the bone of contention between "Seeby" and Mrs. Frazee. Roddy, for that is his name, cannot make up his mind between the two. In the attempt to throw the jealous husband off the scent he makes realistic love to the mistress of the house. It is so realistic, indeed, that he overdoes the thing and has both ladies on the warpath because of his behavior. Eventually, when it comes to a showdown and must be decided whether or not Mrs. Frazee will return to the city with her husband or "go away" in some vague way with the artist, "Seeby," who has contrived to establish herself as supreme in his wavering affections, wins the victory and annexes the young man.

Miss Hayes plays her part with a sure touch. To be sure, no living boarding house keeper could ever have been quite so artless and unsophisticated as she. This is all a reminiscence of "Bab," with her high spirits, bright humor, quick touch and engaging little subtleties that one hardly realized until they are well over. But the part also insists on occasional reticence and repose, which are not Miss Hayes's distinguishing qualities in either of the other plays. These give balance and strength to her impersonation.

George Fawcett, too able a player to be wasted in the movies, returns to the stage to do a fine bit of character work as Cap'n Olds, and Sam Reed, as Francis, is a real Tarkington comic creation. Leslie Howard, the volatile English attache in "Just Suppose," plays the artist, the vacillating puppet for whom the two women contend.

Although ostensibly "New England," there is no suggestion of New England in the whole play. Mr. Tarkington spent the summer in Maine, but he missed his opportunities to reproduce York county on the stage. There was an indigo blue backdrop representing the ocean, but all else was Indiana. Where else would a heroine say "right well," or a boarding house hired man refer to the "he-boarders"?

"The Wren" will serve to amuse for an hour. With the coming of the next new comedy it will be quite forgotten.

WILBUR THEATRE—"The Whirl of New York," Winter Garden production by Lee and J. J. Shubert based on "The Belle of New York," by Hugh Morton and Gustav Kerker; revised book by Edgar Smith, added lyrics by Mr. Smith and Sydney D. Mitchell, added musical numbers by Al Goodman, Lew Pollack, Leo Edwards and Jerome and Schwartz; musical director, Mr. Goodman; first time in Boston:

Fifi.....Florence Rayfield
Harry Bronson.....J. Harold Murray
Cora Angelique.....Dorothy Ward
Doc Sniffkins.....Teddy Webb
Count Rattsi.....Frank Purcella
Count Tattsi.....Raymond Purcella
Karl Bauer.....Roy Cummins
Blinky Bill.....Joe Keno
Ichabod Bronson.....Shaun Glenville
Violet Gray.....Nancy Gibbs
Mamie Clancy.....Rosie Green
Billie.....Irene Shaw

As a Winter Garden show, "The Whirl of New York" is an outstanding success, even when compared with its several predecessors, themselves of no mean merit. As a special message from the past, more than a score of years at least, to those who were eager to recall the tunes and verses of "The Belle of New York," it should be set down as of more than passing value and interest. Musical comedy revivals, either in toto or subject to modish revision, do not always hit the mark. Of the several offered in the past few seasons, the most have failed of a new popularity. Hopelessly old-fashioned in text and manner, not even the recall to the stage of retired favorites, nor the desperate tinkering of the playsmiths, could aid them.

Of "The Belle of New York" merged into its broader title, this cannot be said. Wisely realizing at the outset that the original in itself could not prosper, the Messrs. Shubert kept the old chassis and built a new body, so to speak. They retained the story, many of the favorite tunes and, so far as the players would aid, the original characters. Then they embellished the old-time product with the best of the Winter Garden resources as to scenic beauty, lavish and tasteful costumes, girls both comely and youthful.

They introduced specialties and new songs and dances. Most of these are welcome; one or two could be omitted, for the good of the whole. But, in the main, the result was highly praiseworthy; and if the local public which seeks entertainment of this character in the theatre does not fill the Wilbur nightly, it will miss a great deal that is exceptionally worth while.

In the old days, the role of Pumperknickle, the escaped lunatic, was the chief comedy part. D. L. Don, of grotesque mien and wheezy, squealing voice, played it, and was vastly amusing. In the revised version the madman is called Bauer, and after a brisk start, Mr. Cummings makes him simply Mr. Cummings, with his familiar acrobatics and eccentricities.

Ichabod Bronson, in the original, was a crank seriously bent on social reform. Dan Daly, of sepulchral voice, funereal countenance and the drollest of legs, kept him in character always, yet was tremendously amusing. Mr. Glenville, in 1921, is simply the low comedian of the British music halls, preferring his own brand of antiquated jests and smugly content to burlesque the part.

If we missed the ominous touchness of William Cameron as Blinky Bill, and his dexterous dancing with his Bowery sweetheart, Mamie Clancy, Mr. Keno and Miss Green were present to give the best they had, in exchange. Miss Gibbs, a vivacious brunette, with a voice clear and powerful near to stridency, was in vivid contrast to recollections of Edna May, with what might be called hopeless prettiness. And if Mr. Murray and Miss Rayfield did not make quite the same sentimental appeal as once did Harry Davenport and dainty Phyllis Rankin in "Teach Me How to Kiss" and "When We Are Married," the former in turn proved himself a stalwart vocalist, particularly effective with "Mandalay," a briskly moving melody.

Miss Ward, also of the London music halls, evinced a lusty vigor, in movement and voice. Mr. Webb was suggestive of Frank Daniels as the blatant theatrical manager. There was clever dancing by the brothers Purcella, Mr. Keno and Miss Green, and by Kyra, whose serpentine writhings and postures have a certain appeal to students of Egyptian lore.

Two young men, known briefly through the playbill as Bart and Pearl provoked at least two-thirds of the evening's fun. It is the former, perhaps, who has Louis Mann's dialect to perfection, and is, like Mr. Mann, a born comedian. If they should ever revive "The Telephone Girl," Mr. Part could turn the trick if called on. And speaking of revivals, there is nothing in the constitution of this great and free land to prohibit a revival of that other old-time Thomas Q. Seabrooke favorite, "The Isle of Champagne." Dress either of these with a Winter Garden raiment, and triumphs would undoubtedly follow.

Copley Theatre, "Mr. Farndon's Daughters," comedy by Alfred Sutro, first presented in 1917 as "The Two Miss Farndons" at Miss Horniman's Gaiety Theatre in Manchester, England; subsequently given at the Haymarket, London; first time in America. The cast:

Ermyntrude Farndon..Catherine Willard
Reginald Claughton.....E. E. Clive
Richard Farndon.....Percy Foster
Christine Farndon.....May Ediss
George Floyer.....Nicholas Joy
Lady Alex Floyer.....Deirdre Doyle
Mr. Floyer.....Moffat Johnston
Eliza Jane.....Evangeline Hilliard
Porter.....Alexander Sarner
Mr. Petter.....Walter Kingsford
Mr. Kenneth.....Lawrence Cecil

For a third time the Copley Players essay a piece from Mr. Alfred Sutro's nimble pen, under the lively caption of "A Merry Comedy." Bulwer Lytton's "Last of the Barons" is brought up to date, with the difference that the venerable and unworldly inventor, instead of playing with the steam engine, is trying to produce a flying machine. The ridicule and lack of faith of a slow-moving world are the same in both cases, however. Mr. Sutro is more generous with daughters than was the novelist. Farndon, his inventor, has two; while their father is trying to fly, they attempt to raise the wind, the one in the chorus, the other as a dancing teacher. Both are in love. The scene is in their pleasant, if picturesque, home in a familiar London suburb, where the gray-haired inventor receives the word that the great war has made a stupid war office see the value of his big idea. But until that happy moment arrives with the final curtain the family fortunes revolve around tradesmen's bills; hard-hearted Lady Alex Floyer; her henpecked and humorless husband; Eliza Jane, the typical maid of all work; Mr. Petter, dealer in toys, but above all about Reginald Claughton, retired university don, ex-philosopher, who would live a bit, who is going to be a good sort as soon as he has buried the don, but is at the time an absent-minded dear.

Mr. Sutro has written a very curious and uneven play. On familiar lines he has composed a simple tale now sparkling with scintillating repartee, now creaking in amateurish awkwardness and conventionality, with certain of his characters mere people of wood; but over all there moves the extremely well conceived and well executed university don. That part as prepared by Mr. Sutro and played by Mr. Clive is many times worth the price of admission. The actor rises far above the usual performances of a stock company; he moves the audience from laughter to tears and back again, and always in their hearts he inspires the same love as he does in that of his Ermyntrude.

Mr. Foster plays the old inventor, as he did in Manchester. In Boston he displays the Jewettian fault of overemphasis, as the poverty-stricken inventor he should not wear an elaborate ring; he should not carry the same cotton waste upon his trousers in three acts spaced each two weeks apart. With more moderate playing he part would have been admirable. The setting of the play showed the same overelaboration in a cluttered stage, the same distracting carelessness in a clock that stood always at twenty minutes to five.

Miss Willard as the frank-spoken mothering sister did much to carry the play to the high favor shown by the audience. Miss Ediss was poorly cast. Miss Hilliard as Eliza Jane and Mr. Kingsford as Mr. Petter each did an admirable bit of character acting.

A pretty bit of a play in which the awkwardness is well atoned for by the sparkle and honest humanity, and in which the unusual acting of Mr. Clive stands out like a good deed in a naughty world. More than well worth seeing.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Passion Flower." Drama in three acts, by Jacinto Benavente. The cast.

Raimunda ..... Viola Roach
Acacia ..... Leona Powers
Juliana ..... Florence Roberts
Doña Isabel ..... Emily MacPherson
Milagros ..... Helen M. Holland
Adela ..... Dorothy Tremble
Angracia ..... Georgina Parten
Serafina ..... Lydia Wilker
Gaspara ..... Doris Weeks
Esteban ..... Frank Charlton
Norbert ..... Walter Gilbert
Faustino ..... Aubrey Bosworth
Tio Euseblo ..... Harold R. Chase
Bernabe ..... Benjamin Legere
Pablo ..... Mark Kent

The St. James Players last night produced Benavente's strange play, in which Nanco O'Neil had recently found ready field for her abilities. At the St. James piece and players fared not so well. Perhaps this play is unsuited to stock production; perhaps, and more likely, the actors in greater part were unable to sustain the high-pitched key so necessary to this story of evil love and passion.

"La Malquerida" is a curious mixture of pure melodrama and deft character analysis. For long moments it is a searching study of a people, a town, and a nation. At the St. James it was played for melodrada, and scarcely more.

Miss Viola Roach was the stern mother—Raimunda. But while she rose to the emotional climaxes, her character was never the restless, dominating woman that Benavente saw in his thoughts. Too frequently did Miss Roach lay heavy hand on table, too frequently she moved crooked elbow and hand to head to visualize her changing moods and thoughts. Only in her scene with Norbert did she reach the tense pace which the play demands throughout. Perhaps her inability to hold to this vibrant, driving power was in part due to Frank Charlton's fondness for heavy weighing of his lines. When he and Miss Roach went through their scenes, the relentless, logical course of the play seemed for the moment to cease.

But if the two leads found this drama of inexorable fate and justice beyond their powers, not so with the supporting cast. Leona Powers drove home her position as the unhappy daughter. Her slightest move was full of meaning. Likewise, Walter Gilbert as the young lover, Norbert, was a warm-blooded, enthusiastic youth of Spain. His knowledge of his character was thorough. So, too, the voluble and loquacious Juliana of Miss Florence Roberts. And the drunken Rubio of Mark Kent was likewise an etching from life.

"The Passion Flower" is a play of wide-ranged emotions. It is distinctly not the kind of play for which the two leading players are suited, but the St. James Players are capable of a better production. They can do better, and should toward the end of the week reach more finished performance.

MAJESTIC OPENS TO VAUDEVILLE

The Majestic Theatre, with a newly-cleansed front and a remodelled interior, entered a new sphere of entertainment last night as the Boston house in the recently established chain of Shubert vaudeville theatres.

In launching on their new venture into the variety field the Messrs. Shubert neglected somewhat to furnish the "all good" bill that would naturally be expected to open the venture. Perhaps, however, the bookings on the new circuit have not yet been arranged satisfactorily and in the weeks to come will be improved on.

The best bits of the night's entertainment were in the last part of the two-session entertainment. These were the always happy "Florodora"—a condensed version, an excellyent short play in 10 scenes and "flashes" titled "The Actor's Wife," and 15 minutes of character work by George M. Rosener, styled "The Anthology of An Old Actor."

The runner-up for audience favors was Marie Stoddard, a good mimic with an excellent voice that is revealed only for an occasional brief moment.

The vaudeville version of "Florodora" is the first of many condensed musical comedy favorites the Shuberts promise they will exploit in their new venture. If the rest are as well done as "Florodora" last night the move will be a happy one. Ten of the musical numbers are retained for the vaudeville stage and 35 persons, including a score of exceptionally pretty and well-trained girls compose the cast.

The principals are Gorgo Spaulding, Elmer Haynes, Royal Cutting, Fred Walton, Bernice Mershoiv, Hattie Fox, Flo Melba, Maud Gray, Louis Christy and Paulette de Witt. Flo Melba, Dorothy Hickson, Paulette de Witt, Peggy Holmes, Bernice Elmore and Eve Sasnova compose the sextette.

Choice bits of acting—choice not only for a vaudeville stage but for the straight dramatic stage—were given by the members of Emily Ann Wellman's and Richard Gordon's company in "The Actor's Wife." The playlet told a story that was not pretty but one that ended well for all in a well-done way. The actors, all of whom were excellent, were Miss Wellman, Mr. Gordon, Angeline Martell, Francesca Rotoli, Charles Canton, Bensen La Mar and George Kent.

Marie Stoddard's contribution to the better part of the bill was styled "Kidding the Actors." The "kidding" took the form of general impersonations of characters, with personal impression of Marilynn Miller in "Sally" and Mary Garden in anything.

Others on the bill were the "Sensational Togo," equilibrist and juggler; Mlle. Nana and Alexis, French importations in French dances; Clayton and Lennie in an act that drew its laughs principally from the slapstick disarranging of one of the pair's clothing, and Horlick, former dancing partner of Pavlowa, assisted by the Sarampa sisters.

Mayor Peters sat in one box and watched himself attempt vainly to climb a chimney in the News movie reel with Douglas Fairbanks, while former Mayor Fitzgerald sat in an opposite box and laughed loudly.

FRITZI SCHEFF IS SEEN AT KEITH'S

Fritzi Scheff is the headliner at Keith's this week. She was warmly welcomed, particularly when she sang her old favorite "Kiss Me Again." But besides Fritzi there was an abundance of class all through the bill. Neal O'Hara, a Boston newspaper man, and Billy Glason made a happy combination. Neal wrote the lines of a monologue and Glason delivered them. The only criticism was that the humor came so fast that Glason had to wait for the audience to get the jokes. But they got them, and Glason was forced to respond to several encores.

Jim Toney and Ann Norman went as big as usual. Toney's humor is all his own, and his method of tossing his legs around reminds one of ocean waves. His legs just seem to roll around.

Segal and Irwin opened the show with feats of strength. Their act was well staged. Sharkey, Roth and Witt in songs were harmonious and droll.

The Ford Sisters danced gracefully and were heartily applauded. They had their own orchestra. D. Appolon gave an example of the music which can be tweaked out of a guitar, and it was a revelation. Rupert Culbert sang a couple of songs between dances but the orchestra was received more cordially.

Mrs. Hatheway Turnbull told of the work done by animals during the war, and despite the gruesomeness, it was interesting. Bert Baker's farce, "Prevarication," was hilariously funny. He deserved the applause he got. Else and Paulsen closed the show with dance skating. Those who left early missed a treat of whirlwind balancing and dancing on skates.

Sept 21 1921

We still hear conservative persons expressing their wonder at the fuss made over Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and his wife, Mary Pickford, when they were in town. These old-fashioned Bostonians were amazed at the crowd in the streets waiting to see this hero and this heroine of the film drama drive by; standing for hours near the hotel where they were guests, in doubt whether a woman at a window was Miss Pickford, a chambermaid, or Mrs. Bounder from Terre Haute. Perhaps they expected to see Mr. Fairbanks in a human-fly act carrying Miss Pickford aloft and then posing in a statuesque attitude on the roof. ("Our Mary," Mary Anderson was in former years "Our Mary." In operatic Chicago Miss Garden is at present "Our Mary." To the world that is devoted to the kinematograph the only Mary is Mrs. Fairbanks.) Then there were the scenes in Selwyn's Theatre: the staring at the box in which the illustrious couple sat; the applause and laughter that punctuated Mr. Fairbanks's sentences when he addressed the expectant mob; the shouting in Park square when hero and heroine made their way to the hotel.

Perhaps there were similar demonstrations when great Pompey passed in triumph through Roman streets. Certainly Gen. Joffre was not so warmly received in Boston, even though the mayor of the city sat, all glorious, at his right hand, and bowed graciously and continuously to the throng.

"How do you account for all this?" asks Mr. Wiggleston. Sir, read M. Gustave Le Bon's "La Psychologie des Foules." If your French is rusty, read it in English, for the book has probably been translated, and not long ago the psychology of crowds was treated by a writer in English. "Doug" and "Mary" are to thousands not only as household words; the man and the woman are better known in every town where there is a moving picture house than any other Americans of high or low degree.

Nor are Americans the only people that show this peculiar sort of extravagant hero worship. In London our friend, Mr. Charlie Chaplin, arriving was mobbed by his worshippers, mauled and kissed in the frenzy of enthusiasm so that the poor wretch was forced to keep his room the next day, and on the days succeeding found peace in going about only by artful disguises, false whiskers, wigs, perhaps a made up nose, a limping walk; or by imprisonment in a closed motor car.

ROMANTIC OR COMIC?

Some, admitting that they were greatly entertained by the filmed version of "The Three Musketeers," regretted that Mr. Fairbanks as d'Artagnan was not more romantic. They reproached him for being farcical at times. Some who had not read Dumas's novel evidently thought that d'Artagnan is a distinctively comic character.

Now Mr. Fairbanks was not known on the "legitimate" stage as a romantic actor. No one, to our knowledge, ever suggested that he should play Romeo, the Count of Monte Cristo, the Corsican Brothers or in "The Lyons Mail." If Mr. Fairbanks as d'Artagnan had not been farcical at times, if he had not played his part in comic vein, the audience would have been wofully disappointed. His admirers would have rubbed their eyes and said: "'Doug' has gone off. What's the matter with him?"

We remember the first performance in Boston of "Mid-Channel" in which Miss Ethel Barrymore played admirably a tragic part. Behind us sat two men and two women, evidently strangers. They had dined well. The thick-necked, flush-faced man threw out alcoholic whiffs. The women, too well-fed, blazed with precious minerals. At the end of the first act one man said to his companions: "Ethel isn't a bit funny tonight. Let's get out of this."

GLORIOUSLY MUTE

Nearly a dozen years ago Remy de Gourmont found pleasure in filmed plays. He wrote in the Mercure de France: "One of the charms of the kinematograph is that no one speaks. The text is the thing the least respected in the playhouse. In the film theatre the ear is not rasped. The characters keep to themselves the foolish and customary dialogue. This is a great relief. The mute play is the ideal distraction, the best resting place. Images pass, borne along on light music. One does not even have the trouble of dreaming."

In like manner Anatole France years ago praised the marionette show, chiefly because the comedians he saw did not speak.

Seeing Mr. Fairbanks as d'Artagnan, one can easily imagine him speaking French fluently, though with a Gascon accent. When Mr. Fairbanks spoke from a box in Selwyn's Theatre to his delirious worshippers, his voice was anything but romantic, although his remarks were to the point and his behavior was reasonably modest. The voice! Ah, men and brethren, that voice! It suggested the immediate need of a file and sandpaper.

And so, though we admired Mr. Fairbanks in thrilling dramas, seeing him leap from a roof 10 stories high on a moving express train, jumping through cellar windows and across yawning chasms, riding bare-back a foaming steed after the manner of James Robinson, and performing other amazing athletic feats by which he baffled the villain and won his palpitating gu-r-r-r-l; although we are not at all disconcerted by the fact that his d'Artagnan is more a comic than a romantic character—and it should be remembered that the great Dumas loved scenes of rough humor and was a merry soul—we do not wish to hear him making love or in heroic vein.

Sept 22 1921

The other day we were asked why mulligatawny soup was so named. Not quite sure that the name did not come from an inventive cook named Mulligan, we said with an air of confidence, "It's an East Indian word," and we left the room hurriedly, fearing exposure. In the library of the Porphyry, where no one lingers except to sleep, we consulted a dictionary—blessed be the books that have helped us! "Mulligatawny. An East Indian highly seasoned soup; mulligatawny paste, curry paste used for this. From the Tamil 'milagutan nir,' pepper water." Fortunately no one has asked us where the Tamil race is found.

Now we should like to know who invented Worcestershire sauce. In our boyhood the legend on the label had a singular attraction for us: "From the recipe of a nobleman in the county." Yankee born and Yankee bred, we were impressed by the word "nobleman," also by the coat of arms on the label. For 50 years or more we have wished to know the name of this nobleman, who compounded a sauce for his meat and fish.

A few days ago we read in an English newspaper a story about this sauce. "The butler of a noble family was accustomed to purchase his ingredients from a local chemist, who in those days united the business of both grocer and druggist. The chemist persuaded the butler to impart his secret of the sauce, which the chemist [illegible] make and sell. Thus the family condiment became local, then national, and today is universal, so that the manufacturers have long forgotten their original pestle and mortar."

We have consulted Mr. Herkimer Johnson, hoping that in the mass of material for his colossal sociological work a note would name this nobleman. He advised us to look into Jesse Salisbury's "Glossary of Words and Phrases Used in S. E. Worcestershire." Then he laughed a harsh, grating laugh. (Since he has received the tax bill for his cottage at Clamport he has been in an execrable humor.) We have looked through the "Glossary," but find nothing about the famous sauce. Perhaps the nobleman lived in N. E. Worcestershire or S. W. Worcestershire. However, we were repaid, for on page 70 we find that shingles is cured by an ointment made of grease from a church tenor bell; corns should be cut on the first Friday after full moon; a snakeskin worn inside a hat or bonnet keeps away headache, while whooping-cough is cured by eating on nine successive mornings a slice of bread, which has previously been buried in the earth for 24 hours.

Our interest in the sauce is purely academic. All sauces are to us an abomination. In the Paris of our student days the staler the fish the more piquant the sauce. And to think there are men and women that smother raw oysters in some horrid mess, and welcome that enormity, an oyster cocktail!

THE INSPIRED COMPOSITOR

(N. Y. Times.)

"Roscoe Arbuckle is just a great big, lovable, pleasure-loving, overgrown boy whose success and propriety (sic) have been a little too much for him . . . Minta Durfee . . . said yesterday."

NAMED FOR THE PROFESSION

(Northfield Press.)

T. A. GABB

BARBER

FIRST CLASS SERVICE
HAIR CUTTING
SHAVING

ON THE OMNIBUS

As the World Wags:

Relative to "Omnibus Courtesy," another quip which went the rounds several years ago was that of the navvy riding on top of a bus in the rain.

Each time the 'bus stopped he descended the steps, hoping an inside passenger had alighted, but no such thing happened. Becoming disgusted at last and swaying back and forth in the deluge, he blurted out:

"Crikey, ain't none of yer got any 'omes?" JOHN CHARITY.

Bridgewater.

IN THE MANNER OF PETRONIUS

As the World Wags:

Mrs. F. X. Phinnell, whose monograph on the pictorial and literary aspects of corpulency is treasured by amateurs of artistic caviar, is also an amateur of the strange and exotic in letters. From her Cambridge library she sends me the published fragment of Aubrey Beardsley's "Under the Hill," with the comment, "sui generis." But is it? Only, perhaps, in its atmosphere of poisonous irony and iridescent surface brilliancy which films the esoteric decay.

You remember the supper frockless Helen gives to the Abbe Fanfreluche? "There were spotted veils that seemed to stain the skin, fans with eye slits in them, through which the bearers peeped and peered . . . fans of big living moths stuck upon mounts of silver sticks. . . . Masks of the heads of birds, of apes, of serpents, of dolphins, of men and women, of little embryons and of cats; masks like the faces of gods; masks of colored glass, and masks of thin talc and of India rubber. There were wigs of black and scarlet wools, of peacock feathers, of gold and silver threads, of swansdown, of the tendrils of the vine, and of human hair . . . tunics of panthers' skins that looked beautiful over pink tights . . . drawers flounced down to the ankles, and flecked with tiny, red roses; stockings clocked with fetes galantes, and curious designs; and petticoats cut like artificial flowers . . . Some of the women had put on delightful little moustaches dyed in purple and bright greens, twisted and waxed with absolute skill; and some wore great white beards, after the manner of Saint Wilgeforte. Then Dorat had painted extraordinary grotesques and vignettes over their bodies, here and there. Upon a cheek, an old man scratching his horned head; upon a forehead, an old woman teased by an impudent amor, upon a shoulder, an amorous singerie; round a breast, a circlet of satyrs; about a wrist, a wreath of pale, unconscious babes; upon an elbow, a bouquet of spring flowers; across a back, some surprising scenes of adventure; at the corner of a mouth, tiny red spots; and upon a neck, a flight of birds, a caged parrot, a branch of

fruit, a butterfly, a spider, a drunken dwarf, or, simply, some initials."

Is this a natural child of literature, or can its legitimacy be traced?

Cambridge. O. Z. MAULE.

We first read "Under the Hill" in the Savoy, the excellent magazine that died too soon. The pictures that Beardsley drew for his story are among his best, as the one showing Helen at her toilet.—Ed.

RECEIVED HIS OWN DEATH MONEY

The Daily Chronicle of London recently published a paragraph that recalls the experience of Jimmie Gubbins in that amusing comedy, "Three Live Ghosts," played at the Plymouth Theatre in last May:

"Early in September, 1914, a London man received official information from the war office that his brother, a private in the Bedfords, had been killed in the retreat from Mons. The family went into mourning and the fallen soldier's insurance money—£100—was claimed, received and divided as his will directed. A month or so later his brother woke from a vivid dream one night, saying: 'Tim's not dead. He has just been in the room to say he is a prisoner of war; that we are not to worry, as he is all right.'

"Despite family skepticism, the brother stuck to his vision, and on Nov. 5 a postcard arrived from Germany with the precise wording of the message in the dream. Incidentally, the insurance company was so impressed that it did not reclaim the £100, which the dead (?) man lived to receive on his return from Germany after the armistice."

HEALTH NOTE

(Cardinal du Perron, 1556—1618)

"I believe that any one who eats equal amounts of bread and meat will be in much better health. Some eat bread only to cleanse the mouth. Bread is an excellent nourishment; and is not easily spoiled. I eat a great deal of it."

PROPHETIC SOULS

It is interesting to recall what was written about moving picture theatres a dozen years ago. That graceful, well-informed and acute writer, M. Octave Uzanne, whose illustrated books on the fan, the umbrella, the glove, the muff and "Son Altesse la Femme" were once favorite Christmas gifts, having seen Edison's first film at Menlo Park, wrote an article about it for the Figaro in 1893, and then stated that Edison "finding his compatriots too material and too commercial, wished to give the French and France the first fruits of his invention." Uzanne's "Sottisier des Moeurs," published in 1911, contains an essay on the film theatre in which he says: "Who knows if the phono-kinematographic newspaper will not be created some day with prodigious success? One will go to it to see the animated drama of the night before, howling with life and brutal coloring, the smiling portraits of men of tomorrow, all the images of events reflecting nature, the stage settings emphasizing the facts and bringing them out in their surroundings."

This prophecy has been partially fulfilled. When this newspaper arrives in its fulness, the camera man will be the best man in the church wedding.

Sept 23 1921

In an editorial article, "Menace to the Dictionary," the New York Evening Post refers to "the indiscriminate dumping of foreign words on the American market. Consider 'agenda.' In the intervals that he is not occupied with Yap or oil or Mexico, our secretary of state is reported to be putting in all his time on the agenda of the approaching armament conference. There may be hasty readers of the press whose memory of their college Latin has grown misty or who have never been brought into touch with the tongue of Cicero and Julius Caesar. They vaguely wonder what is this agenda that Mr. Hughes is getting ready for the conference. Has it anything to do with hotel accommodations or the order of diplomatic precedence or the arrangement of tables in the conference room? It does not matter whether one discovers or not that 'agenda' means 'program.' In either case, a foreign word has been injected into the common speech where a good old English word would do, to the dislocation of national unity. A good deal of this has been going on since the war. We became infected with, perhaps immunized to, 'communique.' We have almost learned to accept 'plebiscite.'"

"PLEBISCITE" AND "AGENDA"

"We have almost learned to accept 'plebiscite.'"

This word in connection with Roman history is found in Bellendene's translation of Livy (1533). Denoting a popular decree, it was used in English in 1637. The present use, without regard to Roman history, is at least 60 years old. Little says that Voltaire brought the old word into more modern use in 1776, by describing the vote in certain Swiss cantons. The word became familiar in English from the plebiscite in France (1852), conferring the imperial crown on Napoleon III in ratification of the coup d'etat in 1851. Kinglake, in his history of the Crimean war, in his vitriolic description of Napoleon the Little's character, wrote: "He knew how to strangle a nation in the night-time with a thing he called a plebiscite." Kinglake gave plebiscite a capital "P" and enclosed the word in quotation marks. This was in 1863. Herbert Spencer and others have used the word, so that many accepted it, though the Evening Post is still "learning" it. Old Bailey's English dictionary, the dictionary of our grandfathers, in which the "indecent" words were carefully inked for family use, which provoked the curiosity of youngsters, has the word "Plebiscitur," a decree of the people or commons without the senate. (Second edition, 1736.)

As for "agenda." We quote from the Great Oxford Dictionary.

Agend. Plural agends (obsolete or archaic), agenda. 1. Things to be done (1753), matters of practice or ritual as distinguished from matters of belief. 2. Matters of ecclesiastical practice or ritual (obsolete). 3. Items of business to be considered at a meeting (1882, Pall Mall Gazette). 4. A memorandum book. In 1475 the verb "communique" was used in English, meaning "to communicate."

"PREVENTORIUM"

As the World Wags:

I saw in Essex Junction, Vt., this sign:

"Vermont Preventorium for Children. Visitors welcome." What is a preventorium?

Boston. BOLSHEVIK.

Vermont is a state which we hold in the greatest respect, although we left it when we were a few months old. Vermont, if we are not mistaken, was the only state in the years of the civil war that paid its debts in gold. We do not know what a "preventorium" is, but as it is in Vermont we approve the institution, even if it were established to prevent children from leaving the state. Ed.

BENIGHTED WATERTOWN

As the World Wags:

It would be unkind, if not unjust, to deposit the whole blame at your doorstep; however, you'll find enough there to stumble over, if you ever cross your threshold to face an angry mob of Melvillians! Your well-intentioned propaganda costs us dearly. Prices have gone up sky high.

One bookseller in Boston can't get the "Piazza Tales" for love or money. Another had a copy offered to him (first and apparently only edition) at $4.50. I politely declined. At last by the merest chance I obtained through him a copy marked "discarded"—mind you—by the Watertown public library; price $2. I'm not kicking. On the contrary, now that I have read the book, I'll confess that it is worth those two iron men, and more.

But I am moved to reflect on the fact that Watertown had no use for these stories, and upon this extraordinary thing: At the end of that wonderfully uncomfortably tale about the poor, demented Scrivener, once employed in the Dead Letter Office, one Watertown reader (perhaps the one that recommended the book for the dump-heap) has indulged in the following pencilled opinion: "This Herman Melville is a great humbug." As one of the converted, I would urge you therefore, move on to Watertown, and smite the Waterstownsman with your ire. E. E.

Boston.

Are booksellers able to procure for you Melville's "Israel Potter," "The Confidence Man," "Pierre, or the Ambiguities?" If so, at what price. A contributor to the Nation and Athenaeum of London states that the British Museum is without a copy of the "Piazza Tales." These stories worked their strange spell on us when years ago we read them in Putnam's Magazine, that monument to the fine taste of George William Curtis, the editor. Reading the tales again and again, we are at a loss to say which is the best. "The Bell Tower" has been reprinted in collections of short stories, yet we prefer "Bartleby" and "Benito Cereno," the account of Capt. Amasa Delano's surprising adventures. Whenever a thunderstorm comes along, we think of "The Lightning-Rod Man" and loathe the critic who, years ago, characterized it as "grotesque verbiage." He probably came from Watertown. Ed.

Sep 24 1921

Some time ago "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," adapted from the French of A. Savoire, was pitchforked from the stage of a New Haven theatre. When the play was produced in New York on Sept. 19, Mr. J. Rankin Towse of the Evening Post cruelly spoke of the protector of morals in New Haven as the "rural police authority." Mr. Towse says this officer was "right enough in his conclusion, if weak in his premises. He was a trifle vague, so are a good many other estimable folk, on the subject of morality. The concoction is not immoral. To condemn it on that score is to commit an error in definition and in fact. If he had simply denounced it as an insult to ordinary intelligence and as a gross and palpable offence against common sense and decent manners, he would have been in an unassailable position." Mr. Towse further characterizes the farce as "uncouth, clumsy and stupid."

We read this farce in French some months ago and found it witty, very amusing, and not too audacious. When we heard that it was to be played in English, we did not trust our ears, especially when it was said that Mr. Edmund Breese was to play the American multi-millionaire. Mr. Breese is a capable actor of certain roles, but he is wholly unfitted by nature for this part. Furthermore, a translation into English would necessarily vulgarize the farce which should be played by French comedians for a French audience.

A MR. DEMPSEY OF 1184 (?) B. C.

As the World Wags:

It is some time since the million dollar prize fight, but I presume all the circumstances of that contest will remain fixed in our memories till another comes along to drive it out.

In connection with this I was struck most forcibly while reading the 23d book of the Iliad of Homer, an ancient poet whose name Babe Ruth has made familiar to the American "peepul," of a prize fight which took place at the funeral games of Patroclus, presumably at least 1000 years before Christ, by the wonderful similarity between this, perhaps the first prize fight of which we have any knowledge, and the one which took place last July in Newark, N. J. There was a good deal of difference in the value of the prizes, for the first prize in the old fight was a mule and the second a gold cup. But the challenger used the same language which fighters have used ever since, down to the days of Dempsey and Carpentier. "The great and noble Epelus, son of Panopeas, skilled in boxing, laid his hand upon the patient mule and said, 'Let the man who takes the two-handed cup (the second prize) come forth, wherever he may be, for I assert that no other of the Greeks will win the fight and take the mule, for I boast that I am the best.'"

Then comes the astonishingly frank confession which makes the fight the exact counterpart of the one the other day, except that old Epeius was more frank than Dempsey.

"Shall it not suffice (in my dispraise) to say that I am a slacker in war, for no man can be a devil at every kind of work. But I will tell you something and it shall be fulfilled. I'll crush his flesh and break his bones; and let his seconds be here ready to carry him out when he is conquered by my hand."

The rest of the account tells how the contestants girded themselves and bound on the leather straps about their fists and how the great hero Diomed showed marked interest in the rival contestant, Euryalus (probably because he had done his duty in the war and perhaps heartened all the boys in the "expeditionary force" of those days by giving boxing exhibitions). But the slacker won by a crashing blow in the jaw of his crouching opponent, just as the bruiser Dempsey won this year, and Euryalus was carried out, his legs limp, his head rolling from side to side and his mind wandering. In other words he was knocked silly.

The surprising part is that these two prize fights, the one before the beginning and the other toward the end of history up to the present, should have been won by bruisers who were "slackers in war," only the prehistoric bruiser was not ashamed to admit it, while the modern hero had to have it pinned on to him by draft boards and investigating committees. B. L. F.

Boston.

A GENTLEMAN

At least once a year, we are tempted to say, once a month, an English or an American newspaper publishes a letter, sometimes letters, defining the word "gentleman," and enumerating the attributes of this shadowy being. The School Magazine of the Council Boys' School, Maldon, Essex, England, has published verses by Master John Roberts, aged 14.

A man's a man,
But ev'ry man
Is not a gentleman.
Those moneyed men
Called "gentlemen"
Who scorn to work,
As mankind can,
Are but disguised as gentlemen.
A gentleman should be
A friend in need,
A brother to all
In sympathy.
Should scorn to covet wealth,
Or be filled with false ambitions
But show the Master's humble life
To all classes and conditions.
Once on this earth
A true Gentleman trod;
But not as we,
Oft perverse to God;
But a friend to all
Who felt His need;
And scorned all untrue
To his heavenly creed.

McLENAN, NOT "McLENNAN"

As the World Wags:

Your remarks about an American artist in the sixties was interesting. Was not his name "McLennan"? His small "story" pictures in the back of Harper's Monthly were always funny and well-drawn. There is a volume published by Harper of the humorous things in the back of the magazines, which has illustrations by McLenan. He also illustrated "The American Joe Miller." The frontis piece represents a man drawing a wagon in which his horse is riding; he was an absent-minded man.

McLenan's drawings for the Wilkie Collins novels were fine—for that time, but those of Darley were even better, especially his illustrations for "A Tale of Two Cities." McLenan drew for Harper's Weekly and attained notoriety and excited much indignation in the North by his drawing representing Abraham Lincoln on his way to the inauguration in '61, disguised in a Scotch cap and a long cloak, as skedaddling through Baltimore, a "fact" history has disputed. McLenan was the first comic artist and illustrator of his time. A collection of his drawings would be interesting and valuable. JAS. B. RUSSELL.

Lowell.

Vanity Fair also published a caricature of Lincoln wrapped in a cloak and with a Scotch cap drawn down over his eyes. We do not remember McLenan's caricature. To our mind, he surpassed all others in illustrating "A Tale of Two Cities." His conception of Wilkie Collins's Count Fosco is a masterpiece.—Ed.

Sept 25 1921

The Herald is indebted to Mr. Robert G. Shaw for some interesting programs of concerts in Boston, beginning with the year 1839.

In that year at the Masonic Temple, on April 7, a "miscellaneous" concert was given by the Boston Musical Institute. The conductor was T. Comer; the leader was L. Ostinelli, men prominent in the musical life of Boston for many years. An overture by Beethoven was played for the first time; the program does not state which one. Then came selections from "The Sceptic." Mrs. Phipps sang the solo, "Supreme and Universal Light." Mr. Blaney, "solo basso," sang:

Behold he comes—the Sceptic, worn and wan
With slow decay! Oh, hush, ye winds! breathe lightly—
His trembling hands are grasped—in thrilling tones
He cries—Have mercy! have mercy!—Great God.

And then the chorus "softly":

Hush! hush! he comes, we hear his prayer.
He pleads for peace—the balm for care.

Who wrote the music of "The Sceptic"? Mr. Blaney also sang a recitative and air by Calcott; there was a duet for two sopranos arranged by Comer, and the program included Romberg's "Power of Song" and Richard Garbert's "Hymn of the Seasons."

The program was printed at the Musical Gazette office by Kidder and Wright, 82 Congress street.

A grand musical jubilee was held at the Odeon by the Boston Brigade Band on May 9, 1844. The leader was A. F. Knight. The leader of the B. B. B. was J. Bartlett. The singers were Messrs. Dunn, Bartlett, J. M. White, Knight, Cutting and A. White. The solo performers were Messrs. Knight, Bartlett, J. M. White, Cutting and Fergus, who was also pianist. There were overtures by Auber and Rossini, music for the full band by Walch, Rossini, Carafa, Brepsant; a trio for trombones, a trio for ophicleides, composed by Burditt, two clarinet solos—one by Baermann, an ophicleide solo and an octave trumpet solo. There were glees and songs. One of the glees was our old friend "The Tiger Couches in the Wood." The other, by Cooke, might well be sung in these sad days.

When me boy, you bring the draught,
O let no madning bowl be quaffed,
But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grapes intemperate glow.

Let not the fiery god be single,
But with nymphs in union mingle;
For though the bowl's the grave of sadness
Oh, be it ne'er the birth of madness.

No, banish from our board tonight
The revelries of rude delight;
To Scythians leave these wild excesses—
Our's be the joy that soothes and blesses.

And while the temp'rate bowl we wreathe
Our choral Hymns shall sweetly breathe,
Beguiling every hour, along
With harmony or soul and song.

Sound advice today. Let makers of synthetic gin put water in it before consumption. Let those passionately addicted to "madning" grape juice put water in it.

Nor was program music neglected in 1844. The concert ended with the "Amer

n Battle Piece, composed by Hewitt, ranged by Burditt, entitled 'The Bat- of Trenton.'" Here is the "Descrip- on of the Battle. Introduction. The my in motion. General orders. Ac- amations of the Americans. Drums at to arms. Washington's march. e American Army crossing the Dela- are under General Washington. Trum- ts sound to the charge. Grand attack. nnons. Defeat and flight of the Hes- ns. The Hessians begging quarter. e fight renewed. Cannons. General nfusion. The Hessians surrender emselves prisoners of war. Articles capitulation signed. Grief of the nericans for the loss of their com- des. Yankee Doodle. Grand quick p. Trumpets of victory. General re- cing." Tickets for this concert were be had of Ashton & Wade, Parker & tson, H. Prentiss, George P. Reed. ey were 50 cents apiece.

At a concert of the Boston Academy Music on Oct. 25, 1845, the program luded "Carafa's overture to "Prison Edinburgh" (Carafa's overture to isoner of Edinburgh," a flute solo Berriguler, played by Mr. Roessel; iano solo, "Dandy Jim," with varia- ns "a la valse, scherzevole, etc., for ht and left hand," played by Mr. dwin; an oboe fantasia on a theme m Auber's "Gustave," played by Mr. Ribas; the overture to "Der Frei- uetz" and Beethoven's seventh sym- ony. "The Pastoral Symphony is in earsal, and will be shortly pro- ced."

Overture to "Tannhaeuser"

he Germania Musical Society gave a nd subscription concert on Oct. 22, , in Boston Music Hall. The pro- m stated that the orchestra had n enlarged in all its departments. consists at present of about 50 thor- h musicians, including the members the Quintet Club and many of the t resident musicians in Boston, form- in all as complete an orchestra as appear in this city. They will also assisted by Mad'lle Caroline Pin- d, a very superior vocalist, and Carl use, pianist."

t this concert the "Overture to the nd Romantic Drama, 'Tannhaeuser der Saenger Krieg auf der Wart- g,'" was played "for the first time America." There was this note: "A cription of this overture as written the Composer will be found in ight's Journal of Music of Oct. 22."

iss Pintard sang an aria from Doni- t's "Maria di Rudenz" and Alary's lebrated Concert Polka with varia- is." Can any one tell us about her?

Hause played Thalberg's "Don vanni" fantasia.

rl Zerrahn played Bricialdi's Con- o in E major.

hg orchestra compositions were Beet- en's C Minor Symphony, the "Invita- n to the Dance,"—Weber, Berlioz, the overture to "Athalia."

ccording to the wishes of many sub- bers, the seats were not reserved. "It g, the object of the agent (Henry idt) to give entire satisfaction, the rs will be opened only three-quarters n hour before the concert, thus giv- an equal chance to all to procure h seats as may be desired."

Thalberg and Others

t his concert in Music Hall on March 1857, Thalberg, the pianist, played his tasias on "Norma," "Masaniello" and ucrezia Borgia," and his "Home. eet Home." He was assisted by Mme. annsen, soprano; Mme. d'Angri, con- to, and Louis Schreiber, cornetist. March 29 Thalberg, with the two gers, Mr. Weinlich, bass of the Ger- n opera from Niblo's Garden; Mrs. g and Mr. Arthurson, were an- nced for a Handel and Haydn con- t. On March 31 Thalberg played with hestra Beethoven's Concertot in C inor, introducing his own cadenza, and the first time in Boston his "Airs sses" and his new fantasia on "The Rose of Summer."

he new organ built for the Hollis t Church (Rev. T. Starr King's) mmons and Willcox was "opened" Oct. 3, 1857. This organ has 40 stops, ical and mechanical. Three rows keys: compass of each from CC 56 notes; compass of pedals, two ves and two semitones. The or- ists were A. U. Hayter, S. A. Ban- t, J. C. D. Parker, J. H. Willcox, R. Babcock, Mr. Baumbach, and J. Lang. The organ music was by h and Rink and there were impro- tions. The quartet of the church, s Franklin, Mrs. McFarland, Mr. w, Mr. Upham, were assisted by s. Fowle, Mrs. Coverly. Miss Wash- n, Miss Humphrey, Mr. Stone and Wright.

he first introduction to the opera hengrin" was performed for the first e at one of Carl Zerrahn's Philhar- nic concerts on Jan. 14, 1860, when hr's "The Earthly and the Heavenly Human Life," a double symphony two orchestras, was also performed the first time in this city.

t Mr. Zerrahn's Philharmonic con- t on Feb. 11, 1860, the overture to yerbeer's "Pardon de Ploermel" was formed for the first time in this ntry and Schindelmeisser's overture "Uriel Acosta" for the first time in ston. The program carried a page e descriptive of the latter overture.

le Bull announced his "farewell con- t and last appearance" in this city on Oct 4 at the Melodeon. The date of the year was not given. A pencil note on the program "1862?" He played his own Concerto, Paganini's "Carnival of Venice," his own Cantabile Doloroso and Rondo Giocoso and Adagio Religioso (or "A Mother's Prayer." Mr. Duffield sang an air by Boieldieu, songs by Horn and Carter, and "Fifty Years Ago," a song of the western pioneers, adapted to the air of "The Days When We Went Gipsying" (by request).

On Oct. 1, 1864, at A. P. Peck's concert, Clara Louise Kellogg, H. W. Barry, tenor (his first appearance in concert in this city), and J. H. Willcox and W. E. Thayer, organists, took part. Also "Alice Dutton, the child pianist, a pupil of Mr. Lang, whose very successful debut last season at the Orchestral Concerts, and recent progress, justifies the manager in announcing as a wonderful performer."

On Jan. 10, 1876, Hans von Buelow in Music Hall played Bach's Italian Concerto, Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata and joined B. and F. Listemann, E. Gramm and A. Hartdegen in a performance of Schumann's piano quintet. The Quartet played a quartet by Haydn and Lizzine Cronyn sang songs by Spohr, Mercadante and Rubinstein. At his concerts on Jan. 11 and 12 he played music by Schumann, Beethoven, Brahms (XXV. Variations and Fugue on an air of Handel's) and took part in the performance of Raff's piano quintet, Mozart's piano quartet in G minor, Spohr's piano quintet and Rheinberger's piano quartet.

Josef Hofmann will be one of the soloists at the Boston Symphony orchestra concerts this coming season. Here is the program of his concert in Music Hall on Dec. 23, 1887. On the first page of the program there is a picture of him seated before the piano with his face turned toward the audience. There are also these side remarks: "Josef Hofmann, the wonderful child pianist and composer, aged 10. Josef Hofmann, the greatest genius on the pianoforte since the days of Mozart. Under the direction of Messrs. Henry E. Abbey and Maurice Grau."

Adolph Neuendorff conducted the orchestra; Romualdo Sapio was the accompanist.

Overture, Jubel.....Weber
Orchestra.
Concerto in C major, No. 1,.....Beethoven
J. Hofmann.
Aria from "Il Guarany".....Gomez
Mme. Hastreiter.
Violin solo, Fantasie Caprice.....Vieuxtemps
Miss Nettie Carpenter.
Nocturne .....Chopin
Etude .....Ravina
Berceuse, Waltz.....J. Hofmann
Improvisation on a theme given by any lady or gentleman in the audience.
J. Hofmann.
Romanza from "Ernani".....Verdi
Sig. De Anna.
Harp solo, "Reverie".....J. Thomas
Mme. Sacconi.
Recitative and Aria from "Elijah".Mendelssohn
Mr. Theo. Bjorksten.
Polacca .....Weber-Liszt
J. Hofmann.

The orchestra in this number will be conducted by his father and teacher, Herr Casimir Hofmann.

Huldigungs March.....Wagner
Orchestra.

Notes About Drama and Music; Also of a Personal Nature

Lauri de Freee died at Deauville as the result of an operation for peritonitis on Aug. 24. He had suffered for some time from a gastric trouble, which often prevented his acting. Born in Liverpool in 1880, educated at Liverpool College, he appeared in 1890 in a sketch at the Gaiety of that city, gained experience by touring, even playing clown in a circus. He served in the Boer war, and afterwards spent four years in South Africa on a circuit. Returning to London he played in the halls, but first was noticed in the West End theatres as the Keeper of the Crocodiles in "Amasis' (1906). Then he was seen in many parts. In this country he played in "Tonight's the Night" (December, 1914). Of late his chief appearances were in "The Maids of the Mountains," "A Marriage of Convenience," "The Little Dutch Girl." He married in 1914 Fay Compton, widow of H. G. Pelessier.

H. Lawrence Freeman announces a production soon of his new opera, "The Martyrs," but does not say where he will produce. The two acts pass in Egypt. The costumes and settings are designed by a young negro.

Mme. Rosa Linde, a contralto, who made concert tours with Mme. Nordica and others, died Sept. 3 at Gladstone, N. J.

Mme. Caterina Marco, an operatic singer, who made her debut in New York in 1872, grand-daughter of Sol Smith, was singing at the Harlem Opera House on Sept. 12 in vaudeville.

The Society of Spanish Authors has erected a monument to Ruperto Chapi in Madrid. It is the first time that the memory of a musician has been commemorated in Spain.

Princess Wah-Letka, "the Cherokee seeress," is returning to this country. During her stay in England, "she certainly scored one of the biggest successes that ever fell to the lot of a visiting artist." Thus the Stage.

Apropos of recent instances of booing in London on a first night, the Stage printed on Sept. 1 a hitherto unpublished letter of Henry Irving. It was written at Glasgow Nov. 23, 1878. Irving's view on the subject of hissing was shown by his rebuke to malcontents on his production of "Twelfth Night.' The letter runs as follows: "Dear Sir—Pardon my delay in answering your letter of Oct. 26. Pressure of business must plead my excuse. Pray receive my best thanks for your honest and kindly letter and for all the good wishes which you are good enough to express for myself but I am sorry that you hissed on the occasion referred to. Such an overt act of disapproval must be terribly painful to the feelings of an artist, and should, in my opinion, follow a breach of moral propriety, should such occur. Should you on any occasion not approve of the performance of an artist who has committed no breach of good taste, it were wiser and more tender of you to leave the theatre and allow others to approve should they see fit to do so, than to hiss. You see I write frankly as to a friend—for as a friend I regard you."

Harry Lauder will arrive in this country about Oct. 3 and begin his tour on Oct. 17 at the Lexington, New York.

George Footit, an English clown who settled in Paris many years ago, died on Monday (Aug. 29), aged 51. Footit was a household name in France, and for many years it was popular with French children at the Nouveau Cirque. He worked at one period with a colored partner called "Chocolat," and the two formed a happy combination, their broken French being very amusing. He retired some years ago and became a restaurant proprietor. Footit had a season some years ago at the London Hippodrome.—The Stage.

Her Majesty's Theatre in London has been leased by Grossmith and Malone, Ltd. Next month Oscar Asche will produce "Mecca." Mr. Asche, Lily Brayton and Courtice Pounds will have leading parts.

Mme. Albani in a letter to the London Times discuses the cause of the present lack of good singers. "In my opinion every student should be taught to sing on the old Italian method, as this fits them to sing not only Italian music, but every other kind. Unfortunately this has for a long time past been much neglected, and hence the inferior singing and the difficulties encountered by the singers of today when they essay Wagner or modern compositions. It the grounding is Italian, neither Wagner nor the modern music will ever injure the voice. I do not like to speak of my own case, as I may be accused of conceit, and I do so only to prove my argument. I learnt to sing entirely on the Italian method, and I have sung several Wagner operas, besides music of all kinds, without feeling the least bad effects. Mme. Patti was another great illustration of the same thing. The principal part of her repertoire was Italian—we all know with what success—and no doubt she could have sung the modern music if it had come in her time. Another cause of the decadence of good singing is the anxiety of most students to appear before the public as quickly as possible and long before they are really fit to do so. The artistes of bygone days devoted years to study, but the present-day pupils want to do in three or four months what should take tnree or four years to accomplish."

Zdenko von Kraft has completed the second part of his novel on Richard Wagner entitled "Liebestod." The first volume was "Barrikaden." The third and last volume will appear Jan. 1, 1922, entitled "Wahnfried." The second volume treats of Wagner during his stay at Zurich in the middle of the last century.

Knut Hamsun's "Livet Ivold" will be performed at the Lorensberg Theatre, in Goeteborg, this season.

Dante: His References to Music in the "Divine Comedy"

(London Daily Telegraph)

A brief survey of the place music occupies in the work of Dante needs no apology just now, when the sixth centenary of his death is being celebrated. Dante's love of music was profound and sincere. His references, moreover, throw some light on the art of his time. Had Dante come with the renaissance instead of as its herald, he would probably have explained to us much that is obscure in the Greek conception of functions of music in the state.

His actual knowledge of both the practice and theory of musical art was undoubtedly well above the average. It has been said that he actually studied music with his friend and hero of the second canto of "Purgatory," Casella. There is no solid basis for that belief. It is much more probable that his theoretical knowledge was derived from those authors whose influence in other branches of knowledge is evident—Boethius, Aquinas, St. Augustine. Hence his general attitude—apart from his personal appreciation — reflects their views. With this anachronisic and purely speculative aspect of music he combined practical knowledge and experience. He may have considered music more closely allied to poetry than we can admit, since many have achieved distinction in poetry who had no ear for music, while others have excelled in music who appear totally ignorant of the very elements of poetry. During the years in which the mind is most apt to receive and retain impressions, Dante did eagerly frequent the society of musicmakers, of Belacqua the lute-maker as well as of the singer Casella, thus gathering a store of knowledge that was to contribute largely to the imagery of that monument by which he is chiefly known to posterity. And it is significant that the speculative, the mediaeval element in his references to music, whose interest is purely literary, recur mostly in the earlier works, while in the "Comedy" his savings are more pregnant and illuminating.

There is no denying that for us moderns the mediaeval, as also the ancient, conception of music is something of a mystery. No modern legislator would assign to music the place it holds in Plato's republic. Boethius included music in the four mathematical sciences of the quadrivium—arithmetic, music, geometry and astronomy. Dante undoubtedly looked upon music partly as a mathematical science. He was attracted by the mystic significance of numbers and harmony in a way which recalls the works of predecessors, but also of later writers, and finds a final echo in Sir Thomas Browne's quincunx of heaven. These speculations have lost their value today, but it should not be forgotten that the system of music based on a mathematical formula held good practically until the days of Rameau. Even in Dante's time the contrast existed between melody and polyphony, which played so unpertant a part in the music of last century. There was already a popular music, on the one hand—the music of the troubadours—and the aristocratic and scientific music of the church. References to both abound in the "Divine Comedy."

The first part of the Comedy — the Inferno — has but scanty reference to music. All sound is "sighing and weeping, shrieks of pain and anger." Ordered song and rhythm would be out of place there. In issuing from hell into the milder shades of purgatory the ear of the poets is greeted at once by the first Psalm, "In exitu Israel de Aegypto." We are prepared for this by the usual prefatory invocation, which is not addressed to all the Muses, but to Calliope, the muse of the beautiful voice, mother of Orpheus. And in the second canto we meet Casella, the friend of his young days, the composer whose works are lost, although MSS. still exist of poems by Lemmo Orlandi, with the inscription, "Music by Casella."

The meeting between the friends is a very tender episode, and suggests an exquisite definition of the power of music. After Casella has given Dante an account of his vigil at the mouth of the Tiber before being escorted by an angel, with other souls, to purgatory, Dante begs to be comforted, if the law of the place allows it, with the song that "used to still all my desires." Some scholars and commentators have shown Dante as a stern and unbending character. The word "desires" conjures up a different picture. Instinctively we think of a Shakespeare "desiring" this man's art and that man's scope. The idea of music brings back the gentle poet of the Vita Nuova as the meeting with Francesca da Rimini had revealed him before, a lover rather than a judge. The friendship with Casella recalls the years of action, when he knew all passions, the pride of office, the bitterness of defeat on the field, impure as well as the purest of affections, until he went on his pilgrimage, searching for peace like the "troubled, weary hearts, the stricken-laden consciences," who forgot the world in monasteries. Yet in those early years all longings, doubts, fears were stilled by the power of song. The definition does not, of course, apply to music, since modern music, in particular, has often the opposite effect, and kindles rather than stills desires. But how apt is the definition in respect of Mozart and certain 18th century Italians! From the Purgatory onward music appears an integral part of the machinery of the Comedy. The negligent who died a violent death sing the "Miserere"; "Salve Regina" is heard when the poet journeys, with Virgil and Sordello, through the flowery valley of the Princes, where sits alone Henry III of England. In the eighth canto, beginning with the most quoted of all Dante's verses, the description of the hour of sunset is completed by the song of one of the souls, who celebrates the hour with the hymn "Te lucis ante," to which other souls answer.

It would take long to trace all the reference to music in the Purgatory and in the Paradiso, which begins with an invocation to Apollo and a special mention of his contest with Marsyas. In the Paradiso, indeed, all is sound and light and motion; choir answers choir; songs are heard in unison or in harmony, voices sing together and singly. Polyphonic music is reserved for this third sphere. Two passages must be mentioned apart, as they show us that evils modern critics often complain of nowadays were not unknown to Dante's contemporaries. The first is a passage in the ninth canto of Purgatory, in which Dante says that he could not always hear the words of the Te Deum sung at the gate, "as often happens when people sing with the organ"—clearly pointing to accompanists who, carried away by the music, neglect the just proportion which ought to exist between the instrument and the voice. The second is almost humorous, and occurs in the Convivio. It is more common [illegible] people who wish

to pass as masters than with real masters, writes the poet, and, in order to impress others, blame circumstances for their own mistakes, as the incompetent lute player blames his instrument to exonerate himself. The singer who suffers from a perennial cold, and the violinist who can only play well when there is no one to hear him, are evidently offshoots of a very old genius.

F. B.

Revivals in Paris: "Round the World" and "Ruy Blas": Other Notes.

M. Martial Teneo writes about the stage in Paris for the London Daily Telegraph. We quote from his last letter:

"What a queer idea," said a colleague to me, "to go and see 'Round the World in Eighty Days' again!" "However queer it may seem," I answered, "I think it is an excellent idea." From the evening I spent at the Chatelet I brought away the knowledge that certain representative plays, properly revived at the right time, attract the foreign public. Among the children who were consoling themselves by a visit to the theatre for not having gone to the seaside I remarked the presence of very many Englishmen and Americans, for whom the work of Jules Verne is inscribed, without a doubt, on the list of "things one must see in Paris."

"Round the World" is a typical example of the novel of adventure adapted for the stage. Hence the powerful attraction which it offers to lovers of travel. Personally, I took great pleasure in seeing once more characters who have become so famous all over the world. Every man keeps in his heart a corner sacred to the cherished memories of his childhood, and I am very sure that most of our guests who were so interested in the scenes displayed before them were smiling inwardly at the wraiths of themselves at 10 years old.

For the professional critic, whose comparative faculty is always awake, a new interpretation is always interesting, because, in the midst of theatrical traditions, he discovers temperaments capable of creating the characters anew. Among all the Passepartouts that I have seen, M. Dean perhaps does not realize the Paris street arab to quite so marked an extent as some of his predecessors—Pongaud, among others. But his liveliness and his gayety are accompanied by an imagination very personal to himself, and this is enough to win the sympathy of the public. I have known Phileas Fogg more Anglo-Saxon in appearance than M. Mendaille, but none of them managed to be so phlegmatic in this difficult part. M. Bardes very skilfully portrays the genial Fix, and the Corsican of M. La Renaudie is amusing without ever becoming farcical. Not long ago, so long as an Aouda was beautiful nobody asked that she should be an accomplished artist. Mlle. Symiane yields to none of her forerunners in charm, while in addition she acts splendidly, and never makes the mistake of ranting. Finally, such is the sincerity of Mlle. Williams that she is, rather than acts the part of Makahira. The corps de ballet is beautifully dressed and well trained, with two charming stars—Mlle. Rita Sangletti and Mlle. Mado Vasty—at its head.

The house of Moliere needs an infusion of new blood. That is why I paid special attention to a performance of "Ruy Blas" given by a company of young artists. In these times of ours, given over to half realism and half to psychology, how far could the younger generation combine to realize this romantic work by the greatest master of harmony and rhythm? That was the question, and if the answer did not completely satisfy me, still I was not disappointed. Don Cesar de Bazan corresponds in Hugo's drama to the brilliant Mercutio in Shakespeare's. His is an extraordinary figure, in which all the picaresque of Spain should be visible. M. Brunot, who is one of the best "hopes" of the Comedie Francaise, played this part with a life and sparkle that are unsurpassable, even in spite of what we know of the astonishing achievement once made in the part by Melingue—that wonderful, triumphant figure, in his plumed hat, his cape and his multi-colored hose, owing his success to the lovely lines which are like so many flashes of fire on the black background of the drama. M. Brunot was always natural, whether his part was passionate, poetical or gay; so much so that a cosmopolitan audience gave him an ovation. M. Joube did not forget that Don Juan was originally created by Frederick Lemaitre, played later on by La Fontaine and graven on the minds of the present generation by Mounet-Sully. It would even seem that the study of certain traditions has upset his natural confidence. I should have liked to have seen him, here and there, give freer play to his instincts. Throughout he showed that he has great personal gifts. His violence was splendid and his passion superb in the famous address to the ministers. On the other hand, he sighed out his declaration of love in a timidly adoring way that showed subtle feeling. Does M. Alexandre know that, according to Theophile Gautier, Geffroy, as Don Salluste, was royally icy, impassive, lost to all human feeling, in one word satanic, beneath the correct manners of a nobleman? It is true that M. Alexandre brought out magnificently the imperious side of the character; but he does not altogether realize that sinister quality which is made necessary both by the cold politeness of Don Salluste's words and by his biting contempt. Mlle. Madeleine Renaud was playing the part of Casilda for the first time. Will she become a second Broisat? I do not know; but she proved herself charming and witty, counterbalancing the deadly influence of La Camorera-Mayor (Mlle. Fontenay). The Queen, Mlle. Colonna Romano, would recall to some extent the Marie de Neubourg of Sarah Bernhardt in her youth, if it were not that she does not, perhaps, bring out enough "the look of a dove which has lost its mate," which Gautier talked about in 1872 with reference to the lady wso was destined to become the greatest ornament of the French stage.

In a word, a very fine performance, which thanks to a cast which is young and full of life, gives Victor Hugo his popular place as a classic, while not depriving him of his value as a poet who rebelled against all the strict rules of a bygone time.

A work of pure imagination grows old quickly; a comedy of manners and character always keeps its youth. How was it, then, that the detractors of "Madamoiselle Josette ma Femme," when it was first produced in 1906, made so strange a blunder about the quality of this four-act play by MM. Gavault and Chavry, two authors of genuine wit? At the Theatre Antoine, under the temporary management of MM. Rivers and Paston, this play has just proved its absolute originality of conception, even though it does not concern itself with portraying illicit joys. Andre Ternay, a "bit of an old rip," makes his god-daughter, Josette, his wife—but his wife in name only. She is in love with a charming Englishman, Joe Jackson. It is understood that when this "globe-trotter" returns from his journey round the world, the godfather and pretended husband shall give him back his fiancee with her purity unsullied. But Ternay breaks his word. . . . This subject, sordid in itself, is handled with so much tact that it cannot shock the most prudish. And so both the work itself and its interpreters had a very great success.

For a long time past decentralization has found in each province of the artistic world enthusiastic supporters, in whose ranks I am proud to count myself. not have too much encouragement, since Decentralization in the theatre could it has for its aim education and healthy entertainment for our village communities. In the 16 years since he founded the Theatre aux Champs, M. Princet, mayor of Aulnay, has been able to demonstrate what a great influence his project has exerted. This year added interest was given to the open-air performance presented on the site of the old chateau by the company brought by the National Popular Theatre, the creation of M. Firmin Germier "Poil de Carotte," by Jules Renard, was the principal attraction of the afternoon. In such a rustic setting the masterpiece of our cleverest psychologist took on an extraordinary breadth. The part of the poor little "souffre-douleurs," entrusted to Mlle. Delville, was a revelation of tragi-comic character which deeply moved the country audience. M. Bourny, as old Lepic, Mme. Theray as the rugged Mme. Lepic, Mlle. Loreau as Annette, were applauded with an enthusiasm of which our public in Paris would hardly be capable. A one-act comedy in verse, "L'Apres-midide Rabelais," by M. Princet, written in old French, concluded the program. The Rabelais of M. Bourny, the Camard of Liezer, the Jean d'Escureuil of M. Bayard, and the Brunebelette of Mlle. Delville looked like characters which had stepped out of a 16th century fable. They had a great success, and I was struck by the ease with which an audience consisting partly of peasants followed old-fashioned verse which would have seemed better suited to a literary gathering. A very interesting and useful production which showed that it would be good to extend this movement in all our French provinces following the example of other countries.

Sep. 26 1921

Mr. Jas. B. Russell of Lowell writes with regard to John McLenan: "He illustrated a book of poems on 'The Merrimack,' by a late citizen of this burg, one P. B. Caverley."

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW

As the World Wags:

We have been interested in the communication regarding Carcel lamps. Not long ago we picked up a discarded lamp, admiring its Dresden base and thinking it would be quite stunning converted into an electric tablelamp. However, the necessary wiring has not been done and, after reading the recent letters in your column, we have decided that we possess a choice specimen of a Carcel lamp. It winds with a key, but as to the brilliancy of the light which it may or may not shed, I am unable to say, as we have no wick or chimney for the lamp. Evidently it burns an oil heavier than kerosene, probably whale or lard-oil. The name on the burner is "Gagneau," and the address immediately below is "115 R. Lafayette."

MRS. W. M. HUBBARD.

Keene, N. H.

IN THE PLAYHOUSE

The Herald reported not long ago that the performance by H. Conway Wingfield (formerly a favorite with the Copley Theatre audiences) in "The Poppy God," was thoroughly appreciated by the reviewers in New York. That drama, partly by Leon Gordon, once a popular actor at the Copley Theatre, ran only two weeks. Mr. Wingfield is now taking the part of George Marden, J. P., in A. A. Milne's delightful comedy, "Mr. Pim Passes By" at the Garrick Theatre in New York. Succeeding Kenneth Douglas, he is thus associated with Laura Hope Crews and Leonard Mudie, while the part of Mr. Pim is played by Erskine Sanford.

The following letter has been received. It was addressed to Mr. Henry Jewett:

"I am most enthusiastic over the performance I saw yesterday of 'Mr. Farndon's Daughters.' I don't know when I have seen a performance so thoroughly satisfactory in every detail.

"When a comedian making love can draw tears to the eyes of an old campaigner like myself, he is doing what never in my case has been done before, but that is what Clive did. Foster and the two girls were ideal, and what made a great impression on me was Moffat Johnston's performance of that cruelly thankless part of the cowed husband, as well as Miss Doyle's rendering of the audience-hated wife. Kingsford's work too was delicious and convincing.

"That is the sort of play that makes the Jewett Players loved and admired."

Brookline. QUINCY KILBY.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

As the World Wags:

The clipping bureau has sent in belatedly that delightful letter which appeared in The Herald of Sept. 8, relating to Mr. Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln."

Mr. William Harris, Jr., producer of the play in North America, was particularly pleased by the prediction of Mr. W. E. K. that although English people might be fooled by this drama, it would never do for America. This is a choice sample of Mr. W. E. K.'s knowledge of the world about him. "Abraham Lincoln" was first produced in America on Nov. 8, 1919, at Stamford, Ct., and after successful engagements in Washington and other cities, it opened in New York at the Cort Theatre on Dec. 15, 1919. It ran there without any interruption to large audiences, even through a hot summer, until the end of September, 1920. Then it had engagements in Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston through the remainder of that season. Where Mr. W. E. K. was when the play enjoyed a most prosperous engagement in Boston is a matter for the archeologist. However, the play will return to Boston at some future date and he will then be dismayed to find that there are people in America who like this drama in spite of his dyspeptic viewpoint. The play meantime has resumed its tour of America, and it has also been revived in London at the Lyceum Theatre where it has been playing since July 6.

DAVID H. WALLACE.

New York.

SILVER DOLLAR FLOORS

As the World Wags:

Anent the Palmer House barber shop silver dollar story. I believe the idea had a counterpart in the saloon of "Silver Dollar" Smith in New York. The story brings to my mind the amusing incident of an enterprising peanut peddler who, after "dropping" his wares on the floor was discovered industriously plying an awl in the attempt to remove one of the dollars.

Boston. GENERATION AGO.

LAMPS AND ODORS

As the World Wags:

I am going to tell you a story told me this week, relating to lamps. A dear old lady has been visiting me this week; very healthy and a devout churchgoer. This little introduction is necessary for what follows. She has been following this old lamp business. She remembers the Britannia reflector lamp, and told me it used lard oil. Why she remembers it was because they were obliged to put it away on a high shelf when not in use, because the cat pulled the wicks out and sucked them to get the oil. Don't forget: old lady, very devout and all that.

Your contributor "G. H. F." wrote about "Smells" in an interesting manner. Who was the old duffer who said that the sense of smell was the least important of all the senses? Let me give you a couple of incidents out of my short but not uneventful life.

A few years ago I was in a train going down through North Carolina. As daylight came on I opened the car window and got some of the whiffs from the smoke of the negro cabins. It was over 50 years since, as a soldier, I stood guard in that southern country, but in an instant it all came back to me as clear-cut as an etching, and for hour my mind was back to those old days: Caleb with his hot biscuits, and old mammy with her sweet potato pies.

One day this summer I was sitting in the woods looking over to the Vineyard. I had been having a chat with Mr. Herkimer Johnson and the cheerful optimism of that dear old philosopher had made me think what a fine old world this is, after all.

I reached out, pulled a handful of green stuff, smelled it; lo and behold, it was sweet fern. Again my soul was steeped in a trance. Again I was a boy making sweet fern cigars, and as if it was only last week, I went through the whole of my boyhood.

When we pass out of this great adventure and start on our second life and thence to other lives, will any faint, sweet odors of the things we love here reach us there? Who knows? I do not you do not; only God knows, and he does not tell us.

Osterville. CYRUS H. BATES.

PAGE MR. ——

As the World Wags:

The Sunday Herald recently published some interseting details from a log of the frigate Constitution, regarding her cruise in the Mediterranean.

An acquaintance showed me a letter written home by a boatswain of this same ship who was aboard during the same cruise. In this letter he chronicles the taking passage from one Mediterranean port to another of an American minister and his family. During the voyage the minister's wife gave birth to a son. Says the bo-sun, "we spliced the main brace several times in honor of the event."

It would be interesting to know who this child was or is. Undoubtedly there is a record somewhere of this historic fact.

T. HARRISON.

Sept 27 1921

Last summer, speaking of Mrs. Edith Wharton's "Age of Innocence," we commented on the fact that one of her men found the distance from the Somerset Club in Boston to the Parker House so great that he was forced to call for a cab. Today Mr. Wadlin pointed out other strange incidents in the course of Mr. Archer's adventurous sojourn in Boston.

MRS. WHARTON'S BOSTON

As the World Wags:

No doubt many of your readers have followed with interest the fortunes of Newland Archer in Mrs. Wharton's "Age of Innocence," recalling the New York of the early seventies. How many gave a passing thought to the Carcel lamp, with an engraved globe, in the Archer drawing-room beside which sat Newland's mother and Janey, while the gentlemen smoked below stairs?

And a little later when Archer visits Madame Olenska in her small house far down West Twenty-third street, within "the almost unmapped quarter inhabited by artists, musicians and 'people who wrote,'" one of the lamps made a gurgling appeal for attention. "Madame Olenska rose, wound it up and returned to the fire." Was this also a Carcel? Such allusions, which give verisimilitude, often pass unnoticed by hasty readers intent on the plot.

Mrs. Wharton's realism seems slightly less convincing when she atempts to reproduce the Bostonian atmosphere. Archer comes here in midsummer "on the Fall River train" and finds the streets near the station "full of the smells of beer and coffee and decaying fruit, and a shirt-sleeved populace moved through them."

This might pass perhaps, but the fashionable quarters through which he drove to the Somerset Club for breakfast, seemingly making an unnecessary detour if the quarters through which he passed were really fashionable, and "the air of untidy domesticity. . . . Caretakers in calico lounged on the doorsteps of the wealthy, and the Common looked like a pleasure-ground on the morrow of a Masonic picnic." A picnic of operative or speculative Masons? And why drag in the Masons especially?

After breakfast Archer, evidently anticipating a custom surely not so common then as now, smoked a cigarette instead of a cigar (we are told) and glanced over "The Commercial Advertiser." There was no such paper published in Boston. Perhaps it was the "Commercial Bulletin," but probably the morning "Advertiser," a common accessory of Boston breakfast tables of the period, which needed no adjective to define its character. Wishing to send a note to Mme. Olenska at the Parker House, a short distance across the Common, he orders a cab and impatiently tries to calculate how long it will take to reach that hotel—not a difficult problem certainly.

Afterward, encountering the lady on the Common, they walk back toward Beacon street, and near the club catch sight of "the plush-lined herdic" which had carried his messenger, and are "astonished at the miracle of picking up

public conveyance at that hour, and that unlikely spot, in a city where h-stands were still a foreign novelty." He prevails upon Madame Olenska take a steamer down the harbor to Point Arley," where they have a ore luncheon in a private room with a table covered with a coarse heckered cloth and adorned by a ttle of pickles and a blueberry pie nder a cage." They were super-re-ed folk, mind you, but here they re able to lunch "slowly and med-tatively."

Amid so much realistic detail where e Parker House and the Somerset ub appear without disguise, the me "Point Arley," veils the identity this quasi-Bohemian resort, fre-ented it appears by "strident" young en and women who, Mrs. Wharton careful to inform us, were "inno-nt looking" school teachers on a liday. Was it, by chance, Point All-ton? It couldn't, one feels have en Taft's, at Point Shirley.

Boston. HORACE G. WADLIN.

VERS TRES LIBRE

Ve have received the following ex-ordinary poem, written in ultra-mod-n vein. No doubt it will find its way o the Anthology of 1921. And yet—d yet—is it possible that some one is king a liberty? We publish the poem it is written—verbatim:

I SING OF ADAMS SQUARE

ams Square, O weep, that all they see in you
legs bestained by agents chemical.
ep for those who see not humanity
ursing cross your face
Its noon-time's maddening race;
aiting weary-eyed
r the wee-hour'd snake-car ride;
itering round your rim
r purposes divers and dim.
weep for them, I say, who see not life in you
re vivid than the tales from Lime House Nights.

noon time thick the crowds and fast
hen friends carom off each other witlessly.
oking in vain for the time on your clock,
speed my step to gain at one, my block.
ome to thee late at night
hen the stars are fading away
eeme from Waltham or Revere
here perhaps I took a lady
om Quincy where we danced.
d now I ride to Mattapan.
s tiresome, waiting for a car.
y eyes are weary, bleary.
buy a morning paper, but I cannot read;
m so tired. I'm hungry, too.
ere's Walford's Lunch across the way
ffee and doughnuts the order of the day
sink my teeth into a sinker;—a rumble
r car is come.
olt my food, I bolt across the square
d catch my car that takes me to my dreams.

y Adams Square—while men will tread your face
rried or worried,
m Adams need not grieve for clothes besmirched
large green colored tear
legs bestained by agents chemical.

WOUGHDBY YAFONIAN.
rove Hall.

UNKEMPT BOSTON

the World Wags:

o utterly worthless was the career a notorious village character, that the occasion of his burial the sole rit related of him was the barber's mission that "His was a good neck shave."

n such sections of Boston as still ep "wake" over the demise of John rleycorn, it is at least conceded that ohn's windows were clean to look at." Presumably, the inertia attendant toignant grief mayhap accounts for the esent unkemptness of "John's" for-r establishments throughout the city. owever, it will soon behoove the thorities to remind John's "near-er" successors as to the one merit eir departed ancestor possessed.

All of which adds emphasis to the eeping indictment charged against merican cities by a writer in the cur-nt issue of the Atlantic Monthly, who clares our cities to be "filthy, hideous, isy and dangerous!" Surely Boston nnot plead guiltless to any one of ese counts, being really filthy in its eter part, hideous in its "L" struc-re, dangerous in its menace of ill-gulated auto mania tenacled about its shapen streets and noisy in the mor of the traffic incidental thereto. Boston's unkemptness requires official sistence upon the exercise of initiative maintaining clean business quarters, t as in winter when sidewalks are quired to be clean of snow and ice. e "L" monstrosity will be removed en an aroused civic sense of its hide-sness shall compel a quiescent Leg-ature to enforce its removal. The sy and dangerous traffic can be dified by developing new arteries for nsit and by more segregation and ploying of vehicles.

onsidering the shilly-shallying tac-s pursued during the past three years' attempt at widening the mere strip of Chelsea street, Charlestown, one fears that the present generation will have passed away ere the antiquarians now delving shall have approached the state of progress attained by the excavators of Nineveh or Pompeii. Little wonder Boston is appalled at the prospect of further street widening!

Revere. BARRY BOYLE.

'THE HOTTENTOT'

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Hottentot," a comedy in three acts, by Victor Mapes and William Collier. Played by The Boston Stock Company. The cast:

Celise ..... Helen Milholland
Ollie Gilford ..... Mark Kent
Mrs. Gilford (May)..... Florence Roberts
Swift ..... Ralph Remley
Alec Fairfax ..... Aubrey Boswortl
Mrs. Chadwick ..... Viola Roac
Peggy Fairfax ..... Leona Power
Larry Crawford ..... Frank Charlto
Perkins ..... Benjamin Hadfel
Sam Harrington ..... Walter Gilber
Capt. Townsend ..... Harold R. Cha

The capable St. James Theatre players showed their versatility last nigh by switching from the heavy emotional, as represented by "The Passion Flower," to the lightest and most effervescent of farce-comedy as shown in "The Hottentot." It fitted the organization as a glove fits a hand.

"The Hottentot" is a racing play in which Mr. Collier proved his merit as a comedian at the Hollis Street Theatre last winter. As presented by Walter Gilbert and his people at the St. James it lost nothing whatever in crispness, in appreciation, in that light, deft touch which "puts a piece over" and in genuine fun. Horsey plays are sometimes stodgy. "The Hottentot" never is.

By way of explanation it may be stated that the title of the play has nothing to do with South Africa, as might be supposed by the unenlightened. It is the name of a temperamental race horse which never appears on the stage but which figures prominently in the action, nevertheless.

Sam Harrington, who is the hero, happens to possess the same name as a famous steeple chaser and, being introduced as a guest into an exceedingly horsey society set, is mistaken for this individual. He is promptly drafted to ride in a steeple chase, although owing to an old accident, which robbed him of his "nerve," he detests the very look of a horse.

The complications which arise from his attempts to escape from this job and at the same time not disclose the unwitting fraud form the basis of the story.

In the end, however, he rides in grim earnest, rides the Hottentot, recovers his lost nerve and wins the race and the lady in the good, time-honored way.

Mr. Gilbert, as Sam, carries off the part with spirit and humor. He is ably seconded by Ralph Remley, a newcomer in the company, who plays the comic butler, Swift, in a style which reminds us of some of the best comedians of the past.

Viola Roach gives us a delightful picture of a "smart" lady who succeeds in putting her foot in it most realistically and Leona Powers is a charming and vivacious Peggy, the heroine.

The other members of the cast play with enthusiasm and excellent effect, including Benjamin Hadfield, whose character sketch of Perkins, the groom, was a pleasure to study, and Frank Charlton, the "near villain," who provided the needful foil for the hero's efforts.

"The Hottentot" is designed to amuse. It does. There isn't a dull moment from start to finish.

AT THE MAJESTIC

The second week of Shubert vaudeville opened at the Majestic Theatre yesterday with the bill that inaugurated the policy of the "two-a-day" in New York city a week ago. Last evening there was a crowded house.

It is not too much to say that this bill is one of the best ever given in this city; the least that may be said is it would be hard to select a bill with so many acts entitled to headline honors.

Belle Storey, coloratura soprano, late primo donna of the New York Hippodrome, has a shade the advantage of her talented colleagues. Her act is heightened by her delightful simplicity and unaffected bearing. She sang a varied program that included songs by Gounod, Lelibes, Valverde and Beach. Whether in the exacting operatic aria or the simple song of the people she sang with beauty of tone, with ease and with a fine understanding of the text.

Georgie Price, in an act of marked versatility, entertained with impressions in song and dance of favorites of the stage. The act has the added advantage of getting away from the conventional acts of this type.

Other acts on the bill were Clark and Arcaro, in a comedy sketch that was a delightful outlet for the style of Mr. Clark; Donald Sisters, in a gymnastic exhibition; Regal and Moore, in a sketch showing a many-sided talent; Nonette, a strenuous but none the less musical fiddler; A. Robins, the grotesque musician, in his old act, slightly amplified; Jack Conway and company, in one of the laugh getters of the bill; Anthony, accordeonist; the Three Maeses, ice skaters; and on the film, the Shubert Weekly News and a Mutt and Jeff comedy.

ACTS AT B. F. KEITH'S

There is more real talent packed into B. F. Keith's bill this week than there is in a half dozen ordinary vaudeville bills. Practically every act yesterday proved to be a headliner. Althea Lucas and company opened with an artistic showing of work on the flying rings. Rolls and Royce speeded through about 15 minutes of fun and dancing. Clara Howard stopped the show. She should be called the "Human Pepper Pot." Claude and Fannie Usher had a one-act play with a punch packed in the climax that brought tears and laughs at the same time. It was a dramatic little sketch with plenty of heart throbs.

Then came Kenny and Hollis. As usual, Frank laughed half the time and Kenny was as nimble as of yore, and still challenged the audience to make him dance. Clara Howard came back on again and with her aid and the friendly assistance of the stage manager, a dance of ancient Egypt or somewhere was staged. The audience stopped laughing some time after the next act came on.

Arman Kaliz presented a condensed version of "Experience." He called it "Temptation." It was colorful, dramatic, with much daring dancing and costuming in it.

Harry and Anna Seymour played round the stage, danced, made faces and otherwise brought on gales of laughter. Then came Henry Santrey and his band. The band is made up of 10 musicians; there is not a music mechanic in it. Henry sang, the band played jazz, classical music, and something more. Imagine a harp in such an outfit. Then Anna Seymour came on again and joined Henry in a general fun fest. It was a late show, but it was without a dull minute.

Sept 29 1921

Mr. Herkimer Johnson called at The Herald office yesterday. He is in town, he informed us, for the purpose of visiting the second-hand book shops. The articles in the newspapers about the history of first editions—hew they soar in price, how they fall and rise again—the stories about books by Stevenson, Kipling, Melville, Conrad have fired his soul. He said to himself, "I, too, will be a collector."

"And what do you think? I purpose to have the complete works in first editions of Jacob Abbott. I read many of them when I was a boy, although my parents thought the Franconia stories were too exciting, unwholesome reading; but Rollo was one of my playmates and Jonas was as familiar to me as our own hired man, Gaius. Did it ever occur to you that Ralph Waldo Emerson was a blond of Jonas, Montaigne, Plato and the writers of the Hindu sacred books?

"At present I have those volumes by Jacob Abbott: all the Marco Paul series except 'At the Springfield Armory,' and I found this morning the story of Rollo a-journeying. Did you ever read the adventures of Marco Paul in Vermont? How Mary Williams, neatly dressed, stood in front of the inn with a small orange tree in a flower pot waiting for the stage? This orange tree was about six inches high. You see, Jacob Abbott was a realist. Marco asked her questions. 'She was a very good-humored girl and did not appear to be displeased, though it certainly was not quite proper for Marco to speak in that manner to a stranger.' I don't remember what became of Mary after the stage coach upset, but I am sure the orange tree was in her hand. I am under the impression Marco never saw her again.

"Then there are the 10 volumes of the Franconia stories. The 12 volumes of Harper's Story Books from 'Bruno, or Lessons of Fidelity, Patience, and Self-Denial Taught by a Dog' to 'Little Paul; or How to be Patient in Sickness and Pain,' 36 stories in all; the 'Rainbow Series' in five volumes. There are the biographical stories from Alfred the Great to Xerxes, 30 or more volumes, but some of them are by John S. C. Abbott and I am looking for Jacob's masterpieces. The publisher's recommendation of the biographies contains an allusion to Lincoln that escaped Mr. Drinkwater, otherwise he would have shown on the stage Mr. Lincoln reading the life of Pyrrhus, Romulus or Mme. Roland in the neat 16 mo. cloth. I copied this recommendation, for I had always thought that Lincoln learned history from Plutarch, reading him by the light of pine knots. In a conversation with the President just before his death, Mr. Lincoln said: "I want to thank you and your brother for Abbott's series of Histories. I have not education enough to appprreciate the profound works of voluminous historians; and if I had I have no time to read them. But your series of histories gives me, in brief compass, just that knowledge of past men and events which I need. I have read them with the greatest interest. To them I am indebted for about all the historical knowledge I have." I rubbed my eyes when I read this tribute, and then I remembered that Mr. Lincoln was a humorist, also, when occasion demanded, a jollier. I suppose I ought to add Jacob's Young Christian Series in four volumes. I remember vaguely the fourth volume, "Hoaryhead and McDonner."

"If I can at last possess a complete set of Jacob Abbott's books—I have not named them all—from the Rollo series to the thin volumes for mothers and little children—I have forgotten the titles—I shall not envy the owner of the Edinburgh edition of Stevenson or of the Kilmscott series. To my mind, Jacob Abbott as realist and romanticist, stands in the very first rank of American novelists. Rollo, Jonas, Rodolphus, the bad boy, Marco, Mr. Forester—surely they have greater vitality than characters in 'Main Street' or any other modern 'epoch-making' novel."

Was Mr. Johnson in jest or earnest? He certainly is well versed in Jacob Abbott's books, for he quoted from them freely, ore rotundo. A whimsical creature! Who would believe that he is recognized in European countries as the leading authority on everything pertaining to sociology. As he was leaving the office, he said: "I see that the play "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room" has been screened. Do you remember the time that you and Bill Jones and Hank Smith and I spent a night in 10 barrooms?" And he laughed a low, rumbling laugh. What in the world did he mean by this parting shot? We hear from Clamport that he is now passionately addicted to dandelion wine, and that works madness in the brain.

HA—HA! LIKEWISE TE—HE!

As the World Wags:

"Electrically equipped furniture is now on exhibition in New York. The wiring system is to be made as inconspicuous as possible so as to preserve the beauty of the furniture while enhancing its usefulness."

I shall order an electrically equipped chair for an acquaintance who is already a boresome visitor; boresome because he is so friendly and instructive in his conversation. He is particularly strong on the present economic conditions in European countries.

In a town not far from Boston the local undertaker is Mr. Hopestill Dwight Bisbee. Everyone appreciates the fact that "while there's life there's hope," but even after that, one may evidently hope still if the right undertaker is chosen by the bereaved family.

Manchester. ELDRIDGE PERRY.

BARHAM, OR GILBERT?

Early in September we quoted from the London Daily Chronicle.

"We took him home and put him to bed,
And told his wife and daughter.
To give him next morning a couple of red
Herrings and soda-water."

The Daily Chronicle ascribes these lines to Gilbert of the "Bab Ballads."

A contributor says they are to be found in, Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends." "See page 68 of the Oxford Standard Poets; also note on page 67 alluding to the claim of Byron and others to the authorship." We are far from books and cannot discuss this note.

KOMBOLI

Readers of Mr. Roberts's graphic description of King Constantine published in the Saturday Evening Post probably wondered at the Athenians fingering their beads. The Daily Chronicle of London has this to say about the "Komboli."

"As the komboli is usually composed of 33 beads, and 33 represents the age of Jesus Christ, it is generally believed to be of Christian origin.

"The namo is derived from 'kombos,' a knot, and 'logos,' a word. Before using beads strung together they used to have a piece of string with as many knots, which they used as Roman Catholics do the Rosary. It is also, as your correspondent says, used as a sedative, and is supposed to be, and in fact is, a substitute for smoking. The Turks are great users of the komboli during the long fasts of Ramadan, in order to distract their minds from their craving for food, water, and smoking, which they must abstain from between sunrise and sunset."

THE WORTHY UNEMPLOYED

(For As the World Wags.)

If you want to get a man to do the
simplest sort of chores,
Such as taking down your window
screens or cleaning cellar floors;
Or you need a man to help you stow
your trunks and things away,
Or to gather up the rubbish that in-
creases day by day:
Though you'd readily pay double what
you ever did before,
For the sake of doing something to as-
sist the really poor,
You would think the chance to earn it
ought to make him overjoyed,
But it wouldn't. He's parading with the
worthy unemployed.

If you want a man to do a little clea-
ing round the place,
Such as raking up the weeds that dail
stare you in the face,
Or a man to wash the windows, or a
man to cut the grass,
Or a man to wash the Ford and pump
the tires and shine the brass,
You will find it hard to get him, though
you're offering to pay
Pretty nearly by the hour what you
used to by the day.
Time and time again the man you ask
will seem to be annoyed.
And why shouldn't he? He ranks amon
the worthy unemployed.

And an errand, where you used to g
a nickel or a dime,
No one seems to want to do it, thou
you'd pay for overtime.
While you know they need the mone
you are apt to find, alas,
Unemployment means enjoyment to
great and growing class.
You will find a man on Boston Commo.
posing as a hero,
And accepting board and lodging at the
hands of Mr. Zero,
When he knows of jobs to do that he
can readily avoid.
And he must, for he's a member of the
worthiy unemployed.

ENVOI.

Though men who work eight hours a
May do odd jobs for extra pay,
Your chance to get them done is sn
From those who have no work at
Brookline. QUINCY KI

SHAW COMEDY

COPLEY THEATRE—"Getting Married," a comedy in three acts, by George Bernard Shaw. The cast:

Mrs. Bridgenorth.....Margaret Pitt
Alderman William Collins....Percy Foster
Gen. Bewley Bridgenorth.Moffat Johnston
Leshia Grantham.....Pamela Gaythorne
Reginald Bridgenorth.....E. E. Clive
Mrs. Reginald Bridgenorth.....May Ediss
The Bishop of Chelsea.....Nicholas Joy
St. John Hotchkiss.....Walter Kingsford
Cecil Sykes.....Paul Hansell
Edith Bridgenorth.....Catherine Willard
Rev. O. C. Soama.....Lawrence Cecil
Mrs. George Collins.....Deirdre Doyle
Joseph Wallaston.....Alexander Sarner

When Mr. Faversham's company gave this comedy, some time ago in this city, it was played somewhat in the spirit of shocking the public, by expressing Shaw's ideas on marriage as if they were delightfully naughty epigrams by Oscar Wilde—and nothing more. One missed the thoughtfulness that lies behind even the most absurd of Shaw's lines. Last night's performance, however, by the Jewett Players did justice to the play. No member of the company overdid his part by too much "smartness"; it was an unusually spirited and smooth performance.

"Getting Married is one of Shaw's most talky plays; there are those who affirm that it should never have come out from the covers of a book; that it reads better than it acts. There are parts of the play, to be sure, that one might just as well sit at home and read, as listen to in a theatre. There is no "dramatic action" in the piece; no climaxes, and blessedly, no anti-climaxes. For all that, however, it is a very entertaining play to watch, mainly because of Shaw's genius for creating real people. They never talk nor act like characters in a play; he is a realist, who all the time laughs at realism, knowing well that to laugh at it is the only way to face it.

The plot concerns Cecil Sykes and Edith Bridgenorth, who on the morning of their marriage become acquainted for the first time with the marriage and divorce laws of England. They delay the wedding; the various members of the Bridgenorth family, together with the green grocer, his sister-in-law—a very remarkable woman—and a friend of the family, hold a round table conference to decide what is the best substitute for marriage. One suggests a civil contract, a partnership, for a given number of years. The green grocer objects; the bishop, father of the bride, reminds him that the Romans practiced the custom. And the green grocer solemnly shakes his head and remarks: "They would; them Romans!" Of course, the round table does not find a substitute for marriage. (Even Shaw cannot do that.) And while the conference argues Edith and Cecil "get married," deciding to do their arguing afterwards, when they will have plenty of time for it. It is all very well to denounce marriage, but it is safe to say it will survive until human ingenuity finds something to put in its place.

The company last night was well cast; apparently every member enjoyed playing his part, and believed in it, all of which means so much to the success of a performance. Miss Doyle, in the difficult part of Mrs. Collins, maintained a nice balance; it is so easy to "slop over" in such a part. Mr. Foster, another newcomer to the company, as the green grocer, played with delicious humor and kindliness. Mr. Joy, Mr. Clive and Mr. Johnston, as the three brothers Bridgenorth, created a perfect picture of the male members of an upper-class English family—one dedicated to the church, one to the army, and one to "being nothing," as Reginald himself puts it; only the navy was missing. The ladies of the company, in the less important parts, were equally capable.

COMPOSER OF 'HANSEL AND GRETEL' DEAD

BERLIN, Sept. 28 (By the Associated Press)—Prof. Englebert Humperdinck, the composer, died of apoplexy in Neu-Strelitz today.

He visited the United States several times for the production of his operas, among the most noted of which were "Hansel and Gretel," and "Children of the King" (Die Koenigskinder).

Born at Sieburg in the Rhine provinces, on Sept. 1, 1854, he entered the Cologne conservatory under Ferdinand Hille in 1872. Later in Munich he became a pupil of Franz Lachner, and from 1877 to 1879 studied with Rheinberger in the Royal music school. Going to Naples shortly afterward, he met Richard Wagner, on whose invitation he went to Bayreuth where he helped in preparations for the production of "Parsifal" in 1880 and 1881. His period of effective composition dates from about this time. His masterpiece, "Hansel and Gretel," was first produced in 1893 in Weimar, and was performed in New York in 1905.

He was a master of technique and employed folk tunes most effectively in his operatic and other works.

"Die Koenigskinder" was given its first production on any stage in New York in 1910, Prof. Humperdinck visiting the United States for the occasion.

Sat, Oct 30 1921

Now and then we read in the newspapers—here's to the press! The lever that moves the world!—That the last survivor of the Light Brigade charging at Balaklava has died. Sometimes his name is Thompson; sometimes it is Smith. In like manner the "last survivor" of the fight in which Custer was killed dies at least once a year.

Now we read that the "last living pupil" of Chopin is in a garret in Paris; not only living in a garret, but a "rickety" garret. His name is Peru; he is 91 years old; he has only one pupil. M. Peru celebrated his 91st birthday by playing "Chopin's Polonaise." This is indefinite, for Chopin wrote several polonaises. Let us hope that it was not the one with the stormy octaves for the left hand, the one that is so maltreated by pianists of high and low degree. M. Peru indulged himself in talk about his master. He said many things that are in direct contradiction to statements of those who knew Chopin intimately. His first statement was that Chopin showed "all the eccentricities of genius" in everything he did. Now if ever there was a man who, according to his friends, was free from eccentricity, his name was Chopin. We had supposed that the "last surviving" pupil of Chopin died in the person of Georges Mathias.

The Chopin pupil was never so great a bore as the Liszt pupil. The European countries and the United States are full of Liszt's pupils, who for a time were distinguished from other mortals by their long and peculiarly worn hair. Some of these men really took lessons of Liszt. Some called at his house in Weimar and were permitted to hear his pupils play. Others stopped at Weimor and saw Liszt's house. It was James Huneker who said that Liszt's greatest invention was the Liszt pupil.

ORGANIST FOR 50 YEARS

Mr. William E. Wood gave a recital in the First Baptist Church of Arlington last Sunday in celebration of his 50th anniversary as organist of the church. This is indeed a surprising record. Not long ago an English organist gave a recital, being over 80 years old, and it was said that he was still in active service, but a record of 50 years in one church is remarkable. For Mr. Wood has had during that time to deal with assorted clergymen, music committees and singers. Few organists could have survived this ordeal. That Mr. Wood triumphed over these natural enemies of an organist is a testimony to his musical ability, his tact and his courtesy. As a rule in New England churches the organist in the estimation of the congregation is ranked a little lower than the sexton, not the angels.

INCONGRUOUS NAMES

We were glad to learn that a good old-fashioned fireman's muster was held at Holbrook, but disappointed when we read the names of the fire engines: Protector, Alabama Coon, Hancock, Gen. Edwards, Bawbees, Monatiquot. We hope the firemen wore red shirts; that one at least of the traditions were preserved. In our little village of the 60's a fireman's muster always brought out engines named Deluge, Torrent, Cataract, names symbolical of their squirting force. Only one engine at Holbrook by its name suggested a squirt.

MR. KUBELIK IS ON HIS WAY

The musical season is upon us and the passionato press agent is already in feverish mood. Here, for instance, is Mr. Kubelik, the fiddler. He was a passenger on an Ostend ship that ran into a freighter. At the time Mr. Kubelik was seated in his cabin "reading Balzac." Note his choice of literature. Not his own press notices; not some lubricious French novel written and published for the enjoyment of foreigners; but a novel by Balzac. "Which one," asks a palpitating public. When the crash came, Mr. Kubelik fitted a life belt to his "$125,000 Stradivarius." Why not $200,000 fiddle? The press agent should have made his story more dramatic. He should have pictured in flaming prose Mr. Kubelik fiddling on the deck to allay the fears of his fellow passengers, who, spell-bound and applauding, forgot the imminent danger.

IN THE MODERN VEIN

As the World Wags:

After holding my peace for so long and after giving the matter careful consideration, I feel that I must write you in regard to some insinuations expressed by my contemporary, Mr. Halliday Witherspoon in a letter of his recently published by you. Inasmuch as my poet-friend, Phil de Phillipe, is not around to defend himself, I will undertake to defend him. In his letter Mr. Witherspoon scurrilously referred to Phil's poetry as "indecent free verse." I assert that this is a grave injustice. As Macaulay said of Johnson, "No opulent gentleman commoner could have treated the academical authorities with more gross disrespect," so I say of Mr. Witherspoon, "No New England blue-blood could have spoken of another so unjustly." I should like to expose him so that he could not display so proudly his arms bearing three mullets. I therefore send you herewith a sample of Mr. Witherspoon's own poetry. He handed it to me today with his own hands and called it a "wonderful piece of work."

THE SPIRIT OF OLD AGE

The Spirit of Old Age,
Garbed like a jester, with chalky face,
Pallid like a skull,
Cowered in the corner of my heart,
Jangling his bells timidly . . .
For he was afraid!
Afraid of my Dream Girl—
Afraid of her cool, strong hands,
Afraid of her clear, grey eyes,
Afraid of her white soul.
But when my Dream-Girl turned away
I saw other eyes—eyes that glowed with
strange vices
And old obscenities,
Eyes that looked out from dark souls
. . .
And the jester leaped from his corner
Jangling his bells without fear,
Snarling beneath his peaked cap:
"There is no God!"

What is your opinion of this poem? Frothingham Clancy would turn over in his grave if he could read it! What does Mr. Herkimer Johnson think of it?

WAGGONER WOODLING.

Marblehead Neck.

"TOWN GOSSIP" CLOSES COLONIAL ENGAGEMENT

Death in Famous Dooley Family Necessitates Action

The engagement of Ned Wayburn's "Town Gossip" company at the Colonial Theatre closed yesterday because of the death of William Dooley, one of the famous Dooley family and brother of Johnny Dooley, the star of the Wayburn company, who was so affected by the death that he felt he could not play. As there has been no understudy for Mr. Dooley's role, it was decided that it would be better to terminate the engagement. Holders of seats for today and tomorrow may have their money refunded at the Colonial box office.

Oct, 1921

Certain Frenchmen's feelings are outraged because they are under the impression that English, not French, will be the official language at the disarmament conference. They have taken offence in advance; yet, they may well say that French is a clearer, more logical and more concise language than English; furthermore, it has been considered for many years the language of diplomats. By the way, we should like to hear the Americans at the conference speaking in French—which by the Frenchmen present would probably be taken for Japanese.

Of course there are Englishmen and Americans who fondly believe that the final universal language will be English. Remy de Gourmont did not share their belief 20 years ago. He wrote a curious essay on this subject, built on the idea that Russia would conquer the world. In that case, other Slav languages will disappear; as will the Scandinavian, Dutch and Portuguese. There will be only slight resistance in Germany. "The madness of analysis and Socialistic experiences have definitely brutalized the German people by developing its double tendency toward sentimental reverie and material enjoyment . . . Germany will learn the language of the conqueror without repugnance. The obscure, heavy literature of Germany without brilliance will oppose only a weak dike to the powerful billows of the new barbaric ocean. Recalcitrant sentimentalities will find a supreme refuge in music."

Remy de Gourmont maintained that the linguistic conquest of great islands is easier than the military conquest. "For people that are solely traffickers, as islanders are, the language of the gods is the one that has the most glue for money . . . England has a literature, but not a literary tongue. Ignorant of phrase and rhythm, Englishmen write as they talk." French will be conquered by Russian. Only Italian will offer strong resistance and survive.

The essay is a long one, but it will repay careful reading, fantastical as it may seem. It should be remembered that it was written in 1900. The essayist's attitude towards life and the world changed greatly from August, 1914, till the day of his death. The war tore off his cloak of cynicism; he no longer looked coolly from above on mankind as through a microscope. Yet if he were alive today, studying the conduct of nations since the treaty of Versailles, looking across the Atlantic and observing the sudden abandonment of ideals, he would pick up the cynic's cloak and wrap it closer about him than ever it was before.

HELP, STRANGER, HELP!

A. C. A. of Hudson, N. H., writes: "I've been trying for nearly 10 years to find the song 'Old Friends Are Best,' by Alice Smith. Can you tell me where to find it?"

NOT TOO HARD QUESTIONS

As the World Wags:

I wonder if you can throw light on a dark subject—perhaps with the aid of the Sage of Clamport. A great many years ago a half-brother of mine became a sailor, to the horror of the inland members of the family. Afterward he died from consumption, too early for me to recall him; but one day I found a book of his—and never have seen a copy of it since. It was "Jack in the Forecastle," by Hawser Martingale. That book at once vanished—I suspect by the kitchen stove route—lest I, too, be infected, and but a single quotation from it remains in mind, a quotation apparently from some then well known poem, to wit:

"Lord!" cried the toper, with gravely
lifted eyes,
"Though I don't like to swallow flies,
I didn't know but others might."

At one time or another I have found that quotation of considerable use in turning away embarrassing situations of social amenities, and I have a curiosity to know from what source it came. In a very wide reading I never met it again.

Another matter—In a story dated back in the days of Stephen in old England a speaker charges another with being a Somerset man, saying: "Although you speak good Angevin yet never in this world will you rid yourself of that amazing buzz"—that betrayed the speech of Somerset. Elsewhere also I have met allusions to it. I've wondered of what that "buzz" consisted.

Of late I have been much pleased to find in articles in some of our leading magazines the casual use of certain words in gently increasing quantity; words used a little shamefacedly, with flavor of apology, yet beneath that with a certain determination of intent—viz., "Yourn," "theirn," "hern"; perfectly intelligible, a speech smoothly flowing and leading harmoniously on to the syllables that follow; whereas the dictionary words all end with harsh hissing "sszzss" as melodious as the traveling song of a flock of barnyard geese. I have wondered, then, whether it might not be that "yourn" is Angevin and "yours" is Somerset.

Words and editors are quaint and curious at times. About two years ago suddenly the said editors took up for use the word "meticulous"; and thereafter no month passed by in which I did not find that word used in some one of the current magazines, essay or serial—just that once in that particular issue, only, but—that once. Why?

Waban. JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

We advise you to read "Somerset Dialect," by James Knight Jennings (2c

London, 1869). The compiler says his preface: "The frequent use of nd V, the softened musical sounds S and F, together with the frequent ease and multiplication of vowel nds, give the dialect a by no means rmonious expression." The glossary is followed by poems and other es exemplifying the dialect. We e from "The Farewell":

"Goo little Reed!
n tha vawk, an vor me plead:
wild nawtes, ma-be, tha col hire
her than zater vrom a lare.
that thy Maester's pleas'd ta blaw
'em,
haups in time tha'll come ta
knaw 'em
nif za be tha'll please to hear,
gee zum moor another year."

s for "meticulous," meaning "overscrupulous about minute details," this edition is the only one given under word in the Concise Oxford Dictionary. Words have their fate as well books. We regret to say we have read Mr. Martingale's story. The tation from it leads us to add the to the list of "Books that must be d." Alas, the night cometh in which man can read.—Ed.

ADD "TABLE TALK"

(London Daily Chronicle)

r. Thomas Hardy is not generally dited with a comic vein, but he can a funny story on occasion. The asion chosen for a gruesomely funny n was a dinner. Exploring the catacombs once (Hardy told the friend at side), he found a small human bone, dently a martyr relic. This he put the pocket which held his sandches.

When lunching later he found that the e had crumbled into dust and spread elf over the sandwiches. That was s one taste of early Christian, he exained as nonchalantly as if he had en talking of early peas.

The Daily Chronicle headed this anecte "Edible Christian."

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Henry Arthur Jones, when he is not bastising H. G. Wells in print and thundering against George Bernard Shaw, finds time to write entertainingly about theatrical matters. He recently contributed two articles to the London Times about the heroines of the film, "a celestial bevy, remote but adored." He begins with a noble dithyrambic plight.

"Who are the most popular personalities in England today, the most cherished companions of the people's leisure. the most familiar forms that beset their daily memories? Who are these that come captivating us from the golden gates and cloudless blue of the far west, this new generation of silent sirens, begotten by the swift magic of the camera, and who, though bereft of the old seductions of speech and song, do yet most potently enthral our multitude in every town, ravishing and titillating the common imagination with allurements of dumb mimicry, and streaking the vast expanses of our drab modernity with ultra-rainbow rays of romance?

'It is a curious by-result of the war and the concurrent development of what is too prosaically called 'the film industry' that a group of American star 'movie' actresses are today the best known public figures in England, the most easily recognized, the most widely admired by our populace. Siddons and Rachel and our adorable Ellen Terry drew their thousands, but these new enchantressess gather their captives in the heaves of millions."

The English film producers suffered by the war. "The very best that is turned out from English studios may bear a comparison with the best American productions, and English pictures of English society are not the queer incredibilities so often exhibited on the American screen. But our English firms seem at present to lack the dashing, devouring enterprise of the American producers. Again, film acting, as distinguished from play acting, has not yet reached a high general level in England. For the most part our film actors are still on the stage rather than in the film. We have our accomplished and attractive English film actresses, whom I here salute and felicitate. But English actresses do not seem to take so naturally and incisively to the technic of the film. Nor do they as yet number one to ten of the American charmers . . I was sitting in a cheap seat in a London suburban cinema. The title of the play of the week was announced on the screen. Then followed the name of the leading performer, one of the best known American star film actresses. In the darkened hush from the seat behind me, I heard an excited, delighted whirp from some little Cockney maiden of 15 to her girl friend: 'Oh, its —— ——. We know her!' . . . I will not mention the name of the actress. I will not single her out from the seven-times magnified constellation of her sister Pleiads, the cynosure of the grovelling underworld, whose names are writ large upon the star-spangled banner of filmdom."

Mr. Jones then names over a dozen of American heroines of the screen. With no other celebrities are the English masses on such terms of everyday intimacy.

"Ye are so near and yet so far, meteoric, ubiquitous, multifulgent, conspicuous, world-featured daughters of the film! Though we 'know' you, we have no access to you. We cannot wait outside the stage-door to catch a passing glimpse of you after the play is done, as in the nights of our hot youth we were wont to beslege the flesh-and-blood heroines of the older drama. We cannot make advances to you, even the most respectful. You are as impalpable to our clasping as the dagger to Macbeth. No more corporeal substance have you than fabled nymphs and dryads. You have but two dimensions, a discrepancy that needs to be settled with Einstein."

Note the great advantage, enumerated by Mr. Jones in his second article, that the film heroines have over their sisters of the spoken drama. They are never stale or perfunctory. Innumerable daily performances all over the earth do not wire them. "Inexhaustible animation is your birthright, and sempiternal vivacity that knows neither rest nor fatigue." They never offend with careless diction or faulty emphasis.

"Strange sayings and uncouth banalities are printed on the screen, pretending to be your utterances in situations that may well drive any heroine to excruciating cacoepy. But we do not accept them as your veritable expressions in trying circumstances. We do not credit that they really issue from that too perfect Cupid's bow of your lips. We know that they are the sublimated metaphysics of the caption writer. We will allow you large liberties of convention. We will not too curiously observe that in the fierce light that beats upon your thrones your complexions are as chalk and your lips as polished blacking. More becoming to you is this sober livery of visage than the flaunting vermillon of variety and revue. More becoming to you is the unbroken silence of your tongues than the idiot quips and jests of our national form of spoken drama. These austeritics of your art are tokens of its dignity and high seriousness—compared with musical comedy and revue."

Having described at length his visit to the House of Fame and his conversation with the janitor, in which the latter told him that writers of film plays could not gain entrance even by the side door; that the heroines could not enter, Mr. Jones took his way to the House of Publicity.

"Its occupants are so very much like the paying guests at a seaside boarding house. None of them stays for more than a few weeks. I have no foolish personal dignity. I have written for the English theatre for 42 years and this induces, nay enforces, a becoming modesty and Christian humility. But, frankly, I did not like the idea of taking up my residence in The House of Publicity. I resented the janitor's suggestion, even more on your behalf, O queens of the film, than on my own. Why should you smirch the glittering newness of your royalty, and huddle and herd among the speckled ruck that jostle each other to obtain a fortnight's precarious maintenance in the jerry-built House of Publicity? Is there no higher destiny reserved for you, O universal darlings of all this populated earth?"

Mr. Jones dreams of a cosy little annex to the House of Fame, to be reserved for approved film actors and actresses and writers of film plays.

"What say you to this chapel of immortal ease, wherein your memories shall be preserved when you have ceased to silhouette in the world's picture palaces, and are 'featured' no more upon the flaming posters outside? What say you, O fair ones, O adored ones, omnipresent, elusory, obmutescent, figmentary, phantasmatic, transatlantic Dulcineas of the film?"

"Shadows you are, shadows we all are, tenuities thrown upon a screen to pose and mimic and gesticulate for an hour in dark surroundings, shut away from any glimpse or ken of abiding realities. Shadows we all are, stuff of the camera, hieroglyphs upon this overscribbled palimpsest and indecihperable scroll of time. 'What shadows we are! What shadows we pursue!' said Burke. Have you less substance, less permanence, shadowy heroines of the film, than the shadows that men pursue in the world outside picture palaces? Take pride, disembodied enchantresses, that shadows though you are, the populations of the world find their daily delight in pursuing you. To you and to all of us, the flat sounds: 'Come like shadows, so depart!'"

A Football Play; a Labor Play; Other Notes of the Stage

Harold Brighouse's "The Game," a football play which was published some months ago, disappointed the Daily Telegraph when it was played at King's Theatre in London. The reviewer found it unsatisfactory from the standpoint of sport and drama, with a story that does not carry conviction to the least exacting listener. The play will not add to the fame of the dramatist who wrote "Hobson's Choice." "It may meet with a certain measure of success among playgoers in, let us say, in the midlands, where the cult of football is practised with an almost fanatical fervor."

The Repertory Players brought out at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, on Sept. 4, a play in four acts, "The Labor Member," by Ernest Hendrie. The ambitious Fearon, a member of Parliament, soon regarded as a traitor by his Dockor-constituents, has lived 10 years with Mary Allister, a working woman. She has remained stationary while he has risen. Sir David Oakley, disgraced by the woman whom he had married, owns after many years that Fearon is his natural son. In his younger days Fearon, a workingman in a shipyard where Oakley was manager and a partner, was a Socialist and a strike leader. His arguments against marriage led Mary to keep house for him. Fearon at last finds that his soulmate is one Olive Hannington, the chief partner in the firm. (She even keops his specches.) Mary, deciding to break with Fearon, is supposed to go to Canada with her brother who is in the Salvation Army. After some months she is thought to have drowned herself in the Thames, though the body found with a ring which Fearon had engraved for Mary years before, was that of a waif, Kate, whom Mary had befriended. Kate repaid her by stealing her jewelry. This affair apparently ruins Fearon, politically and with the dock hands. One of them hits him on the head with a heavy instrument. Fearon is saved from further harm by Mary, who comes in as a sort of Major Barbara, persuades him to forgive his assailants and leaves him to be happy with Olive. There are several character parts in the play, according to the Stage, from which we have quoted, among them that of a nonagenarian grande dame.

"Barking" of the Coney Island variety is nothing new. A hundred and fifty years ago, when Ranelagh and Vauxhall were popular resorts for fashionable London, the proprietors of the two places would hire men and women, dressed in the height of style, to mingle with the crowds in fashionable streets and say to one another: "What charming weather for Vauxhall!" or "How pleasant it must be today at Ranelagh!"—New York Evening Post.

Sir Harry Lauder's estate at Glenbranter, Scotland, consisting of 9700 acres, was offered for sale on Sept. 14, but the offers did not reach $50,000, although the auctioneer suggested that the first bid should be $100,000, consequently the property was withdrawn.

When the question of "booing" in a theatre is discussed, one recalls the story of an incident at the Comedy Theatre in the late eighties. During the performance a man left his seat in the pit and walked out to the money box, where he handed in the counterfoil of a pit pass, marked "Complimentary." "I don't want to pay any compliments to this show," he said. "Here's my halfcrown. Give me a pit ticket; then I can hiss."—London Daily Chronicle.

The Scottish National Players under the auspices of the St. Andrew Society, Glasgow, put in effect last winter their purpose to establish a national drama in Scotland. They now announce four series of performances in October, December, January and March. The repertory will include these new plays: A one-act duologuo. "Christ in the Kirkyard," by Hugh S. Robertson; "The Change House," by John Brandane, with a Hebridean setting; "The Money's the Thing," by George Woden, dealing with life in Glasgow, and a three-act play by George Blake, whose Highland tragedy, "The Mother," will be revived. Another revival will be "Cate McCheyne." The society hopes to add "Deacon Brodie" by Stevenson and Henley, to the list.

The executors of Sir Herbert Tree have put up at auction the pictures, furniture, books, decorative items removed from His Majesty's Theatre. The drawings and paintings represent Tree and members of his company in important roles. The catalogue of 343 lots also included silk and other curtains, wall hangings and draperies used in plays, part of the furniture of the dome and other rooms in the theatre, sculptured marble classic busts and pedestals; silver articles, bronzes and curios; many gifts to Tree.

A new ballet, the solo work of which is entrusted to Ruth French, will also be seen. Part of the music of this, by the way, was composed by Jas. W. Tate in mid-Atlantic whilst en route to America. It was transmitted to the Hippodrome by wireless via Devizes, and at once "set upon" by Mr. Tate's orchestrators in London. This more or less cryptic telegram, surely one of the first of the kind, ran as follows:

Eyre, Funnlosity, London.
Echo song Hippodrome Wylie Tate Peep Show key a two four time each word one bar stop sohlalate tedohdoh mera soh mera soh sohalate tedohdoh mere soh mere soh lasohmedoh reme sohtadohia fella meradohla medah remedoh re repeat first twelve lasohmedoh sohfa sohiadohre fame mesoh soh mesoh soh me echo me re echo re doh (stop) Gillespie aboard approves number put into rehearsal Monday.—Tate.—The Stage.

Miss Marion H. Brazier has given her valuable collection of theatre programs from 1870 to 1920 to the Boston Public Library. Attached to many of the programs are first-night criticisms. The programs are classified as to years.

"Mutt and Jeff" was performed for the first time in London on Sept. 5. The Stage, with unconscious humor, said: "It would not be advisable to seek too seriously for a plot."

Lydia Yavorska, formerly the Princess Barlatinsky, a Russian actress who had played much in London, died on Sept. 3. Her maiden name was de Hubbenet. She was born at Kieff, the daughter of a police officer, on Aug. 3, 1874. After study in Paris, she made her first appearance on the stage at Moscow in 1894 as Marguerito Gautier. From 1895 to 1900 she was at the Theatre Litteraire, Petrograd. She founded in that city her own theatre, the new Theatre Yavorska, in 1901 and took many roles, Mme. Sans-Gene, Magda, L'Aiglon, Candida, Cleopatra, Lady Macbeth and the heroines of Ibsen. She made her first appearance in London on Dec. 2, 1909, in "Madame aux Camelias," and played in English for the first time in December of the next year. For a time she managed the Royalty and the Court theatres in London. At Petrograd in 1915 she acted Lady Teazle. Her first husband, the Prince Bariatinsky, wrote two plays for her. In 1920 she married John Pollock, a son of Sir Frederick Pollock.

What becomes of the straw hats which purchasers of fall headgear bequeath to hat shops?

"We sell 'em at a nickel apiece," replied one salesman. "There's a comedian in one of the shows who breaks up a dozen straw hats at every performance, and he buys up all the hats people leave here."—New York Evening Post.

New Music at Promenade Concerts; Other Notes of Varied Interest

London Times, Aug. 31—The seriousness of the loss to British music occasioned by the death of George Butterworth, who was killed in the war, was emphasized still further by the first performance at the Queen's Hall last night of his "Two Folk-song Idylls." In these, as in "The Shropshire Lad," Butterworth made use of folktunes, and there is revealed yet again his power of dealing with them in just that imaginative manner which makes a movement a homogeneous thing. The charm of the thematic material has been perceived and made to permeate the treatment, and in the result we have two little pictures, as it were, of a typical English countryside, "atmospheric" in just exactly the right sort of way. The music is not altogether faultless; there is a certain amount of immaturity in the structure, the interest lapsing a little, and the orchestration is not always clear and perfectly effective, but the sincerity, the grace, and the poetry make amends. . . . Four "Parodies for voice and orchestra," by Herbert Hughes, were performed for the first time on Monday night (Aug. 29). They are settings of nursery rhymes in which either direct allusion is made to well known themes or the style of the music is founded upon that of some famous composer. This kind of joking is poor fun, even if it is extremely well done, and as Mr. Hughes has rather an obvious method one feels that it would be much more satisfactory if he were to rely upon his own vein of musical humor, which he possesses in some degree. The best setting was that of "Old Mother Hubbard," which the program told us was inspired by a sojourn in the Sudan; it was certainly an amusing idea to get an effect of mock tragedy by a sort of imitation of eastern melancholy. It was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and Miss Carrie Tubb, who sang them all with much point, responded by singing two more, presumably from the same set, as the orchestra had their parts. Of these we preferred "Sing a song o' sixpence," although the quotation from Beethoven's "Sonata Pathetique" did not seem to be any more amusing from being quite irrelevant.

The Daily Telegraph spoke of these "Parodies" in much more favorable terms, calling them "delicious things," saying that Mr. Hughes is the first composer to show the way to humor in music. "The audience laughed for the first time, not at the music, but into the music."

London Times, Sept. 2—Mr. Edgar Bainton's "Paracelsus," a symphonic poem intended to reflect the character of the man as depicted by Browning, was heard for the first time in London at the Queen's Hall on Wednesday (Aug. 31). It is an ambitious work of large proportions, but, unfortunately, the thematic material is lacking in real charm, and as the treatment is not particularly interesting nor the scoring sufficiently imaginative, the general effect was bound to be one of striving rather than of accomplishment. Mr. Bainton has not convinced us that the subject was one which called for musical illustration simply because he has failed to suggest personal characterization by his actual thematic invention. In other respects there is a good deal in the music which shows skill; the

structure, for example, is very much to the point, and the various sections balance well. The composer conducted.

The Daily Telegraph described "Paracelsus" as "of the kind, clear and straightforward, alike in design and treatment, and direct in expression, that can be enjoyed without reference to any 'program.' Here and there, perhaps, the feeling is somewhat Elgarian, but one gathered the impression also that Mr. Bainton, no doubt unconsciously, had been influenced by other composers as well—Wagner, for one—in shaping his score."

The Daily Telegraph, Aug. 27—A new work by Francesco Ticciati, Busoni's brilliant young pupil, was heard in the Queen's Hall on Thursday (Aug. 25). This was entitled "Poema Gregoriano," a composition for piano and orchestra. The work has some fine qualities and some defects, and it would not require more than a single hearing to persuade the intelligent listener that the qualities far outweigh the defects. Chief among the qualities is self-expression of a delightfully fresh and very positive kind. To select the idioms of the Gregorian school and so use them orchestrally that they become personal utterances is no trifling achievement. Pedantry is the ultimate charge that could be levelled at this young composer's head, for when he chooses he sweetly abandons the rules of the academies and gives you, in the course of this scholastic fantasy, phrases that are essentially of this age, and have only the remotest connection with Gregory's. The defects are the defects of form—the privilege of youth. It would take a somewhat lengthy analysis to point out where precisely each of the three movements—especially the first two—were redundant and overwrought. It should not be difficult to cut both the first and second in half or thereabouts! Almost certainly the Queen's Hall audience would the more thoroughly appreciate the qualities of this youthful and spirited composition if this were done. It was something of a coincidence that the "Rondeau Arlequinesque" for tenor voice and orchestra by the composer's master was performed the previous evening. Sir Henry Wood's interpretation of this exceptional work, with Mr. Sidney Pointer as the voice of Harlequin in the last section, was just one of those brilliant little episodes, unnoticed by the crowd, which have made the "Proms." what they are—a kind of musical Arabian Nights, full of adventure and delightful surprise.

Lovers of Savoy opera in the West, who have been enjoying a very successful Gilbert-Sullivan season at Plymouth, will have found interest in a correspondence that has appeared in the Western Morning News and Mercury concerning the possible origin—or rather source of inspiration—of the famous "Merryman and His Maid" duet from "Yeomen of the Guard." In an article dealing with the subject Mr. James Martin recalled the fact, often mentioned, that Gilert used to say that the duet was suggested by an old Cornish chanty, which was sung by sailors on board his yacht, and the first two lines of which ran: "Come and I will sing you. What will you sing me?" There are, it would seem, several versions of that Cornish folk song, all of them more or less related to the chanty familiar as "The Dilly Song," one form of which is to be found in Baring-Gould's "Songs of the West." Did Sullivan, it was asked in the Western Morning News, owe his inspiration for his setting of the "Merryman and His Maid" to "The Dilly Song," and, according to one correspondent, the melody was "put into his head by his collaborator, who whistled it." But, as reproduced in the columns of our western contemporary, that song bears no similarity whatsoever to Sullivan's tune. Can it be that Gilbert, who admittedly had no ear for music, "whistled" something utterly unlike "The Dilly Song" when trying to reproduce its phrases for his partner's benefit? As a matter of fact, Sullivan experienced extraordinary difficulty in setting that particular lyric in "The Yeomen," and made several attempts before his "inspiration" reached its final completed form. —London Daily Telegraph.

Florence Macbeth sang last season in 78 concerts and in over 20 performances of the Chicago Opera Company.

It is now stated that Mr. Paderewski will play this season in aid of Poland.

Word has been received from Italy that Caruso's estate, by the terms of the will, would be divided, one-half going to his daughter, Gloria, and one-half being divided into four parts, one-eighth of the estate going to Mrs. Caruso, and one-eighth to each of his sons, Rudolpho and Enrico, and one to his brother, Giovanni. No estimate was given as to the size of the estate.

Mrs. Anna Bulkley Hills, for some years a solo singer at St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, died in Brooklyn, Sept. 15. Mrs. Hills accompanied Henry Ward Beecher to England as representative of American church singers and sang in concerts in London and Paris. Charles D. Hawley, composer, is her brother-in-law.

Wood intended to be made into violins has been boiled, baked, stewed, steamed, soaked in chemicals and experimented on until it is hardly wood at all. So says W. J. Farrell, the well known musical instrument maker, in "The True Tone Violin," published by Cassells.

Good, bad, and ridiculous varnishing theories come under the lash. Stradivarius, Mr. Farrell tells us, is reputed to have had his varnish made for him in the fowl-house—that is, he used white of egg. But our author claims that "Strad" varnish is gelatine, over a filling of olive oil.—London Daily Chronicle.

The life of Caruso will be written by Richard Northcott, the author of several books on musical subjects. "He will have access, it is understood, to any number of hitherto unpublished facts in connection with the singer's career, and the volume will contain a collection of his photographs, which Mr. Northcott has been fortunate enough to secure."

Grand Guignol of London

The Grand Guignol on Sept. 1 celebrated at the Little Theatre the first year of its existence. The management published the first volume of what it hopes to make an annual review of its proceedings. There are many articles, also an appendix giving a list of the plays produced, the casts and the posters issued in connection with them. Jose G. Levy, who is responsible for the founding of the London Grand Guignol, refers to the outcry against the production of some of the plays: "We have produced plays with a purpose and plays of real literary value, but, after all, we do not profess to be attempting anything more than to enter satisfactorily for the Grand Guignol public, which I believe to be the most highly educated and sophisticated section of London playgoers, but which has the habit of demanding very strong dramatic meat. 'The Old Woman' is frankly a 'shocker,' but it is a very good shocker indeed: because it certainly shocks and because it is so amazingly well constructed. It creates terror almost entirely by suggestion and by the excellence of the acting. It is not for babes and sucklings; but such are not admitted to the Little Theatre." He attributes the success to the remarkable unity of endeavor and comradeship in co-operation of all who have helped to make the scheme an actuality, and to the friendliness and sympathy of the public and of the vast majority of the newspapers "Incidentally he mentions that when 'The Kill' was produced—the play in which the wife's lover is thrown to the wolfhounds—the agonized howling of the dogs almost produced a prosecution from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It was only by proving that the only ill-usage inflicted upon anybody was caused to the lungs of actors of the company blowing through lamp glasses that he was able to prevent himself from being cast into gaol for cruelty to dumb animals." Mr. Levy also writes the history of the opening year at the Adelphi. Sybil Thorndike in her article, "The Happy Victim," says that the normal healthy mind desires violent expression. She is "truly sorry for the person who cannot enjoy seeing eyes poked out." There are verses in this Annual "good if metrically crude by Russell Thorndike and very deplorable by Victor MacClure and Reginald Atkell." Here is an extract from an appeal to the treatregoers:

Walk up, walk up, and wallow
In abominable crime,
With Sybil Thorndike strangled
For the forty-second time.

. . . .

So dash along to John street,
Where the lamps are showing red,
And in less than half a minute
You will wish that you were dead.

"Christopher Sly," a Fantastical Play by Sig. Forzano

(London Times, Sept. 1)

Shakespeare would have us believe that Christopher Sly was nothing but a drunken tinker, who thought only of his "pot of small ale" and was, in fact, a worthy butt for any practical joker. Sig. Forzano, from whose Italian original Mr. H. B. Cotterill has prepared the play at the New Theatre, does not agree. He has seen another side to the man's character, and makes him a drinker certainly, but not one who has sacrificed his soul to his thirst. The drunken boor of "The Taming of the Shrew" and of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" has become a dreamer, a poet—almost a Francois Villon.

Formerly the act of dressing up the drunken Sly as a noble lord was a good joke; now it has become a cruel trick, and tragedy is the inevitable climax. Even now one laughs for a time at the bemused surprise of the victim, but the jest soon begins to wear thin. The Earl's mistress passes herself off as the man's wife, but he also sees the tragic side, for she realizes that beneath the rags and the filth there is a touch of supreme dignity which puts Sly in a class apart. The joke has gone too far. As he reveals his love for the woman, the raucous laughter of the courtiers force the truth on him. The Earl has wearied of his baiting, and Sly understands that he has provided the sport for an idle hour. Cast into a cellar of the castle, from which he is to be released on the morrow, Sly comforts himself with the assurance that the woman must really have loved him, but his pride cannot hope to live down the slight which has been put upon him. As he sits in his prison, the hapless wretch feels that death is the only end to his difficulties, and he soliloquises on the events which have placed him in such sorry plight. (A daring experiment, this, to make practically the whole of the last act a soliloquy by one player—an experiment which could only be successfully accomplished by a skilled actor and an admirable elocutionist like Mr. Matheson Lang.) Having reviewed the events of his wasted life, Christopher Sly resolves that at any rate there shall be in his death the nobility which his life lacked. With a broken bottle he severs an artery—and, to add bitter irony to cruel tragedy, the Earl's mistress reaches him in time for him to die in the arms of the one woman he has loved.

A one-man play, of course, but when that one man is Mr. Lang there is much to be said in its favor. Mr. Lang, by his work of recent years, has rightly placed himself in the very front rank of the younger generation of players. He has courage, imagination and undoubted talent—with the result that he always gives us a play which is worth thinking about. His performance as the drunken dreamer is a beautiful piece of work, one of the best pieces of romantic acting that the London stage has seen since Alexander's Villon. At one moment he is the subservient clown who will do anything to amuse those who will ply him with liquor, at the next by his simple dignity in misfortune he is a giant among men, and all one's sympathies are with the victim of a heartless joke. In the scene when he realizes that he has been fooled, and again in that of Sly's death, Mr. Lang gives us glimpses of his art which suggest that even yet we have not seen every angle of his ability. The other parts obviously are subsidiary, but Mr. Lang is greatly helped in his two most difficult moments by his new leading lady, Miss Florence Saunders, a recruit from the "Old Vic," of whom Miss Baylis may well be proud. She acted with a quiet restraint and dignity which fitted into the picture perfectly. Mr. Arthur Whitby and Mr. Frederick Groves also did well, but there was not a part down to the smallest that was not played well. At curtain fall Mr. Lang informed the audience that Sig. Forzano, who was present, could not understand a word of English. But somehow we feel that he could understand that an English audience has appreciated his work—even if it does take liberties with Shakespeare.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Pierre Monteux, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, assembled the full forces of the orchestra last Thursday, and is now rehearsing for the opening pair of Boston Symphony concerts, which will take place in Symphony Hall next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Oct. 7-8. There are only four changes in the personnel, and the only change in the leaders of the various sections is marked by the advent of Georges Fourel, who has come from France, where he is generally regarded as one of the finest masters of his instrument, to take this post of honor. F. William Krafft, long esteemed as one of the most talented first violinists in the orchestra, and who left in 1912, has returned, and also Hans Werner, equally esteemed as a viola player, who has been absent for two seasons. Edouard LeBleu, a new member, has come from New Orleans to fill, in the percussion section, the vacancy left by the death of Mr. Herman Burkhardt last summer.

Judging by his splendid repuation in the old world, the Symphony Orchestra may well possess a valuable virtuoso in Mr. Fourel. In France he is generally regarded as one of the very finest of the many fine viola players of which that country can boast. Born at Grenoble, Isere, in 1892, he studied in Paris with Touche and Hayot, obtaining, unanimously, in 1913, the first prize at the National Academy. After an engagement with the Opera, he became viola soloist of the famous Concerts Lamoureux. Undertaking his military service at the end of 1913, he served in a regiment of infantry until 1918, was wounded twice and received the war cross. After the demobilization, he became a member of the Concerts Touche in P[illegible] and, as well, of the [illegible] Quartet, the latter devoted particularly to the making known of new music. Last winter he won new laurels as soloist with the noted symphony orchestra under Ganne at Monte Carlo.

JOHN McCORMACK

The return to America and Boston of John McCormack will be marked by the following programs, in which he will be heard at Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 9, and Tuesday evening, Oct. 11, in which he will be assisted by Donald McBeath, violinist, and Edwin Schneider, pianist:

October 9

Old Italian Songs:
Gioite al Canto Mio (Euridice). Jacopo Peri 1600
Alma del Core (La Costanza) .... Antones Caldara 1670
Mr. McCormack

La Gitana (Arabo-Spanish song of the 18th Century) .... Kreisler
Menuett .... Porpora-Kreisler
Mr. McBeath

Silent Moon........ Vaughan Williams
Why Dost Thou Wound........ Havergall Brian
Padraic the Fiddler........ John F. Larchet

Love Went a-Riding........ Frank Bridge
Mr. McCormack

Ave Maria........ Schubert-Wilhelmj
Mr. McBeath

Irish Folk Songs:
Sal Oge Ruadh....Arr. by Carl G. Hardebeck
The Short Cut to the Rosses. Arr. Milligan-Fox
The Gartans Mothers Lullaby.....Arr. Hughes
The Lover's Curse........ Arr. Hughes
Mr. McCormack

Melody in A........ Dawes
Tambourin .... Gossec
Mr McBeath

How Dear to Me the Hour...Montague Phillips
Palanquin Bearers........ Martin Shaw
On the Beach at Otahal........ Julius Harrison
Bonfires........ Hamilton Hart
Mr. McCormack

October 11

Recit. and Air, Convey Me to Some Peaceful Shore (from Alexander Balus)..... Handel
Rendi'l sereno al ciglio (from Sosarme). Handel
Mr. McCormack

Air on G string........ Bach
Menuet .... Rameau
Mr. McBeath

Sérenade (from La Nuit de Mai) .... Rimsky-Korsakoff
To the Children........ Rachmaninoff
To Music........ Tscherepnin
The Reapers........ Vassilenko
Mr. McCormack

Scherzo Tarentelle........ Wieniawski
Mr. McBeath

Irish Folk Songs:
The Blue Hills of Antrim........ Arr. by Hart
I'd Roam the World Over with You. .Arr. Wood
The Grand Match........ Arr. by Stanford
Let Erin Remember the Days of Old. ..Stanford
Mr. McCormack

Romance .... Wagner-Wilhelmj
Mr. McBeath

In the Tree-Tops High........ Edwin Schneider
The Cloths of Heaven....... Thomas F. Dunhill
Wings of Night........ Winter Watts
I Held Your Heart........ H. O. Osgood
Mr. McCormack

WORCESTER FESTIVAL

The 63d annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association will be held in Mechanics Hall, Worcester, this week. Nelson P. Coffin will conduct. The New York Symphony Orchestra will be conducted by Rene Pollain.

WEDNESDAY, 8 P. M.

Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." Estelle Liebling, George Meader, Chas. E. Gallagher, Fred Patton.

THURSDAY, 2:30 P. M.

Vaughn Williams........ The London Symphony
Griffes........ The White Peacock
Mozart........ (a) Non So Più
Gretry........ (b) Aria from Zemir and Azor
Estelle Liebling
Guy Ropartz........ Fantasia

THURSDAY, 8 P. M.

Kelley's "Pilgrim's Progress," Ottillie Schillig, [illegible] Kerns, Messrs. Middleton, Land, House, Patton: Festival Chorus, chorus of school children, orchestra and organ.

FRIDAY, 2:30 P. M.

Beethoven........ Symphony No. VII
Tschaikowsky........ Aria, "Adieu Forets"
Ottillie Schillig
Debussy........ Two Nocturnes, Nuages, Fêtes
Wagner........ Overture, Tannhaeuser

FRIDAY, 8 P. M.

Berlioz........ Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini"
Thomas, Aria, "Le Tambour Major," from "Le Caid"
Mr. Middleton
Caselln....Suite from "Le Couvent sur l'Eau"
Dance of the Children
Dance of the Old Ladies
Puccini....Aria, "Vissi d'Arte" from "Tosca"
Miss Ponselle
Grieg........ Suite No. 1 from "Peer Gynt"
Moszkowski. Perpetual Motion, from Suite op 39
Ponhielli. .Aria, "Suicidio" from La Gioconda
Miss Ponselle
Liszt........ The Preludes
Rossini........ Aria, "Largo al Factotum" from "Il Barbiere"
Mr. Middleton
Rossini..... Inflammatus, from "Stabat Mater"
Miss Ponselle

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HOFMANN'S IMPROVISATION

The Sunday Herald of Sept. 25 published the program of the concert in Music Hall on Dec. 23, 1887, when "the 10-year-old" Josef Hofmann played to the surprise and delight of many. The program stated that the boy would improvise on "a theme given by any lady or gentleman in the audience."

"X. Y. Z." writes to The Herald: "The theme was given by Mr. George W. Chadwick. It was the second motive of the first movement of Frederic Hymen Cowen's 'Welsh' Symphony, which had been played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra that afternoon."

DAYLIGHT SAVING

As the World Wags:

On June 25, 1921, William Smith of Smithville, Mass., being ill with an incurable disease and realizing that his end was near at hand, made his will dividing his property equally between his wife and his eldest son, if any son should be born to him; or in case he should die without leaving any male issue, then between his wife and his eldest daughter, who was 5 years old at the time. On Sept. 25 of the same year his wife gave birth to twin sons. The first was born 5 minutes before 2 o'clock A. M. and the second 10 minutes later. But by virtue of the laws of Massachusetts in relation to daylight saving, at 2 o'clock A. M. all the clocks in the state were set back one hour, so that at the time of the birth of the second son it was but 5 minutes past 1 o'clock A. M. On Sept. 26 William Smith died without making any change in his will. Both sons were living. Query. Which shares with the widow in the property?

J. M. FRENCH
Milford.

ADD "HALL OF FAME"

the World Wags:

was in the 80s that I first met Judge nd, United States senator from mont (1865-67). His hair was white now; his eyes were coal-black; he ays wore a swallow-tail coat with s buttons. He was a striking figure. ut 10 o'clock one night he came nstairs in the hotel and exchanged ew words with some commercial nmers. He then asked us if we ld like to go to the bar to see y. About half a dozen were waiting Jerry Drew to mix a Tom and y. Luke called for a glass of er. Holding it up, he said: "In spring water I drink the health of Johnsbury, the Fairbankses, pro- tion, and my temperance friends." drank the water. Then holding up Tom and Jerry, he said: " I drink Luke Poland, my friends, and the d people of Vermont, where I was , and where I shall die."

is is a good story and a true one, it will please the people of Ver- t.

ERASTUS HULDOO.

COLLEGES AND POETS

the World Wags:

propos of Mr. Denis A. McCarthy's ervation that Boston College has pro- ed but one poet whose verses have n collected into a book, it is but fair remember that "poets are born—not de," and therefore no school is to be er blessed or banned if it numbers does not number poets among its nni. As Burns says, and as poets Mr. McCarthy prove, no one can ink to climb Parnassus by dint o' ek." The cultivating of a love for try, and the inculcation of proper age for those "baptized and set rt" to produce it, are all that can xpected of our colleges. No college r made a Burns, a Johanna Ambro- , a Paul Lawrence Dunbar, a Denis McCarthy—no college ever prevented ongfellow, a Lowell, a Holmes, a nyson from being a poet.

ur colleges are not entirely to blame ause so many of our liberally edu- d young people boast of their hatred ignorance of poetry, sneer at all appreciate it, and visualize poets short-haired women and long-haired n.

nfortunately, at the present time, rch, nature, school, home and good ding have so many rivals in the of yellow journals, salacious mas, over-emotionalized movies and zy social affairs, that young people er college with minds too weed- ked to find room for the sweet flower oetry. The quoting of a fine passage es such young cynics to extinction. ave heard a Phi Beta Kappa man st that the residuum of his college rse in Shakespeare consisted of the rds "O' Hell, what have we here?" I declare that the best of the few ms he ever read was "Shanahan's Shebeen"!

he writing of verses is relegated by h A. B.'s, A. M.'s and Ph. D.'s to the e class as the carving of tiny bas- s from peach stones or the making tatting. How can poetry flourish in h an atmosphere! Small wonder that modern poetry is such "a deal of mble skamble stuff," as to meaning in measure, "Like the forced gait a shuffling nag."

et within our decade beautiful poetry s been written, some of it by high- led youths who in the world war t fatal "Rendezvous with Death."

oetry is no man's priceless and inex- stible heritage through ages, begin- g with the Psalms of Warrior David. it ill-becomes college-bred men and men to assume a flippant attitude ard it—an attitude without even the rit of the humor (since it should be elligent) that characterized Old Wel- 's objection to poetry.

wonder why our young cynics fail sense the fact that poetry must pos- s some worthy appeal when it re- shed and uplifted the soul of the eat Napoleon, and when Wolfe, who ve England Canada, expressed the y before his heroic death his envy of who wrote "The Elegy in a Coun- Churchyard."

espite the sneers of educated igno- nuses, despite the freaks who are tting the literary market with some- ng lacking in thought, feeling or mu- which they call "poetry," the true et will forever continue

Singing hymns unhidden
ll the world is wrought
o sympathy with hopes and fears
hat before it heeded not."

ANNE HOWARD.

rlington Heights.

ALLI-CURCI WINS

Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci, together th Manuel Berenguer, flutist, and mer Samuels, pianist, gave her first ston concert of the season yesterday ternoon in Symphony Hall. The pro- am follows:

Pur di core.....Lotti
Spirate, pur, spirate.....Donaudy
Ah, fors' e lui, from "Traviata".....Verdi
Mad Scene, from "Hamlet" (with flute)
Thomas
Sueno vele no (in Spanish).....Osma
La Belle au bois dormant.....Fourdrain
D'une prison.....Hahn
Il bacio.....Arditi
Romanza.....Gaubert
Scherzo.....Cui

Mr. Berenguer.

Autumn.....Rogers
May, the Maiden.....Carpenter
Woodland Voices.....Godfrey
Mad Scene, from "Lucia" (with flute)
Donizetti

Mme. Galli-Curci was in excellent voice and spirits. A large and very friendly audience greeted her warmly when she appeared. Her selection of both the mad scene from "Lucia" and that from "Hamlet" gave her ample opportunity to display her now famous runs, staccato notes and sustained trills. Her voice is on display in "showy" music; in it she astonishes and delights her hearers, but it is in lyrical songs that she is most appealing. She can express pathos, without a taint of sentimentality, as in her singing of Rogers's "Autumn," or she can be gay as a child, as in Godfrey's "Woodland Voices," without overdoing it. She was generous with encores—not too generous, as some of our concert singers are; she knows that too much of anything lessens its value; she maintains a nice balance. She and Mr. Samuels hugely enjoyed "springing" on the audience, as one of her encores, a syncopating negro melody, "Mah Lindy Lou," by Lily Strickland. It is a very engaging little song; madame sang it delightfully; Mr. Samuels disclosed an excellent sense of syncopating rhythm, and the audience applauded vociferously. The singer also gave "Long, Long Ago" and "Home, Sweet Home" as encores, singing the old songs with beautiful simplicity and feeling.

Mr. Berenguer's playing of the flute was greatly enjoyed. Mr. Samuels was a sympathetic accompanist.

Oct 4 1921

A letter received here from the friend of a United States consul in Czecho-Slovakia contains an interesting paragraph:

"We met in our compartment a German engaged in auto building on the way to Kissing, Baden. R. talked with him on public affairs. The German was quite hopeful, thought it was no matter that their ships were all gone, because thousands of men are now happy, building new ones, while in England there are thousands of unemployed. He said: 'Since the entente disbanded our army, our young men can marry at 19 instead of 27, and many more houses and factories must be built for the increased population, but in France, no children, so in 50 years no more France. We'll sweep the few left into the Atlantic with electricity and gas.' He did not know that he was talking with a United States official. All that he said was in a good-natured, joking way. Germans lack reserve and shrewdness as compared with the English."

FOR FEMALE PIPE SMOKERS

Young women in Boston who, following the example of English noble dames preferring a pipe, jewelled or unadorned, to the finger-staining cigarette, will enjoy and perhaps quote to the shocked objectors this passage from Herman Melville's "Typee":

"Fayaway and I reclined in the stern of the canoe, the gentle nympth occasionally placing her pipe to her lip, and exhaling the mild fumes of the tobacco, to which her rosy breath added a fresh perfume. Strange as it may seem, there is nothing in which a young and beautiful female appears to more advantage than in the act of smoking. How captivating is a Peruvian lady, swinging in her gaily woven hammock of grass, extended between two orange trees, and inhaling the fragrance of a choice cigarro! But Fayaway, holding in her delicately formed olive hand the long yellow reed of her pipe, with its quaintly carved bowl, and every few moments languishingly giving forth light wreaths of vapor from her mouth and nostrils, looked still more engaging."

SLAUGHTERED INTELLECTUALS

As the World Wags:

What is the final destiny of a nation that deliberately murders that class who represents the brains of the country? Russia has, within a few years, slaughtered by thousands or starved to death, those who represent the intellectuals of the nation. Evidently it has been so in the past. In a book, now out of praint, entitled, "As The Hague Ordains," a book that everyone interested in Japan should read, it not only describes how the Japanese adhered rigidly to humane ordinances of The Hague in the treatment of Russian prisoners, but reports the lamentations of a Russian Countess in the following words:

"If I only could love my country! Instead, I have only hatred for Russia, for those who rule Russia, who are Russia. Sixty thousand of the best blood and brains of Russia were unjustly and brutally driven out of it in two years by Sipaguin. Sixteen thousand intelligent men were exiled from Petersburg that spring they arrested me! Ah, it is sickening to think of in this era of civilization. We are no better than the Persians or the Afghans, as far as honest or intelligent government goes. We persecute learning and degrade where civilized countries honour and promote. We send all the brains and ability of Russia to vegetate, to drag out useless, embittered lives in the Caucasus and Siberia."

Salem. EDWARD S. MORSE.

"MOBY DICK" IN SEATTLE

As the World Wags:

Anent the lively discussion of "Moby Dick" in your column. Having migrated to the apple orchards of this sovereign commonwealth, recently I entered the leading book-shop of Seattle and asked for a copy of "Moby Dick."

"Mopey Dick," mispronounced the sales clerk, "Mopey Dick; lemme see." A minute of searching along sundry shelves, his face clouded. Then, a brightening look, and: "Sorry; haven't got 'Mopey Dick' just now. Can send for it. Or, I tell you, I have a nice copy of 'Peck's Bad Boy.'"

For "Moby Dick" fans: See chapter XI, midway of second paragraph: ". . . there is no uality in this world that is not what it is merely by contrast. Nothing exists in itself."

Call for Mr. Einstein.

G. ARMSTRONG.

Seattle, Wash.

WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK HIM?

As the World Wags:

In recently riding through Ludlow, Vt., on a trip to Rutland, I saw this sign over a grocery store, "D. F. Coolidge." Will you kindly inform us for what those initials stand?

TRAVELER.

HE CALLED HIM "BILLY"

As the World Wags:

It was my good fortune to be a personal friend of the late Col. William M. Olin, secretary of the commonwealth for 19 years. I was intimate enough with him to call him "Billy" to his face. Those who knew him will know you had to be close to him to address him thus.

In December, 1908, I was on the dinner committee of an association to which we both belonged. I have the menu of that dinner, which "Billy" devised alone and unaided. The committee numbered three; the colonel was the chairman of it; the second member, then 78 years of age, is now 91, hale and hearty; I was the kid of the committee.

EX LABORE AD OTIUM CUM PABULO

Cenamus, Bibamus, as follows:

A Little Sherry and Bitters.
"Why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why."

A Few on the Half-Shell
"All the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will ope."

Some Soup.
"Life's greatest problem: How to keep
out of it."

An Ocean Rambler.
"Very like a whale."

What Is It?
Call Back Bay —— for an answer.
A Large Meleagridoid Hot Bird and a
Small Cold Bottle.
If you want to get ahead tomorrow,
don't get a head tonight.
Any Old Salad.
Use Peptocural for hearthurn, acid stomach, nervous dyspepsia, mental depression, and all gastric difficulties (adv.).
Morteratschgletscher,
with or without.
About this time look out for snow (Old Farmer's Almanack).
Fromage Debris (or worse).
Demi-Tasse
Redolent of odors from Araby the Blest.
Cigars.
La Florde B—defectos.
"Finally, the smoking of tobacco, etc." (London Lancet).

What a man among men he was! I count it among the greatest pleasures of my life being a friend of that genial soul, William M. Olin. Peace to his ashes!

ONE OF THE DINING COMMITTEE.

Somerville.

MISS ANGLIN

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Woman in Bronze," a play in three acts, adapted by Paul Kester, from "La Rivale," a play in four acts by Henry Kistemaeckers and Eugene Delard, which was produced at the Comedie Francaise, Paris, on June 13, 1907, with M. Grand as the sculptor, Mlle. Cerny as the wife, and Mlle. Pierat as "the other woman." "The Woman of Bronze" was brought out at Baltimore on October 6, 1919. It reached New York (Frazee Theatre), on Sept. 7, 1920.

Billy Byrd.....William Streett
Tom Randall.....Glenn Coulter
Maude Randall.....Mildred Fischer
Dorothy Barker.....Marcella Disney
Leonard Hunt.....Harry Minturn
Mary Courtney.....Marion Barney
Strelsky.....Arthur Fisher
Mrs. Douglas Graham.....Harriet Sterling
Sylvia Morton.....Mary Fowler
Patrick Griggs.....Max Montesole
Mrs. Randall.....Sally Williams
Douglas Graham.....Jerome Lawlor
James.....J. D. Trist
Vivian Hunt.....Miss Anglin
Reginald Morton.....Albert Gran
Papa Bonelli.....Harry Barfoot
George.....Ralph Weldhaas
Ellen.....Mrs. Barth

The motive of this play is practically the motive of D'Annunzio's "Gioconda." Is an artist born for the happiness of his wife, or to create masterpieces? In the French play, the applauded sculptor, Andre, seems unable to attain the wished-for height. Two poor relations come into his household, a sponging loafer and his daughter Simone, who turns the heads of all men that come in contact with her. A baron invites her to live with him in guilty splendor; a younger man wishes to marry her. The sculptor cries out, 'this marriage is impossible," for he himself is madly in love with Simone, who yields to him. The wife, knowing this intrigue, vainly tries to hold Andre, ready to abandon her. Simone, he thinks, will quicken him to new statues that will immortalize him. The wife and Simone argue the matter. Jane declares proudly that she is the wife, the faithful, devoted companion. Simone proudly answers: "I am carrying his child." Jane hysterically calling her a thief, bids her leave her to her suffering and depart forever. Here in the opinion of the Parisian critics was the end of the play. The fourth act, changed several times in the course of the rehearsals, was regarded as futile and stupid. Twenty months have passed. Andre returns to his studio in gloomy mood. The child is dead. Jane appears and says she is willing to be divorced. He, overcome by her spirit of self-sacrifice, would gladly stay, but she, disillusionized, sends him away, not to Simone, for it appears that his passion for her is now as dust and ashes, but to his art. His pleading, his saying that, he, with her, again feels the sacred flame, that his genius has awakened—all this does not move her. Yet in the third act she had said to him: "Suffering for you, I feel myself alive. Only to be near you, not to lose you." If Andre is a weak, contemptible neuropath, Jane is not consistent. She would pardon him, take him back, and then no doubt reproach herself.

Mr. Kester has condensed the play into three acts, retaining the last and unnecessary scene. He is to be thanked for not giving a "happy ending," in order "to suit American taste." The action passes near New York; the characters are Americans. The play was produced in 1907, but in his desire to make it one of today; he refers jauntily to the world war, Clemenceau and prohibition.

As the play stands in the adaptation it was evidently contrived to show the various and admirable phases of Miss Anglin's art. The play itself is on the whole artificial; it suffers from overemphasis. The original dialogue was commended in Paris; it probably has suffered somewhat, if not greatly, in the translation. The story in the original and in the adaptation is chiefly that of a man who does not for a moment excite the sympathy of the spectator or convince him that this sculptor had any real talent. The wife's behavior leads to nothing, neither her devotion nor her self-sacrifice. There are a few effective scenes, one that is daring, but as a rule the dramatic situations and characterizations are conventional.

Miss Anglin, one of the very few actresses now on the American stage, hardly without a rival in technical equipment and native force, did many things well. Wholly excellent was she in her changes from deep emotion while she was telling the story of her night of woe to Patrick to forced gayety that her guests might not know her misery. Admirable, too, was her exhibition of self-control, as when she surprised the embrace of the lovers. Her comedy was graceful, unforced, while in the final scene with her rival—who, by the way, is a rather incomprehensible young woman as sketched by the dramatists—she showed tragic intensity as thrilling as her pathos was genuine and moving. She richly deserves a better play.

Her support was for the most part mediocre. Miss Fowler failed to make the character of the other woman credible or interesting. Mr. Montesole brought out the faithful Patrick in a sympathetic light. Mr. Barfoot played the small part of Bonelli with a sincerity that was effective.

FOLLIES' BACK

COLONIAL THEATRE—The Ziegfeld Follies of 1921. Staged by Edward Royce; lines and lyrics by Channing Pollock, Gene Buck, Willard Mack, Ralph Spence and Bud DeSilva; music by Victor Herbert, Rudolf Friml and

Dave Stamper; scenery by Joseph Urban; costumes designed by James Reynolds and others; dialogue rehearsed by George Marion; produced under the supervision of F. Ziegfeld, Jr. First performance in Boston.

Follies may come, and follies may go, but the Ziegfeld Follies go on forever. This is the 15th production of what Mr. Ziegfeld terms "a national institution," and last night, as in former years, every seat in the Colonial Theatre was taken, and the usual three or four rows deep of college youths piled in, to stand at the back of the theatre. There is a certain flare to a Follies first night; orchestra, principals of the company; chorus girls, and audience are "on their toes" from the first tap of the conductor's baton. Expectation runs high.

From the point of view of exotic and rarely beautiful costumes; scenery that is the last word in artistry, and some of the prettiest girls in the world, that expectation last night was fulfilled. Each year, the finesse with which the Follies is staged and produced, gains a little. The scene, "The Birthday of the Dauphin," with which the second act opens, is one of the most gorgeous spectacles the modern stage has seen. Faithful to the last detail of the period from which the costumes were taken, it is easy to believe that not even the court of Louis XVI ever saw such luxury and grace. Magnificent, too, was the scene, "The Legend of the Cyclamen Tree," in which Florence O'Denishawn, exquisite to look at, danced with her accustomed grace. And no less intriguing was the simple scene on the banks of the Seine, with the gray bridges, lamplit, and the gray river, and beyond the ghostly Eiffel Tower. As a spectacle, the Follies leaves little to be desired.

For those, however, to whom the "Follies" means an evening overflowing with laughter, there is some disappointment. There is less comedy than in former years; with so much to look at, there is less to laugh at. The successful revue, in late years, more and more has come to be a parade of beautiful girls, in equally beautiful costumes. Comedy, therefore, is forced to take a back seat. Mr. Fields and Mr. Hitchcock are as funny as ever, when they get a chance. So is Miss Dooley and Miss Brice, but they have little opportunity this year to rollick about the stage. No sooner does the audience settle down to laugh at them than their "turn" is over, and the beauty show begins again. Perhaps the trouble is that Mr. Ziegfeld has tried to give too much, and in doing so he gives too little. Any one of these four comedians can entertain an audience for several minutes, without wearying them—why not give them a chance? The same principle holds good when it comes to the dancers in the company. Florence O'Denishawn, with her dancing, has often held an audience entranced for nearly an entire evening; in the present production, however, she drifts on and off the stage for a few moments at a time. So also does Mary Eaton, who admirably fills the place once held by Marilyn Miller in the Follies. So much genuine talent ought to be spread over two or three productions, instead of being crammed into one. Perhaps we are bitten by economy, but we cannot help thinking that Mr. Ziegfeld, by his very extravagance, has overshot the mark.

Mr. O'Donnell, however, in the very funny scene, "The Piano Tuner," actually created shrieks of laughter. He makes one curious to know whether he is made of flesh and blood, like the rest of us, so many injuries does he inflict upon himself. Miss Dooley and Miss Brice, in a burlesque on the Carpentier-Dempsey fight, were surprisingly professional—if the day ever comes when the ring is open to ladies they will have a great future before them. Van and Schenck sing pleasingly in their own manner. Mr. Hitchcock discourses feelingly on the evils of the 18th amendment; we should miss his little sermons if he should ever give them up; they contain words of wisdom, uttered with true eloquence. The girls in the company maintain the reputation of the "Follies" for feminine beauty, and Mr. Ziegfeld has given naturo every help that art can give.

SHUBERT THEATRE—Madge Kennedy in "Cornered," comedy drama in four acts. First time in Boston. The cast:

Nick.....Morgan Coman
Jerry.....John T. Doyle
Sing Hi.....Frank Grayson
Lola Mulvaney.....Maude Leone
Mary Brennan.....Madge Kennedy
Flanagan.....Joseph V. Tullar
Rose.....Natalie Manning
Mrs. Wells.....Amelia Gardner
Frank.....William C. Young
Margaret Waring.....Madge Kennedy
George Wells.....Leslie Austen
Leontine.....Alma Tremayne
Brewster.....Robert Forsyth
Casey.....Thomas Gunn
Updike.....Tom Walsh
Dr. Emerson.....Clark G. Hoover
Smithson.....Timothy Kane
Thomas.....George Hawkes
Miss Watson.....Edith Ford

Last night Madge Kennedy brought "Cornered" to the Shubert Theatre, following its successful run of last year in New York. She is among the first of those many luminaries who are flocking back from varied excursions in "the movies" to the speaking stage. Several seasons ago Miss Kennedy was wont to please the passing fancies with thin-edged farces coined from the nimble pens which hover close to Broadway. "Fair and Warmer" and one or another of her light pieces brought her well earned fame and stardom. Now she would try her hand at sterner stuff of the theatre, presumably akin to some of the scenarios which she has helped to photograph.

"Cornered" is the vehicle, for it is scarcely more than that, which Miss Kennedy is using to re-enter the field of spoken drama. It is a highly conventional melodrama of underworld and society, in that amazing mixture which melodrama alone can give. "Cornered" has some new tricks, some easy reversals of the usual. But it is heavily handicapped by that outworn device of mistaken identity. How many dramas have already been written about a pair of twins, one of whom has been mysteriously mislaid and always one must be poor, the other rich.

The story of "Cornered" revolves around Mary Brennan, a discharged "counter girl," who seeks to impersonate her twin sister, Margaret Waring, in order to break a safe. She manages to enter the home of her rich sister, and then through three acts she deftly foils an overwise detective. And of course, in the end she wins the lover who was once destined for Miss Waring.

Around this super-conventional story is spun a tale replete with all the gestures and manoeuvres of the stage which are complementary to the "hist, hist" of 10, 20, 30 melodrama. In between the threads are interspersed bits of repartee not always fresh and manifold double entendre phrases that often please a not too exacting audience.

Miss Kennedy is always interesting, although her chances to act are limited to but one or two really tender and well manufactured emotional scenes. Her partners in crime, Nick and Jerry, are suitable foils. Morgan Coman gave much to the scene where Mary Brennan forsakes her pals for the straight path of virtue. John T. Doyle did well with a dope fiend and made the most of infrequent opportunity. Tom Walsh played the over-confident detective to perfection, and Leslie Austen tried hard to rescue a society matron, whose comic relief was "lugged" in with unwonted sufficiency.

"Cornered" is drama of well known cut and fashion. Admirers of Miss Kennedy and unsophisticated patrons of the theatre will find it amusing, although very obvious amusement.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Big Game," a play in four acts, by Willard Robinson and Kilbourne Gordon. First time in Boston. The cast:

Wanda Smith.....Myrtle Clark
Tom Bassett.....Aubrey Bosworth
Agatha Jenkins.....Florence Roberts
Larrie Smith.....Walter Gilbert
Marie Smith, his wife.....Leona Powers
Moses Bascome.....Frederick Murray
Pigeon, an Indian guide.....Harold R. Chase
Joe, a Canadian guide.....Ralph Remley
White, a trapper.....Mark Kent
La Fontaine, a trap thief...Rupert V. LaBelle
Jean St. Jean.....Frank Charlton

The St. James's Theatre company labored valiantly last night to achieve a passable presentation of a very ordinary play. "The Big Game" has been shown here recently in the moving pictures. Whatever its merits as a screen production, the dramatized version fell far short of being an improvement. It contains just about material enough for one full act but is dragged out into three acts and a prologue. Melodrama of the conventional kind, with conventional characters saying and doing conventional things in the conventional way, the actors never really had a chance.

The story concerns a young man who bears the name of Smith, who lives in a Vermont village and is married to an impulsive French Canadian girl named Marie. This young man, the hero of the piece, is represented as being a sort of congenital weakling, with a horror of rough fighting and quarreling. No insults come amiss to him and he even allows the village deacon to attempt to kiss his wife—at the expense of a smitten nose, and then to call her a thief without any more than a tearful sort of protest at the iniquity of it all.

The couple hie them to Canada, "the land of wide open spaces," where, overtaken by a storm they take refuge in the cabin of a trapper, an American. Whereupon enters the villain of the piece, one Jean St. Jean, self-confessed bad man, who has an eye for women and usually gets them, while as for inconvenient husbands he simply eats 'em alive.

Naturally, Jean is captivated by the pretty Marie and tries to win her affections. Not succeeding, he adopts the extreme measure of invading her bedroom, which, of course, causes a tremendous outcry.

Smith, who has stood for being made about every kind of a human doormat up to now, is fairly goaded into action by this performance and then the long-awaited big scene comes off. The "weakling" tears off his coat, knocks the villain headlong over a bench, grapples him when he gets up and, after a smashing conflict, outguesses his antagonist and brings him down with a quick wing shot.

He is a changed man after that, of course, and the rest of the performance is merely so much padding.

Walter Gilbert, who takes the part of the hero, makes the most of a wishy-washy part, although it is hard to conceive how any man with red blood in his veins can be such a spineless creature as is here pictured through scene after scene.

Frank Charleton is a robust and effective villian and Mark Kent, as the American trapper, and Ralph Remley, as a comic French Canadian, give good character studies.

Leona Powers, as Marie, puts a lot of spirit into her acting, and in the prologue, which shows a corking good New England set with priceless hair cloth sofa, whatnot and family portraits, Florence Roberts gives us a capital Vermont spinster.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Twelfth Night," a comedy, by William Shakespeare. The cast:

Orsino.....Frederick Lewis
Sebastian.....Sydney Mather
Antonio.....Frank Peters
A sea captain.....V. L. Granville
Curio.....James Hagen
Valentine.....Frank Howson
Sir Toby Belch.....Rowland Buckstone
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.....Albert Howson
Malvolio.....Mr. Sothern
Fabian.....Frances Bendtsen
Feste.....Vernon Kelso
A priest.....Jerome Collamore
First officer.....Frank Howson
Second officer.....Harold Webster
Olivia.....Miss Alma Kruger
Viola.....Miss Marlowe
Maria.....Miss Lenore Chippendale
Page to the duke.....Miss Elaine Sims
Attendants on Olivia, Miss Lillian Gray, Miss Caroline Ferriday, Miss Dina Schleicher.

There are many who do not consider this one of the best or the most entertaining of Shakespeare's plays, but in the hands of a competent company, headed by E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, it provided a long evening of pleasing entertainment.

Johnson said of it: "This play is in the graver part elegant and easy and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. Aguecheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is in great measure that of natural fatuity and is, therefore, not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of Malvolio is truly comic; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough on the stage, wants credibility and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life."

Criticism of the play and of a performance may properly be widely different. Miss Marlowe as Viola was pleasing and effective. Perhaps her best scene was that where Olivia first displays her passion and that immediately following, when the message of Malvollo brings a realization of the mad passion of the countess. Her depiction of the character was marked by deep feeling and was thoroughly feminine.

Mr. Sothern was a real Malvolio, solemnly stupid, led into egregious error by his pride, and providing, perhaps unjustly, much of the broad humor of the performance.

Maria, Olivia's woman, was second only to Miss Marlowe in the female parts, vivacious and witty and falling fully into the plots that make up the comedy.

Olivia, as played by Alma Kruger, had all the importance the play allows her.

Toby Belch, the roistering uncle, made the most of his part, and Andrew Aguecheek was, he declares, "more natural."

The supporting company is excellent and the performance as a whole was creditable. It was not dependent for its interest on the two stars who head the bill.

The house was well filled and the audience was appreciative, as shown by the generous applause and the frequent curtain calls.

Ben Welch Amuses with Jewish Caricatures

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre sets a lively pace to follow, for many of the acts might take their place in the headline stratum. Incidentally, last evening Ben Welch, the blind comedian, making his first appearance since he became totally blind, was treated to one of the most magnificent ovations ever tendered an actor in this city—the while he stood overwhelmed, a pathetic spectacle, but a happy man.

Mr. Welch, who was assisted by Frank P. Murphy in a conversational sketch, "Pals," was never in better form as the comedian. His Hebrew caricature was never given with more fidelity, there was a crispness to his speech that showed he had lost none of his spontaneity, and his dialogue with Mr. Murphy and, later, his monologue were uproariously funny.

One of the big laugh-getters of the bill was Herschell Henlere in "Pianoflage." Mr. Henlere combines the unusual in the excellence of his musicianship and in his art as a comedian. He has a nice, intimate style that wins the audience, and he never was tempted to overplay.

An interesting act was that of Hope Vernon in an act of mental telepathy. She tells your name and answers any question you may have in your mind. She was the most successful of any of her associates in this kind of an act.

Other acts on the bill were Miller, Kent and Kuby, athletes; Harry Fox and Beatrice Curtis, in a singing act; Emma Carus, comedienne; a condensed version of "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath"; Clinton and Rooney, dancers and singers, and Elly, the juvenile juggler.

LEW FIELDS

Lew Fields in "Snapshots of 1921" was the headline attraction in the long, varied and excellent entertainment which opened at the Majestic Theatre last night before a crowd that filed the cosy playhouse. He calls it a miniature review and it lived up to its title. With him was Lulu McConnell, who earlier on the bill appeared in a sketch in which she had more to do than the star of the review. The songs were up to date, the costumes dainty, the stage settings of the seven scenes elaborate and bewildering, especially in the hat shop finale. "Every Girlie Wants to Be a Sally," was a decided hit as sung by Harry Garland and the six maidens dainty and clever. Ruth Thomas was very much in evidence throughout the review. Her song "Yokohama Lullaby," proved the most satisfying of all. Of course Lew had much to do. He appears in several characters, being especially funny as the barber, and his bit on the phone was true to the life.

Vinie Daly, of the famous Daly family, was another star on the card. She sang several songs, danced as they used to dance long ago, and then to show the difference gave her idea of the up-to-the-minute dancer. Her contribution was greatly appreciated. Fred Allen in his eccentric number with a few additions for good measure scored heavily. Lulu McConnell and Grant Simpson in "At Home," written by the latter, furnished much merriment.

Yvette, with Eddie Cook and Kino Clark, in a musical sketch, held the attention and their melodies and jazz were enjoyed. Milton Armstrong and William James in "Look at You," Jack and Kitty de Marco; and Dobbs and Watkins with the Shubert News Events completed a most attractive offering of vaudeville.

Oct 6 1921

A contributor saw a sign containing the word "preventorium." He asked us what the word meant. "Vermonter" answers the question. It is an institution in Essex to prevent tuberculosis in children. There are 13 patients. The home will soon be moved to Pittsford where "the sanitarium for adults is located."

Tuberculosis is a dreadful scourge, but "preventorium" is an abominable word. This we say, although we honor and love the state that gave this word birth.

THE NATION'S UNKNOWN DEAD

(Written for As the World Wags by Edward Yerxa.)

Far from the land that gave them birth
By sea and mart and fen,
One with the brave of all the earth—
Legion of nameless men.

At rest in graves by hill and shore
Where sleep is akin to fame;
They rise not when the night is o'er
Nor answer when called by name.

Pawns of Fate in their last emprise
Before the stakes were won,
Strewing the hills of high surmise
Under the Gallic sun.

Wearing the cloth of gold they sleep
After the last long mile,
By Somme and Oise where peasants reap
And purple valleys smile.

Betimes they come on the shadows borne
When the flaming West is red,
And knock at a mother's heart at morn—
The nation's unknown dead.

And when the pane is filmed with white
And stars are lit on the hill,
They bide awhile in the embers' light
When winter winds are shrill.

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82 YEARS WITHOUT STOPPING

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the remarkable case of Mr. William E. Wood of Arlington, "organist for 50 years." There is perhaps a more remarkable case in Lowell, that of Philip P. Haggerty, who was 94 years old on Aug. 13. Mr. Haggerty has sung continuously for 82 years. As boy soprano, alto, and tenor, without any break he has sung in church. On his 94th anniversary he attended mass and sang. He was for many years the tenor at Dr. Savage's Church with Barnaby. He is hale and hearty, and walks miles any pleasant day. I have supposed that the record of longevity of a tenor was that of Sims Reeves, whose musical life was about 60 years. Is not Mr. Haggerty's a world's record?

Lowell. JAS. B. RUSSELL.

Sims Reeves made his first appearance in 1839 at Newcastle-upon-Tyne in "Guy Mannering." His farewell concert was

in the Albert Hall, London, on May 11, 1891, but he sang afterwards at Covent Garden and in music halls. One of his biographers wrote: "It was unfortunate that he was compelled by adverse circumstances to go on singing after his voice had begun to decay." The same writer says that Reeves's voice was at its best during 25 years. He died in 1900.—Ed.

SOMEERSET AND SOME ARE NOT

(By E. N. H. Suggested by a quotation from a poem in Somersetshire dialect.)

Now that Mr. True has risen,
To chant that "Somerset" of hisn;
From what lass can we learn
To tunc our liquid notes like hern?
Let harsh Scottish praise each bairn.
We'll "buzz" smoother songs than theirn.
And so "Wags," to you we turn;
Where are wiser words than yourn?

A PROBLEM IN EUGENICS

As the World Wags:

"Folks who really appreciate fine tobacco become wedded to Camels" (vide bill boards.)

This is a very interesting statement; and to a student of eugenics one fraught with great import. What of the progeny; would they rival the centaurs? It is certain that they would carry a perpetual hump.

I commend this study to the notice of some one or other of the Solons of your department. E. M. KERR.

Boston.

SPOTLESS BOSTON

As the World Wags:

Mr. Barry Boyle of Revere, in his remarks on "Unkempt Boston," calls our New England metropolis "really filthy in its greater part." But how can he reconcile his words with the fact that Bostno practically holds the proud title of "Spotless Town"? Or at least almost spotless, having been awarded the championship cup in the recent annual "clean-up" contest among New England cities for its rating of 92 per cent. perfect. Where did Mr. Barry Boyle get his impression to the contrary? May he not have been haunting the quarters inhabited by the foreign-born elements, whose literacy so far exceeds their sense of orderliness that they daily strew their streets so lavishly with discarded newspapers as to give them the untidy aspect conferred by a springtime snow two days gone? That accounts for most of the 8 per cent. to the bad. The improvements he clamors for would be perfectly splendid. But Boston has probably expended more for street widenings and extensions than all other great American cities put together. And where would the money come from to pay for tearing down the Elevated tracks and the other improvements we all would like to see realized? So what's the use of talking about it?

As to Mrs. Wharton's "Age of Innocence" and the flaws in her Boston depictions that Mr. Wadlin points out. Of course she meant Point Shirley by her "Point Arley." But it seems unlikely that she could have been there herself, for she could not easily have forgotten the international celebrity of "Taft's." She might profitably have read Edwin M. Bacon's Dictionary of Bostoh, which justly dwells on the renown of the picturesque old hostelry for its superb larder and its incomparable fish and game dinners. "For more than a quarter of a century (Bacon wrote in 1893) this has been the favorite resort for gourments; for many famous men, and social and literary clubs of the city have in this time dined here, in the pleasant rooms with the outlook on the sea." Bacon goes on with over a page more of his delightful account of Taft's and Point Shirley.

Boston. BANFORD O'LEVER.

HOO-CHEE-NOO IS NOW HOOTCH

As the World Wags:

Has the stuff or the name ever been better explained than in the following, from a report by Ensign J. A. Nicholson, U. S. N., to Commander Glass of the U. S. S. Wachusett, somewhere in Alaska, in July 1881, and relating to conditions at Klowick or Klowank, in Alaska?

"The whites having complained that the Indians were in the habit of making hoo-chee-noo in large quantities, I ordered Ensign Gilmore to search the Heneya village, with a party of men, and destroy all stills, hoo-chee-noo, and mash that could be found. With another party I searched the Hidi village, but in neither could any trace of hoo-chee-noo be found. I then sent for the 10 leading chiefs and warned them against interfering with the whites, and against the manufacture of hoo-chee-noo. They all promised readily to maintain order among their tribes, and to stop the making of hoo-chee-noo, to the best of their abilities, and asserted that they regarded the whites as their friends, and that no trouble would have arisen, but for the hoo-chee-noo."

Portsmouth, N. H. J. H. S.

Oct 2 1921

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Hamlet," a tragedy, by William Shakespeare. The cast:

Claudius ..... V. L. Granville
Hamlet ..... Mr. Sothern
Polonius ..... Frank Peters
Laertes ..... Sydney Mather
Horatio ..... Frederick Lewis
Rosencrantz ..... Vernon Kelso
Guildenstern ..... Frank Howson
A Priest ..... Harold Webster
Marcellus ..... Jerome Collamore
Bernardo ..... Frank Howson
Francisco ..... Harold Webster
Reynaldo ..... J. W. Latham
Actor ..... Frank Bendixen
First Player ..... Jerome Collamore
Second Player ..... J. W. Latham
First Gravedigger ..... Rowland Buckstone
Second Gravedigger ..... James Hagen
Ghost of Hamlet's Father ..... Albert Howson
Fortinbras ..... William Adams
Gertrude ..... Miss Alma Kruger
Ophelia ..... Miss Marlowe
Player Queen ..... Miss Lenore Chippendale

Mr. Southern's performance of Hamlet is, as ever, a memorable event in the Boston theatrical season. Since his last appearance here he has gained a certain mellow quality, a perfection in shading and gesture which has made the interpretation even more satisfying and impressive.

His is a romantic Hamlet, emotional, overflowing with action, both vocal and physical. His measured delivery, his fine voice and the exquisite clarity of enunciation all assisted in making the occasion one long to be remembered.

Miss Marlowe's Ophelia was pathetic, appealing. The mad scene was positively heartrendering. She seems to have drunk at the fountain of perpetual youth, so fair and young did she look.

Mr. Peters's Polonious was almost too dignified. He missed the fussiness, the garrulyt, the senile doddering of the old chamberlain. Then, to the mind of the writer, the first grave digger should be a lean, lanky, sardonic sort of a philosopher and not a chucklehead. Mr. Buckstone uses too broad a pencil and the result is a caricature.

Sydney Mather makes a strong Laertes and Frederick Lewis is an honest, sturdy Horatio whom Hamlet could not help loving.

The stage was simply but effectively set, providing a series of stately and beautiful pictures as a background for the performance.

Oct 8, 1921

Orchestra Opens 41st Season—Pierre Monteux Conductor

By PHILIP HALE

The first concert of the 41st season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Mendelssohn, Italian symphony; Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Sadko"; Debussy, Nocturnes-Nuages, and Fetes; Strauss, "Don Juan."

A brilliant audience, anticipating a brilliant concert, in which the hearers were not disappointed, welcomed heartily Mr. Monteux. It was a pleasure to see Mr. Krafft, after an absence of nine years, sitting again among the first violins. Mr. Werner, who had been away for two years, was again among the violas. Mr. Fourel now heads that section. As Mr. Holy is suffering from erysipelas, Mme. Delcourt played the music for the first harp.

The program, well varied, was made up of compositions that are more or less familiar. Debussy is no longer regarded as Antichrist in the musical world. Contrast the applause that followed the excellent performance yesterday with the stupefaction incited in Chickering Hall when this beautiful music was heard there in 1904. Today some of the more radical regard him with a patronizing air, saying of him what Capt. Bluffe said of Hannibal in Congreve's comedy: "A very pretty fellow in those days, it must be granted." The "Don Juan" of Richard Strauss was on the program. Strauss, whom, the Springfield Republican, alluding to his approaching visit, hailed as "the waltz-king." Alas, poor Johann!

Mr. Edward James Dent of the London Nation, hearing music by Strauss last month, was moved to say:

"Richard Strauss is so out of date in these days as to have become a popular composer." He also said that if modern musicians prefer "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel" to "Salome" and "Elektra," it means as a rule "nothing more than that they have become bored with music of a definitely serious character." It is true that "Death and Transfiguration" is now more old-fashioned than the G Minor Symphony of Mozart. The anguish of the dying man, who does not make the graceful and gracious apology of Charles II on his deathbed, no longer moves us. His recollections seem sentimental and vapid while the trombone passages once considered as terrific, awe-inspiring, are not so significant as the single horn of Charon in Gluck's "Alceste." "Don Juan," on the other hand, holds its own by its defiant spirit, expressing the arrogance of the Don on his triumphal way—by its dramatic translation into music of the words put by Lenau into his mouth:

"Exhausted is the fuel,
And on the hearth the cold is fiercely cruel."

The superb horn phrase should have accompanied the entrance of Lovelace into the ballroom, one of the most powerful scenes in Richardson's long-winded romance.

"Sadko" is amusing, though as a musical seascape it is not comparable with the sea music in "Scheherazade." The tone picture is interesting chiefly by its instrumentation and the exciting monotony of oriental repetition, for in eastern music, "exciting" and "monotonous" are not warring terms. It gains in the concert hall if only for this reason: that the hearer is not distracted by the ballet, for which the music was not written.

Another pleasant feature of the concert was the fact that Mr. Monteux did not find it necessary to begin the season with a symphony by Beethoven. There is time enough for this composer later, nor would there be a perturbation of nature if only one or two symphonies by him were played in the course of a season. They would then be appreciated all the more. Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony still has agreeable pages, written with a clarity, a neatness, an elegance that are not displeasing. This music is eminently "genteel." Take the finale in saltarello form for example, suggested by a Roman carnival. Do we not see "Miss T——— a delicate young Englishwoman" pelting the composer with confetti? We see his blue coat as white as a miller's. And then we see him in his lodgings brushing this blue coat with extreme care and hanging it on a stretcher before he goes to bed. We are wrong; Mendelssohn was too "genteel" to do such a common thing as to go to bed; he undoubtedly "retired."

It has often been thought necessary in reviewing the first concert of a season to apologize for the performance: "the men have long been absent; they are not yet in the swing; no doubt soon, etc., etc." There was yesterday no thought of apology. There was nothing but praise. The orchestra was never in a better condition; it never played more intelligently, more brilliantly, and with a fined sense of euphony and color. This we owe to Mr. Monteux, and the players share in his glory.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Beethoven, "Eroica" symphony; Humperdinck, prelude to "Haensel and Gretel"; Liszt, Concerto in A Major, No. 2 (Mr. Nyiregyhazi, pianist); Rabaud, Dances from "Marouf" (first time in Boston).

No man has yet confessed to The Boston Herald that he has read "The Confidence-Man: His Masquerade," by Herman Melville. No one has told us whether this extraordinary book is scarce; whether it is to be had for a song—by one who can sing—or is to be obtained only at a high price.

Let us quote the opening of the first chapter, "A Mute Goes Aboard a Boat on the Mississippi":

"At sunrise on a first of April there appeared, suddenly, at Manco Capac at the lake Titicaca, a man in cream-colors, at the water-side in the city of St. Louis.

"His cheek was fair, his chin downy, his hair flaxen, his hat a white fur one, with a long fleecy nap. He had neither trunk, valise, carpet-bag, nor parcel. No porter followed him. He was unaccompanied by friends. From the shrugged shoulders, titters, whispers, wonderings of the crowd, it was plain that he was, in the extremist sense of the word, a stranger."

Who, reading this, would not rush to a second-hand book-shop and shout to the proprietor or clerk: "Have you 'The Confidence-Man?' No? Then find it for me at any cost."

The book ends: "The next moment, the waning light expired, and with it the waning flames of the horned altar, and the waning halo round the robed man's brow; while in the darkness which ensued the cosmopolitan kindly led the old man away. Something further may follow of this Masquerade." Alas, nothing followed. Published in 1857, this was the last of Melville's prose works for the general public.

SIGNS AND WONDERS

As the World Wags:

This sign is in a window in Merchants row:

"Do not add any Raisins or Corn to this CIDER,
As it will hurt Mr. Volstead's feelings."

Somerville. A. B. C.

As the World Wags:

From a Boston newspaper's columns of advertisements:

WANTED—Lot for built grocery store; must be no one around. MASROUR.

Boston.

DE PROFOUNDIS CLAM—

(From the Taunton Daily Gazette.)

DIGHTON: "At the Brick Church, Rev. William F. Warren pastor, there will be Sunday morning worship at 10:45. Mr. Warren's sermon will be "A Study of the Spiritual Elements of the Clambake."

LIKE "THE POI POLLOI"

As the World Wags:

While reading an editorial article this morning entitled "The Irish Conference" I came upon the expression "great magnitude." Is this expression a felony or merely a misdemeanor? How many times the helpless dead have been tortured with a set of resolutions disfigured with the dreadful bromide "We realize the great magnitude of our loss"! Death is certainly deadly, but is it any worse than "great greatness"?

Concord, N. H. L. J. CHASE.

"Death is certainly deadly." When Mr. Bert Williams in a show, acting the part of a human target for rifle shots, showed extreme nervousness, he was asked contemptuously if he was afraid to die. "No—I am not afraid, but—death is so permanent."—Ed.

A REPLY TO MR. WALLACE

As the World Wags:

Talleyrand or some other sage once remarked that it was difference of opinion quite as much as love that made the world go round. Imagine all amorous youth in love with the same type of girl! Imagine everybohy liking the same type of play! Perish the thought! But your correspondent, Mr. David Wallace, does not stop with denouncing my opinion of "Abraham Lincoln." He goes on to accuse me of many crimes and misdemeanors of which I am guiltless. Naturally, I did not, in the summer of 1921, prophesy as to matters that took place in 1919 and 1920. I was taking a chance as to what would happen during the season of 1921-22, and my competence as a prophet, therefore, remains to be tested. Mr. Wallace is perhaps to be excused, for he evidently saw only a clipping from my screed and did not know the date of it. I am familiar with the story of the production of "Abraham Lincoln" from A to Z, and am not quite so dyspeptic and lacking in knowledge of the theatre as he assumes. I can't prove it, of course, but I'd be willing to bet an English muffin that Mr. Harris would never have produced the play on the strength of reading the manuscript. When it had achieved success in London, he crossed himself and made the plunge. My criticism, I wish to repeat, was directed rather at the impersonation of one or two of the characters in the play than at Mr. Drinkwater's conception of them, my chief contention being that no great historical character can be portrayed on the stage in a convincing manner. You can put the young George Washington on the stage, in the act of chopping down the cherry tree, and "get away with it," for nobody knows what the young Washington looked like, but I defy any actor to impersonate the Washington of the Revolution and Mount Vernon with any satisfaction to the admirers of our first President. W. E. K.

Boston.

The Herald will publish next Sunday several letters about Mr. Drinkwater's play.—Ed.

As the World Wags:

There were in my youth two kinds of French mechanical lamps—winding with keys, burning a high grade of sperm oil. The larger was the Carcel, winding in the base with a key like a clock key. The smaller, the Moderateur (correctly described in The Herald of Sept. 17), winding with a fixed key near the top.

Sperm oil grew scarce and dear, less good—gas burners improved in efficiency, gas piping became universal, kerosene improved, the student lamp arrived, costing less, giving good light. And the French lamps when requiring repair were not repaired but put on the shelf. OLD LADY.

The "Moderateur" or "lampe a moderateur" was a lamp with a piston furnished in the inside with a conical rod which regulated the rising of the oil.—Ed.

The Princess Pauline Metternich died on Sept. 27. Readable stories were printed in the newspapers about her brilliant career in Paris when she shone at the court of Napoleon III; about her audacious wit; about her generosity; but we have not seen any reference to her support of Wagner when he was endeavoring to force the doors of the Paris Opera for his "Tannhaeuser." He had other supporters, influential members of the German colony, especially Baron Erlanger, but the princess had the ear of the Emperor.

Mme. Adam in a letter to Figaro years after the failure of this opera in Paris, reproached Wagner bitterly for his "treasonable" desertion of Mme. d'Agoult's salon, where he met artists and men of republican tendencies, a salon known as liberal and in opposition to the government, for the sake of the Emperor's patronage gained through the princess. But was it not natural that Wagner, a stranger in Paris, should seek the aid of this influential woman?

The story goes that the Princess at a ball at the Tuileries interested Napoleon in Wagner and gained the formal promise of his favor for her protege. She herself in a letter to the Journal des Debats said that the story was true. She asked the Emperor for a favor, to be granted immediately. He said, "Well, we'll see if it is possible to grant it." She then told him that the Paris Opera owed it to itself to acquaint Parisians with the work of a great German composer, Richard Wagner. She begged the Emperor to order the production of "Tannhaeuser." He called Count Bacciocchi and said: "The Princess Metternich desires that Wagnor's 'Tannhaeuser' should be performed at the Opera. Make it known immediately that this work must go on the stage." The Princess thanked him profusely and bore the news to Wagner. Twenty-four hours afterwards he was summoned to the director of the Opera. As Georges Servieres puts it—by a strange destiny it was reserved for a revolutionary to be protected, thanks to the caprice of a noble dame, by the author of the coup d'etat of 1851, a ruler absolutely rebellious to music.

The story of the fiasco, of the outrageous behavior of the Jockey Club is familiar. Jules Janin, in a feuilleton described the Princess in her box. "Alone, magnificent, superb, armed with generous indignation, the indignation of a 20th year, a woman, a Tyndaride defied these hissing, whistling cohorts," and on the fan which it was said she broke at the third performance, he wrote an elegy beginning: "It is broken, the beautiful fan." But the Princess writing in her memoirs in 1898 said: "The story that I broke my fan in my anger was a fantastic invention of Jules Janin's. I certainly was angry, but not angry enough to break a fan to which I was attached." Nevertheless, if Frederic Lolliee is to be believed, one of the frequenters of her salon, Beyens, conceived the idea of a parody to be performed by the characters in card-board. Before the rising of the curtain on the dissolving views, a friend of the Princess, dressed as an ouvreuse at the Opera, distributed gratuitously to the spectators cheap fans, in case any one of the women hesitated about breaking her own for the sake of enconomy. In this parody the Wartburg was turned into the Prince Metternich's Johannisberg, famous for his castle and vineyard. The heroic Tannhaeuser, staggering in the cellar emptied bottles, while some one in the wings sang to the tune, "Bouton de Rose."

"Dieu, quelle veste
Pour Wagner et son Venusberg!
A grands flots de Johannisberg
Noyons du moins leur sort funeste
Sur cette veste!"

It is said that, laughing, the Princess lost her resentment.

Prosper Merimee wrote his "unknown" about the fiasco in 1861. " 'Tannhaeuser' has been the last bore, but an enormous one. It seems to me I could write something like it, inspired by my cat walking on piano keys. The performance was very curious. Princess Metternich made a terrible effort to look as if she understood it, and to lead the applause, which did not come. Everybody yawned, but at first everybody wished to have the appearance of understanding this nameless enigma. They said beneath the box of the Princess that the Austrians were taking their revenge for Solferino."

To form an idea of this woman's extraordinary character one should read the long, but fascinating, chapter about her in Frederic Loliee's "Les Femmes du Second Empire." She herself acted on the stage in private theatricals. In the "Commentaires de Cesar," played before the court at Compiegne in November, 1865, as a coachman's wife, replacing her husband on a strike, she sang an extraordinary song. Even she did not dare to sing one verse of it, alluding to drawn shades of public vehicles.

Yes, she was an extraordinary woman, known in Vienna as "Notre Dame de Vienne." One journalist said of her in the late eighties: "The real man of Vienna is the Woman of Vienna." And this song was sung in the streets:

"Es giebt nur a Kaiserstadt,
Es giebt nur a Wien;
Es giebt nur a Fuerstin,
Es ist die Metternich Paulin!"

As she left the Opera House in Paris after the failure of "Tannhaeuser," she said: "In 25 years Wagner will be applauded by tout Paris." And a bit of a prophetess!

"Declassee" and Its Author

"Declassee" with Miss Barrymore has been long in coming to Boston. It was seen in New York for the first time at the Empire Theatre on Oct. 6, 1919.

In November of that year Miss Zoe Akins wrote for a journal in New York a sketch of her life as a dramatist, from the time she began running a theatre with paper dolls—she was born and lived until she was 8 years old in Humansville, Mo. Her letter tells how, when she still "wore Peter Thompson clothes and a bow in her hair, she used to write plays for everybody; how she dramatized one of Kipling's stories for Blanche Bates and wrote a long serious drama, on labor troubles. "The End of the Strike," for Miss Marlowe. We are not now interested in her play "The Magical City" or "Papa," but in her own account of "Declassee." Having said that she has never re-written a play, that she was intensely bored when any one talked "changes" to her, she said that "Declassee" was not changed.

"The very first version of it went to the stenographers and it is spoken practically line for line just as I wrote it on the Empire stage. Three cuts were made, only one of them of any importance whatever. It was written very quickly and started, as usual, with an idea which focussed itself very neatly in the title—the woman, in this case a great lady who had lost what we call social position but who has not gone over the dark border into the sordid and nameless strata of the outcast. It's a very lonely realm, that of the woman who has become declassee, and the fact that Lady Helen Haden is an Englishwoman adrift in a strange city adds, I think, to the effect of loneliness that I've tried to insinuate.

"Miss Barrymore is almost psychic in her sense of the theatre. She sees, knows and hears everything.

"Also it has been said that some big scenes are 'off stage.' That's just how I meant to write it—to try to give a sense of the drama of a life beyond the drama—if I may put it like that. Her Rubicon is crossed—her climax taken at the end of the first act. Technically, I suppose the play is really in two acts and an interlude—for the hotel scene is in the nature of an illuminating interlude; but we knew all about that in the beginning, and we happened to believe that the thing to be projected had been projected in the restaurant scene, and although its close is very quiet, and infinitely less dramatic than that of the first act, it is in the nature of a bit of eventful history in Lady Helen's life—and that's what I was trying to tell.

"The play certainly has many 'big scenes' off stage—but to my mind all plays that interest audiences interest them by the scenes that are suggested as well as depicted. And, in any case, I'm not deeply interested in the exact merits of the play. It happens to have pleased the people I'm particularly glad to have pleased, and it happens to have made life suddenly very eventful for me. So eventful that when I sat the other day in a box at the Empire Theatre and turned as the curtain went down after the second act to stare out over that huge audience that had been half laughing and half crying during most of the act—and tried to realize that all this was really happening to me, it didn't seem half so real or half so close as those matinees in the 'Opera House' in that village in the Ozark mountains . . . when somebody pulled down green blinds and lighted kerosene lamps for the footlights and I sat on a bench with the other children—waiting with wide eyes and beating heart for them to roll up the painted curtain that had a clumsy way of always hanging a little awry above the border of the enchanted land."

Various Belated Opinions About Mr. Drinkwater's "Lincoln"

To the Editor of The Herald:

Has the Mail Bag room for one more estimate of Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln"? I probably come as near as any one person can come to agreeing with all those who have written you in praise or in criticism of this play. The author violates history in certain incidents, and he quite fails to sustain Lincoln's reputation for terse and tolerant humor. Nevertheless, I was moved by the play almost solely because of the remarkable stage presence of the leading actor, Mr. McGlynn. I doubt whether he looked very much like the real Lincoln, but he fitted remarkably, in his appearance, that idealized conception of Lincoln which has lodged itself, most fortunately, in the minds and hearts of most of us. In look and bearing, most of the time, Mr. McGlynn's Lincoln had a noble distinction, a distinction that his often unsatisfactory speeches did not efface. Moreover, he was the one character on the stage that showed distinction, the one character that was interesting. The members of the cabinet were so boorish looking that one wonders whether they were not made so on purpose, to set off the superiority of Lincoln's personality.

EDWIN H. HALL.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Mr. Cook's letter in which he reproached Mr Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" of lacking dramatic quality in the last act moves me to a defence of it. To my mind nothing can be more dramatic than the assassination of Lincoln so truly depicted. Lincoln's character is simple and unaffected throughout the play. Even in the great crisis he acts quietly, without raving or tearing of the hair. Mr. McGlyn creates a dramatic tamosphere which makes the spectators feel the emotions which sway Lincoln without verbally dramatic expression.

The end, Lincoln's death, is entirely in keeping with the rest of the play. The great tragedy of it lies in the fact that Lincoln, with his trusting nature, is so unsuspecting; that he who gives his life for his country should be called by his murderer a tyrant. As for the dramatic quality, surely the great cry that arises from those who a few minutes before had been light-hearted is dramatic. Yes, the ending is in keeping with the rest of the the play—the awed people, speechless with grief: the few simple words spoken by Stanton.

F. N.

Sharon.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Before referring to the authorities I am challenged to produce in support of my opinion of the first act of "Abraham Lincoln" may I call attention to what you consider my "unfortunate reference to 'Disraeli.' " I made no reference to its historical accuracy. I merely said, "I thought it a better play," and as the canal incident was a central dramatic theme—true or false—I still think it made a better play per se than a procession of unconnected incidents of a great man's life, in the Drinkwater dialogues. On that I stand pat. "Disraeli" failed in England, as "Abraham Lincoln" should have failed here, because national understanding of the subject was greater than that of the author. Certainly Mr. Drinkwater was blithely ignorant of American political life in its national fibre.

Before citing authorities to support my contention concerning act 1, let me state it. I claim history is here distorted because it pictures Lincoln on the day of the national Republican convention, uncertain and undetermined regarding the nomination, because, in advance of that nomination the convention sends a committee to ask him if he will accept and because the general effect of the act is that of the nomination seeking the man. This is all absolutely untrue in detail, and makes Lincoln another character than he was. He was not alone a hero, a martyr and a statesman; he was an acute politician, as shrewd as he was honorable. The life of Lincoln is an epic of political ambition ennobled by the greatness of the soul behind it.

You ask: "What evidence can Mr. Cook bring forward to prove his assertion?" I answer: Every responsible biographer of Lincoln and every inspired historian of the period. From the time he made his Cooper Union speech, he was a figure of presidential size. He was a little modest about making the battle at first, but only at first. It was then and only then so far as I remember any record, that he expressed a little doubt of his fitness to be President. * * * When Lincoln finally accepted the advice of his friends he sought, with dignity, the nomination and kept his finger continually on the pulse of the campaign. "Being now fairly started in the race (winter of 1859-60), he used all his well-known skill as a politician to forward his campaign." (John T. Morse's "Life of Lincoln," in American Statesman series.)

In February of that year he wrote to Judd in regard to the Illinois delegates: "Can you help me a little in this matter at your end of the vineyard?" (Morse. Ida. Tarbell, Nicolay and Hay.) Lord Charnwood, Drinkwater's mentor, says of that winter: "Already a movement was afoot among his friends to secure the nomination for him," and as he does not hint—as he could not—that Lincoln was ignorant of this, Drinkwater had no business to make the assumption, if, indeed, he did make it, except for dramatic purposes. Lincoln's standard biographers, his two secretaries, Nicolay and Hay, tell us of the Illinois state convention, with Lincoln sitting on the platform, when John Hanks brought in a pair of rails that he and Lincoln had once split and aroused the great enthusiasm of the day. Lincoln then made a speech, and in a whirlwind of enthusiasm they indorsed his candidacy. James Ford Rhodes, in his "History of the United States from 1850," tells the same story. So does Morse, so does Miss Tarbell.

Mr. Blaine, in his "Twenty Years of Congress," tells us, regarding the fight made for Lincoln, of which Lincoln knew all the details, that "a delegation competent for its work was sent to the convention from Illinois." Rhodes tells us of the trade made in Lincoln's behalf by Davis, which Lincoln so reluctantly kept, to place Cameron in the cabinet. Lincoln had given directions to "make no contracts that bind me," but the fact that he gave directions at all shows that he was interested in the management of the campaign, and, of course, the Cameron crowd would not have accepted a pledge, except from a man that represented Lincoln personally, even though he exceeded his authority. On the day before the nomination, according to Rhodes, he sent his friends at Chicago, in his own hand, his views on certain of Seward's policies.

Rhodes, Nicolay and Hay, Morse, Miss Tarbell and Carl Schurz in his memoirs all tell of the organization of the Lincoln gallery claque and of its filling the available seats while the Seward men, 2000 strong, under the leadership of Tom Heyer, a prize fighter, were parading the streets. Was a convention where the contest was being waged so palpably apt to send missionaries to one of the active candidates to inquire if he would accept? Charles Carleton Coffin, in "Lincoln by Distinguished Men of His Time," describes the claque with great particularity. The leader, Dr. Ames (a Democrat by the way), with a tremendous voice which could be heard above "the uproar of the lake in the wildest storm," responded to the signals of Burton Cook of Ottawa, a Lincoln delegate seated upon the platform. Schurz thought, however, that the demonstration did not affect the result.

I have neither time nor space to cite at length the story of the committee which did visit Lincoln, not before but after the nomination, a committee of notification and which he regaled from the famous pitcher of ice water, and of the member who, like Drinkwater's character, thought a handsomer man could have been chosen but not a better.

Surely one cannot read deeply on Lincoln and believe him to have been, at the time of his nomination, or for long at any time, either doubtful or reluctant. His position was the antithesis of what Drinkwater pictures. I believe that the authorities show that he has distorted history and so submit these after only 40 minutes' consultation with my own books. SHERWIN L. COOK.

Boston.

This is an interesting letter. No one ever denied that Lincoln was an adroit politician, but even a shrewd politician may doubt the advisability of accepting a nomination and shrink from certain responsibilities that may be his ruin. In our opinion Mr. Drinkwater's first act is singularly sincere and dramatically effective. Mr. Cook insists that "Abraham Lincoln" should have failed in this country. The fact that it triumphed gloriously shows that it made a strong appeal to thousands of Americans who are not wholly mistaken as to Lincoln's character.—Ed.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell in a Shocker —Other Theatrical Notes

Mrs. Patrick Campbell played in a one-act shocker, "The Terror," by Clemence Dane, at the Liverpool Play House, Sept. 10. Sonia, an actress, is talking with her companion, Marta. It appears that Sonia's husband, Paul, was put in prison during the Russian revolution by Bergman, chief of police, who afterwards reported Paul dead. Bergman, in love with Sonia after his fashion, has helped Sonia to a high position on the stage. Paul comes into the room. She hides him while Bergman and his fellows are hunting the escaped man. Bergman confronts husband and wife. Sonia rushes into the police officer's arms to show her contempt for her "wretch of a husband." While she is embracing Bergman she takes a dagger from her hair and sticks him. Then she and Paul leave the theatre, while the audience applauds.

Lady Forbes Robertson, having returned to London from playing for 20 weeks in South Africa, will go to Canada in December when she will take "Paddy the Next Best Thing" and a new play by Beatrice Maxwell. Her company will be practically the same as in South Africa.

There is no earthly justification for the widely prevalent impression that a play which has failed must necessarily be a bad one. That does not by any means always follow. As a general proposition it may be affirmed that, when properly registered, the public judgment is sound. In every case there is not much likelihood of reversal or appeal. But it is apt to be founded, occasionally, upon surface indications only, upon the patent facts. In the face of a performance that is ineffective and dull, the average miscellaneous audience does not bother itself much about the literary or imaginative capacity of the author or the undemonstrated intent. But it must never be forgotten that, in the main, in every department of drama (exceptions prove the rule) popular approval has confirmed the expert critical selection of what is best of its kind.

Great literary works have failed in the theatre, from time to time, but either they have not been, in the truest and best sense, dramatic or they have been inefficiently or ineffectively interpreted. —Mr. Towse in the New York Evening Post.

Mr. P. F. Reniers of the New York Evening Post, summing up the screen plays of the summer, says that the film industry has come through a "nervous, uncertain, and by no means glorious" season. Experiments with famous authors produced little of value. There was a "curtailment of production, a paucity of good pictures, an overdose of third or fourth rate ones, and revivals." Cinematographically in his opinion the best were "Gypsy Blood" and "The Golem," though Rex Ingraham's, "The Conquering Power," was in many respects their equal and photographically superior. James Young's adaptation of Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy," which has not, it is understood, pleased the crowd, was "a lyric and delicate work, quite in its own class." There were a few pictures, excellent of their kind, to be classed as "refinements on the old lines rather than attempts at originality: thoroughly skilful, rather than inspired; beautifully photographically, rather than idealistically." In this class were "Disraeli," "The Three Musketeers," "The Affair of Anatol" and "Little Lord Fontleroy." Knoblock did his best work in adapting "The Three Muskateers" for the screen. His original, "The Lost Romance," was a rather obvious production of a man trained to write in three acts for the stage rather than in scenes for the screen. His "Appearances" was "unspeakably bad." Elinor Glyn's "Great Moment" nothing need be said other than that it was expected. Gertrude Atherton, whose "Noblesse Oblige" came out as "Do

Neglect Your Wife," with changes in script to match the change of text, "has retired from the studio in a mood she could probably wish undescribed."

Another Thais in Opera. Notes About Music and Musicians

Roland Hayes, tenor, of Boston, began his fall series of recitals in London on Sept. 24. On Sept. 8 he sang at a promenade concert in London.

We were glad of the opportunity which Sir Henry Wood gave us last night (Sept. 14) to hear Scriabin's Second Symphony (C minor), because we may not get another, and, moreover, we know now that we do not need another. It is a work which one takes in in a single hearing, simple, childlike, and bland, with sentimental tunes, obvious rhythms, and a comic opera finale. There are some moments here and there which suggest the later Scriabin, notably one progression emphasized at the climax of the slow movement, which he built on largely some years later in the "Poem of Ecstasy." The slow movement, indeed, comes nearer to originality than the others, and the bird-song with which the flute decorates its main theme is more than usually pretty. But the 40 minutes of listening to this symphony gave one wondering whether Scriabin consciously evolved his later harmonic style in a desperate desire to escape from the cloying ballad tunes with which his brain was teeming.—London Times.

"Amateur musician" is an elastic phase: the emphasis may come upon either word, but only where the emphasis is laid on the "musician" is the title one of any glory. Thousands of amateurs who are not musicians inhabit the British Isles. The self-taught organist who imagines that a few consecutive fifths played slowly make a charming voluntary, the young lady who squeezes Indian love lyrics out of a constricted gullet, the jovial thumper of ragtime, the ready vamper who would cheerfully undertake to accompany "Ich grollenicht" with the tonic, subdominant and dominant progression, the affected parasite who indulges in aimless and endless extemporisations, and "the amateur tenor whose local villainies all desire to shirk"—these are not musicians. They may get pleasure, but they give pain, at all events to the discriminating. I call nobody a musician who has not an insatiable craving, not only to listen to music, but to interpret it, and to interpret it thoroughly, to get to the heart of the mystery.—Orlo Williams in the London Daily Telegraph.

A one-act opera, "Thais and Talmaae," libretto by C. C. Bourne, music by Colin M. Campbell, was produced at Liverpool on Sept. 13. Thais is a courtesan; Tolmaae is a priest, a fanatical ascetic. He has converted Thais, but in the process falls in love with her, and in a most earthly fashion. She tries to bring him back to his former self; failing, she thinks it best for him to die, so she stabs him. "He falls bleeding into death, and in his desire for life becomes once more the fanatical priest. Thais now regrets her action, but finding Talmaae dead, she decides to join him in the world beyond, and uses the knife to her own destruction. Thus both are transfigured in death." This version of the old story should amuse M. Anatole France.

Franz Schreker's ballet is announced for production at Darmstadt.

Alfred Reucker, director of the Zurich Theatre, will take charge of the Dresden Opera.

Max Chop harshly criticised a concert by Mrs. Krill, whereupon her husband wrote him a letter, taunting him "with the license of ink." Chop brought an action. The judge sentenced Prof. Krill to three days in prison, saying that while the criticism was severe, it was objective and based on liberty of opinion, which criticism in general should enjoy.

A London newspaper states that in many houses of that city the servants are allowed to use the piano, alternating in this use with the family.

The museum of the Paris Opera has received dresses worn by Adelina Patti in "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Barber of Seville."

Vanni Marcoux will be heard at the Paris Opera Comique from Nov. 15 to Feb. 15 and from April 15 to the end of June. He will again take the part of Lorenzaccio in the opera based on Musset's play, and also that of Don Juan. He will "create" the part of Polyphemus in the opera of the same name by Jean Cras.

Mme. Calve next spring in London will give a concert in which some of her Parisian pupils will participate.

An intimate friend of Mr. Paderewski tells us that Mr. Paderewski has been practicing of late and is pleased with his technical condition after the trying years in which he did not touch the piano; so that he may possibly be heard in concert this season.

Maurice Lena, the London correspondent of the Menestrel, recently attributed "The Beggars Opera" to "Vieux Purcell."

Wolf-Ferrari is writing an opera based on Lamartine's "Graziella."

Vincenzo Davico has completed his "Temptation of St. Anthony" founded on Flaubert's extraordinary book.

At the Opera-Comique in Paris Gluck's "Orpheus" will be performed with a tenor, not a contralto, as the hero. This is a return to the original French version of "Orpheus" (1772 with Legros, the tenor).

Apropos of the fortune left by Caruso, a French journalist recalls the fact that in the time of the First Empire, the maximus sum paid a singer at the Paris Opera was 10,000 francs a year "pius les feux."

It fell to Mr. Bernard van Dieren to present the first and only novelty of the week at Queen's Hall on Tuesday (Sept. 6). This was the "Introit" to a choral work called "Les Propous des Beuveurs," which lovers of Rabelais will recognize as a chapter heading in "Gargantua and Pantagruel." Perhaps it is unfair to judge Mr. van Dieren by a mere orchestral introduction. He may have caught some of the Rabelaisian spirit in the body of his work, but of that spirit the Introit is singularly and amazingly barren. The main portion of the music is intended (or so the program informed us) to depict the robust "frolicks" of sundry "brave fellows" and the "stiffe drinkers." Here was certainly a fine opening for music of the genial and rollicking type. Mr. van Dieren, however, has entirely missed his opportunity. He may be genial in a detached and scholarly way. But he is never boisterous, and as for rollicking, it simply is not in him. A few friendly enthusiasts applauded, but the bulk of the audience were content to wait for the real thing in "Till Eulenspiegel," admirably played under Sir Henry Wood. A feature of this concert was Mr. de Greef's masterly playing of his own rather long-winded piano concerto in C.—London Sunday Times.

Oct 10 1921

We asked the name of the nobleman of Worcestershire that gave the recipe for the world-famous sauce of that county. No one has answered. The deeps are dumb. Even the shallows do not murmur.

WORCESTERSHIRE AND HARVEY

As the World Wags:

I cannot tell you who invented Worcestershire Sauce, but I assert with confidence that Worcester Sauce is nothing but a vulgarized descendant of Harvey's Sauce. If you will try both sauces, I think you will concur with me. Also, if you will taste some of the juice of pickled walnuts, I think you will agree that this juice is the basis of Harvey's Sauce., My guess is that the latter sauce is still made from the juice of pickled walnuts, and that Worcestershire Sauce is now made by some chemical process.

In further reference to sauces, do you remember what Gibbon tells about Heliogabolus in one of his footnotes? At any rate, this Emperor enobled and enriched the inventor of any new sauce which pleased him (the Emperor), but the search for enoblement and enrichment in this manner was perilous, because if a sauce did not please Heliogabolus, the inventor was not allowed to eat or drink anything else unless and until he contrived another and successful sauce. RAJATO.

THE SCHOLIAST

The maniacal luxury of Heliogabolus at table is best described by Aelius Lampridius in his life of the mad young emperor. It seems that he always ate cooked fish with a blue sauce which resembled the waters of the ocean and preserved their color. (Here is an opportunity for a long-winded discussion. Is the ocean green or blue?) "He proposed as problems to his guests new manners or dressing the dishes, and to those whose idea pleased him he gave a superb recompense, a garment of silk, for example, which in his day was an honor and of great rarity. He condemned the one whose sauce displeased him to eat only that until he invented something better." (We quote from "Heliogabale," by Georges Duviquet, a curious volume with a wealth of notes and a preface by Remy de Gourmont.)

As we grow older we are not cocksure of anything, but it is our impression that Worcestershire sauce is much older than Harvey's. Who was this Harvey? There is an English cooking and cider apple named Harvey, it is said, after Gabriel Harvey, the poet who died in 1630. H. A. Harvey of New Jersey patented the method of hardening steel named after him. But who was the Harvey of the sauce? We know who the Smith Brothers are, at least how they look, one with a stand-up collar and a close-cropped beard, the other with a turn-over collar and a beard in which the fowls of the air might nest. But this Harvey of the sauce? Not that we wish harveyized steak, chops or haddock.

In the good old days when the host said with an inviting smile to a guest, "Won't you have something from the castor?"—it stood as a centre table ornament, now replaced by flowers or a little Japanese garden—there was a bottle of Worcestershire sauce on the table or the sideboard. Drops of sauce smeared the glass or label, displeasing in the eyes of the fastidious and fussy. Was it not Dickens who said of an inn that he judged its quality by the condition of the cruets on the table? And so Mortimer Collins judged the status of an English village by the quality of the beer and ale served in its inn or public house.

LOOKING FORWARD

(Herman Melville in "Mardi.")

In heaven, at last, our good, old, white-haired father Adam will greet all alike and sociality forever prevail. Christian shall join hands between Gentile and Jew, grim Dante forget his Infernos, and shake sides with fat Rabelais and Monk Luther, over a flagon of old nectar, talk over old times with Pope Leo. There shall we sit by the sages, who of yore gave laws to the Medes and Persians in the sun; by the cavalry captains in Perseus, who cried, "To horse!" when waked by their Last Trump sounding to the charge; by the old hunters, who eternities ago hunted the moose in Orion; by the minstrels, who sang in the Milky Way when Jesus our Saviour was born. Then shall we list to no shallow gossip of Magellans and Drakes; but give ear to the voyagers who have circumnavigated the Ecliptic; who rounded the Polar Star as Cape Horn. Then shall the Stagirite and Kant be forgotten, and another folio than theirs be turned over for wisdom, even the folio now spread with horoscopes as yet undeciphered, the heaven of heavens on high.

DRINKWATER AND LINCOLN

As the World Wags:

Many people dislike Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" because he sympathizes with the confederacy. They feel the same way towards Charnwood's "Life of Lincoln," in spite of its fine style, and this is accentuated by his hasty reference to Lord Wolsey's visit to Gen. Lee without paying his respects to President Lincoln when he went from Canada through the loyal states to the confederate headquarters. When I heard that Drinkwater had written a play about Lincoln, I sent him some fine photographs of Lincoln. He replied that they were "interesting." I did the same to Massinger of the London Nation. He replied with hearty thanks, adding that there was "only one other person in history of whom he would like to have a picture."

Of the many tributes paid by foreigners to Lincoln that by Disraeli is thought the best by admirers of Lincoln.

"In the character of this victim, in the accessories of his last moments, there is something so homely and innocent that it takes the question out of all the pomp of history and the ceremonials of diplomacy; it touches the heart of nations and appeals to the domestic sentiments of mankind." This was said in the House of Commons on the death of Lincoln soon after the assassination.

How Lincoln looked as shown by his best photographs seems to have been to this day as totally indifferent to the English people as it has been to the majority of his countrymen, even to those who are supposed to have known him best.

T. H. BARTLETT.

Jamaica Plain.

M'CORMACK

John McCormack, together with Donald McBeath, violinist, and Edwin Schneider, pianist, gave his first Boston concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program follows:

H.D.

Old Italian songs:
Gioti al canto mio (Euridice), Jacopo perl (1600)
Alma del core (La Costanza), Antonio Caldar (1670)
Mr. McCormack.
Air on G String ..... Bach
Minuet ..... Rameau
Mr. McBeath.
Serenade (from A Night in May), Rimsky-Korsakoff
To the Children ..... Rachmaninoff
To Music ..... Tscherepnin
The Reapers ..... Vassilenko
Mr. McCormack.
Ave Maria ..... Schubert-Wilhelmj
Mr. McBeath.
Irish Folk Songs:
Sal oge Ruadh ..... Arr. Hardebeck
The Short Cut to the Rosses, Arr. Milligan-Fox
At the Mid Hour of Night, Arr. Vincent O'Brien
The Lover's Curse ..... Arr. Hughes
Mr. McCormack.
Scherzo-Tarentelle ..... Wienlawski
Mr. McBeath.
How Dear to Me the Hour, Montague Phillips
The Palanquin Bearers ..... Martin Shaw
On the Beach at Otahal ... Julius Harrison
Bonfires ..... Hamilton Harty
Mr. McCormack.

Mr. McCormack, much thinner and more youthful than ever in appearance, was greeted by an enormous and very enthusiastic audience, when he appeared on the stage. His program, including a group of old Italian songs, a group of Russian songs, and one of Irish folk songs, was interesting and varied; Mr. McCormack sometimes may stoop to the commonplace, but he knows and loves the best in music.

Yesterday his voice, although a little husky and strained at first, cleared and strengthened as the program progressed. As always, his enunciation, whether he sings in Italian, French or English, is flawless; he is one of the few singers who prove how really beautiful and musical is the English language. It is a rare pleasure to be able to understand the words of a song; too many singers, especially when singing in English, treat the words with contempt. The exquisite and moving quality of Mr. McCormack's voice was never heard to better advantage than in Rachmaninoff's "To the Children," in itself a beautiful little song.

As encores, he gave several songs which are old favorites with his audiences, among them "The Last Rose of Summer," and the inevitable "Mother Machree," which he sang, with his back to the hall, facing those who sat upon the platform. The latter song, mediocre in its best days, literally has been done to death in the years since he first sang it, by countless phonographic repetitions and imitations by his amateur admirers, but Mr. McCormack's voice has the power to bring it back to life again. It is amazing, the way in which that extraordinary voice can transform a common little ballad, so that one's intelligence willingly goes to sleep.

Mr. McBeath's playing was enjoyed. Mr. Schneider, at the piano, was perhaps a little over-strenuous; at times, Mr. McCormack seemed put to it to keep his voice above the accompaniment. The audience, friendly and responsive, apparently enjoyed every minute of the afternoon.

Oc. 11 '921

'DECLASSEE'

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Declassee," a play in three acts by Zoe Akins. Brought out at the Empire Theatre, New York, on Oct. 6, 1919.

Rudolph Solomon ..... Edward Emery
Edward Thayer ..... Henry Daniell
Harry Charteris ..... Cyril Delevanti
Sir Emmett Wildering ... Charles Wellesley
Sir Bruce Haden ..... Philip Lord
Count Paolo Del Magiore ..... Hubbard Kirkpatrick
Jean ..... Alfred Hesse
Walters ..... Edward Le Hay
Lady Helen Haden ..... Ethel Barrymore
Lady Wildering ..... Virginia Chauvenet
Charlotte Ashley ..... Irby Marshall
Mrs. Leslie ..... Jane West
Alice Vance ..... Mary B. DeWolfe
Zellito ..... Gabrielle Ravine

The long-continued success of "Declassee" has been beyond doubt and peradventure wholly due to the fact that Miss Barrymore has played the leading part and has devoted admirers throughout the land. The play itself is thin, often foolish, a thing of shreds and patches, with characters who are uninteresting when they are not unreal, theatrically artificial.

Lady Haden, an earl's daughter, who has much to say about her great-great-grandmother—or was the noble dame painted by Gainsborough her great-great-great-grandmother?—married to a brutal person, has a platonic affection for a young fellow who, at her house with an American woman, is caught cheating at cards. He, exposed, gives her love letters to her husband. Yet she loves this cad in her exalted way to the end. Turned out of doors, she makes her way to New York and, as the dramatist informs us, is reckless; that is to say, she dances at The Garden of Eden with an instructor, takes the first prize for her endurance, and breakfasts at a Childs restaurant. A rich Jew, failing to win her as a mistress, wishes to marry her—but he finds that there is "a ghost in her heart," namely, the cad named Thayer. Mr. Solomon in the mean time has neatly disposed of his musical comedy singer. Lady Haden, having received from Mr. Solomon a pearl necklace which she had sold pearl by pearl, consents to be his wife. But Thayer turns up, having enriched himself through a diamond mine in South Africa. As fate would have it, Mr. Solomon finds out through the malicious Mrs. Ashley, who cheats at bridge, that Thayer is the aforesaid ghost. In a fine burst of generosity he endeavors to make the two happy, but Lady Haden, rushing from the house, is run over by an automobile. Brought back to Mr. Solomon's palatial rooms, she dies becomingly to soft music, with her hand on Thayer's head. It is to be hoped that Mr. Solomon marries his music-comedy girl. It is fair to infer that he does wed her, for he tells her she need not go to Paris to prepare herself for grand opera.

Unfortunately the character of Lady Haden is vaguely sketched. What we know of her is through Miss Barrymore's interpretation. She is spoken of as "declassee," yet in New York we find the British ambassador and his women on friendly terms with her, young Charteris would gladly marry her, and even the shrewd man of the world, Mr. Solomon, who is anxious for his good name, urges her to be his wife. The fact that she won a prize in a public dance garden and actually breakfasted at Childs would not damn her socially. It was only a little lark. Her name is not coupled scandalously with that of any man. She has much to say about herself, but we learn little about her from what she says in flippant or sen[illegible] mood.

The d[illegible] for the m[illegible]

curious mixture of flippancy and sentimantalism. There are some witty lines, but when they fall to Miss Barrymore they owe their effect to her delivery rather than to their substance.

It should be said, however, that the distressingly faulty enunciation and slip-shod diction of Miss Chauvenet, Miss Marshall and one or two others in the company were fatal to Miss Akins's lines. And Miss Barrymode herself was at times unintelligible. Even those sitting close to the stage could not understand one word of her entrance speech made in a vein of forced gaiety. Would that all the comedians had spoken as distinctly and with as nice discrimination as Mr. Emery, Mr. Daniell, Mr. Delevanti and even the Three Wonderful Waltons!

Yet the performance of Miss Barrymore was engrossing by reason of its spirit and its technical proficiency. One has become accustomed to what are known as her mannerisms, and except in occasional indistinct enunciation they were not disturbing. She shone brilliantly in the lighter scenes, in her reckless chatter that betrayed inward unhappiness, in her defiance of fate in the love scenes with the cad and Mr. Solomon. In pathetic scenes she was genuine and moving. Her scornful moments in the first act were not merely melodramatic; there was nobility in voice, facial expression and carriage. Then there was, as always, the compelling charm of her beauty.

Among the men, that well-graced actor, Mr. Emery has the commanding part. He played with "the emphasis of understatement," with an intelligence that was not simply cerebral or mechanical. In the company, Mr. Daniell, in a singularly disagreeable role, and Mr. Delevanti, as the faithful friend, were conspicuous.

The theatre was crowded. The hearty and prolonged welcome that greeted Miss Barrymore showed the sympathy, the affectionate regard of the audience. For a wonder no one tittered or giggled in an emotional scene, not even when she was dying. This, in Boston, was a rare tribute to the actress.

They were talking at the Porphyry about marriages that to the conventional are strange and unaccountable. Jones, a rich, old bachelor, had wedded a young nurse who had cared for him at the hospital. Smith, a widower, had carried his cook—"a good-looking woman," said Golightly, "but, as a cook, I don't think much of her; I dined there once before he made this dreadful mistake." Brown had married his housekeeper; Robinson—he was a widower—his nursery maid. Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who, we are pleased to say, has returned to Boston for sociological research, went to the library of the club, brought in a volume of Hazlitt and insisted on reading this passage from the essay on "Great and Little Things":

"Some gallants set their hearts on princesses; others descend in imagination to women of quality; others are mad after opera-singers. For my part, I am shy even of actresses, and should not think of leaving my card with Madame Vestris. I am for none of these bonnes fortunes; but for a list of humble beauties, servant-maids and shepherd girls, with their red elbows, hard hands, black stockings and mob-caps, I could furnish out a gallery equal to Cowley's, and paint them half as well. Oh! might I but attempt a description of some of them in poetic prose, Don Juan would forget his Julia, and Mr. Davison might both print and publish this volume. I agree so far with Horace and differ with Montaigne. I admire the Clementinas and Clarissas at a distance; the Pamelas and Fannys of Richardson and Fielding make my blood tingle."

"I'll add," said Mr. Johnson, "that this Davison was the first printer of Hazlitt's 'Table Talk.' As for Cowley, I think the reference is to his ballad, 'The Chronicle.' Now——" but Mr. Johnson was talking by this time only to old Auger, who was dozing over the Evening Transcript.

MUNBY'S HANNAH

We happened the next day to read in the Nation and Athenaeum of London the story of Arthur Joseph Munby, a poet and a barrister of the Temple. In his will published in 1910 was this clause:

"Whereas Hannah Cullwick, servant . . . has been for 45 years and upward believed by me with a pure and honorable love and not otherwise, and she, the said Hannah, has during all that time been as faithful and loving and devoted to me as ever woman was to man . . . and whereas I married the said Hannah publicly in presence of all her kindred on Jan. 14, 1873 . . . And whereas the said Hannah has always refused, and still refuses, to have the position which as my wife she might and could have had, and has always insisted and still insists, on being my servant as well as my wife. . . ."

This Hannah is the heroine of Munby's volumes of poems beginning with "Susan" in heroic couplets (1893). Susan "Could scrub and and clean, And sweep and scour; wash dishes, mugs and plates; Cleanse the foul chimneys, and blacklead the grates. And clean your boots, and polish up your knives." After the marriage, she served him with his dinner, and in vain, embracing "the large proportions of her ample waist" he urged her to abandon her service, and she replies: "My love is not like yourn. I are no lady and so I couldna bear To vex you with pretending as I were. Lord, I should do it badly! . . . I are the master's servant all my life." "Wife, servant, slave—That's all the rising as I mean to have."

One day Munby found her begrimed, "a Juno carved in coal." She "murmur'd, 'Oh my life. This hideous creature is your own poor wife.'" She had done it "a' purpose" "to show you what I are, And what I wish to be." "And recklessly he kissed her, till her lips again grew ruddy from their black eclipse Like a red sunset 'neath a thunder-cloud."

HORNY-HANDED HEROINES

For "Dorothy" (1880)—The poem is in hexameters and pentameters—Munby wrote a preface in which he refers to the rough-handed heroines of literature. Dorothy Crump—she could take up with one hand a large tray containing the whole of the tea-equipage for half a dozen persons—married Mr. Robert.

"Rough were her hands, brown hands, and within, ah me! they were horny;
Rough were her thick ruddy arms, shapely and round as they were."

In "Vulgar Verses" (1891) there is the praise of the collier giantess, Cary Juliet: "Not Aphrodite's cestus thrice renew'd could round the measure of that maiden zone"; also of "Boomping Nell":

"Those black lips had a coaly taste—
Like honey from yon hill
Where pit flowers bloom amid the waste,
And yet 'tis honey still."

"Relicta" is, for the most part, about Hannah. The last poem is an elegy on her death:

"This is the room in which my darling died;
A cottage bedroom with a sloping roof,
Simple and old and quiet; looking out
Over green gardens, on the woods and hills
Beyond the village where her life began
And where it ended. Nothing on the earth
Is nearer heaven than a home like this.
When two twin souls inhabit it, and live
In love and peace, together and alone."

Munby was more fortunate than Hazlitt, who, for his forcible attentions to humble lasses in the Lake region of England, narrowly escaped being thrown into a pond. In London he was madly in love with Sarah Walker, the daughter of a tailor at whose house he lodged, but Sarah, the housemaid, would have none of him; yet to her we owe those strange pages of confession known as "Li ber Amoris."

THE MAYFLOWER

As the World Wags:

I fail to see any reason for the objections to the entering of the Mayflower for the fisherman's race. What is a fisherman? We are told it is a man who fishes; also that a vessel, a boat, a schooner, any craft of any size, model, or rig, is a fisherman, that is employed in fishing. If a vessel is in the fishing business, but is owned by a syndicate, or company, all members of the medical profession or of the clergy, is she not a fisherman because of her ownership? Still further: Suppose a part of her crew are new or green hands; is she or not a fisherman if engaged in the fish business? As to the craft: For the past 20 or more years there has been a constant and, it may be said, rapid improvement in model and style of rig of fishing craft. Has there at any time been a law or any rule or regulation limiting such improvements? Because the owners wholly or in part are not fishermen, does that constitute a sufficient reason for ruling that the craft is not a fisherman? If the challenger had been successful in producing a good contestant for the coming race, would there have been any objection to the Mayflower? I suggest that the objectors wear capsleum lining in their footwear.

Boston. DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

SIT TIGHT AND HOLD ON

As the World Wags:

On Sunday, Oct. 16, there will be a nearly total eclipse of the moon. The moon will enter the earth's shadow before the time of rising at Boston—4:58 P. M.—and will pass out of it at 7:34. The reddish color of the moon at such a time is due to the sunlight which the earth's atmosphere, like a lens, bends into the shadow. TYCHO BRAHE.

Boston.

"SOLAR" AND "MODERATEUR"

As the Worln Wags:

In your consideration of the lights of nther days has there been any allusion to "solar" lamps, along with the "astral" and "Carcel" varieties? Perhaps I've overlooked it.

In Mary E. Wilkins's short story, "A Patient Waiter," which appeared about 30 years agn, Aunt Sally, who is visiting Aunt Fidelia, unmarried and no longer young, comments on her sister's domestic precautions: "Good land! If you ain't got every chair sewed up in calliker, an' the pictures in old piller-cases, an'—Fidelia Almy, if you ain't got the solar lamp a-settin' in a little bag!"

Lancaster. J. C. L. C.

The solar lamp was a species of argand lamp invented by Jeremiah Bynner of Birmingham, Eng. He patented it in 1837.—Ed.

TREMONT THEATRE—"Little Old New York," a comedy in three acts, by Rida Johnson Young. First metropolitan performance in New York, Sept. 8, 1920. First performance in Boston. The cast:

Larry Delevan	Harry Benham
Washington Irving	Charles E. Newsom
Fitz Green Halleck	Frank Bryan
Henry Brevoort	John Ward
Daniel O'Reilly	Joseph Greene
Cornelius Vanderbilt	Arthur Linden
John Jacob Astor	Albert Andruss
Betty Schuyler	Alice Southern
Bunny Waters	Rollo Lloyd
Rachel Brewster	Margaret Nugent
Bully Boy Brewster	Paul Porter
Ariana De Puyster	Pauline Whitson
Michael O'Day	Alf T. Helton
Patricia O'Day	Genevieve Tobin
Peter Delmonico	William J. McClure
Bill Hart	Frank Horton
"Accordion" Jones	Bob Campbell
John Hoey	Stanley Rigwo'd
Samuel Bailey	Eddie Kelly

Any one who went to see "Little Old New York" last night, thinking from the title to see a "snappy" musical comedy, with scenes perhaps in the New York subway, must have been pleasantly disappointed. For here is a play quite out of the ordinary. The action transpires in 1810, when the city was, literally, "little old New York." Those who worship their Blue Book may find it difficult to believe that Astors and Vanderbilts once were poor young men, laying the foundations of future fortunes, but here they are in the play. Not that they have much to do with the plot itself; for that matter, they might just as well have been Smiths or Sullivans or Podolskis—or were there any Podolskis in those days? But the great names lend color to the play; furthermore, they point a valuable moral: That any poor young man, in this land of the free, has always a chance to start a fortune which his great-grandchildren may enjoy.

It is a simple and pleasing story. Larry Delevan, a young blood, much given to gambling and promoting prize fights, on the eve of inheriting a large fortune, finds that he has lost it because a young cousin, the rightful heir, turns up from Ireland. The cousin, Pat, is an engaging lad of 17 years, with a quick Irish tongue and a warm heart. At least, he poses as a lad; in reality the cousin is a girl, the sister of the rightful heir, who is dead. The girl assumes the role of her brother, in order that her old father, who has accompanied her to New York, may enjoy the money. The old father dies; the girl, forced to play the part of a boy in Delevan's household, is torn between hatred of the deceit she practices and a growing love for her cousin. She tries to give him some of her money to help him recoup his gambling losses through one last prize fight which he promotes. Failing that, she breaks up the fight at a crucial moment, when Larry's champion is being beaten. Then she confesses her fraud. The righteous city fathers would prosecute her, but old John Jacob Astor puts his principles in his pocket for the time being; she is saved from punishment, and she and Larry decide to share the fortune in the usual way.

Genevieve Tobin, a slight, most attractive young girl, plays the part of Pat. Here is a young actress, alive with a quick intelligence, a haunting charm. It would be easy to make such a part mawkish with sentimentality. Miss Tobin falls into no such pitfalls; while Pat is a boy, he is a real boy, mischievous and lovable, although given to a strange fondness for dusting and arranging breakfast trays. Later, when Pat becomes Patricia, she is equally winsome as a girl. Miss Tobin plays the part with a light, sure touch; she is a comedian of unusual talent. She should go far.

The piece is fortunate, furthermore, in an excellent supporting company. Mr. Andruss as John Jacob Astor gives a most interesting portrayal, both in make-up and mannerisms. Mr. Porter as Bully Boy Brewster—surely the first of the East Side toughs—does an excellent bit. Mr. Lloyd as Bunny Waters, the night watchman who was most active by day, is very funny. The scene in the firehouse, where the prize fight takes place, is deliciously funny and novel. A large audience was greatly entertained.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The House of Glass," a drama in four acts by Max Marcin. The cast:

Nellie	Myrtle Clark
Margaret Case	Leona Powers
Mrs. Brandt	Florence Roberts
Frank	Frank Twitchell
James Burke	Aubrey Bosworth
Carroll	Mark Kent
Crowley	Ralph Remley
Watson	Benjamin Hadfield
Harvey Lake	Walter Gilbert
Edward McClellan	Frank Charlton
Judson Atwood	Harold R. Chase
Jap	Rupert V. LaBelle
Edith	Viola Roach
Hon. H. T. Patterson	Frederick Murray

This pleasing melodrama, with a spice of comedy, opens in Miss Case's room in a New York boarding house, where she is packing her trunk, preparing to go to Chicago and be married to Jimmie Burke. He has told her that he has fallen heir to a fortune, but in fact he is a crook and has just realized about $70,000 on a housebreaking job. Burke is arrested in her room, convicted and sentenced, and she, held as an accomplice, is given a sentence of three years. She serves a part of this, is released on probation, breaks her parole and disappears.

In the second act she appears as Mrs. Lake, wife of a railroad manager in Kansas City. Lake is offered a better position in New York and she urges him not to accept it. Jimmie Burke, released from prison, finds her and warns her never to go to New York because the detective who arrested her has sworn to "get" her if it is the last thing he ever does. But Lake accepts the New York offer despite her protests.

Lake is successful in New York. Carroll, the detective who arrested Margaret Case, calls to see him about a clerk who has stolen railroad funds, and recognizes Mrs. Lake as Margaret. He tells the story of her escape in such a manner as to warn her that he has recognized her. She confesses to her husband.

This leaves the situation to be satisfactorily cleared up in the fourth act.

Margaret, or Mrs. Case, is the important character in the play. She has the most opportunities and takes full advantage of them. She is vivacious, serious and tragic, as the occasion requires and meets all the requirements of the part.

Aubrey Bosworth as James Burke has a pleasing personality and was well received by the audience, and Walter Gilbert as Harvey Lake has all the dignity and force the part demands.

Frank Charlton as Edward McClellan furnished an enlivening bit of comedy, being like Falstaff, not only humorous himself, but the cause of humor in other men.

Florence Roberts deserves favorable mention for her portrayal of the boarding house mistress in a brief scene in the first act, while Viola Roach was unfortunately relegated to a minor part as Mrs. Lake's maid.

Well filled houses continue to encourage the Boston Stock Company at this theatre and give generous appreciation of their productions.

MAJESTIC BILL HAS DANCING FEATURES

The bill at the Majestic, a bit top-heavy in dancing features, is none the worse for this reason. An orchestra conducted by W. J. Tobin played throughout the performance.

The outstanding feature of the bill is the act of Bayonne Whipple and Walter Huston, in the episodic sketch of life in a big city entitled "Time." This act is far removed from the routine sketches of contemporaneous vaudeville, both in the development of the main idea and in the excellence of interpretation.

Mr. Huston plays several widely different types. There is a refrain that employs the topical song (a style that had a pleasing vogue a generation ago) and it affords the principal actor an opportunity for the display of his art as a comedian. Besides the excellence of the comedy element, the sketch was well balanced in its dramatic effectiveness, in which Miss Whipple showed her skill in differentiation.

One of the best numbers on the bill was the singing act of Sam Ash. The singer has a clear, vibrant tenor voice, and he excited the admiration of the audience in his complacency in florid and sustained song.

Other acts on the bill were Clark and Verdi, Italian comedians; Equilll Brothers, equilibrists; a condensed version of "The Kiss Burglar," featuring Denman Maley; Mullen and Corelli, in chatter and dance; Ernestine Myers, in a dancing act; Mossman and Vance, in an act of song and dance; Tafian and Newell, in an acrobatic turn; the Shubert News Weekly and a Mutt and Jeff comedy.

DRAMA AT KEITH'S

A good bill with an abundance of singing is at Keith's this week, although the headliner is Frederick Burton as Abraham Lincoln in Dixon's drama depicting Lincoln during the darkets days of the civil war. The playlet is full of heart throbs.

Daphne Pollard in songs and character sketches presents a high type of burlesque. She can dance amusingly, sing comically and is good for a succession of laughs.

The Joannys with shadowgraphing open the bill, and were well received. Vincent O'Donnell, billed as the miniature McCormack, sang well. He has personality and a good voice. Bostock's riding school furnished much comedy. A life belt enabled several victims to try to ride one of the horses. The audience enjoyed the attempts. Jean Granese and her brother Charlie sang. Charlie has a particularly strong tenor voice, which is surprisingly mellow and sweet in the middle range.

Hal Skelley in "The Mutual Man" topped the show. The "Mutual" is understood by some girls to be a movie company, but Has is an insurance man. The comedy is fast and furious. Midgi

ner and Hal danced much, but not ough to satisfy the audience. Their medy was delightful.

Bert Errol has a soprano voice and me wonderful gowns. He also has presentable tenor voice, and made ough comedy out of his costumes to lp his act go well. The Three Lorins, who closed the show, deserve a tter place. Comedy is mixed with me clever tumbling and aerial acrotics. The finale has a thrill which hould not be missed.

Boston Society of Singers Gives Gounod's "Faust"

ARLINGTON THEATRE—Boston Society of Singers in grand opera in English. First production Gounod's "Faust." Dr. Max Fichandler conducting. The cast:

aust ..... Ernest Davis
ephisto ..... Herbert Waterous
alentine ..... Stanley Deacon
agner ..... Henry Kungs
arguerite ..... Helen Allyn
ébel ..... Elva Boyden
artha ..... Emma Ainslee

The Boston Society of Singers opened heir season of grand opera last night under the direction of Edward M. and H. A. Beck. For their first performance they chose Gounod's famous opera.

The well-remembered arias were sung once more with spirit, although the performance as a whole was inclined to drag. Ernest Davis as Faust was perhaps the best on the male side of the cast. He has an excellent voice and a great deal of stage presence. It was in this regard alone that Herbert Waterous was erring. He inclined strongly to conventional manifestations of character. Helen Allyn was a charming Marguerite in both voice and appearance.

The settings for this first production are elaborate and for the most part pleasing. Last night the Boston Society of Singers gave a creditable performance and should find ready audience.

OCT 13 1921

This m[illegible] make room for remarks of [illegible]ors about poets and poetry. Reading these remarks we are reminded of a saying in "Rasselas," which was once often quoted. (We doubt if "Rasselas" is read today. "Candide" is certainly more amusing.)

One of these letters comes from Smith College, sometimes called by the careless "Smith's College," to the indignation of the faculty and the students. We remember well Judge Dewey's house and lot; the lot on which a building belonging to the college now stands. Northampton in those years of our boyhood was a beautiful little town—before the inhabitants cut down some stately and venerable elm trees so that the sidewalks might be in a straight line. We remember the Warner House with its balcony and its bar; Lew Edwards's restaurant, where woodcock was served as it has not been served in Northampton since; Jack Hanna's—or was it Hannah's?—where Amherst students studied the curves and angles of billiards, nor was this course a dry one. Gone, gone, are the once familiar places.

POETS AND COLLEGES

(In Answer to the Article "Colleges and Poets")

As the World Wags:

Yes, we agree perfectly with Anne Howard; no college made a Burns or prevented a Longfellow. We hope no institution wants to claim a genius as its particular and exclusive product or label the verses of a poet: "This man is mine." But perhaps if one remembers that the four years of a life—the college time—are about the most receptive of all, when a small thing can make the most difference, one will wonder if there was not just a helpful little push, a friendly bit of atmosphere, a thoughtful word of appreciation from somewhere when Smith College helped along in the lives of Grace Hazard Conkling, of Anna Hempstead Branch, of Josephine Daskam Bacon.

By special request of the college, last year, the Keats memorial collection was in our library for a week. And on the day of the centennial, the English faculty (so scoffed at for placing their subject on a basis of basket-work and catting) left argumentation, description and narration tottering in mid-air, while they told their classes of the life of John Keats and read from his poems and letters in loving voices that did not even savor distantly of "that semi-colon in its proper position in the sentence." To make that a complete day of thoughts President Neilson himself read aloud for two hours that night to all the girls who could crowd into the hall, seats or standing room—we did not care. I remember particularly a bright detail that made me glad to know the Powers-That-Be also are sensitive to atmosphere: the President had the place dark save only a tiny reading-light above his desk. In the thoughts of many of us, that evening with the quiet voice speaking the wonderful words into the dark bound poetry and Smith College firmly together.

What if yellow journals disport themselves in shrieking print? What if the glaring poster blazes forth its "Show Tonight" to the movie throng? I wonder how many of us were lured to lap at that sickly-sweet orgy of manufactured thrills on—say the night when John Drinkwater came to tell us of his art and read his poems in the biggest space that could be located in Northampton, namely the town's chief motion picture theatre itself? And afterwards at the little Hampshire Bookshop, that heart of poetry and loved books to us, where the literary guests of the college are entertained at a cozy tea-party among the books. It was a night of nights for those happy few of us invited when we stood rapt and still while the poet leaned across a counter and talked to us of poetry. I wonder how many went eagerly cavorting homeward to peruse the pages of "The Bloody Gum Drop—or the Washerwoman's Revenge."

The largest class in college just now is an elective for juniors and seniors with pre-requisites of several literary courses, to which a petitioning throng was refused admittance. It is Mrs. Grace Hazard Conkling's course in an intensive study of Browning, followed by contemporary 20th century poets. Mrs. Conkling came back to her college to give some of her art to us who are looking so earnestly for a way. Moreover, she proposed and carried through an entirely new course this year for the first time, an exclusive course for a chosen dozen or so who want it, in poetry writing—not the ordinary "Themes"—poetry. "The music department, the art department have creative courses," said Mrs. Conkling, "why shall not poets find help in this place of learning as well as the composers and designers?" For she believes with Dryden: "A good poet's made as well as born."

So, despite the sneers of those clever ones who, in passing, have glanced us over just long enough to draw a wrong conclusion, despite the jaded taste of that "outside world" which college girls dream of and shudder at in one, and which will not take into its market place our sweetest songs because the "average reader" must be appealed to and the public "given what it wants" if it is to buy—and the buying means a compiled volume and a volume (according to Mr. Denis A. McCarthy) is the signal, "Success"—we students of Smith still shall bring our treasures to the stalls and pray that they may not be swallowed in the grinding-machine that denies or doles out approbation with a turn of its well oiled wheel. We shall make our poems as a friendly, understanding college is giving us the courage to do; and perhaps some day the "outside world" may forget for a moment—and listen.

DIANA HUNT WERTHEIM.
Smith College.

CHARACTER NOT CULTURE

As the World Wags:

Apropos of Ann Howard's letter on poets and poetry in your column recently, I am reminded of what John Burroughs says in his book on Whitman:

"To write poems is no distinction; to be a poem, to be a fixed point amid the seething chaos, a rock amid the currents, giving your own form and character to them—that is something."

College culture is thought very highly of by those of us who never had a chance to acquire any of it, but, after all, experience seems to prove that real poetry does not proceed primarily from culture. Character, moral purpose and conviction seem to have more to do with it. The case of Dante springs at once to the thought. He had both character and culture, but his readers of today are not attracted so much by his culture as they are drawn to his poetry, because it was written by a man who, in a disorderly and luxurious age, never lost his grip on the eternal verities in morals and religion—a man who had such a passion for righteousness and such courage that he placed in the hell which he described so vividly and in which he believed so strongly, those in high places who, in his judgment had grossly sinned in their exalted office and had basely betrayed their high trust. A Boston Dante today would not be any more popular with certain elements of the population than the Florentine Dante was in his day and generation; but would he find plenty of subjects for an Inferno? I'll say he would.

DENIS A. McCARTHY.
Arlington Heights.

HOLD CONCERT FOR DISABLED VETERANS

A concert was held in Symphony Hall last night for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers in Massachusetts institutions. The artists who took part were Alfred Mirovitch, the Russian pianist; Mme. Helene le Boeuf; soprano; Mrs. Ida Gardner Underwood, contralto, and a quartet from the Cecil W. Fogg post 73, Hyde Park, A. L. Maj.-Edwards told of the work being done for the wounded soldiers and sailors. Dr. Eugene McCarthy, chairman of the hospitalization committee, had charge of the program.

The press agents of singers were never more passionate than now, although the season is as one newly born. Miss Garden is "'Our Mary' for the American people." (We see Miss Pickford smiling.) Her personality is "luminous," and she is adroit "in fusing that personality." Her voice has "the varying colors, the delicate shadings of the dawn and the dying day." When not otherwise engaged Miss Garden is a "shatterer of traditions," substituting "the freshness of life for the staleness of classicism."

As either Dr. Arbuthnot or Mr. Pope said of Ambrose Phillips's verses to Cuzzoni:

"Little siren of the stage,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire,
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell"—etc.
"Who would think that this was only
a poor gentlewoman that sung finely."

THE DECLINE OF THE DRAMA

(Patterson James in the Billboard.)

A lot has been written about the decay of the stage in America. I myself have contributed some thousands of quite useless words and nonsensical thoughts upon the subject. It never seems to do any good, because there is no crushing proof to show that conditions are as the analysts say they are. However, once in a while some staggering fact smashes us in the face. Nothing could more aptly illustrate the depths of degradation to which the theatre has fallen than the spectacle of John Drew appearing as Lord Porteous in W. Somerset Maugham's satire, "The Circle," in a pair of shiny pants. There is nothing left for us who love beauty to do but emulate Petronius, call for soft music, a shower of rose petals, a lovely scenic perspective, a lancet to open our veins, and pass out of the emptiness of one life into the emptiness of another. I can stand "Don Juan," the Shubert musical shows, Mister Al Woods and all his works and pomps, but when John Drew so far forgets his noble sartorial past as to wander before the footlights in a society drama, wearing pants with a seat like a mirror, then it is time to pass on. Oh, Death! Where is thy sting?

WHAT ARE "BENGLES"?

As the World Wags:

Here is, I think, a new one.

Walt Winthrop, writing to his son John at New London in 1717, says:

"I have some red-cedar bengles which I gathered at Fishers Island. . . . Many people hereabouts carry them in their pockets and eat them as being very wholesome and strengthening, they say, to the vitals, and good for all sorts of alls the Indians say."

Query: Bengles?

I have looked only in the Century Dictionary. No light.

HENRY SARGENT.
Lower Pawcatuck, Ct.

Neither the great Oxford Dictionary nor Wright's huge Dictionary of English Dialect knows the word "bengle," which is probably the diminutive cone of the red cedar. Mr. Sargent writes that in his neighborhood the bulb of a dahlia is a "tow"; that a thunderstorm is always a "tempest." So it has been in English provinces for four centuries; so it is today on Cape Cod and in many New England villages.—Ed.

"ACCOMIDATED"

As the World Wags:

Speaking of signs, I saw in East Dedham square the other day, on an old-fashioned boarding house, these words: "Transits accomidated." And in a New Hampshire mountain town we passed, a few weeks ago, this one: "Tourist accomidated," besides many others which gave various spellings to that bothersome word "accommodated."

Boston. F. E. BRIDGEMAN.

As Justice Shallow remarked: "Accommodated: it comes of accomodo: very good; a good phrase."

Bardolph: "Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by Heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is—being—whereby—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing."

"ANNABEL LEE"

Mr. Joe Mitchell Chappie's "fictionized film" of "Annabel Lee" represents Annabel Lee as the daughter of Col. Lee of Vineyard Haven, while her lover is one David, a fisherboy, of Menemsha Bight. There is a happy ending: the lovers sit in the moonlight on a rock at Gay Head to the exceeding joy of the spectators. Yet "Annabel Lee" was inspired by the death of Poe's wife, Virginia Clemm. (The poem was first published in the New York Tribune two days after the poet's death.)

Henley in his "English Lyrics: Chaucer to Poe" includes "Ulalume," "For Annie," "The Haunted Palace" and "Annabel Lee" and in his preface says that "after Keats there is no fresh note, until we hear from over the Atlantic, the artful, subtle, irresistible song of Poe." Neither Henley nor Poe ever thought that Annabel was the daughter of Col. Lee, a forthputting man of Vineyard Haven.

It appears that on Sept. 27 this film was shown "in a machine shop on the street floor of the building on Carver street occupying the site of the birthplace of Edgar Allan Poe." It is more probable that Poe was born in a house on Hollis street. This question was discussed at length in The Boston Herald of Jan. 14, 1909.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"The Merchant of Venice," a comedy by William Shakespeare. The cast:

Duke of Venice ..... Mr. Frank Peters
Prince of Morocco ..... Mr. Albert Howson
Prince of Arragon ..... Mr. France Bendtsen
Antonio ..... Mr. Sydney Mather
Bassanio ..... Mr. Frederick Lewis
Salanio ..... Mr. Frank Howson
Salarino ..... Mr. Jerome Collamore
Gratiano ..... Mr. V. L. Granville
Lorenzo ..... Mr. Vernon Kelso
Shylock ..... Mr. Sothern
Tubal ..... Mr. James Hagen
Launcelot Gobbo ..... Mr. Rowland Buckstone
Old Gobbo ..... Mr. William Adams
Leonardo ..... Mr. Harold Webster
Balthazar ..... Miss Caroline Ferriday
Portia ..... Miss Elizabeth Valentine
Nerissa ..... Miss Alma Kruger
Jessica ..... Miss Lenore Chippendale
Ladies of Portia's House
Miss Lillian Gray, Miss Dina Schleicher

Owing to the slight illness which has kept her out of the performances at the Opera House this week, Miss Marlowe again was unable to appear. Her part was played by Miss Elizabeth Valentine. It is a tribute to the efficiency of the management that the indisposition of one of the leading players does not throw out of gear an entire performance. Miss Valentine is an excellent Portia, womanly, dignified without being constrained, and charming in voice and appearance.

Mr. Sothern's Shylock is always interesting. Here is no malevolent villain, but rather a pathetic old man; pathetic even in his fiercest moments. If the psychoanalysts had been as busy in Shakespeare's day as in the present, they doubtless would have traced Shylock's insistence on the pound of flesh to a "complex," brought on by the wrongs which had been piled upon him. Thus do the Freudians explain human vices; it is at least charitable reasoning. Mr. Sothern brings one to that conclusion regarding Shylock; he makes of him a very human character.

The casket scene was notably well done. Frederick Lewis Bassanio was a manly and eloquent lover. The other members of the large cast were entirely capable. It is a pleasure to hear the English language properly spoken.

A word should be said as to the stage settings. The first scene, the public place in Venice, is particularly beautiful. In the background is the grand canal, and beyond, the old palaces, the whole strikingly reminiscent of a Turner painting, full of Italian color and light. The interiors are very interesting and artistic. Shakespeare's lines can stand by themselves; they are enhanced, nevertheless, by settings such as these. And the costumes complete the picture. It is a noteworthy production.

"The Merchant of Venice" will be repeated tonight and tomorrow night. "The Taming of the Shrew" will be given Saturday matinee.

Program Under Monteux Contains Beethoven's "Eroica"

By PHILIP HALE

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, "Eroica" symphony; Humperdinck, Prelude to "Haensel and Gretel"; Liszt, Piano Concerto No. 2, A major (Mr. Nyiregyhazi, pianist); Rabaud, dances from "Marouf, the Cobbler of Cairo."

The performance of the symphony was an intensely moving one. Not by reason of any superficiality or superfluity of emotion, extravagance in the interpretation for the purpose of putting the conductor above the composer, or any surprising reading of the text. No. The performance was a revelation of the inherent nobility of the music. Never before in Symphony Hall was this nobility so apparent.

We have all heard many performances of this symphony; we all have been tempted at times to complain of its length, of "over-development" in the first movement; to find the Funeral March long spun out; the Scherzo incongruous; the Finale a singular ending for a heroic work. Yesterday [illegible]

symphony did not encourage cavillers or even questioners. No one asked why it bore the title "Heroic."

It is interesting to note the differance in the expression of heroism between this symphony and Strauss's "Heldenleben." To be sure Beethoven had Bonaparte at first in mind, while in "Heldenleben," the hero is—Richard Strauss, defying his enemies, rejoicing vainglioriously in his immortality as a composer. It is not necessary to accept the theories of Bethoven's commentators. The excellent Neitzel finds that in the second theme of the first movement, "the hero having for the first time exerted his force, turns about to look at the path he has trod." Wagner sees Man, not merely a triumphant soldier, the hero. Schindler believes the symphony to be the celebration of the French revolution. And so on, and so on. It is enough that the structure and the spirit of the symphony are heroic, that there is the grand gesture, that even in the mighty lamentation there is no whine of pessimism, no luxury of woe.

Humperdinck is dead and all his **works, with the** exception of "Haensel **and Gretel,"** will follow him. The prelude to this opera brought up pleasant memories of the Boston Opera House. While the music was playing one thought of Mmes. Mattfelt and Alten, of Mmes. Swartz and Fisher as the children. One remembered the delightful scenes, the witch' flight in the air, and forgot the swollen, bombastic pages, so, out-of-keeping in a simple tale. For Humperdinck, as Goldsmith said Dr. Johnson would, too often made little fishes talk like whales.

Mr. Nyiregyhazi played here for the first time. He is in his 19th year. The ringmaster used to say of the dashing equestrienne in the circus: "She rides well for one so young." This compliment is often paid a young pianist, but with this addition. "When he is older,

he will play with greater thoughtfulness," or his performance is said to be not yet "mature." Youth is not an atrocious crime. Better the dash and the enthusiasm of the young, than the apathy of middle age, or the coolness of academic reserve. Mr. Nyireghyazi played Liszts' Second Concerto, and Liszt once remarked that youth is the time for a virtuoso display. The concerto is above all a virtuoso piece and it should be played as such. First of all brilliance is demanded in the performance. Yesterday the performance was appropriately brilliant and andacious. If there was at times circus pomp, it was in the music itself. The concerto is not one that calls for under statement, a sounding of emotional depths, or a display of intellectuality in analysis and dissection. We have heard certain "intellectual" pianists in the course of the last 40 years; they were indescribably boresome; to be heard only once, and that by accident. Mr. Nyireghyazi, whose modesty was almost painful, who came upon the stage and left it as a well-mannered lad, speaking a piece at a school exhibition, was recalled many times, and deservedly.

Rabaud's ballet music, played here for the first time, evidently needs the stage-setting, the costumes, and the dancing girls. As concert music, it is rather monotonous, chiefly interesting by occasional inventions in orchestration. No doubt in the opera it makes its effect as a part of the whole scene. Perhaps it is melodically oriental, but it does not bring the east before one as Felicien David does in "The Desert" or Carl Goldmark in his Prelude to "The Queen of Sheba," and in other pages of that gorgeously sensuous opera, not to mention music by Rimsky-Korsakoff and Balakireff.

The concert will be repeated tonight, the program of the concerts next week is as follows: Brahms, Symphony, No 3, F major; Franck-Goodrich, Organ Chorale No. 2 arranged for orchestra and organ; (first time at these concerts); Casella, Excerpts from "The Convent on the Water" (first time in Boston).

JEWISH CHOIRS

The combined choirs of Temple Israel, Henry Gideon, director; assisted by Constance Ramsey Gideon, who sang songs of the Ghetto arranged by her husband; Howard Goding, organist; Edna Smith, pianist; Stefan Neumana, tympanist, and Charles Pettes, mime, gave a concert of Jewish liturgical and secular music last night in Jordan Hall. Solo passages were sung by these memoers of the choirs: Mrs. Lamport, Miss Tingley, Messrs. Goudreault, Huddy Simonds and Herbert W. Smith.

The opening number, the traditional Kaddish, arranged by Ravel, was sung by Mr. Smith in memory of Jacob R. Morse.

The program included Adon Olom, Spicker; B'Mozoey M'Nucho, Schorr; Toras Adonoy, Stark; Kol Nidre, arranged by Sulzer; Song of Miriam, Rubinstein, and the Songs of the Ghetto already mentioned. An extraordinary feature of the concert was the interpretation of Three Religious Moods by Mr. Pettes to the accompaniment of the combined choirs and organ. In a sort of Grecian costume, bare-legged and bare-footed he interpreted, after the manner of Isadora Duncan, God in Nature (a benedicite by Stokowsky); Human Despair (Eli, Eli, sung impressively by Miss Tingley), and Exaltation (Psalm 150 by Lewandowski).

The choral singing reflected credit on the singers and on Mr. Gideon, the director. The agreeable voices blended well. The interpretation was expressive. The music had a peculiar solemnity even in moods of exultation. It would be interesting to speak of the old Hebrew melodies; how far they were influenced by Egyptian or Assyrian music, but those interested in this subject should consult the old work of Saalschuetz or the more modern one of Ernest David. A feature of the evening was the singing of Kol Nidre by Mr. Simonds.

Perhaps it was unfortunate that references to David's leaping and dancing before Jehovah were printed on the program, for Michal, the daughter of Saul, looking out of a window at David, made remarks that were far from complimentary.

There was a deeply interested audience.

We were greatly surprised at the indifference shown by Mr. Herkimer Johnson toward the games between the Yankees and the Giants. He said something about his lack of interest in the doings of hired men, when we reproached him for his coolness.

"When I was a boy," he said, "I used to see the games played between the Eagles of Florence and the nines of neighboring towns, as the Pioneers of Springfield. The Eagles were made up chiefly of men in the employ of the Florence Sewing Machine Company, though the pitcher was a lawyer, the brother of Judge D. W. Bond. In those happy days a ball caught on the first bound was out. We all thought the Eagles a wonderful nine until the Forest Citys of Rockford, Ill., came along and showed us what baseball might be, so we were not greatly chagrined when the Eagles, greatly daring, were defeated in Boston and in New York. I was excited in those days when the nines were about evenly matched and I yelled and hooted with the older men. I have not felt those thrills since the game between Yale and Harvard at Saratoga, when "Ham" Avery, Yale '75, pitched with curves, in-shoots and out-shoots to the astonishment and indignation of the Harvard nine and its supporters.

"At present I am more interested in the game of ball played by Nausicaa and her companions. Chapman, translating the sixth book of the Odyssey, says that she and the other virgins played at stool-ball. Now stool-ball, as I understand it, was an old English country game something like cricket, played chiefly by women, or, as an Easter game, between young men and maidens for a pudding flavored with tansy. The stool was the wicket, which was perhaps originally a stool. There is a passage in Sidney's 'Arcadia':

A time there is for all, my mother often says,
When she, with skirts tucked very high,
with girls at stool-ball plays.

"I think the ball was first struck with the hand, later with a bat; the stools were superseded by targets, that is, round boards fastened to posts. I don't think this was the game Nausicaa played. With her wrists of ivory she struck the ball, singing first a song, according to custom. We don't know much about ancient games of ball. In the time of the Roman emperors there were four or five kinds of ball. When Martial sent a cloak to a friend he wrote it would be of use to him whether he was catching a dusty ball (harpastum) with his hand, or sharing with competitors the feather-like weight of the follis, which was struck with the fist, if small; with the forearm, if large. You see, I have been cramming this subject, for I am about to begin the volume that treats of sports in my colossal work. Perhaps I interrupt you." "Oh, not at all," we answered, telling the lie of perfect courtesy.

A LATIN TEACHER'S LULLABY

(For As the World Wags.)

Hush thee, babe! Let nought alarm thee;
Participles shall not harm thee;
Dreams of person, gender, number,
Trouble not thy peaceful slumber.
Hush thee, baby mine!

Hush thee, babe! Though Dad's a teacher,
Gerundives shall never reach yer;
Foul subjunctives, ut, ut non,
Shall not waken thee, my own!
Hush thee, baby mine!

Hush thee, babe! No causal clause
To thy sleep caesura cause;
Ille, ipse—no, not hoc
To thy napping bring a shock:
Hush thee, baby mine!

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON.
Hartford, Ct.

ASK THE OUIJA BOARD

As the World Wags:

I note in a New York afternoon news paper: "For other World Series News see page 11."

Query: Who's the celestial Babe Ruth
New York. NO FAN.

A WICKED THOUGHT

(Herman Melville's "Confidence-Man.")

"I once heard a wit, a mere wit, mind, an irreligious Parisian wit, say, with regard to the temperance movement, that none, to their personal benefit, joined it sooner than niggards and knaves; because, as he affirmed, the one by it saved money and the other made money, as in ship-owners cutting off the spirit ration without giving its equivalent, and gamblers and all sorts of subtle tricksters sticking to cold water, the better to keep a cool head for business."

"A wicked thought, indeed!" cried the stranger, feelingly.

"PEG O' MY HEART" IN PARIS

M. Pierre d'Ouvray, seeing, "Peg de mon Coeur" at the Vaudeville in Paris last month, was moved to write: "If we should believe our modern French and foreign authors, it would be useless to give our daughters what our grandparents called 'good manners.' The freer, more spontaneous, holder, even the more imprudent, and, let us not hesitate to say it, the worse brought up they were, the more would they reveal qualities of the heart and the greater chance they would have of pleasing men. The female mauvais sujet has replaced the male mauvais sujet so dear to George Sand and Octave Fuillet. Poor parents! . . . Would it benefit you to tell you that this little Peg, entering unexpectedly into the serious and bourgeois Walton family, proceeds to upset everything and, having scandalized everybody, will be regarded by everybody as charming and will wed an amiable gentleman farmer?"

Oct- 16 1921

John Galsworthy's play "The Mob" will be performed in Boston for the first time at the Copley Theatre on Tuesday.

The late Laurence Irving told a reporter of the Pall Mall Gazette in September, 1913, that he hoped to produce "The Mob" sometime between that month and December. "I think that it will give me one of the finest parts that I have ever had, and it will also afford me the opportunity of playing an Englishman, which will be rather a change for me. Mr. Galsworthy has drawn in this part, I think it may be said, one of the highest types of the modern idealist—a modern idealist in the exterior of a quiet, well-educated English gentleman and politician. It is a modern play—a play, indeed, absolutely of today. As you may imagine from the title, it gives opportunities for the stage management of crowds—crowds such as I handled in my father's productions of 'Robespierre' and 'Coriolanus' at the Lyceum, although, of course, Mr. Galsworthy's crowd is one that you can see in Hyde Park any Sunday. For my wife, the play affords very great scope in the part of a gentlewoman with hardly any warp in her character, or eccentric notions, or addiction to any particular form of habit, or taste for luxury or dissipation, or any of those things. The character is a fine type of a well born, well educated Englishwoman. And I think I may say that the drama arises out of the conflict that springs up between the husband, that I play, and his wife, both of them, as I say, being very fine, sweet-living types of English people. There are several other characters of importance—it is quite a big cast—and there is a charming and beautifully written character of a child, a little girl. As one might expect from Mr. Galsworthy, it is quite unlike the usual facetious child of the stage."

Laurence Irving did not play the part of the idealist. He went down with a transatlantic steamship on May 29, 1914.

"The Mob" was produced by Miss Horniman's company at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, Eng., on March 30, 1914. Milton Rosmer took the part of Stephen More, the idealist; Irene Rooke played his wife. Hilda Bruce Potter, as a captain's wife, thrilled the audience by her recital of a dream. The Manchester Guardian, not liking the play, admitted that the night was a "great" one, that the play had "a cordial welcome" from a fine house, and that Mr. Galsworthy was induced to make a speech.

Miss Horniman's company took the play to London, where it was produced at the Coronet Theatre on April 20, 1914. "The child's last scene was cut out in obedience to the magistrate's decree—but just another moment of the familiar pathos of thoughtless prattle was hardly to be missed." The critics were divided in opinion concerning the merits of the play. The Daily Chronicle thought the mob was the least satisfactory of the three or four "tremendous subjects" treated. "Mr. Galsworthy's mob is a little string of hooligans and sluts who hoot the anti-war hero, throw things at him, and 'maffick' a little, off the stage and on. How small and one-sided a vision!" The reviewer found "The Mob" unsatisfactory as an anti-war play; "the whole thing whittles down into a domestic play, with some exquisite moments, interrupted by unfulfilled larger pretensions." Yet he ended his article: "With it all, a sincere, intelligent, neatly produced play that every one should see."

The Times remarked pontifically that the indignation of the moralist will not suffice in art: "It must get itself converted into the creative imagination of the artist"; that the hero was a virtually lifeless figure.

The Daily Telegraph could not sympathize with the hero. Nor do unpopular politicians in England always receive the martyr's crown. "John Bright was not slain for his opposition to the Crimean war, and those who years ago were called pro-Boers have survived with some success. The mob, in fact, is not quite as black as Mr. Galsworthy paints it. . . . We felt out of the real world, which has to deal with facts and concrete cases, and in a rarefied atmosphere, where men and women cannot breathe. Perhaps we were meant to feel that the truth about all the little wars of England is that they express the parodist's faith:

I'm sorry for Mr. Naboth! I'm sorry
to make him squeak;
But the Lord in heaven made me strong
to see me punish the weak.'

"But Mr. Galsworthy is much too fair to present the opponents of his anti-war orator as mere brutes, and in his austere impartiality interest was abolished."

In 1914, Mr. Frohman announced that he would bring out "The Mob" in New York, with Otis Skinner as the hero. The play was published that year. There was talk of producing it at the Neighborhood Playhouse in Grand street, New York, in the fall of that year. Belgium was invaded. Mr. Galsworthy withdrew "The Mob" from the stage, lest any one should think it expressed in any way his feeling about the world war into which England had entered.

The first performance in New York was at the Neighborhood Playhouse on Oct. 10, 1920. Ian Maclaren, Stephen More; Dierdre Doyle took the part of Stephen's wife; Mary Carroll was the Captain's wife. The acting of the mob was commended, especially when the hoodlums, rushing into Stephen's house, force him up on a table and kill him when he shouts at them: "Put up with the truth for once! You are the thing that pelts the weak; kicks women; howls down free speech. This today, and that tomorrow. Brain—you have none. Spirit—not the ghost of it! If you're not meanness, there's no such thing. If you're not cowardice, there is no cowardice. Patriotism—there are two kinds—that of our soldiers and this of mine. You have neither." Then a girl went at Stephen with a knife, the crowd from behind pushed him on its point, and he fell dead to the floor. This was described in New York as "the climax of a singularly graphic and thrilling scene, ending with a fall calculated to make John Barrymore green with envy."

The story is a simple one. Stephen, under secretary of state, a true patriot and idealist, is opposed to the policy of England going to war with a little people "out there." He does not believe that a people different from the English "in color, in religion, in every mortal thing" can be benefited by English rule. England is swept by mob-emotion. Stephen speaks against the war in Parliament when war is declared. He shouts his warnings while friends forsake him, even when he is stoned in the streets and his broken-hearted wife leaves him. Finally he is killed. Years afterward there is a bronze statue in a London square. On the pedestal of the statue is this inscription: "Erected to the Memory of Stephen More. 'Faithful to His Ideal.'"

After all, wrote a reviewer of the published play, "it is John Galsworthy with something to say, saying it sincerely, and that commands attention. This reviewer, for one, would always rather hear him saying his say on things that matter than indulging merely his brilliant literary gifts in a more perfect achievement, such as 'The Dark Flower.'"

"In the Night Watch"

"In the Night Watch," a melodrama in three acts and four scenes, is a free adaptation by Michael Morton of "La Veille d'Armes," a drama in four acts by Claude Farrere and Lucien Nepoty produced at the Gymnase, Paris, in 1917. Mr. Morton's adaptation was produced in London at the Oxford on Dec 23, 1918. The first performance in the United States was at the Century Theatre, New York, on Jan. 29, 1921

This play has been described as "an elaborate mechanical, pictorial, and sensational, melodramatic, involving series of emotional spasms," historically belonging to the era of Simons and Pettit. The plot has been thus described: "There is a dance on a French cruiser, the Alma, at the moment when war is declared, and the captain has to get rid of his guests in a hurry. So he dismisses them without letting them know that he is to sail at once. His wife is piqued because he will not promise to join her on the morrow, and instead of leaving the ship goes to the

cabin of Lt. d'Artelle, a lover of her girlhood. Then the ship gets under way and she is trapped, and has to remain concealed, at the risk not only of reputation, but of life, as the vessel is presently attacked and sunk by a German cruiser which has displayed private French signals. Needless to say she is saved—no matter how—because in the third act her valiant husband—who has fought like a hero, and also been saved by the devotion of the remorseful lover—is on trial before a court-martial and in danger of conviction, since he cannot prove that he was deceived by false signals. His sole witness, a lieutenant, who is his enemy, swears that his memory is a blank. But the captain's wife, at the critical moment, rushes in to give the needed testimony at the peril of her good name, and down comes the curtain on a happy ending."

At the first performance at the Century Theatre the part of the Captain was played by Robert Warwick; his wife by Jeanne Eagles; the official prosecutor by Maclyn Arbuckle; the treacherous and revengeful lieutenant by Cyril Scott; and that of the lover was played by Edmund Lowe.

In London one of the characters was Vice-Admiral Folgat. He seems to have been thrown overboard on the voyage to New York. In London the heroine was Madge Titheradge.

Of course the chief spectacular scene in the play is the battle between the cruiser and the submarine. In New York the effect of gunfire was reproduced by men striking the keybeam of the dome of the auditorium with huge hammers. For the sinking of the cruiser men in the theatre boiler room under the stage opened steam valves, and the issuing steam suggested the suction caused by the going down of the vessel, while spot lights with glazed surfaces playing on blue canvas suggested passing clouds.

Other effects are the clearing of the cruiser's deck for action when the entire deck turns 20 feet to the right; and after the Alma is seen broken in two the afterpart sinks into the sea, leaving only a life raft and a lifeboat to mark the place.

In London music written by Herman Darewski for the drama was played. "The Marseillaise" was performed when the Alma was sinking.

"The Rose Girl"

"The Rose Girl," a musical comedy in two acts, book and lyrics by William Cary Duncan, music by Anselm Goetzl, opened the Ambassador Theatre in New York, on Feb. 11, 1921. Mr. Woollcott of the Times, by way of an entertaining digression, remarked that musical comedy libretti may be roughly divided into two classes: "those which do not refer to 'The Tales of Hoffmann' as 'The Shirt-tails of Hoffmann' and those which do." He found Mr. Goetzl's melodies engaging and infectious, and the chorus "uncommonly comely and daintily caparisoned."

In the story a count, a marquis, a jealous Slav beauty, a widow and a peasant girl, "the rose girl," figure prominently. The Count de Guise falls in love with the rose girl, daughter of the overseer of the Riviera rose gardens of Parisian perfumers. She will not have him, in the garden, or in Paris, where she goes to have her voice trained. In Paris she becomes enamored of the count's nephew. The count still pursues her, although he he is betrothed to another. There is a web of complications until the demanded happy ending is reached.

At the first performance in New York there was an interpolated "Ballet of the Perfumes," designed and staged by Mr. Fokine for Lydia Lopokova of the Russian Ballet. The chief comedians were Charles Purcell, Fred Hildebrand, Marjorie Yateson, Stewart Baird, Mabel Withes, Louis Simon and Zoe Barnett.

"The Rose Girl" will be seen at the Wilbur Theatre tomorrow night.

A Highly Objectionable Family on the Stage; Other Theatre Notes

A play, "Crooked Usage," by Stanley Cooke, was produced at the Apollo, London, last month. It had been produced at Lincoln a few days before. The stock broker, Jennings, was a man of whom his eldest daughter said: "He gives a highly successful impersonation of a jolly man, a laughing hyena in sheep's clothing." His illegitimate son has a tendency toward forgery and embezzlement. Jennings makes money enough to maintain two establishments. "His masterpiece was achieved on the day when he persuaded the respectably-minded 'Mrs. Jennings,' who was so much of a perfect lady that she can hardly be said to have existed at all, to live with him in sin, and in Streatham of all places." The ex-barmaid, his other entanglement, forced him to marry her. He left the other one and two daughters with nothing to live on but the furniture. The elder, Marion, was as respectably-minded as her mother. "Upon her the moral stigma of having no coal in the house weighed so heavily that the effect of learning on top of this that she was illegitimate very nearly produced syncope. When she recovered, she came to the conclusion that, having committed the biggest crime within the scope of a new-born baby, she might just as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. So she entered the wonderful office, found the wonderful safe wonderfully open, and stole £1260 worth of bonds, out of which Jennings was, apparently, preparing to swindle his only client. With the money, Marion provided a respectable wedding for her sister, Eileen, who ought by rights to have been married long ago, just after the first act—only it might have spoilt the play. And then, when all was discovered, the convenient Mr. Daunt said he didn't want his bonds back, but would Marion kindly marry him instead. Marion would, and that was that."

"Crooked Usage" presumably derives its title from the old street of that name in Chelsea. This narrow and tortuous passage lies—or rather lay, for it is now boarded up—off Cale street, which again lies off the Fulham road. I found the place, writes a correspondent, with the assistance of an obliging and intelligent policeman, who, in answer to my inquiry, derived the name "Croked Usage" from the fact that the ancient right-of-way was undeniably crooked, and that it was in constant use. He also hinted darkly, however, that the alley had had a reputation for "crookedness," quite other than that due to its many turnings!—London Daily Chronicle.

There is a theatrical superstition that plays with a title including the word "gold" or "golden" do not succeed, and accordingly it has been decided to change the name of the new musical play at the Adelphi again, this time from "The Golden Moth" to "The Bad Boys."—London Times.

Mr. Oscar Asche announces that, "finding it hopeless to persuade the Lord Chamberlain to permit "Mecca" to be played in London under that title, he has decided, with his lordship's permission, to rename his play "Cairo."

The Phoenix Society of London will give this season "The Maid's Tragedy" by Beaumont and Fletcher; Wycherly's "Love in a Wood"; Dryden's "All for Love," and "The Chances" by Fletcher and the Second Duke of Buckingham.

A new play "La Passante" by Kistermaeckers, whose "Woman of Bronze" ('La Rivale") is fresh in our minds, produced at the Theatre de Paris, disappointed. It is a melodrama. In Moscow a French physician, Latenac, passes himself off as an Englishman to leave the country and the Bolshevik reign. To him comes Princess Mascha whom he has never seen before. She begs him to marry her so that she can escape as his wife. He consents. Latenac in Paris is, in the second act, a deputy and married. He is determined to expose a leading politician who has been bought by Bolshevik gold. Mascha turns up with documents to help Latenac. His wife, jealous, makes a scene. Latenac calls on Mascha and gives her the papers to keep until the next day. Emissaries of the crooked politician break in to steal them. Mascha defending the papers, is stabbed. Latenac comes in time only to hear from her dying lips that she loves him. "There is no continuity in the action; the characters are not especially real, and there is no depth in the dialogue. Also, we are inclined to be sceptical over the picture of life in Moscow—as seen from Paris. But if we accept the play as melodrama, it contains some undeniably exciting scenes."

M. Martial Teneo writes of "Peg o' My Heart" in French at the Vaudeville, Paris: "I do not trust imported pieces which have been played thousands of times in America. I am nearly always sure to find that they are own cousins to works which, under different names, have had their origin in France. So with 'Peg o' My Heart,' which ought to have been called 'Peg of the Good Heart.' Heavens! How long have I known this little hoyden, whose self-sacrifices make up for her escapades. She has been called 'La Souris,' 'Le Friquet,' and who can tell how many more? In her American dress the upsetter of established custom keeps her happy impishness, and here and there Mr. Hartley Manners's comedy makes something better of the character of the charming heroine, all disorder and kindness. From this point of view I cannot too much admire the second act; it is a little masterpiece of adroitness and persuasive grace. What was the intention of the management of the Vaudeville in staging the French adaptation by MM. Vaucaire and Mirande—to empty bucketsful of kindness, prettiness, and virtue into the boulevards or merely to compete with the silent cinema? Anyhow, in the result, people will go to see 'Peg o' My Heart' because Peg is just like heaps of little girls that Paris knows, and also because Mlle. Germaine Risse has made of the little barbarian, who scorns principles and settled habits, an unforgettable portrait, brimming over with gay mischief and unconscious impudence, and passing from roguery to the sentimental note with equal facility of expression."

An exhibition of the Theatre Arts and Crafts will be held in Amsterdam next January. It will be of an international character, and among those to contribute are Adolph Appia from Switzerland, Streud from Vienna, Gliese and Jessner from Germany, Copeau from Paris, and Gordon Craig. "The object is to show the modern theatre, its imaginative inventions, and its practical realization of those inventions. The committee is primarily interested in modern projects for new theatres which exist or of which drawings and models are available. They also want as many designs and models of stage scenes, costumes and masks as may be sent in, provided that they have some interesting feature about them. This is the first time, so far as Mr. Craig knows, that masks have been made a feature. There will also be lectures, and pamphlets will be published explaining the ideas of the modern theatre. The committee believe that such an exhibition will aid the theatre in its efforts toward the development and education of the people. It will also do something to bring together once more the leading figures of the modern theatre in Europe and America, who have necessarily been divided for so long. While Mr. Craig can point to a great number of German, Dutch, French, Russian and American stages and auditoriums built with a recognition of the fact that we are living in 1921 and not in 1872, he can in England hardly find a single example of anything that can be called up to date, though there are, of course, the Little Theatre in London, the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, and one or two more little theatres which are free from the conventional stamp of the last century."

Ludwig Thoma of Bavaria, novelist and dramatist, died on Aug. 26. His play "Lokalbahn" has been acted in several countries.

When Conan Doyle's "The Speckled Band" was revived in London late in September the reviewer of the Times had doubts about the snake. "It looks mechanical. We submit they ought to give us a real, live snake. Mr. Lyn Harding might be taught how to handle it. And there would always be the additional excitement of hoping that some night it might bite somebody."

Old and Unfamiliar Music Played at Concerts in London

On Tuesday (Sept. 20) there was a new work in Joseph Jongen's Symphonic Tableau "Lalla Rookh," and an extract from Rutland Boughton's opera, "The Birth of Arthur," which the composer conducted, in the second part, was to the majority of the hearers probably equally unfamiliar. "Lalla Rookh" has all the advantages with the disadvantages of skillful program music. The orientalism of the story has suggested luscious melodies and piquant orchestration to the composer. The interest of the listeners is engaged at once, and is in no danger of flagging, since the tunes associated with the Princess and her lover are cleverly woven in bright-colored patterns. There are two big climaxes, one in which the Princess recognizes the identity of the Prince with her lover, the other in a "final paean of triumphant love." Between the two she swoons to "a few isolated and remote notes on the drum." All this is very attractive; the disadvantage was emphasized by the rustle made by the audience turning their programs during the Princess's swoon. They were, in fact, following with their eyes, which is the inevitable temptation of such a work. The great interest of Rutland Boughton's work, on the other hand, is his concentration of purpose on the music itself. The episode "Love and Night" is an orchestral arrangement from the finale to the first of his Arthurian music-dramas. Boughton lays all his emphasis on the thematic ideas. They may not always be of first-rate quality, but some of them at any rate are very beautiful, and the prismatic colors of the orchestra are used to enhance, not to disguise, them. Boughton writes tunes and means them; that is why his music is so distinctive.—London Times.

Last night (Sept. 21) the chief events were Delius's Violin Concerto in F (Mr. Albert Sammons), Saint-Saen's Symphony No. 3, with organ and two pianos (Messrs. Kiddle, Stanley Marchant, and Aubyn Raymar), and Edric Cundell's symphonic poem "Serbia." The last was conducted after the interval by the composer. Delius is a discursive talker; his mind moves readily from one idea to another, and relevance is found more in the fact that all are expressions of himself than in any actual process of development or chain of argument, though, that too, may often be discovered by search. But so little is the argument important that one is rather surprised when the first theme of this concerto returns with emphasis and he proceeds to recapitulate. Much more important are the shifting angles from which the melodies are viewed, the delicacy of the arabesques of the solo part (just the sort of part for Mr. Sammons), the speculations in harmonic color. All these make up Delius's unique contribution to music, and this concerto is among his most characteristic works. Cundell's symphonic poem, "Serbia," first heard a couple of years ago at a Patrons's Fund rehearsal, is an attempt to present a personal impression of a nation in arms with the help of a liberal use of that country's folk-song. Mr. Cundell came across some fine specimens of Serbian folk-song when he was serving in the Balkans. He has made effective use of them, especially in the earlier part of his work. Later on they stand out too much as themselves, and seem too independent of his commentary. The result is patchwork, in which one is conscious of a periodic repetition of ideas, like the speech of a man who uses quotations too often. Nevertheless, it impresses one favorably by its evident seriousness and a certain dignity of utterance.—London Times.

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Sept. 18. Sunday concert in Albert Hall. There was a "first performance" —Mr. Herbert Hughes's melodrama "Shock-headed Peter," for soprano, baritone and piano. In construction and general outline, this work resembles the "Parodies" which were so warmly received a few days ago at the Queen's Hall. In "Shock-headed Peter" Mr. Hughes uses again and with the same deftness the scheme of the "Parodies," including the quotations from the best composers which proved so telling before, and Augustus, who would not have any soup, for instance, goes to meet his fate to the tune of Schubert's Erl King. It is all done very neatly and there is no questioning the cleverness of the melodic and harmonic effects. Perhaps the cycle will be even more effective when the orchestra takes the place of the pianoforte. Ably played as the accompaniment was yesterday by Mr. Anthony Bernard, it yet inevitably lacked the color and variety which the orchestra gave to the "Parodies." Miss Amy Evans and Mr. Fra[...] Gange sang with admirable appreciation of the many notable humorous points in the score. But the acoustics of the immense hall did occasionally blunt a little the edge of Mr. Hughes' wit. Comic music, like comedy, needs a different stage than grand opera, and the Albert Hall is more suitable for grand opera than for comedy. Of the five numbers which composed the cycle, yesterday's audience appeared to like best the third, which tells the "dreadful story about 'Harriet and the Matches,'" and the last, the story of "Fidgety Phillip." In a more sympathetic hall it will probably be found that the others are even funnier, especially the "Story of Cruel Frederick" and the soprano solo of "Little Suck-a-Thumb," which are both well turned and technically finished.—London Daily Telegraph.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Cora Chase, soprano, and Louise Homer, contralto. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Mischa Violin, violinist, his first appearance in Boston. Joseph Adler, pianist. Vieuxtemps, concerto D minor, No. 4; Wagner-Wilhelmj, Romance; Godowsky, Viennese and Valse macabre; Bazzini, Ronde des Lutins; Saint-Saens, Rondo Capriccioso.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall. First Steinert concert. Margaret Matzenauer, mezzo-soprano, Charles Hackett, tenor. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall 2:30 P. M. Third Symphony concert, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Recital by Edmond Clement, tenor. See special notice. Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday' Symphony concert, Mr. Monteux, conductor.

Oct 17 1921

Your class-secretary sends a card announcing the death of Packingham. You had not seen George Packenham since you were graduated and went forth to astonish or better the world. Packenham? George Packenham? You have a faint rememberance of the name, but you cannot see him as your classmate in the flesh. What did he look like? Was it Packenham or Nelson that lived in the entry of old South above you? Yet you were members of the secret society that had for its motto: "Amici usque aras." The card tells you that George was a practicing physician in a small western town when he died. His career was not brilliant as the world looks at it, yet at Yale he was a high stand man. He made no noise in the medical world; made no discoveries; wrote no revolutionizing articles; but no doubt, as a country doctor, he was a blessing to the community. The report of his death does not move you greatly. You are ashamed, because you are disturbed only by the thought: "I wonder when my turn will come. Some day the class secretary will announce my death. There will be a notice posted on the bulletin board of the club." Surviving members will read this notice carelessly and say: "Well, he didn't take care of himself; he didn't look well when he was here last. Do you know whether he left anything for his family?"

BATH ROOM LITERATURE

As the World Wags:

I suppose that Mr. Herkimer Johnson has completed the "A" chapters of his colossal work by this time. I want to ask if the section "Architecture" gives any plans for a house of about 10 rooms, costing from $15,000 to $20,000? Taxes in Boston are so high that I am rather planning to sell my house, or liquidate my assets, as the financial writers say, and build in the country a few miles out. I have looked through several big volumes in the Boston and Brookline public libraries to find house plans that provide for book shelves and lights in bath rooms, closets, kitchen, cellar and laundry. I have found none such. Knowing that Mr. Johnson is strong on facts, has an imagination and is exhaustive and thorough in all he undertakes, I have felt there was a chance that his chapter on architecture will have what I wanted.

It is really amazing how much time a man spends in the bath room, especially, without obtaining any additional culture

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While dressing, undressing, changing, shaving, trimming nails, etc., a man has time enough to read a good poem, or a chapter in a novel or something inspirational on efficiency in business. Unfortunately, architects are slaves to the architecture of the dead ages and do not seem able to readjust themselves to the requirements of the present. Now, we business men do not find much time for reading in our offices, as it would set a bad example—offices are for work—and there are so many fine movies and other good shows in Boston ,to say nothing of the football games and the boxing bouts and golf that we simply do not have time for incidental things like getting a litorary background. Lights and bookcases, though, placed in bath rooms in the proper places would be a constant temptation which it would be hard to resist.

An architect told a friend of mine, who wanted to build a house and have lights put in the right place in the bathroom, that it wasn't done. My friend replied that it ought to be done, for even without them he had gone through the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" by Gibbon, and Plutarch's Lives during the winter before. The architect was thereby convinced, and my friend's new house has a bath room with the most efficient lighting and the most available books I have ever seen. This winter he expects to eat up President Eliot's works, which, as you may have heard, occupy about five cubic feet. At the end of the season he will be an educated man—and all on time which most other men waste. That is the kind of management which is making this great nation of ours what it is. I don't know Mr. Johnson personally, but I am willing to wager he doesn't waste much of his time—in fact, he couldn't and write the kind and quantity of things I understand he does.

One more thing. Can you recommend a list of books for bathroom reading? I understand there are lists of the best books for bedside reading, but the business man is too tired at bed time to read. I am enelosing an addressed envelope with four-cent stamp attached, in case the list should be a long one.

PALFREY J. GRIMES.

Brookline.

The poet Campbell calculated that a man who shaves himself every day and lives to the age of 70 expends in that act during his life enough time to learn seven languages. This led Robert Southey to another calculation. Shaving busied him for nine minutes daily. He went at it in a normal, steady way. Nine minutes a day amounts in a year to 54 hours 36 minutes. Suppose the shaver begins at the age of 20. By the time he is 70 he will have consumed 2730 hours. If he wishes to learn seven languages he will have 390 hours for each language. "It is evident that any person of common capacity might, with common diligence, learn to read, speak and write—sufficiently well for all ordinary purposes—any European language." The figures, bear in mind, are Southey's, not ours. Southey admitted that many, if not most men, begin to shave before the 20th year. Are Southey's figures correct? As Byron wrote of lines that he had quoted:

"The four first rhymes are Soutbey's,
every line:
For God's sake, reader! take them not
for mine."

As for appropriate bathroom reading. This deserves serious consideration. Until we consult Mr. Johnson we should suggest any collection of anecdotes, volumes of memoirs, Howell's Letters, something light and palatable. Surely nothing distressingly educational.—Ed.

Mme. Louise Homer and Miss Cora Chase Appear

In joint concert with Mme. Louise Homer, contralto, Miss Cora Chase, soprano, made her debut before Bostonians at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Miss Chase, who is a New England girl, made her first American appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, last year, after having completed her studies in Italy and making her first debut there.

Miss Chase sang:

Aria: "Qui la voce" from Puritani, Bellini; Care Selve, Handel; The Lark Now Leaves its Wat'ry Nest, Parker; Down in the Forest, Ronald, and At the Well, Hageman. Miss Chase and Mme. Homer sang three duets: "Tutti I fior" from "Madame Butterfly," Puccini; Go Pretty Rose, Marzials; The Year's at the Spring, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

There was considerable of a wait before Miss Chase's first number, but the young singer showed no trace of nervousness as a result of this. With uplifted and clasped hands she sang with a spontaneity that was pleasing.

A slight harshness of tone was noticeable at times, but the sustained notes in the upper register were of singular sweetness.

Miss Chase received a warm welcome and was recalled after each number. The audience was a large and appreciative one, and both singers received generous applause.

Mme. Homer sang with her usual beauty of tone and expression. The lyric quality of her voice was shown to advantage in an aria from "Meesiah," while her remarkable range was well displayed in an aria from Gluck's "Alceste." In two numbers by Sidney Homer, Mme. Homer sang with dramatic force and expression. She added several numbers to her program.

Miss Eleanor Schreib was an admirable accompanist.

Oct. 8 1921

'THE ROSE GIRL'

By PHILIP HALE

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Rose Girl," a musical comedy in two acts: Book and lyrics by William Cary Duncan and Louis Simon; music by Anselm Goetzi. Produced at the Ambassador Theatre, New York, Feb. 11, 1921. Theodore Stearns, musical director.

The cast:

Fleurette.....Irene Rowan
Fillpard Grouchy.....Francis Morey
Mme. Donnay.....Sarah Edwards
Filipe Jelicot.....Fred Hillebrand
Gaston Lamont.....Harold Crane
Adelle La Flamme.....Dorothy Maynard
Jeane Du Verne.....Novina Natason
Ambrose Lollypop.....Shep Camp
Oswald Pettibone.....Louis Simon
Rosebud.....Marguerite Lamare
Captain Victor Lagarde....A Barbour Halliday
Dolores Mendoza.....Edna Temple

When this musical comedy was produced in New York, Mr. Duncan was named as the sole author of the libretto. The second act represented the shop of a Parisian perfumer. There was a count who fell in love with the rosebud, the peasant girl who left the garden on the Riviera, the daughter of the overseer, to fall in love with the nephew of a Count.

Last night the scene of the second act was the foyer of a gambling casino in Paris. Victor, Marquis de la Roche appeared as an aviator, Capt. Lagarde. Was not Count Henri de Guise transformed into Gaston Lamont? Surely "The Rose Girl" as produced in New York was different in many respects from "The Rose Girl" of last night.

As the comedy is now produced, the story brings in characters that have figured in many plays with or without music, and the intrigues are all familiar. The dialogue in the sentimental scenes is artless. The "comedy" is often in the nature of variety-show monologues—as in the case of Mr. Hillebrand. Even one of the girls on the stage last night characterized his jokes as "bum." Many a true word is spoken from the chest, and this particular chest was as pleasing to the eye as the remark was true. Yet stale as many of his jests were, they tickled the audience, whose laughter was of the hair-trigger order.

There were pleasing features. Miss Lamare was charming in her sweet simplicity as the Rosebud. There were no prima donna airs, there was no deliberate appeal, no irritating exhibition of self-confidence. She sang prettily her pretty little songs. In the love duets she had a fitting mate in the person of Mr. Halliday.

Messrs. Camp and Simon, who were in the first performance in New York, were then described as "a pair of grasping money lenders." Last night they appeared as a couple of American swindlers. They were at times really funny. Mr. Simon's facial expression (one might add, his bodily expression), was generally more amusing than the lines he spoke. The extremely farcical moments in which Miss Edwards was vociferously and physically active amused the audience, and laughter was at its height when, fainting, she fell down on Mr. Simon sprawling on the

So Edmond Clement will sing here next Saturday afternoon, after an absence of eight years. He did his part manfully during the world war with Maurice Renaud and Vanni Marcoux, familiar names in Boston, and with other singers and musicians. Some of them, fighting for France and for all that makes life worth living, were not spared to act their part on operatic stage or in concert hall.

Mr. Clement was one of the chief glories of the Boston Opera House in the years 1911, 1912, and in the early months of 1913. We remember him in many parts: The Chevalier des Grieux in Massenet's "Manon"; Gerald in "Lakme"; Don Jose in "Carmen," Faust, Wilhelm Meister, Werther, Julien in "Louise," Hoffmann, Nicias in "Thais," Rodolfo in "La Boheme."

As Des Grieux, he sang with Mmes. Lipkowska, Garden, Alda, Brozia. As Don Jose with Mmes. Calve, Gay, and that excelelnt Carmen, Marguerite Sylva. What memories these names and those of others invoke! Boston then had its own opera and was proud of it; especially proud at the beginning, when satisfactory performances were given at a reasonable price, before the extravagant and evil days set in; before Mr. Andre Caplet was imported to learn his trade as a conductor; before the director of the opera house was training his eyes toward the Metropolitan in New York. Yet even the second season brought with it some famous singers, among them Mr. Clement.

It would not be easy to say in what part he excelled. Even in the comparatively insignificant role of Nicias, he commanded attention and excited admiration by the elegance of his performance. Not even Jean de Reszke outshone him as Des Grieux. Do you remember how Mr. Muratore attempted to sing Des Grieux's dream, bawling at last to the gallery? Mr. Clement's Hoffmann will never be forgotten by those who saw him in that romantic part. With what spirit, what charm of diction he sang the story of Klein Zach! On the other hand his impersonation of Don Jose was intensely dramatic in its crescendo of passion till the tragic climax. In lightly romantic scenes or in scenes of strong emotion Mr. Clement always respected the music of the composer and the art of song. As a singer alone, he was an ornament of the operatic stage persuading even doubting Thomases that bel canto was not a vain tradition of the past. This art was also shown in his song recitals and in his concerts with Geraldine Farrar and Maggie Teyte. Nor should it be forgotten that in February, 1911, the day after his appearance in "Manon" he cheerfully sang the music of the Narrator when "The Children's Crusade" was performed by the Cecelia Society. Many vainglorious tenors would have thought the task unworthy of their reputation.

And now Edmond Clement is a most welcome visitor, not only as a representative of French art, but as an exponent of the purest vocal art; not only as a French singer, but as a gallant man who served his country in the years of the peril that threatened all ideals that make for civilization.

PALMER LAMPS

As the World Wags:

Does any one own a Palmer lamp or Spring lamp, commonly called? I have not seen one for 60 years or more. In my boyhood these were the only ones we used. Oil lamps were not in vogue where I lived; in fact, not to be had. The Palmer lamp, of which we had three sizes, was a rather clever contrivance. It consisted of a hollow brass tube 20 or 24 inches high, quite ornamental. In each tube was a coiled brass spring which we forced down to the bottom with a large yellow candle with double wicks. A brass dome, screwed on, held the candle down. This dome had a slit in it, through which the candle wick protruded, and as the wick burned away the spring kept it up to the dome. This was surmounted with eight small looking glasses, about one by two inches, acting as reflectors, set in a brass frame, broad at base, narrow at top. The whole was surmounted by a handsome glass globe, which hid the reflectors. The light was powerful and soft; in fact, 10 of us at table found it enough for all purposes. The weight of the candle in the No. 1 lamp was one pound, and the candle lasted about 10 days. In the smaller lamp, No. 2, the candle weighed half a pound. The beauty of the Palmer lamp was that it never required snuffing, while on the ordinary candles the snuffers were working overtime. I have searched during 25 years for a Palmer lamp, but without success. V. F.

Winthrop.

"BRING YOUR LAMP"

As the World Wags:

In the old home down in Maine there is a collection of lamps, new and old, of all ages, sizes and shapes. My father asserts, and as he is still living, aged 87, I do not dare contradict him, that one of them is one of the first half dozen kerosene lamps brought into the town of St. George. This must have been about 1857. He further asserts that when my mother and he were invited out to pay an evening call the last part of the invitation always read: "And bring your lamps." When they sallied forth to pay the aforesaid call, one took the lamp and the other took the chimney. A. B. C.

Somerville.

THE NOBLEMAN IDENTIFIED

As the World Wags:

I have seen in your column the discussion regarding the original makers of Worcestershire sauce. I was born in Worcester, Eng., and lived there many years. I have the story of the sauce from my father, James Callowhill, who was born there 82 years ago. The recipe (not receipt) was compounded by the Earl of Coventry, who sent the recipe to the firm of druggists Lea & Perrins in Worcester to make for him. They found it so good that they started making Worcestershire sauce. The old firm and shop of Lea & Perrins is still in Worcester on Broad street, near "The Cross." I think this is the true story of Worcestershire sauce. I know that tons of shallots are bought by the Lea & Perrins sauce makers. This little bit of information may help the many imitators of the sauce who have never succeeded in making a sauce so good as the original. SIDNEY T. CALLOWHILL.

Newton Centre.

"BY TURF AND TWIG"

As the World Wags:

In the diary of Joshua Hempstead of New London, Ct., under the date of Sept. 25, 1729 is the following entry:

"I also bot of Elizabeth Crossman her lot of land about 9 acres for £80. I went out to it and Reed possession of that and the other lot by Turff & Twig in presence of Lt. Joseph Harris and Mr. Thos. Prentis."

Can anyone give the meaning of the expression "by turf and twig?" Apparently it was some ancient rite or ceremony for the conveyance of land. I have never seen it mentioned elsewhere.

Windham, Ct., A. B. ROBERTS.

See Harcourt's "Voyage," Harl. Mis. p. 196: "When I had taken good view of the place and found it commodious for many purposes, then in the presence of Captain Fisher, divers gentlemen and others of my company, and of the Indians also, I took possession of the land, by turf and twig, in the behalf of our sovereign lord, King James. I took the said possession of a part, in the name of the whole continent of Guiana, lying between the rivers Amazons and Oroonoko, not being actually possessed or inhabited by any other Christian prince or state." A sod was cut from the turf of an estate, etc., as a token or symbol of possession. This practice goes back to the 16th century at least. We quote from the commentary on Genesis by John Trapp, a learned Puritan (1643): "The most High God, possessour of heaven and earth, who hath sent me with this bread and wine, as by turfe and twig, as by an earnest, and a little for the whole, to give thee possession of both."—Ed.

THOSE RED SUNSETS

As the World Wags:

The Herald recalled editorially some time ago the yellow day of 1881, which was as pronounced in western Massachusetts as in the eastern localities. Do you recall the strange red "sunsets," "sunrises" about 9 or 10 P. M. and correspondingly earlier than sunrise in the following winter? Was it not decided among scientists that the September and the winter phenomena were due to the volcanic dust in the high atmosphere coming from the terrific volcanic explosion of Krakatoa, on the island of Java? L. P. CUMMINGS.

Pemaquid Point, Me.

"O RICHARD, O MON ROI"

We regret to find the Springfield Republican referring to Richard Strauss, who will visit the United States this season, as "the waltz king." For "Richard," read "Johann." It is true that there are waltzes in Richard's "Der Rosenkavalier," but not of a nature to give him the kingly crown.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRITTEN

As the World Wags.

I quote from the headlines of an article in a Boston newspaper: "Whom Roosevelt said wrote"

I advocate a training school for those "whom" do not know how to use the word "whom." If those "whom" use it as it was used in this headline would cross out the words between the "whom" and the verb "wrote" they would readily discover their error. "Whom wrote" would not be used by most illiterate persons. Yet we find such errors dripping from the pens of the presumably educated.

Dedham. MARCELLUS GRAVES.

THERE WAS ONE IN STAMFORD

As the World Wags:

I have been interested in several communications, published in your column, referring to "silver dollar floors."

I remember a very ornate saloon which was built in Stamford, Ct., about 30 years ago when I was living there. Entirely around the outside border of the marble floor was a row of silver dollars about six inches apart. In the centre of the floor was a large star made of silver dollars, but the five points of the star and the circular centre were of $20 gold pieces. These were all set slightly below the surface of the floor to prevent them from being worn by feet.

If I remember correctly this floor was considered at the time the most expensive thing of its kind in the country. I think it was the hobby of a wealthy liquor dealer who had made his "pile" near New York.

Prohibition has made these things almost ancient history to us. To the next generation they will be fairy tales. SAMUEL DOLLIVER.

Portland, Me.

In the early seventies, unappreciated or misunderstood by the faculty of Yale College, we read Juvenal and other improving authors under the watchful eye of a fine example of the old-fashioned family doctor, who found time to tutor erring undergraduates in Stamford, a pleasant town in those days. Lester Wallack was then living there. We see him now, erect, handsome, resplendent in duck trousers and velvet coat. But in that year there was no silver dollar floor in a Stamford bar-room. Of this we are positive.—Ed.

VARIA

As the World Wags:

A fellow-citizen gave me good advice yesterday. I wish to share it with

id: "Never," said he, "lend a man ney till 'next Monday,' if you will d it yourself on the following Tuesday."

he public was kept out of the upirs part of the Old State House all nmer because of the fire of last ril. Even though it was necessary repair some pictures, the rooms ild have been put in condition for inection within the two months after fire. Every day in summer hunds were turned away, disappointed. any of them came from distant cities.

HENRY BULSTROP JONES.

Dover.

"PREVENTORIUM" AGAIN

the World Wags:

n The Herald "Bolshevik" asked, What is a Preventorium?" If he had ne inside of the Institution at Essex ntre, Vermont, he would have learned at it is a place where children well on e way toward developing tuberculosis e given special care similar to that in tuberculosis sanatorium. The difference being that the preventorium gets e children before tuberculosis gets em.

HAROLD W. SLOCUM,
Burlington, Vt. Secretary.

An admirable institution, no doubt, it an abominable name for it.—Ed.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"In The ight Watch," a play in three acts by ichael Morton, adapted from Farrere nd Nepoty's "La Veille D'Armes." The ast:

. Brambourg	Perce R. Benton
lice Perlet	Lillian Lee Anderson
ugenie De Corlaix	Olive Tell
. D'Artelle	Brandon Peters
mdr. Fargasson	Robert Thorne
pt. Paul De Corlaix	Robert Warwick
hief Engineer Birodat	John Taylor
t.-Comdr. Du Lec	Desmond Gallagher
urgeon Ribot	Paget Hunter
agorne	Carlton A. Rivers
e Due	Harold De Becker
lerk of the court	Harry Lacey
omdr. Mowbray	Walter Walker
ice-Adm. F'Algat	C. H. Riegel

It is at least a refreshing change to e a melodrama which gets away from e eternal military and soldiers' uniorms for one which has its principal cenes afloat, with a naval flavor, and French naval flavor to boot.

"In the Night Watch" has been deribed as "an elaborate, mechanical, ictorial and sensational melodrama, involving a series of emotional spasms," nd last night's performance was all f that. The story opens with a dance n board the French cruiser Alma. The aptain, a slave of duty, rather neglects is ardent young wife, whereupon a andsome young officer (Lt. Du Lec) alls in love with her. War is declared, nd all visitors are ordered ashore in a urry. But the captain's wife, in order o have another hour near him, is persuaded to hide in the young officer's abin until the last boat puts off.

But there is no "last boat." The ruiser gets under way and the lady inds herself trapped. The vessel is resently attacked by a German warhip, which approaches under false sigal lights, it being in possession of the rench code. During the battle which nsues a torpedo gets home and the lma goes to the bottom. The lady is escued at the cost of his own life by he young lieutenant, who turns hero. he captain, wounded and unconscious, nd one other officer, who happens to e his enemy, are among the very few who escape from the wreck.

A court-martial tries the captain for osing his ship through negligence. He as no witnesses to prove the display of alse signals by the enemy. The rescued nemy, being called, pretends that his memory is a blank and that he can remember nothing. It is about to go hard with the hero when his wife, rushing orward, shows that the witness did, in act, see the signals through a portole. She clears her husband, convinces him of her innocence of wrong intention nd down comes the curtain with everyody happy.

The mechanical episodes of that play re thrilling. The clearing of the decks or action—with the officers helping lug ff the stuff—the battle with the dimly iscerned foe, the bang of big guns, he crash of exploding shells and he final plunge to the bottom of the French vessel, while lights poured over waving canvas and jets of steam simuate waves and passing clouds furnish realistic effects in plenty.

The court-martial is the most Frenchy thing of the whole play, everyone talking at once with a fine disregard for hat we conceive to be the procedure f a legal tribunal, and the accused beng cleared with a swiftness that takes ne's breath.

Robert Warwick, as the captain, akes the best of the turgid lines supied him. Olive Tell, the heroine, is oth pretty and vigorously effective. he remainder of the cast go through he motions in a strictly conventional ay.

As a spectacle "In the Night Watch" novel and exciting. As a play it is nutterably stupid.

Ross Giral, p. 149

floor, and with difficulty was borne to a sofa.

Mr. Goetzl's music is unpretentious, but often agreeable in its tuneful way. It has the merit of not being noisy or dropping constantly into rag time. The setting of the second act is handsome in design and in color scheme, furnishing a decorative and effective background for the tasteful costumes.

There was little dancing that calls for attention. That of the chorus girls was of a primitive order, while the more ambitious dancing of a man and a woman who had nothing to do with the play was a purely athletic exhibition.

Of the others in the company, Miss Temple as Dolores gave the most noteworthy characterization, although Miss Rowan worked indefatigably as Fleurette. Miss Temple delivered her lines as if they were spontaneous, and her sly singing of "Lingerie" delicately italicized the words.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Teaser," comedy in four acts, by Martha Stanley and Adelaide Mathews. First time in Boston. The cast:

Teddy Wyndham	Viola Roach
Annie Barton	Leona Powers
Lois Caswell	Gertrude Bartlett
Janet Wheelden	Myrtle Clark
Edmunds, maid to Teddy	Florence Roberts
Geoffrey Loring	Mark Kent
James MacDonald	Walter Gilbert
Roddy Caswell	Frank Charlton
Perry Grayle	Ralph Remley
Subi	Aubrey Bosworth

The St. James Players began a week of effervescent farce. "The Teaser," is a curious bit of dramatic carpentry. From the very start it revels in forced theatrical situations and is always thoroughly obvious yet provokes unlimited amounts of laughter.

The play is a maze of twisting plot, and deals chiefly with the misbehavior of Teddy Wyndam's niece, Annie, from Menominee, Michigan. Annie takes away all Teddy's lovers, and finally falls exhausted into the arms of her "gentleman friend, Mac."

Last night's performance was excellent. Indeed the acting saved the play, beceause "The Teaser" is a very fragile bit of farce and not always does its humors "get across."

Walter Gilbert, though playing a relatively small part, was a big success as a youthful, but thoroughly citified lover. And it was no fault of Miss Roach that he made one feel there was too much aunt and not enough "Mac." Miss Roach did good work, but her part was overloaded; too much of the fun was put on her shoulders.

The supporting actors were equal to the tasks assigned them. Leona Powers, who was the chief cause of trouble, was a piquant Annie, but there were moments when one felt she might have made her range more noticeable.

The settings were particularly well appearing this week. Indeed, it was a pity that they should have been partially marred by glaring lights, which had no reason.

There is but one criticism or rather suggestion, which can be offered to the uniformly excellent St. James Players. Their management would do well to provide enough programs to satisfy all their patrons. Last night was not the first night that some spectators have found the supply exhausted.

"MANON" GIVEN AT THE ARLINGTON THEATRE

Performance of Massenet's Opera Wins Approval

There was an interesting performance of "Manon" by the Boston Society of Singers yesterday at the Arlington Theatre. The audience was enthusiastic; it showed whole-hearted appreciation of Massenet's melodious and vivacious opera. Lois Ewell gave a pleasing interpretation of the gay, thoughtless, pretty country girl. Her voice and her artistic use of it gave pleasure to her admirers of old and those who heard her for the first time.

Rulon Robison as Des Grieux exceeded expectations, especially in the scene at St. Sulpice. Herbert Waterous as the Count Des Grieux and Stanley Deacon as de Bretigny sang and acted tastefully.

The minor parts were sung by Mr. Northway, Miss Ainslee, Miss Boyden and Miss Tennyson. The scenic production pleased the eye. The setting of the first act was picturesque and that of the gambling room aroused applause. The orchestra, led by Frank Waller, was worthy of the standard set by those on the stage. It rounded out an excellent performance.

CRESSY AND DANE

Cressy and Dane, in Mr. Cressy's latest sketch, "Without a Will There's a Way," is the outstanding feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week.

Like most of Mr. Cressy's sketches, the piece is a burlesque of rural New England life, and while the author treads a different path, there is the characteristic flippancies of the village factotum, an uproariously funny dialogue and the inevitable tug at the heartstrings—all in all one of the best acts that Mr. Cressy and Miss Dane have offered in their many years of entertaining the public.

One of the best acts on the bill was that of Patricola, the singing comedienne. Her program is an unusual one, both in selection and musical complexities.

Other acts on the bill were the Four Mortons in a slightly amplified edition of their old sketch; Ernest Ball, the songwriter, singing his old-time compositions; Frances Pritchard and company in a dancing act; Billy Dale and company in a comedy character sketch; Ensign Al Moore and his Jazz Band; Fisher & Gilmore in song and chatter, and Erford's Oddities, a trio of aerial performers.

Cleo Mayfield and Cecil Lean in a repertoire of songs head the bill at the Majestic Theatre this week. They were warmly received. The balance of the bill was varied and for the most part of a high standard.

The Pickfords, in a comedy act, with juggling, opened the show. Jock McKay, a Scotch comedian, followed. He wanted the audience to sing with him, but few of Boston's singers were in the theatre. Olga Mishka and company danced. That is, Olga and Mishka danced. The company, John Alden, played the violin while the dancers were resting, and the audience would have liked to have the dancers keep on resting, so much was his playing appreciated.

Sam Hearn, the fiddling politician, talked amusingly and played his violin entertainingly. His imitation of two violins was exceptionally good. Richard Bartlett, in "Cave Man Love," offered an opportunity for much dancing, some singing and some talk. Vivian Holt and Lillian Rosedale sang in harmony.

George Wilson and Ben Larsen offered comedy and talent together. Their finish was unusual. Frank Vardon and Harry Perry tried to sing and failed. They played stringed instruments, but their efforts were not musical. Their imitations saved the act. Arco brothers, in hand balancing, closed the show. They were worthy of a better place.

Oct 19 1921

'THE MOB' SEEN

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Mob," a play in four acts by John Galsworthy. Produced at Manchester (Eng.) March 30, 1914. Milton Rosmer, Stephen More; Irene Rooke, Katherine More. Performed at the Neighborhood Playhouse, New York, Oct. 10, 1920; Ian Maclaren, Stephen More; Deirdre Doyle, Katherine More. Performed at the Copley yesterday afternoon and evening by the Henry Jewett Players.

The Dean of Stour	Lawrence Cecil
Stephen More, M. P.	Nicholas Joy
Edward Mendip	Walter Kingsford
Gen. Sir John Julian	Moffat Johnston
Katherine	Deirdre Doyle
Capt. Hubert Julian	Clifford Turner
Helen Julian	Catherine Willard
Olive	Marion Jenkins
Alan Steel	Paul Hansell
Nurse Wreford	Margaret Pitt
Footman	Chester Parsons
Wreford	George Tawde
His Sweetheart	May Ediss
James Home	Lionel Pape
Mark Wace	Lawrence Cecil
Charles Shelder	Percy Foster
William Banning	E. E. Clive
The Footman Henry	Lionel Pape
A Girl	Katherine Standing
A Girl	Helen Arlington

Mr. Galsworthy in "Strife," stands apart and hears both sides. No one can tell whether in his heart he is for capital or labor. He presents the arguments, he notes the suffering that atte[nds] a prolonged strike, he listens patiently to the employer—and is silent. So in "Justice" he merely shows the inexorable working of the law on a poor creature who, rightly imprisoned, as our modern civilization has it, serves his time and then, having again offended, kills himself rather than return to jail. But "Justice" is not an attack on the English prison system as is Charles Reade's "It's Never Too Late to Mend"; it is not even directed with righteous indignation against the proceedings in a criminal court. Mr. Galsworthy looks on, notes, portrays, as if he were a sociologist from the planet Mars.

But "The Mob" might easily be taken for a zealous tract in favor of pacificists, and it is highly probable that some who were allowed to publish their protests against the United States entering the world war and against conscription, and even now write letters to the newspapers saying "what a terrible mistake the government made in sending troops to France" will find supporting matter in "The Mob" for quotations.

We do not believe it was Mr. Galsworthy's purpose to write a tract in the interest of peace at any price, but his purpose may be easily misunderstood. He is declaiming against the injustice of a big nation warring with a little [nati]on and then grabbing its territory. [At the] same time the [m]adness and the [fervor] of war [after] the dr[umm]ing [...] one might be pardoned for thinking that the dramatist was protesting against all wars, whatever their nature. Whatever Mr. Galsworthy's purpose was, "The Mob" is in the nature of an essay, a sermon if you like, rather than a drama.

Nor can one sympathize deeply with Stephen, who, on account of his steadfast faith, his idealism, his quixoticism, ruins his political career, estranges his friends, loses the love of his wife, finally is killed, and for his reward—years afterwards has a statue erected to him. It does not appear that all his talk—"then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk"—bettered England, or persuaded Englishmen to turn swords into plowshares and let little nations go their own way in peace.

As portrayed by the dramatist Stephen is simply a talking machine. We know little or nothing about him except when he is on the stump—and his stump is in his dining room, in his wife's boudoir, as well as in the House of Commons or in some hall in a side street. We see only the shabby exterior of the man: spouting like Walt Whitman's reformer with his mouth and nose. The real play, as a London critic pointed out early in 1914, is not concerned with Stephen and the mob. The dramatic interest lies in the conflict between Stephen and his wife, the daughter and granddaughter of soldiers. And the one scene of truly dramatic interest is that between him and his wife, when he, hungering for her kisses, taunts her with wishing to bargain with him.

Yet, let no one think that "The Mob" is not a carefully written and interesting work, a work that appeals to the thoughtful mind, not to the emotions. Stephen's death, as his oratory, leaves one unmoved. One saw the statue to his memory without a glow of sympathy or a tear of pity.

Mr. Jewett is to be thanked for bringing out the play, for what Mr. Galsworthy has to say is generally worth while, if only for the manner in which he says it. Mr. Joy played the part of the idealist with a dignity that was free from priggishness—and Stephen is dangerously near being a prig; with a faith in his ideal that was not incongruously fanatical. This was as Stephen the calm idealist; but in the great scene with his wife he was matter-of-fact and unconvincing. Miss Doyle gave an admirable performance of the wife, giving a characterization that made Katherine real and living, touching skilfully the gamut of emotions from pity to scorn, intensely womanly when as a woman she made the strongest appeal that can be made. The other parts were well taken on the whole, although Miss Pitt's Nurse spoke with the oratorical deliberation of the ghost in "Hamlet." Miss Willard told her frightful dream with an intensity that escaped exaggeration. Mr. Clive's Banning was another striking portrait in his gallery. Olive was not too fresh, not too "cute." Others in the cast are worthy of favorable mention. The mob roared and howled lustily.

Oct 6 1921

MISCHA VIOLIN

By PHILIP HALE

Mischa Violin, violinist, assisted by Josef Adler, pianist, played for the first time in Boston last night in Steinert Hall. His program comprised Vieuxtemp's Concerto in D minor; Romance, Wagner-Wilhelm; Godowsky's Viennese and Danse Macabre; Bazzini's Ronde des Lutins and Saint-Saens's Rondo Capriccioso.

Mr. Violin, it is said, was born at Odessa. (Mr. Sergei Violoncello, the celebrated violoncellist of Kieff, has not yet visited this country.) He played in Europe at a tender age before coming to the United States. In Brazil, as the press-agent informs us, he was hailed as "the rival of Sarasate."' He is hardly that. Making New York his home, he served in the world war, and reappeared in New York a year ago this month.

He is a young man with the glib mechanical proficiency that characterizes many Russian violinists who have arrived here, on Tom Tiddler's ground, since the Russian Revolution. He can fiddle at a fast pace; he can fiddle sometimes in a surprising manner. He has a neat trill; his flagelet tones do not cause him an anxiety that is shared by his hearers. At present he is lacking in depth and in elegance of interpretation. In emotional passages, his appeal is superficial. His tone is pretty in piano passages, coarse in more sturdy phrases and loud passage work. He has little taste. With all his facility as a fiddler, as a violinist he is uninteresting.

The London Daily Chronicle: "Sequels to well-known novels are by no means frequent. Has it occurred to any novelist but Mr. John Galsworthy to deal with the same family in novel after novel till five volumes are side by side on the shelf."

The reference is to the Forsyte family as portrayed by Mr. Galsworthy in the

series beginning with "The Man of Property" and ending with "To Let."

It is not necessary to go back to Anthony Trollope with his Barsetshire series. Mr. Archibald Marshall has told in several novels the story of the Clinton family beginning at the time when the twins were delightful little girls. In France there is Zola's series of many volumes dealing with the Rougon-Macquart family. Balzac brings many of his characters into different novels. Thackeray's "Philip" is a sequel to "A Shabby-Genteel Story" and Pendennis and his wife are introduced in the former novel, but neither Balzac nor Thackeray followed so extensively a plan as Galsworthy, Marshall, or Zola.

PUBLIC OPINION

(The London Nation and Athenaeum.)

We cannot see that public opinion, as newspapers interpret it for us, is parallel to anything, least of all to so steadily developing a thing as scientific thought. It is difficult to discover any direction (except, perhaps, a circular one) in public opinion, and for the reason that it is quite unprincipled. Science, on the other hand, is governed by principle; scientific men are almost the only thoroughly principled men now left in the community. It is true that their principles are only incidentally moral, but in the present world-wide absence of moral principles we think the intellectual principles of the scientific man much better than none at all.

SEVENTY YEARS AGO AND AFTER

As the World Wags:

The reference in this column to Mary Anderson as "Our Mary" recalls to my mind a still earlier "Our Mary" of about 70 years ago. This was Mary Taylor, who was a great favorite in New York when Union square was away up town and the majority of the theatregoers lived far below that section. This was near the time when F. S. Chanfrau was playing Mose, the typical Gotham fireman of the old volunteer fire department in the costume affected by most of its members when not engaged in active duty in protecting the property of employers and neighbors. The dress, as I recall it, consisted of black doeskin pantaloons, red flannel shirt, a flowing black silk neckerchief and what we now call a "high Henry." Chanfrau's interpretation achieved more than a local reputation, and pictures of him in character appeared in the windows of at least one periodical shop in Boston. The expression, "Sykesy, take de butt. If you don't take de butt, I'll lamn you," was a favorite quotation in the mouths of our schoolboys. Plays in which Mose figured were entitled "New York as It Is" and "A Glance at New York," not great literary productions, to be sure, but faithful reflections enough of life in the then comparatively small metropolis of the United States. They were written by "Ben" Baker who for a time held a managerial position at the Howard Athenaeum. Mr. Chanfrau, after his abundant success in New York, appeared in Boston as Mose with renewed success. The second Junius Brutus Booth, the brother of Edwin Booth and John Wilkes Booth, performed, if I mistake not, the character of Mose before Mr. Chanfrau came here at the old Boston Theatre on Federal street, but his performance did not have quite the distinctive flavor of the original representation.

All this was many years before Mr. Chanfrau made his great hit as Kit, the Arkansas Traveller, and before Maggie Mitchell made an enduring reputation as Fanchon the Cricket, when she was content to enact the pantominic characters in "The French Spy" and "The Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish," which Mme. Celeste first made famous in this country.

I am not sure who played Lize to the Mose of Mr. Chanfrau, but I have an impression that it was the lady who afterwards became his wife and was a popular leading actress at Selwyn's Theatre, later the Globe Theatre, when Charles Fechter took the managerial reins for a brief and somewhat tempestuous period.

All the above happened when the glamour of the mimic scene still held me in its captivating embrace. Peace to those who contributed to the happiness of those far-off days!

Dorchester. JOHN W. RYAN.

"A glance at New York in 1848" was first a sketch written for "Ben" Baker's benefit at Mitchell's Olympic, Feb. 15, 1848. Eliza Stubbins, a part written for Mary Taylor, was introduced after Miss Taylor had recovered from a sickness. "Syksey" was in the reconstructed version. Harry Grattan's adaptation of Ned Buntline's "Mysteries and Miseries of New York" (Chanfrau's National Theatre, Sept. 4, 1848), introduced Chanfrau as Mose. There were two Lizes—Emily Mestayer and Mrs. McLean. So-Brown states, "New York as It Is" produced in March, 1849. Then [illegible] was [illegible] were "Mose in California" and "Mose in China."—Ed.

MOSES, THE SASSY"

Some of us remember Artemus Ward's story "Moses, the Sassy; or the Disguised Duke." This Mose was fireman of Engine Co. No. 40, but he was not of New York. His Elizy waited for him "in the classic presinks of Bostin," in "the parlor of a bloated aristocratic mansion on Bacon street." The description of the hero should appeal to Mr. Ryan:

"A noble youth of 27 summers enters. He is attired in a red shirt and black trowsis, which last air turned up over his boots; his hat, which it is a plug, being cockt onto one side of his classical hed. In sooth, he was a heroic lookin person, with a fine shape. Grease, in its harmiest days, near projuced a more hefty cavileer."

ESSEX JUNCTION

As the World Wags:

I noticed the other day an allusion in your column to Essex Junction, Vermont. As a loyal Vermonter can you defend the existence of the palatial and convenient station at Essex Junction and the time schedule of the Central Vermont railroad?

Perhaps you will remember that there is a cemetery closely adjoining where, it is said, prospective passengers tired out by waiting are sometimes buried. If you are at all interested in the subject, perhaps some contributor can furnish you with a copy of a poem written by the late E. J. Phelps, at one time our minister to England. The refrain, I believe, goes something like this:

"I hope in hell
His soul may dwell
Who first invented Essex Junction."

If I remember the incident correctly, Mr. Phelps took a train from Burlington to Essex Junction and after waiting there about six hours for the connecting train, took what he supposed to be the train he had been waiting for but unfortunately found himself within a few minutes in Burlington again. Hence the curse. WATERBURY.

Oct. 21 1921

Mme. Matzenauer and Charles Hackett Are the Artists

By PHILIP HALE

The first of the Steinert series of six concerts took place last night in Symphony Hall. Margaret Matzenauer, accompanied by Georges Vauses, sang "Liete Signor," from "The Huguenots," these songs: Wolf, Weyla's Song, Schumann, Sandman; Brahms, Sapphic Ode; Schubert, Erlking; Debussy, Les Cloches and Mandoline; a Mexican folk song arranged by La Forge; the Gavotte from "Mignon," and with Mr. Hackett a duet from "Aida." Charles Hackett, accompanied by Lester Hodges, sang "Ah! leve tol, soleil," from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," and these songs: Handel, Wapt her Angels; Legrenzi, Che fiero costume; Paradies, M'he preso alla sua rgna"; Old English, "Have you seen but a white lily grow"; Massenet, Crepuscule; Saint-Saens, Mai; Koechlin, L'Hiver; Georges, Hymne au Soleil.

Concerts of this nature are often called prima donna concerts, even when the singers are of the male sex. (As for that, there are prima donna conductors). These concerts are usually popular, for audiences have an opportunity of hearing opera singers in a more intimate relationship, without make-up and costume. They like to convince themselves that these people of the stage are after all, mortal; creatures of flesh and blood, not dwelling in another world.

If only these singers as a rule would confine themselves to operatic airs when they are in the concert-hall! The great majority of them show that they have not mastered the art of Lieder singing. The London newspapers received this week inform us that Mr. Challapine, famous in opera, disappointed in concert his audience early this month. For he over-emphasized the dramatic element. "He must have tragedy. Give him anything else and he will strain and wrench, twist and shake until he has turned it into his own pattern." But too many opera singers in concert are voices and nothing more.

Mr. Hackett has a voice that at once commands attention. He sings easily; is a ruler of his tones. But how uninteresting for the most part were his interpretations! In Handel's nobly pathetic air there was no rapt devotional feeling, no ecstasy, no pathos. The reading was a singularly matter-of-fact series of remarks in full voice. There was little or no differentiation in the two Italian songs. Romeo's amorous monologue might have been a call to battle. On the other hand, Mr. Hackett sang his old English song and the song in English after the air from "Romeo and Juliet" with beauty of expression, with genuine feeling.

Mme. Matzenauer, with her sonorous yet velvety voice, is now an accomplished singer of Lieder. To her the words have significance; the music is something more than an opportunity for displaying organ-like tones, a surprising compass or vocal agility. It was easy for her to pass from the majestic song of Wolf to the playfulness of Schumann's "Sandman." Beautiful in its unexaggerated emotional intensity was her interpretation of the Sapphic Ode. Her version of "Erlking" was not theatrical, fortunately not ventriloquistic; nor was it as impressive as it should have been; she seemed eager to outride the father in her haste.

An audience of good size applauded vigorously and called for more. The singers were generous in their response. The next concert of the series will be on next Thursday night, when Mabel Garrison and Reinald Werrenrath will sing.

Oct 22 1921

CASELLA'S BALLET SUITE FASCINATES

By PHILIP HALE

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, Symphony, No. 3, F major; Cesar Franck's Organ Chorale, No. 2, B minor, arranged for orchestra and organ by Wallace Goodrich (first performance); Casella, Orchestral Excerpts from "Le Convent sur l'eau" (first time in Boston); Wallace Goodrich, organist; Mrs. Laura Littlefield, soprano.

The three chorales for organ, composed by Cesar Franck in 1890, the year of his death, have been called his swan song. They are to be ranked with the great works of his later years: the symphony, the violin sonata, the string quartet and the Prelude, Choral and Fugue for the piano. Mr. Goodrich gives as a reason, not an excuse, for his arrangement that the Chorale in B minor is, in part, at least, more orchestral than organ-like in its musical contents; that it demands a greater elasticity of expression and variety of color in performance than the organ, even the most modern instrument, can provide.

His position is reasonable and sound. Not only in this Chorale but in the Six Pieces for Organ composed long before the musical thought often suggests orchestral treatment.

Arrangements of this sort are pitfalls for the unwary and the rash. The combination of organ and orchestra is a dangerous one. Vincent d'Indy, the fervent apostle of Franck, has observed that the two forces do not agree; that the juxtaposition overshadows and weakens the one for the useless profit of the other; and he quoted approvingly the famous dictum of Berlioz: "The orchestra is Emperor; the organ is Pope."

We think that Vincent d'Indy would be pleased with Mr. Goodrich's arrangement. Mr. Goodrich, a skilful organist, was not in this transcription unduly enamored of his instrument. The organ is here one of the orchestral instruments, important when there is need of the peculiarly organ-like effect, but never obstrusive, never dominating. Nor when the organ is in the foreground, is there any thought of the orchestra as only an accompaniment. Mr. Goodrich has maintained continuity of thought. He has invented an expression that is varied, but in the Franckian spirit. One might say that his orchestration is in the manner of Franck, but not a servile copy; it is rich, sonorous, not too restrained, not too discreet; never incongruous, never warring with the noble serenity, the ineffable tenderness of the original composition.

Casella's Suite is taken from a ballet that was written for Diaghileff. The ballet has never been performed. The Suite was produced at one of Mr. Monteux's concerts in Paris in April 1914, and is dedicated to him. The sub-title is "The Venetian Convent." An idea of the fantastical nature of scenario and music may be obtained from the argument of the "Festival March": "Entrance of the crowd into the grand hall of the convent where the abbess is giving a magnificent festival in honor of the Grand Turk." Casella, from his own account, aimed at "delicate archaism," the lightness, the clarity and the vivacity of Scarlatti. Some might say that the archaism is frequently extreme modernism; that the clarity of Scarlatti is not always noticeable. The music is first of all fantastical, in conception, and in orchestral expression. There are pages of original beauty, as those of the Barcarolle, with its strange, haunting, wordless song, sung clearly and skilfully by Mrs. Littlefield; as those of the stately, melancholy Saraband. Piquant, ironical, almost cruel in his suggestion is the Dance of the Old Ladies. The other dances and the march are for the theatre rather than the concert hall. On the whole a work that in spite of the fact that there is hardly one sensuous, voluptuous page—pages of this nature are expected in a ballet with a subject treating of separated, and then united, lovers—almost always interests, chiefly by reason of surprising harmonies and the use of instruments, and at times fascinates.

Mr. Monteux gave a noteworthy reading of the symphony, bringing out the beauties of the many lyric passages without unduly emphasizing them; giving the sterner measures their full incisiveness and strength. Here as in the other symphonies Brahms is seen sparring for wind until the time comes for the orthodox, formal re-entrance of his thematic material. Famed for his architecture, Brahms has more bricks at his disposal than he needs; he uses them too conscientiously, without improving the appearance of the building.

It was a brilliant concert—as was to be expected from this conductor and orchestra—and it was of reasonable length. It will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Overture (Suite) D Major, No. 4, by Bach (first time at these concerts); Schubert, incidental music to "Rosamunde"; Berlioz, the Roman Carnival; Theophile Ysanye, Symphony, No. 1 F major (first time in Boston).

There is a rumor that a syndicate of German and American capitalists will transform Heligoland into one of the most attractive bathing resorts in the world, and erect a winter hotel with a casino furnished with all sorts of implements for gambling, so that Heligoland will dim the glory of Monte Carlo and the Prince of Monaco be unable to pursue his deep sea researches. What larks, Pip!

Will it be easy to work this transformation scene?

We spent a month on the island of Heligoland in 1833, going there with the American consul at Dresden, who was chosen for that exalted position because he could not speak German. We went for the purpose of eating lobsters and seeing the justly celebrated sunsets. We found that the best lobsters were sent to Hamburg, and were cheaper in the restaurants of that city. (Is the Himmelsleiter, famous for its beer and its cold roast beef, still flourishing in Hamburg?) As for the sunsets, the sky was cloudy for the most part during our sojourn. Yet that little excursion is a pleasant memory. We took lodgings in a cottage on the Oberland, about 160 feet above the fishing village. We breakfasted at the cottage. As there was only one cow on the island, we were served with sheep's milk, which was thick, sweet, and at first rather nauseating even in coffee. We lunched and dined at a restaurant kept by an honest and garrulous Dane. The pastor frequented it, drank large quantities of beer and asked many questions about the poet Longfellow.

The life of the natives was simple. There were no locks on the front doors of many cottages. The men and women were friendly toward visitors and did not look on them as a summer prey. At the public dances, one could choose a partner without introduction, but lighthearted as the girls were, they expected and demanded respectful attention. The pastor told us that the island was singularly free from scandal. "A good many years ago a girl misbehaved herself. Her parents put her in a boat without oars and set her adrift." The little band that provided the music at the dances might have figured in Thomas Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree."

The people spoke a queer dialect compounded of Frisian and platt-Deutsch, but they could speak English. Heligoland then belonged to England, and the bluff, hearty governor had been governor of Newfoundland. One day two or three German warships were seen in the distance. We happened to be near the governor and some of his men. The governor said: "What do you think of them?" One of the men answered: "If ever we went to war, we would blow hell out of them."

The natives did not like the Germans, though some of them spoke German. All official notices were in English. The beer on the island was not first-class, but it was preferable to the cistern water. Spring water was sold at the brewery for 40 pfennigs a week.

ALCOHOLIC OCTOBER

As the World Wags:

The stars in their courses seem to have ordained that the month of October, with its harvested fruits and grains, should be peculiarly set apart for the consideration of the alcoholic manifestations of the works of the Lord. It is still remembered as it once was sung that brown October ale was more potently palatable as well as more palatably potent than other ale. The sweet juices of the apple become kicksome more speedily when expressed in the benign temperature of October than when the chill of bleak November retires the benevolent process of fermentation. Even the air is more stimulating

October than in other months. The ...ter's moon of October seems fuller ...n other moons. It is a time of stimu...tion and expansiveness in anticipatory ...set to the congealed period of hiber...tion. Seasonably inspired, I was once ...oved to rehearse to you reminiscences ...a first meeting with a Balkanic bev...age called slibowit, or sliwowit, or ...vovich, however it may be spelled, ...stilled from plums by the then king...den Jugo-Slavs and their Czecho...ligo kindred, who doubtless are still ...king it in their new freedom. The ...emories were pleasant ones, on the ...hole. I am again moved to address ...u in this October current; but in sadly ...ferent vein.

Hardly had it appeared in the Bos...n papers that Prohibition Director ...otter had put his hand to the wheel, ...oking to mould the plasticity of the ...olstead act nearer his heart's desire ...the seizure and confiscation of all ...ocerios, glass, hardware and other ...erchandise which might in ultimate ...njecture be serviceable to the citizens ...Massachusets in their alcoholic avo...tions, than things began to happen ...re in New Hampshire. As if in ac...mplishment of a foul conspiracy be...ween your Director Potter and our ...Strangler Lewis appeared a squad of ...minions of the Holy Office in our sweet ...illage within forty-eight hours of that ...ublication, and they went through it ...ike a pestilence. Beginning at the ...rocery store, they seized the whole ...winter supply of sugar and dumped it ...nto the Baboosic. The remaining stock ...f molasses was poured into the Quo...uimetpassakessananagnog, probably ...ruining that famous trout stream for ...ears. Raisins, prunes, dates were ...eaped in the cellar and sprayed with ...erosene. Jugs were shattered, enamel ...are battered out of shape, and even ...he more intimate articles of rural ...ousehold crockery were left in bits. ...hen came the turn of the little homes, ...he so-called castles of a free people.

I know not what the case of my ...eighbors was, but I know well my ...wn. I now have perfect understand...g of Sherman's march through ...eorgia and the Rape of Belgium. As ...prlng water is a necessary ingredient, ...espite its purity, of the forbidden bev...rages, my kitchen pump was plugged ...nd sealed with a leaden seal. My own ...mall store of sugar lies mingled with ...he gravel of the road. My broken ...olasses jug lies in a dark brown ...mear on the still green lawn. On ac...ount of the sinister suggestion of its ...rbe the bottle was torn from the futile ...asp of my infant daughter and the ...ttle hurled against the stone under...nning of the barn. Gathered apples ...ored within it were munched by the ...inions and those remaining after the ...id were borne away. The trees from ...hich they came—cut down, likewise ...he plum trees with their latent pos...bilities of Jugo-Slavic experiment. The ...east cake bought against the morrow's ...aily bread, crushed by a brutal heel ...on the kitchen floor.

And yet despite this slaughter of the ...nocents I still have faith in the con...titution of my native land as un...mended and in the return of its peo...le to it, for somewhere, I won't say ...here, but somewhere in the darker ...recesses of the barn cellar there is still ...little sunshine. ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

FINIS

(From Herman Melville's "Mardi")

And there is but little difference in the ...anner of dying. To die, is all. And ...eath has been gallantly encountered by ...those who never beheld blood that was ...ed, only its light azure seen through ...he veins. And to yield the ghost ...roudly, and march out of your fortress ...ith all the honors of war, is not a ...hing of sinew and bone. Though in ...rison, Geoffrey Hudson, the dwarf, ...ied more bravely than Goliah, the ...iant; and the last end of a butterfly ...ames us all. Some women have lived ...obler lives and died nobler deaths than ...en. Threatened with the stake, Mitred ...ranmer recanted; but through her for...tude, the lorn widow of Edessa stayed ...he tide of Valens's persecutions. 'Tis ...o great valor to perish sword in hand ...nd bravado on lip; cased all in pan...oply complete. For even the alligator ...ies in his mail, and the swordfish ...ever surrenders. To expire, mild-eyed, ...n one's bed, transcends the death of ...Epaminondas.

THE STRONGER SEX

From "Squire Silchester's Whim," a novel by Mortimer Collins—1873).

Louisa: I am indeed prepared to main...ain that woman ought to be man's ...mistress. The difference in his favor ...s merely physical force; and we know ...hat he is in physical force inferior to ...many of the animals he domesticates—...he elephant, the camel, the bull. In ...hese cases mental force has shown it...elf superior to physical strength; and ...believe that the real mission of wom...n is to push this a step further to ob...ain supremacy over man, and to abol...sh all the evil practices which would ...ever exist if women ruled the world. ...want to see true power substituted ...or mere fierceness of strength; this ...would be the case in a state where every woman was acknowledged mistress. The typical undeveloped idea of this existed in the age of chivalry, when every true knight was the slave of the ladies.

Dr. Sterne: Such slavery would be pleasant, but how will you get men to submit to it while they are stronger than women?

Louisa: They must become reasonable creatures first.

JUDICIOUS EDITING

As the World Wags:

I often think that the best editing done on The Herald and other newspapers is the work of the linotype that is allowed to stand by the proof readers. Take this for example.

"Miss Marlowe's Ophelia was pathetic, appealing. The mad scene was positively heartrendering (sic)."

I assume that the intelligent critic described the scene as "heatrending," but the statement that appeared may be more to the point.

Boston. JOSEPH FULLER.

Yes, and the linotype acquainted us with the fact that Polonius spelled his name "Polonious" in his later years. This had escaped the attention of Shakesperian commentators, even the editor of the great Variorum edition.—Ed.

Oct 23 1921

CLEMENT

By PHILIP HALE

Edmond Clement gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, assisted by Auguste Descarries, pianist. His program was as follows: Berlioz, Absence; Franck, La Procession and Le Mariage des Roses; Bizet, Song of the Flower, from "Carmen"; Massenet, The Dream from "Manon," and aria from "Griselidis"; Debussy, Romance and Green; Chausson, La Cigale; G. Faure, Song from "Shylock"; Bernard, "Ca fait peur aux Oiseaux"; Old French songs arranged by Weckerlin, Jeunes filettes; Venex, agreable printemps and Bergere legere; old French song arranged by Tiersot, Les Filles de la Rochelle.

Mr. Clement gave pleasure yesterday for sentimental as well as artistic reasons. When he sang the operatic airs many recalled the years of the Boston Opera House in which he figured gloriously as Des Grieux, Don Jose, Hoffmann, Werther, and in other parts, no one of which was foreign to him. The shapes arose! The women that sang with him were in the audience—so it seemed to the spectator—they were applauding the admirable tenor. What a rich life this man has had, from the day he first charmed the audiences of the Opera-Comique! A life that has been free from vainglorious speech or exhibition, from intrigue and scandal; a life that has been devoted to his art. The only rival art has had was France; he served her faithfully, lovingly, during the world war.

But we are not writing his obituary. May that task be far from us. Nor is he the superfluous veteran lagging on the stage. He has been singing many years, but his mastery of breath and rhythm, his finesse in the management of nuances, his virile outbursts, his comprehension of the intentions of poet and composer, his exquisite taste in diction—these still proclaim him the artist that will always be remembered as one worthy to bear that sadly abused name.

The program afforded him full opportunity for the display of his varied vocal and aesthetic accomplishments; he was most generous in yielding to the enthusiastic demands for other songs. The greater number of those on the program had been sung here by him in past years; they were none the less welcome. It will not be easy in future to mention "Manon" without hearing Edmond Clement relating to the bewitching light o'love his dream, or "Carmen" without the thought of him protesting his passion to the sulking gypsy. Mr. Clement may well be proud of leaving so many haunting memories in the minds of hearers on both sides of the Atlantic.

"The Best Plays of 1920-21 and the Year Book of the Drama in America," edited by Burns Mantle, the dramatic critic of the New York Evening Mail, is published by Small, Maynard & Co. of Boston. This is the second volume of a series.

Mr. Mantle in his preface says that he has not attempted to cover the field completely, in that he has not included a record of the little theatres. "Little theatre activities are largely experimental, and, achieving success in their own field, they are not only promptly brought by their sponsors to the attention of the public interested in them, but are immediately taken over by the alert producers of the so-called commercial theatre."

In [illegible] on of the "best" plays, Mr. Mantle has been guided by his own judgment, but in applying it he has not shrunk from compromising "with the public's indorsement of any particular play which may not have proved completely satisfying" to him. "If we are to select the best plays for a reading public of average playgoers we must, obviously, include such plays as best represent the taste and preferences of those who support the theatre by their attendance upon it, rather than by writing essays about it." H-m-m!

In Mr. Mantle's opinion the last year was a comedy year in New York. "Which offers another peg on which to hang the frayed and familiar alibi concerning the natural psychological reaction following war. That it was an American comedy year does, however, count for something, and the fact that several of the American comedies scoring the greatest hits were simply and truthfully written, dealing honestly rather than theatrically with native characters and characteristics is important. Largely because it is the successful play that inspires imitation."

There were 157 plays produced in New York, during the year, "which means that between August and June (eliminating Sundays) there was a new play every other day shown to New Yorkers and their visiting friends from the hinterland." Several plays ran for the whole season. This season opened unusually early.

The plays selected by Mr. Mantle as the best are "Deburau," "The First Year," "Enter Madame," "The Green Goddess," "Liliom," "Mary Rose," "Nice People," "The Bad Man," "The Emperor Jones" and "The Skin Game."

Of these plays only "Enter Madame" and "The Skin Game" have been seen in Boston.

Mr. Mantle gives a full description of the 10 plays with many extracts from the dialogue. There are short sketches of the authors, followed by a statistical summary giving the number of times all the plays of the season brought out in the "commercial" theatres were performed.

About 100 pages are devoted to the dates and places of production, with the casts and a short summary of the plots. There is a list of actors and actresses, where they were born and when; also a necrology and an index.

Mr. Hammond, formerly dramatic critic of the Chicago Tribune, now on the staff of the New York Tribune, contributes a readable article on the season in Chicago, where, as he says, there is independence of judgment in opposition to that of New York. Thus Mr. O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon" was "poohpoohed as not being a 'good show' and the smart and sprightly 'Too Many Husbands' cut no figure with us as recreation." "Dudley," "Sonya" and "Gerties' Garter" were "born, if not conceived," in Chicago. Mr. Hammond: "'Gertie's Garter' is Avery Hopwood capitalizing a new detail of woman's underwear. Instead of the undershirt of 'Up in Mabel's Room' the theme of Mr. Hopwood's newest farce is the obsolete elastic which used to be regarded by fleet juveniles as a symbol of naughtiness."

"The remainder of this chronicle of a dramatic season in the most populous of the provinces is sheer necrology. The shroud, the knell, the mattock and the grave mark the coming and going of its other elements." Mr. Hammond names "The Dreamer," "Cognac," "Self-Defence" and "Women to Women." He, too, names the best 10 plays seen in Chicago, "Some of them pretty bad." "Declasse," "Smilin' Through," "The Bat," "The Famous Mrs. Fair," "Abraham Lincoln," "Dudley," "The Hottentot," "Happy-Go-Lucky," "The Tavern," "Bab." "A Lean Year," says Mr. Hammond, "but not so lean as we have reason to expect from an enfamined art. At least they have eased the anguish of a torturing hour in the suburbs; and what more can one ask from a selfish city cousin?"

Mr. Mantle's book will be welcomed by all who have to write about the theatre and will furnish those who seek amusement in the theatre information and entertainment.

Belasco's "Timothy" in London; Other Notes About the Theatre

The London reviewers made merry over "Timothy," by David Belasco and W. J. Hurlbut, produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre. The Times said: "Talk of Philemon and Baucis or Darby and Joan! They are knocked endways as models of connubiality (to borrow Sam Weller's word) by Timothy and Mary. For a quarter of a century they have never been parted, and are even now always caressing and embracing. It is almost embarrassing for third parties. One thinks of Ella's protest about the 'Behavior of Married People in Public.' * * * Never was there such a debauch of connubial sentiment. * * * Actors seldom seem to feel any discomfort over these absurdly sentimental plays; they leave that to the audience." The Daily Telegraph, roasting the play, said: "The public didn't eat it. They couldn't swallow it at all. During the first act they sat with an optimism common to first-night audiences, hoping that the sensation as of being laved with warm treacle might give place later to something less sticky. During the second act they sat watching in incredulous horror while one of our most distinguished actors threw his art to the winds and ranted like any rural barnstormer." The reference is to Cyril Maude. "In the third act, they began to laugh, happily and uncontrollably in the wrong places. * * * The play was received with a certain amount of lukewarm applause from a faithful few in the more expensive parts of the house. Their faint praise was rendered even more damning by a complete and disconcerting silence from the gallery. * * * Messrs. Grossmith and Malone had really no excuse for thinking that London is any longer in the mood to listen to fatuous rubbish of the 'Timothy' brand."

Thomas Burke of "Limehouse Nights" has written a one-act sketch of Chinatown entitled "Wong-Foo."

S. R. Littleword, dramatic critic of several London journals, has written "Elizabeth Inchbald and Her Circle," which is described as an interesting picture of stage and literary circles at the end of the 18th and beginning of the 19th centuries. Daniel O'Conner is the publisher.

Your question (writes a correspondent) of whether dogs like the "pictures" might be answered by an incident I witnessed at a "picture" show in Cairo some years ago. The subject was the training of the police dogs of Paris, the object of the training evidently being to teach the dogs to distinguish between "friends" (the police) and enemies (the riff-raff). As the picture developed a man got up as a typical apache came on, and a dog was let loose. This dog, in training, made frantic efforts to get to the man's throat. At this stage two dogs in the audience which had been watching the picture could hold in no longer, and nearly raised the roof in their excitement to join in the fray. This incident caused more amusement than any other part of the performance. —London Daily Chronicle.

The Princess's Theatre, once more doomed, it appears, to demolition after 20 years' dust and darkness, owes its name to Queen Victoria, who gave permission for its dedication in her honor shortly before her accession to the throne. Had the christening occurred a few months later the Oxford street playhouse would probably have been known as "The Queen's"—a name bestowed many years later on the theatre which Mr. Labouchere opened in Long Acre. It was at the old Princess's Theatre that the sisters Kate and Ellen Terry first appeared in '51 and '56 respectively under the memorable management of Charles Kean. With the Princess's in its heyday are also associated the names of Phelps and Creswick, Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," Charles Warner in "Drink," Wilson Barrett in "The Silver King" and Grace Hawthorne in "Theodora." The Princess's Theatre was the first home of promenade concerts in London. Long before it became associated with drama it was a hall of music, first for the "promenades," to which admission prices were 1s. and 2s., and next for opera, with Mme. Garcia and George Augustus Sala's mother as the prima donne. Several of Balfe's tuneful operas were first heard at the Oxford street house. Another claim which the old Princess's can make to being an historic landmark in Stageland is that it was there that limelight was first used—the occasion being the vision of Queen Katharine in Charles Kean's production of "Henry the Eighth."—London Daily Chronicle, Sept. 26.

It is reported that Mr. Nijinsky is at Steinhof, the state asylum near Vienna, suffering from spinal paralysis without hope of recovery.

The Bremer Stadttheater gave recently a performance of Goethe's "Urgaetz" exactly as it appeared in 1771, when Goethe was 22 years old. The curtain was rolled up and down 44 times and the performance lasted five hours and 45 minutes. There is unquestionably a great deal more freshness—in more than one sense—in this original form than in the later adaptations. But this is making of the theatre a workhouse rather than a playhouse. —New York Evening Post.

The Herald Reviewed This Tragedy When It Appeared

To the Editor of The Herald:

Of the books published in 1920, the one most interesting to me was "Caius Gracchus," a tragedy, by Odin Gregory. Probably owing to the fact that Mr. Gregory is not well known, his work did not bring forth as much comment as was expected, and it is therefore difficult for me to discover what is the general opinion of this poet's first published work. Theodore Dreiser, in an introduction to the book, says: "Odin Gregory is a classicist. His inspiration is plainly that of Spencer, Shakespere, Jonson and Dryden, not uninfluenced by the refinement of Pope." And Benjamin de Casseres, in an estimation of the work, says: "As a work of literary art, 'Caius Gracchus' is well-nigh perfect. . . . Bold and stark, simple and direct, there are passages that for sheer strength and virility have not been equalled since Shakespeare." (I mis-

say here that the two different spellings of Shakespeare are not due to my inconsistency, but to the spellings actually given by the two men quoted.) It seems to me that such a book should be given much more publicity. I am inclosing some verses, hitherto unpublished, in praise of the first of Gregory's published works. By way of explanation, I would say that in Act V, scene II, Septimuleius is on his return to Rome after having the head removed from the body of the dead Gracchus. He is followed by a citizen who carries the head within a sack. Sept. goes forward to make sure of his road, and his escort, after commanding the citizen to await him. Then Calpio enters, disguised, and a conversation ensues between Calpio and the citizen. The citizen boasts of the value of his burden, whereupon Calpio asks an explanation. Citizen:

"Why, see thee here!
The Consul hath offered all its weight in gold,
Whereupon its weight's no more of bone and greys,
But bone and lead instead."

The verses follow:

You, who wrote the noble Gracchus's story
Of ancient politics and murders gory,
I would I had your well-developed mind,
For, 'tho some day you leave this world behind,
Your name and this, your work will ever stay
Until the light of sunshine fades away!
And ev'n as Fannius—"to save the state"—
Most willingly in coin did give the weight
Of the lifeless bloody lump of "bone and load"
To him, who cut off Caius Gracchu's head,—
For your great head and all that it does hold
I'd gladly give ten times its weight in gold.

WAGGONER WOODLING.

Marblehead Neck.

Humperdinck in London; Other Notes About Music and Musicians

The London Times, hearing the death of Humperdinck, published a column praising him as "the founder of a species of music drama which is separated by a wide gulf from any other existing type. He alone among those composers who followed Wagner directly in the field of German opera seems to have realized that Wagner's technical method might be applied to totally different subjects from those which Wagner worked upon, and that when so applied, a wholly different kind of musical expression must be called into existence. So, while the copyists of Wagner have wearied their public by trying to transfer the emotions of 'Tristan' or of 'Parsifal' to situations in which they became merely incongruous, Humperdinck used the technical style which he learnt at Bayreuth and subjugated it to the expression of emotions which were new to opera because they were the outcome of his own personality." At the end of the article is this sentence: "His English friends were surprised to find his name appended to the famous manifesto issued by the German professors against this country after the war broke out."

The Daily Telegraph had this to say: "So old Humperdinck is dead: to all musical intents and purpoaes he has been dead a long time. I call him old, though he was some way from threescore years and ten. But to me he seemed at least as old as that when I knew him about five-and-thirty years ago. Then he was a grizzled old man, who eked out a precarious livelihood by teaching the elements of harmony to recalcitrant pupils of Julius Stockhausen's singing schol at Frankfort-a-Maine and added a few odd marks to his eleemosynary exchequer by writing concert notices for the Frankfurter Zeitung, at, it was said, 2½ marks (then the equivalent of 2s 6d) per notice. Of course, this was long before more or less lasting fame came to him through his one really succesful opera, 'Haensel und Gretel,' but after he had performed heroic deeds on Wagner's behalf at Bayreuth—for which he got, perhaps, too little credit. As I see down the long avenue of time, he was a fussy little man, untidy, dishevelled, but with a sparkling eye. No doubt there are many of his quondam harmony pupils who have recollections of Humperdinck even more vivid than my own."

Operas to be performed at the Paris Opera this season for the first time: Magnard's "Guercoeur," Bruneau's "Le Jardin du Paradis," Silver's "La Magere Apprivoisee" ("Taming of the Shrew"), "Pour ma Fille," by Ravel and Mme. Colette and Roussel's opera-ballet "Padmavati."

At the Opera-Comique, Paris, the first performances there will be: Hue's "A l'ombre de la Cathedral," Buesler's "Nocor Colinthiennes" (Anatole France), Cras's "Polypheme," Bachelet's "Quand la Cloche Sonnera," Puget's "Caprice de Roi," Bertrand's "Sainte-Odile," Ratez's "Massaouda," Roussel's "Festin de l'Araignee," D'Ollone's "Les Uns et les Autres," Delmar's "Camille," Hillemacher's "Fra Angelico." Fourdrain's "La Griffe" and Blair Fairchild's ballet, "Libellule."

A correspondent of the London Times writes from Paris: "A radical change in the whole administration of the opera is essential before it can ever worthily fulfil its functions. Hidebound traditions must go; antiquated conventions of mise-en-scene and acting must give place to freedom and sincerity; the standard of choral work should be lifted on to another plane altogether; and, above all, a large part of a somewhat musty repertoire should be boldly scrapped."

Moiseivitch and Goossens: We heard Mr. Moiseivitch play two things which together form a stringent test for any pianist. One was Beethoven's C sharp minor Sonata, and the other Mr. Goossens's Nature Poems. He has the art of telling a story simply and clearly and of making one listen. Here were two very different stories: the Beethoven, as well worn as one of the parables of the New Testament, where there was nothing to do but to enunciate so that no one should miss a word, and to leave the associations and the intrinsic truth of the words to do the rest; the Goossens, a story of risk and adventure, coining new names for strange things, the wonders of the present and perhaps the truisms of the future. Mr. Moiseivitch did what was needful for both. He stood between us and our religion as the priest who is a minister first and only after that a member of a priesthood. He administered Beethoven; he did not deify him, or explain him, or use him as a medium. And then he turned to practical politics, to the problems whose whole zest lies in their being a propounding of the old questions in a new form, and, without pleading or moralizing, he presented the case fairly to be judged on its merits. Mr. Goossens seems to us to have taken a step forward lately. When a composer takes a step forward he does not invent devices or plan discoveries, he hears the world of music as it rings in his ears more truly. The Neo-Platonists of any age have always tended to take some one aspect of the master's teaching and press it up to, and perhaps beyond, its legitimate conclusions. We have had, therefore, and have, composers who press the claims of some one aspect—of counterpoint here, of harmony there, of some special melodic trick or some stereotype of form. But the trick goes out of fashion, the special aspect is lost sight of, and no real advance is made. Mr. Goossens's music seems to be thoroughly alive and to keep clear of this special pleading, and in so far to be advancing.

One must remember, also, that behind the actual notations there are all sorts of understandings which cannot be expressed on paper. For the classics there are the conventions, but for the moderns there is nothing beyond what the composer can himself tell us. Mr. Goossens has lately played and conducted his own music, and will, we hope, do so again; for unless he, or some one like Mr. Moiseivitch, with no axe of his own to grind, will put it before us as it is really meant, we hear the words, indeed, but miss the faith behind them.—London Times.

Henry Wood's transcription for orchestra of Moussergsky's "Pictures from an Exhibition." "It is almost inevitable that these miniatures should seem over-painted when transferred from the piano to the orchestra, but they were evidently enjoyed."

The three choirs festival at Hereford (Eng.) waa financially successful. The total receipts were $5365 as against $2976 at the last Hereford festival in 1912. The total expenditures amounted to $4603 against $3543 in 1912. The total attendances at the cathedral were 9588, against 8615 in 1912.

Mr. B. H. Tatton of London wrote recently about women as choristers: "Here there are at least three valid reasons why women should be freed from a disability which many of them resent. In the first place, they are far more reverent than choirboys, who, as often as not, are mischievous, irreverent and undisciplined. In the second place, it would be a great advantage to many a young singer who is struggling for a livelihood to have a permanent church appointment, which, besides augmenting her income, however slightly, would give her a musical status in her locality. Lastly, it is admitted on all hands that women predominate in most congregations. Therefore they should, it seems, be allowed to take part officially in the services they support. Women, as we know, are slowly forcing their way into the pulpit. Is there, then, any valid reason from excluding them from the choir?"

One hundred and twenty brass bands comprising 4000 musicians competed on Sept. 24 at the Crystal Palace. The national championship was won by St. Hilda Colliery. The test piece was "Life Divine," written for the occasion by Cyril Jenkens.

Miss Scharrer with her Chopin recital in London gave the critic of the Times a fine opportunity. "A good many people came to hear her. They had forgotten in the long interval, perhaps, what the piano, or Chopin, or possibly Miss Scharrer's playing, was like. Of Chopin the program told us that Saint-Saens had said that in his music woman is always present (except in the Polonaises, where it is la patrie). No polonaises were present, so we may take the gallant dictum neat. There are people to whom this sort of remark conveys something. It enables them, at any rate, chercher la femme, and that whiles away an hour agreeably enough. But doing that is not listening to music; in fact, it puts an obstacle in our way. Or it enables them to claim for music that adventitious excitement which no properly conducted novel can foregc (although it is in spite of that that most of us read novels), and great is our disillusionment when we find that there was no love-making after all, but just music. The only thing that music, not Chopin's music particularly, does is to change the venue, to make the impossible seem possible; and if that is what 'woman' does, then she is present in it, and in many other things. But the dictum may have another sense. Man is said to be master of his fate, but woman is often what circumstances (including man) make her; and it is emphatically true that Chopin's music is what the pianist makes it. Busoni and Pachmann epitomize the two views, and have their followers—at various distances. Miss Scharrer is of the latter group, at a distance. Her playing has sentiment, not sentimentality; it has the amateur's enthusiasm, but also his lack of grip. It is swayed by moods, whereas moods should be felt, but controlled. The technique is sufficient, but there is a sense of effort; this comes out in the rhythmical uncertainties and impatiences, and in the superiority of the short flights. The audience applauded the bravura passages, perhaps, because it is easie rto recognize there that there has been 'something attempted, something done.'"

"It is proposed to erect a statue to Charles Bordes, to Deodat de Severac and to Gabriel Dupont." Thus speaks Le Monde Musical. But evidently the late M. de Severac is to have two statues, one at his birthplace and one at the place of his adoption. It seems to us to be fairly reasonable that the gorge of Le Monde Musical has risen at all this. That distinguished journal adds, with an admirable point and pungent suggestiveness: "We believe that one can say that the only manner of protecting the memory of musicians is to play their works, and that, from the depths of the tombs, their dearest desire. For ourselves, we cannot encourage this statue-mania, for even if one knew where it begins, one knows not where it will end. . . . Happily there is no talk yet of a statue to Debussy, and the war has dissipated both the idea of the Beethoven monument and the f.50,000 collected for its erection." This, surely, is a very sound point of view. Only one point—De Severac, Dupont and Bordes would rest easier had their compatriots performed their work more frequently while the composers were alive. Posthumous glory is not very useful to a composer, is it?—London Daily Telegraph.

Tetrazzini's "Life of Song"

(From The Stage of Sept. 22)

In "My Life of Song," published by Cassell's at 21s. net, Mme Luisa Tetrazzini, whose sister Eva married Camparini the conductor, has much to say about the press. For instance, "I soon realized how great a power is the press in making more remunerative the business side of a prima donna's work. To convince an impresario of her ability to sing well is only part of the battle of a prima donna; the general public must know it, too. I help the press whenever I can, because almost invariably the press helps me." All the same, though, she has never let slip a legitimate chance of securing a press boom about her, especially in the States and in South America. The celebrated coloratura singer, just starting another visit to this country, speaks very sensibly about the press agent, concerning whom she observes, justly, "On the whole, press agents are more essential to those artists who have not made a great reputation. Instead of having to employ a press agent to interest the newspapers in me, I was often forced to employ some one to protect me from too much attention from the newspapers."

This Tetrazzini certainly had not received here prior to her almost unheralded London debut at Covent Garden, Saturday, Nov. 2, 1907, the engagement having been secured mainly through the influence of her brother-in-law from the at first very doubtful, though, after "the plunge," most enthusiastic Mr. H. V. Higgins of the Grand Opera Syndicate, of whom she speaks very frankly. Her tardy appearance in foggy London near "a vegetable market," of which she speaks with needless sarcasm, had been preceded by a long period of triumphal public receptions across the Atlantic, four years having been spent in the Argentine, with 54 appearances in "Lucia" at Buenos Ayres alone, and five seasons more in the coarse of her "Conquest of Mexico." Indeed, the book, with its copious details concerning Tetrazzini's operatic adventures in those countries, and with its frequent referencesto the honors lavished on her by presidents, alike of the Argentine, Mexico and the United States, seems to have been devised largely for trans-Atlantic consumption. This is borne out by the account of her "classic fight" with Oscar Hammerstein, and by the narratives of various escapes or escapades on board ship.

There are a good many references to the jealousies of rival artists, notably to a case that happened in St. Petersburg (as it then was) before she came to England. More interesting, perhaps, will be found the narrative of her early days and musical training in her native Florence, where she used to sing acts from operas whilst she was scrubbing the stairs, thus making this particular time "the happiest hour of her day" for her music-loving mother. There is a remarkable story as to how her sister Eva brought home an advance copy of Verdi's "Otello," which Luisa naughtily took to the Conservatoire, to the delight of singing master and principal; and quite thrilling is the account of how she became a prima donna at the age of 16 at the local Pagliana Theatre, appearing as Inez in "L'Africaine" (to which she gives the Italianized name of "L'Africana"), owing to the illness of the artist who had been engaged for the part. This initial triumph was followed by appearances in Rome, and then Tetrazzini went straight out to the Argentine.

Passing over pages of anecdotes and of allusions to plots and cabals, real or imaginary, against her, one may end with a few lines from her pithy and judicious advice to young singers, with special reference to coloratura music. Thus: "To one who has mastered high soprano technique, other music is not difficult. Coloratura practice is a kind of gymnastic exercise which keeps the voice flexible and in perfect working condition. Some people say that it takes years of study to become a great coloratura artist. It may do with some, but with others it may not be necessary. A voice may be born just right, or it may be developed just right. If it means arduous effort, the achievement is always worth the while." This interesting, if perhaps studiedly emotional and at times grandiloquent, volume of recollections is illustrated with a photogravure frontispiece (an excellent portrait of Tetrazzini) and with eight half-tone plates, showing her in various roles, with her dogs, and so forth.

A Purified "Beggar's Opera"

Doubts as to the proprieties of "The Beggar's Opera" seem to have assailed literary men of 100 years ago; consequently, my present-day friend is not unique in his judgment. Thus "Blackwood's Magazine" for August, 1818, contains an article on the "Proposed Reform of 'The Beggar's Opera.'" Most ingenious are the suggested alterations therein. The hero is to be one Sir George Woodberry, a young gentleman of considerable property in the west of England, and a member of Parliament and of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. Endowed with a true and lively sense of religion, he meets, by chance, Miss Polly Peach'em in the Hampstead stage, and, entering into conversation on the state of the weather, becomes enamoured of the beauties of her mind, and asks permission to visit her at her father's house. The young creature, ashamed of the profligacy of her parents, feels obliged to refuse her admirer's request. Her refusal inspires him with determination to renew the acquaintance, and fires him with ardour to seek fresh beauties in so devout a young mind, trained in the way it should go by a maiden aunt, now deceased. Too lengthy is the whole plot of the opera as revised to describe in detail. Suffice it to say that Sir George, being attacked one night by footpads, comes into contact with Capt. Macheath, a veritable ruffian, whom he overcomes and takes prisoner. As the price of his captain's life he induces the captain to instruct him in the mysteries of his nefarious livelihood. This done, he embarks on a life of adventure, which keeps up the excitement of the story. In the guise of the captain, Sir George pays his addresses to Miss Polly, who, to his pious delight, refuses, with virtuous obstinacy, to have anything to do with him until he has become a reformed character. The various suggestions made for preserving the strict propriety of the principal characters, who "only for a particular purpose assume the temporary disguise of iniquity," are distinctly naive and very amusing.

Perhaps it is just as well for present-day English audiences—not to speak of American—that "Blackwood's Magazine" for August, 1818, is now a little out of date.—London Daily Telegraph, Sept. 24.

VICTORIAN ORCHESTRA

As noted in the list of concerts this week, the Victorian Concert Orchestra, Clarence Cameron White, conductor, will give a concert under the auspices of the Urban League of Boston at the Zion A. M. E. Church this afternoon. The church is on the corner of Columbus avenue and Northampton street.

"This orchestra is the successful outgrowth of an idea conceived several years ago by Mr. Charles Sullivan, who haa been untiring in his efforts to promote a first class concert orchestra of Negro musicians. Through the interest of the Urban League, of Boston, Mass., the Victorian Concert Orchestra is enabled, this season, to present a series of monthly concerts. The object is, first of all, to do the service of a community orchestra in that it will present the highest type of orchestral music to the masses in the South end.

hrough the generosity of a friend. concerts will be given to the

ublic free of any admission fee, other than a silver offering at the door. We feel that the Orchestra will be a welcome addition to our community life, a source of inspiration to the numerous music students in our midst, and a special means of closer unity among all classes in our community."

The program will be as follows:

Finlandia	Sibelius
Symphony No. 1	Beethoven
Barcarolle	Tschaikowsky
Minuette	Coleridge-Taylor
Negro Chant	C. C. White
In a Monastery Garden (with chorus)	Ketelbey
Pomp and Circumstance	Elgar

The orchestra is composed of eight first violins, ... second violins, two violas, three violoncellos, double bass, two flutes, oboe, four clarinets, bassoon, horn, two cornets, trombone, kettle drums, other percussion instruments, and piano.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Recital by Efrem Zimbalist, violinist. See special notice.

Arlington Theatre, 3:30 P. M. Concert by the People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

Zion A. Me E. Church, 3 P. M. The Victorian Concert Orchestra, Clarence Cameron White, conductor. See special notice.

TUESDAY Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Amy Neill, violinist. The program includes: Tartini's Sonata in G minor, Paganini's concerto in D major and pieces by Handel, Mozart, Kappelsberger, Sinding, Yost and Wieniawski.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert of music for two pianos by Messrs. Maier and Pattison. Bach-Bauer, Fantasia and Fugue in A minor; Bach, Concerto in C minor (with string quartet); Rachmaninoff, Valse, op. 17; Bax, Moy Mell (The Happy Plain); Tailleferre, La Tirelitentaine and Cache-cache Mitonia; Mozart, Andante with five variations; Franck, Prelude, Fugue and Variation; Duvernoy, Feu Roulant; Hill, A Jazz Study; Hutcheson, Rakoczy March.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Ida Geer Weller, mezzo contralto. Beethoven, In questa tomba; Haydn, She Never Told Her Love; Bach, Bist du bei mir; Handel, Care Selve; Bemberg, Arioso, "The Death of Joan of Arc"; Dvorak, Four Gypsy Songs; Tremisot, Novembre; Pierne, Le Moulin; A. Holmes, L' Heure de pourpre, L' Heure d' Azur; Kursteiner, Invocation to Eros; Irish air, arr. by Fisher, Would God I Were the Tender Apple Blossom; La Forge, Hidden Wounds; Rachmaninoff, At Night; Gretchaninoff, My Native Land. Coenraad V. Bos, accompanist.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second Steinert concert. Mabel Garrison, soprano, and Reinald Werrenrath, baritone. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Mary Garden and the Harvard Glee Club.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Pupils of Tommaso Gallozzi will give a concert. Act IV, of La Gioconda," Act II. of "Rigoletto" and Act IV. of "Aida," Arias and songs by Gounod, Massenet, Leoncavallo, Delibes, Puccini, Mascagni, Robaudi, Zucca, Grieg, Goni, Fisher.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Violin recital by Vasa Prihoda, assisted by Otto Eisenschimmel, pianist. Beethoven, "Kreutzer" Sonata; Lalo, Three movements from the Symphonie Espagnole; Franck, Andantino Quietoso; Tartini-Kreisler, Variations on a Theme of Corelli's; Mendelssohn, On Wings of Song; Bazzini, La Ronde des Lutins.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Monteux, conductor.

Oct. 2 …

Operatic activities are brisk in Chicago. Mrs. Harold F. McCormick, speaking at a luncheon of the ways and means committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce, characterized opera as "a biological necessity." Hazlitt wrote an essay in which he said harsh things about opera; Ruskin, Samuel Butler and others did not hold this form of art—if opera is an art—in high esteem, but no one of them thought of reproaching it for being "biological." As we understand it, biology is the science of physical life, dealing with the morphology, physiology, origin and distribution of animals and plants. As morphology is the study of the form of animals (and plants) Mrs. McCormick might have described the Chicago opera as morphological, although Miss Mary Garden, arriving from Europe, on landing told the reporters that she would not take the part of Thais in future.

However, Miss Muriel, the interesting daughter of Mrs. McCormick—Miss Muriel thinks that she has heard a divine call to the stage—was pleased by her mother's characterization of opera. "Nonchalantly pushing back her coffee cup, she produced her gold cigarette case and lighted a cigarette. Curling up from her fingers a smoke halo encircled the head of Miss Muriel, the first woman to smoke at an Association of Commerce luncheon." Thus she enters unchallenged the Chicago Hall of Fame. But is she not aware that in London it is the correct card, the Stilton so to speak, for women to smoke a jewelled pipe?

PLAUSIBLE EXCUSES

Mr. Saito Taizo, a Japanese seaman, confessing in New York the murder of his friend, Mr. Nitar Yasuhara, said that he killed him because he had "a grating voice."

Years ago that remarkable man, Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, essayist, painter, friend of Lamb, Macready, Talfourd and De Quincey, when he was asked why he poisoned that lovely Helen Abercrombie, a tall graceful girl with fair hair, forgetting that he had insured her life for a sum of about £13,000, answered, "Yes; it was a dreadful thing to do, but she had very thick ankles."

This reminds us that Miss Mary Garden speaks loudly in favor of the short skirt. "Why should our girls give up short skirts? They have the prettiest feet and the prettiest legs in the world." How amiable is Miss Garden! Praising indiscriminately, she shuts her eyes to the sight of many passing by or sitting cross-legged in the street cars. It is to be observed that she says nothing about middle-aged women; but not all American girls were designed by Nature for short skirts.

THE TACTLESS JOHANNA

So Mme. Johanna Gadski, the wife of the notorious Capt. Hans. Tauscher, purposes to hire a hall and an orchestra in New York for a concert at which she will sing. No wonder that the American Defence Society protests. But Mme. Johanna was never noted for her tact.

This is a nation of materialists, grossly commercial persons, ignorant of art; the "Vaterland" is the only land of music, but the German singers forget their national prejudice if not hatred in their eagerness to pick up American dollars. Mme. Gerhardt is already on Tom Tiddler's ground and Mme. Johanna has hopes.

WHO WAS THE NOBLEMAN?

Mr. Sidney T. Callowhill, of Newton Centre, who was born in Worcester, England, told the readers of The Herald last week that the mysterious nobleman who compounded the recipe for Worcestershire sauce was the Earl of Coventry. We have received several letters on this engrossing subject which we now publish.

As the World Wags:

The following may be relied upon—as the story was told to me by a near relative of the late Lord Soudcs who brought the recipe from India where he resided for some time. The story was told to me in 1886, and most of the parties immediately concerned are now, of course, dead. The butler of the nobleman in question went one day to a small grocery store in Worcester, Eng., kept by Lea & Perrin, to buy certain ingredients for making this sauce. He then proceeded to a drug store to purchase other ingredients, but on arriving there found that he had lost the recipe, either in the street or in the grocery store. Hurrying back he found the paper quite safe, it having been picked up and copied. Shortly afterwards this sauce, which soon became famous, appeared on the market as made by Lea & Perrin, who amassed a considerable fortune and contributed generously towards the improvement and welfare of their native town. Some two years ago I met a descendant of this Mr. Perrin in France. He was a member of the A. E. F. and lives in Texas. H. P. H.

Monadnock P. O., N. H.

As the World Wags:

The remarks in this column about the origin of Worcestershire sauce brings to mind a story told me more than 60 years ago, which was retold by an American paper some 20 years ago. An English nobleman, possibly the Earl of Coventry, had in his service a famous French cook, who had been brought to England by the French ambassador. This French cook happened to make the acquaintance of an English family who became so friendly that on his suffering from a severe illness they took care of him. On his leaving England he gave the English family, to show his gratitude, the recipe for a sauce that had already become famous. The secret of this concoction was jealously guarded and the family is said to have made a large fortune from its sale. The name of this family was Lazenby, and for generations every bottle of the preparation bore the signature of Elizabeth Lazenby as a proof of its being genuine. I have understood that this family long ago sold the secret of the ingredients and preparation of the sauce, which, if I am not mistaken, is now owned by the celebrated firm of Cross & Blackwell. In traveling about the world I have often heard the remark that there were two things that defied imitation: Worcestershire Sauce and Guinness's Dublin Stout.

Malden. B. B. E.

As the World Wags:

I wonder if your correspondent, Mr. Callowhill of Newton, can tell us if green walnuts or walnut catsup (English) enter into the composition of Worcestershire sauce. The reason I ask is this: The last time I was in North Wales, I took a train at a small country station, and while waiting I watched some farm hands loading up hundreds of bushels of green walnuts. I asked the lone porter if they were going to London (having Cross & Blackwell in mind). He said, "No, those are going to Worcester." Now there may be a pickle factory in Worcester that uses green walnuts. I never use Lea & Perrin's sauce now, but I think I detect a dash of walnut catsup (Yankee) in it, all of which may be imagination. Perhaps Mr. Callowhill can enlighten us. V. F.

Winthrop.

Having read these letters, we shout in trumpet tones: "All up for the Earl of Coventry."—Ed.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its first concert of the season in the Arlington Theatre yesterday afternoon, before a large audience. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 4 in F. Minor Op 36 . . . Tschaikowsky
Vorspiel "Lohengrin" . . . Wagner
"Cortege du Sardar" from "Caucasion Scenes" Op. 10 . . . Ippolitow-Iwanow
Oveuture, Fantasie "Romeo and Juliet" . . . Tschaikowsky

Increased in numbers, and provided with a new home free of charge, so located that a new and increased clientele was apparent yesterday, Mr. Mollenhauer's domocratic organization began its second season under propitious auguries. The orchestra now numbers 73 musicians. Presdent I. H. Odell, outlining the explanation of the change from Convention Hall, said: "We are indebted to the generosity of the management of the Arlington Theatre to the extent of about $4000, for that is what the contribution virtually amounts to, in providing us gratuitously with this spacious theatre, with seats so unusually comfortable and so attractive an interior for our concerts, and also gratuitous advertising. The management also promises to contribute to our program, from time to time, talented artists from its opera company, all in co-operative endeavor to establish a new musical centre here."

Conductor Mollenhauer was given an enthusiastic reception on his appearance, and at the close of the concert the applause was so long continued that he was obliged to return to the stage to acknowledge the plaudits. The nearly all-Russian program appeared to give great satisfaction.

Frederick Tillotson, pianist, will be the assisting artist next Sunday afternoon, playing the Rubinstein concerto for pianoforte in D minor, and the other numbers on the program will be: Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, Saint-Saens's symphonic poem "Le Rouet d-Omphale," and Tschaikowsky's "Marche Slave."

ZIMBALIST PLAYS FOR ENTHUSIASTIC HOUSE

Efrem Zimbalist gave his first concert of this season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. He was assisted by Harry Kaufman, pianist, who accompanied the violinist with feeling, but at times with over-emphasis. The program was brief in numbers but owing to the very generous additions it was greatly lengthened. The audience was of fair size but of pronounced enthusiasm. Five numbers were added at the close of the program.

Mr. Zimbalist's selections lacked variety, being largely of as ubdued and somnolent nature. His playing was unemotional, but it showed dignity, placidity, delicacy of touch, and frequently a depth of expression that was appealing. The Adagio of the Suite in A minor, by Sinding, and the Lento in the concerto by Schelling aroused much enthusiasm. Havanaise, by Saint-Saens, and Caprice, by Saint-Saens-Ysaye, lacked force and sufficient vivacity. Mr. Zimbalist played with more authority and distinction in a selection of his own composition, Thantasy on RimskyKorsakoff's "Cop d'Or."

Oct. 25 1921

Mr. Meredith Nicholson in his book, "The Man on the Street," regrets bitterly that Henry James, the novelist, instead of living in England, had not been "stationed at Chicago close to the deep currents of national feeling." What a stock-yard and abattoir romance the world has missed!

What has Mr. Nicholson against Mrs. Edith Wharton that he wishes she had lived in Pittsburgh and consecrated her "splendid gifts" to the services of that city?

ADMITTED UNANIMOUSLY

As the World Wags:

I nominate these gentlemen, officers of the North Shore Fish Corporation, for the Hall of Fame: Messrs. Fish, Phinney and Codman, who doubtless look after the fishing; Messrs. Cliff and Stone, who represent the rugged coast of Maine, and Mr. Bell, who warns the fishermen in darkness or fog.

Worcester. PHILIP H. COOK.

THOSE RED SUNSETS

As the World Wags:

The red sunsets to which Mr. L. P. Cummings refers did not occur in 1881, the year of the "yellow day," but in the fall and winter of 1883. I think it was the general opinion of scientists that they were caused by volcanic dust from the eruption of Krikatoa, which occurred on Aug. 27, 1883.

Windham, Ct. A. B. ROBERTS.

As the World Wags:

Referring to "Red Sunsets," I believe, if records are available, it will be found that the phenomena to which allusion is made by your correspondent, Mr. Cummings, were observed in the autumn of 1883, two years after "Yellow Tuesday." The Herald editorial concerning that day of September, 1881, brought back many impressions of that strange experience. Our academy closed its session soon after noon, as pupils near the windows could not read the printed page. As we walked homeward the red clover blossoms by the roadside seemed to have changed color—to have a bluish atmosphere.

In a considerable proportion of transfers of land in Bristol county (Mass.) deeds, about 1680and later, possession was given "by turf and twig." In an occasional instance warranty of possession was given "as long as grass growe or water runs." SHAWSHIN.

New Ipswich, N. H.

ANECDOTE FOR THE DAY

(From de la Mothe le Vayer's "Promenade en I Dialogues.)

A deep-thinking student learned one night from a Treatise on Physiognomy that the heavily bearded have minds poorly furnished. This led him to examine his beard in the looking glass. Snatching up a candle he carelessly burned a part of his beard. He wrote immediately in the margin next the fine passage in the book: "This has been proved," having proved by his own beard the truth of this important aphorism.

ADD "HORRORS OF WAR"

The following letter from a woman in sore need was received in London by officials during the world war. We have not seen the letter in print in this country or in England.

"Tho I take this liberty as it leaves me at present I beg to ask if you will kindly be kind enough to let me know where my husband tho he is not my legible husband as he as a wife tho he says she is dead but I dont think he knows for sure but we are not married tho I am getting my allotment reglar which is no fault of Mr. Loy George who would stop it if he could and Mr McKenna but if you know where he is as he is belong to the Navy Royal Fling Corp for ever since he joined in January when he was sacked from his work for talking bak at his bos which was a woman at the laundry where he worked. I have not had any money from him since he joined tho he told Mrs. Williams what lives on the ground floor that he was preety ossifer for six shillings a week and lots of underclothing for the cold weather & I have three children whats is beein the father of them tho he says it was my fault. Hoping you will write to me as soon as you are quit well as it leaves me at present I must now close hoping you are well."

"BRING IN THE LAMP"

As the World Wags:

In George Moore's "Ephorion in Texas" (Memoirs of My Dead Life) is a mention of lamps.

" 'Bring in the lamp,' I said, and sat thinking that it was stupid to retain any longer, for sake of their beauty, my old-time lamps. A key winds up the nourishing oil with a gurgle. The process of lighting is simple. After winding up the lamp, one must wait till the oil overflows the burner before laying the match to the wick."

The above was written in Dublin, probably within 30 years.

Lowell. JAS. B. RUSSELL.

Is Mr. Russell sure that "Ephorion in Texas" was written at Dublin? It certainly was written at a comparatively recent date. The first edition of "Memoirs of My Dead Life" was published in London in 1906; the American and expurgated edition, in New York in 1907. In these editions the chapter, "Bring in the Lamp," does not describe the lamp. But Mr. Moore has been doing all sorts ofthings to his books since he became his own publisher.—Ed.

THE WOMAN GOD FORGOT

(After Reading the Articles on the Farmers' Wives in the Literary Digest for November 13, 1920.)

I rise at seven-thirty (in the summer
time at six)
And on my neat electric stove the
morn's repast I mix;
Then with my Ford (or Morgan) to the
creamery I trot
The milk from blooded Jerseys—I'm the
Woman God Forgot!

Returned, I set the house to rights—
what housewife likes to shirk?—
I call up Mrs. Neighbor, feed the men
come in from work,
Then spend the afternoon in sewing,
reading, or in thought
Upon my broad veranda—I'm the Woman God Forgot!

Perchance, in harvest season, when the
fruit's brought in (in cars),
I spend a week preserving things in
neatly labelled jars.
I'm rather proud of my preserves—what
child of Eve is not?—

My winter's larder's stocked—but—I'm the Woman God Forgot!

On evenings, if I stay at home, I knit like Marm Defarge,
Play bridge, or, once or twice a week, I take our motor-barge
And lie me to the shiftles in the nearest gossip-plot,
Applauding Charlie's antics—I'm the Woman God Forgot!

And oft, on sunny Fridays, when there's naught to reap or bake,
I spend the day a-picnicking, at nearby wood or lake.
Work hard? Why, yes, of course—at times, but "slave," that's utter rot!
Tell the Marines that "Farm Wife" means "The Woman God Forgot."

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON.
Hartford, Ct.

ST. JAMES THEATRE — "Under Cover," a melodrama in four acts, by Roi Cooper Megrue. Presented by the Boston Stock Company. The cast:

James Duncan ..... Harold R. Chase
Harry Gibbs ..... Ralph Remley
Peter ..... Joseph Dilson
Daniel Taylor ..... Frank Charlton
Sarah Peabody ..... Florence Roberts
Ethel Cartwright ..... Leona Powers
Amy Cartwright ..... Mildred Dunn
Michael Harrington ..... Mark Kent
Lambart ..... Benjamin Hadfield
Nora Rutledge ..... Myrtle H. Clark
Alice Harrington ..... Viola Roach
Monty Vaughn ..... Aubrey Boswell
Steven Denby ..... Walter Gilbert

Where all actors entered so thoroughly into the spirit of the thing and their efforts blended so well into a harmonious whole, it is almost invidious to speak of one without the others. Mr. Gilbert was a capital hero, full of spirit and intelligence. Miss Powers, as the heroine, was appealing and held a sustained high-note of sure tone throughout.

Miss Roach was a capital modern society matron and Mark Kent as her gay old dog of a husband accomplished a clever bit of character work. Perhaps the only adverse criticism would be that Mr. Charlton has had heavy villain parts assigned him so frequently that he allowed his villainy to become apparent too early in the action. He rather spilled the beans, so to speak. There is really no reason why he should wear his hat in a millionaire's mansion, even if he is a crook. Deputy port surveyors don't do such things.

Mr. Bosworth and Miss Clark, as a sub-deb young couple, provided some excellent comedy work that was not overdone.

The stage settings must be mentioned. They were admirable, with nothing makeshift or skimpy about them. The women's gowns, too, were smart indeed.

"Under Cover" is due for a successful week.

"Il Trovatore" was presented in an interesting manner last evening by the Boston Society of Singers at the Arlington Theatre. The cast:

Manrico ..... Mr. Arnold
Di Luna ..... Mr. Henry
Ferrando ..... Mr. Waterous
Ruiz ..... Mr. Haslit
Leonora ..... Miss Morrill
Azucena ..... Miss Ainslee
Inez ..... Miss Tennyson

KEITH'S AUDIENCE

Singer's Midgets, a large company of Lilliputians, is the outstanding feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience laughed uproariously at their antics.

This act is one of the most entertaining offered at this theatre. The act is speedy and there is great variety, as 10 scenes are used. The midgets use several ponies, three elephants, two deer and a pack of dogs.

In the Spanish scene the strong man of the circus goes through his stunts and a Chinese conjuror plays a close second to Herman the Great; there is a realistic hunting scene, a group of noisy cowboys are seen in acrobatic stunts, and there is a treat for the eye when the Midgets sweep majestically about in fashion parade; Cleopatra is seen, and Marc Antony does the [illegible], while an ardent wooer in modern attire takes a 2½-foot kiss from the Queen of the Nile; then a miniature circus introduces the performing elephants; there is a burlesque boxing match that ends with a powerful wallop, and finally a spectacle that pleases the eye, the soldiers in evolutions directed by Ned Wayburn.

Other acts were Leo Beers, pianist; Brown and Weston in a dancing act; Royal Gascoignes, in balancing and juggling; Anderson and Burt, in a clever sketch; Healy and Cross, in a singing act; Martin and Moore, aerial performers, and Beatrice Herford in a monologue.

AT MAJESTIC

Dancing, much real comedy, pretty girls and plenty of music feature the show this week at the Majestic. Joe Jackson in a pantomine furnished half the comedy. It took him 30 seconds to make his audience laugh and they never stopped.

Jolly Jonny Jones opened with a slack wire act, including a series of somersaults. Al Rome and Ed Cullen introduced some eccentric steps. One performer was grotesque, the other had a method of his own. He danced all over. Burt Earle and his eight girls played banjos, saxophones, and other instruments. The audience liked the music. Dave Vine and Luella Temple furnished many laughs. Both are clever and know their business. Their act was carried along with a laugh registering every minute.

The Ziegler Sisters danced daintily. Buddy Doyle sang a little, talked a little and then imitated several black face comedians.

Hand balancers usually open or close a show. The Rath Brothers were a strong feature. They make all their work look ridiculously easy, gliding around and about each other in amazing fashion. Their timing and rythm produce a tremendous effect.

Jimmy Hussey and the Century Revue was funny throughout. Hussey sang several songs in an original way and he stopped when every one wanted more. Gene Delmont, the old-time pugilist, and Hussey staged an amusing boxing bout.

Oct. 26 1921

PAVLOWA

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Pavlowa, having left her former dancing mate, Mr. Stowitts, on the other side of the Atlantic eager to show his scrap-books of notices to the reporters listening to his tale of woe, appeared in Symphony Hall last night with our old friend Laurent Novikoff, whom we saw at the Boston Opera House eight years ago, and her company of men and women with Russian and English names. The faithful Mr. Steier conducted a small orchestra which, while it was more capable than the one that rusped the ear last spring, was inadequate. There was a large audience.

The program included an act of Delibes's "Coppelia," "Fairy Tales" with music by Tschalkowsky, and a series of divertissements that were far from being those previously advertised. Changes in the program were announced from the stage but in a manner that was unintelligible to the greater part of the spectators.

Mme. Pavolwa still works a spell, the greater perhaps because with each visit to this city she dances less and less. Last night she did not come on the stage until a comparatively late hour.

Her company as a whole is not a strong one. Some of the dancers were almost amateurish, lacking precision in ensemble, lacking in grace. The audience was quick to discriminate between what was worthy of applause and what was only tolerable and to be endured. The prevailing expression of enjoyment during the performance of "Coppelia" was one of "moderate rapture," decidedly moderate.

It would not be easy for the dancers, even the principals, to do themselves justice in view of the circumstances. On a stage that was not large enough, without even primitive stage settings, with a discouraging curtain for a background, and with a small and laboring orchestra, there could not possibly be any illusion, any favoring atmosphere.

Yet this entertainment gave pleasure by recalling to the mind the Pavlowa and her company of the first visits; when audiences that packed the Boston Opera House were enthusiastic and with good reason; when the Bacchanale danced by Mme. Pavlowa and Mr. Mordkin was the apotheosis of riotous joy; when the Gavotte of the directoire, first seen, was imperiously re-demanded; when the company was not composed chiefly of pupils but numbered accomplished artists. Last night there were moments that recalled the early scenes; but for long stretches the pleasure of the spectator was in reminiscence.

Ballets and divertissements will be performed by this company in Symphony Hall this afternoon and evening.

AMY NEILL

Miss Amy Neill, violinist, gave a recital last evening in Jordan Hall. Francis Moore accompanied her. Her program was as follows: Tartini, Sonata in G minor (Devil's Trill), with cadenza by Kreisler; Gavotte in E major, Bach-Kreisler; Handel, Larghetto; Mozart-Kreisler, Rondo; Paganini, Concerto in D major; Kappelsberger, Arabeske; Sinding, Capriccio; Yost, Evening; Wieniawski, Scherzo Tarantella.

Miss Neill, born in Chicago, began to study the violin when she was 6 years old. When she was 9, she won a scholarship in the Musical College of that city. Her chief teacher was Hugo Kortschak. In 1913, she followed him to Berlin. Having studied there for a year, she played in Germany, Austria, England and Ireland. The war brought her back to the United States. She gave recitals in New York on Oct. 13, 1920, when she played a sonata by Nardini, and among lesser compositions, pieces by R. Goldmark, Gardner and Sowerby; and on March 18, 1921, when she played Carpenter's sonata, Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole and pieces by Leclair, Rameau, Mozart and Sinigaglia. She has played with orchestras in the West.

Miss Neill has an engaging personality, a modest bearing, and she has the good sense not to assume masculine strength in her interpretations. As becomes a woman, she is a womanly player, nor is she the less interesting on this account. While she did not, perhaps, bring out all there is in Tartini's Sonata, nevertheless the beauty and the nobility of the music were more than hinted at. This sonata, thrice familiar, does not grow old or stale. One could easily dispense with Mr. Kreisler's cadenza. While it is not foreign to the spirit of Tartini; while it afforded opportunity for the violinist to display technical proficiency, the sonata needs no elaborate ornamentation. Miss Neill's tone is pure and agreeable, not large; her phrasing is that of a musician; her interpretation was generally pleasing.

Oct. 27 1921

Maier and Pattison

By PHILIP HALE

Messrs. Maier and Pattison gave a concert of music for two pianos last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Bach-Bauer, Fantasia and Fugue, A minor; Bach, Concerto in C minor (with string quartet); Rachmaninoff, Valse, op. 17; Bax Moy Mell (The Happy Plain); Tailleferre, Jeux de Plein Air-La Tirelltentaine and Cache-Cache Mitoula; Mozart, Andante with five variations; Franck, Prelude, Fugue and Variation; Invernoy, Feu Roudant; E. B. Hill, A Jazz Study; Hutcheson, Rakoczy March.

A little of Bach goes a long way. Either the thunderous Fantasia and Fugue or the Concerto would have been enough; an irreverent person might say, too much. Perhaps the day will come when some humane pianist will put the more massive works of Bach and the transcriptions by Liszt, Tausig, Busoni et al. at the very end of the program, so that those interested in more modern music may listen to unfamiliar pieces with unjaded ears.

Among the unfamiliar pieces played last night were those by Bax and Mlle. Tailleferre. The former is haunted by "the good people" and also the evilly disposed fairies of Ireland. Is there a program or a motto to "Moy Mell"? The music sounds as if it might be a fantasia on some old Irish air. Fantastical music, it is, like some other compositions of Bax, rather diffuse. How few know when they have said all that is necessary! "Kubla Kahn" is the more magical because it is a fragment. To some a prelude or fugue from Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord" is more beautiful or more impressive than his long-winded orchestral suites and concertos. But Bax, to go back to him, has qualities denied to the majority of his contemporaries: first of all, poetic fancy, a vision of a mysterious land of strange beings and air peopled with the unseen now and then revealing themselves to mortals in kindness or for evil.

Mlle. Tailleferre is one of "The Six" in Paris. Her little pieces were suggested by children's games, but her children are sophisticated, and when they sing and dance, it is to the music of the present that may or may not be the music of the future. These pieces are amusing in their wild way.

It would be impertinent at this late day to speak of the delightful and artistic ensemble playing of Messrs. Maier and Pattison; to comment on their brilliant technical qualities or their thorough musicianship. Their range in interpretation is wide: from Bach to Bax, from Mozart to Tailleferre. Their performance of the ineffably beautiful Prelude and Fugue of Cesar Franck would alone insure them grateful remembrance.

PAVLOWA ENDS ENGAGEMENT

Mme. Pavlowa and her company gave their final performance in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon and evening. The first act from "Coppelia," which was given on Tuesday evening, was repeated at the matinee yesterday. In addition, an old favorite, "Snowflake," to Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker" music, was given, as were also seven divertissements. A printed slip, enclosed with each [illegible] program, made clear the last moment changes which were made in the divertissements—a much better plan than the announcements made from the stage on Tuesday evening.

It has been said before in these columns that the place for a ballet is on the stage of an opera house. The "Snowflake" ballet, as it once was given against the gray green background of a misty forest, was very beautiful. When it is seen against the background of a hideous dull black curtain, as at yesterday's performance, inevitably it is ruined. Mme. Pavlowa is almost wonderful enough to be able to "get away" with this sort of makeshift arrangement—but not quite. There were many empty seats yesterday, in sad contrast to the crowded and enthusiastic audiences she once deservedly drew.

This is not to say that Mme. Pavlowa herself has lost any of her marvelous ability or charm. Quite the contrary. In the "Dragon Fly," one of her most beautiful dances, she was the same joyous, inspired creature yesterday that we remember from past performances. And neither time nor repetition can deaden the thrill she gives in her "Gavotte," which yesterday she danced with Mr. Warsinski.

The amusing "Scene dansante" danced by Miss Butsova and Mr. Pianowski, and the "Holland Dance" by Miss Bartlett and Mr. Warsynski were much applauded. At the evening performance the program included "Chopiniana," a set of dances, in which appeared Mme. Pavlowa and members of the company, and several divertissements, including "The Swan."

In spite of war and misery in Europe; in spite of strikes and rumors of strikes; in spite of anxiety concerning the approaching conference at Washington, D. C., there is still a lively curiosity in this city, its suburbs, in fact throughout New England, concerning the origin of Worcestershire sauce and the splendid extravagance of saloon-keepers in happier days. Worcestershire sauce and silver dollars in bar-room floors: topics of absorbing interest.

The Earl of Coventry was not the only aristocrat whose recipe established the fame of a world famous sauce; but he, modest man, did not give his name to the concoction. He was content with "a nobleman of the country" printed on the label.

On the other hand, a French aristocrat did not shrink from naming his invention. Look at the index to "Manuel des Amphitryons" (Paris 1808) by the illustrious Grimod de la Reyniere and you will read (page 359):

"Bechamel (the marquis of) first maitre d'hotel of Louis XIV. immortalized himself by the one invention of a sauce."

Bechamel was a gourmet, as well as a financier. His sauce was made of a little flour burnt in fresh butter with milk or cream. In his day it was recommended for eggs or a ragout of turbot.

There was no question about his invention. Less fortunate was the Robert of the sauce named after him. Even now there is a dispute over the precise nature of the sauce. The excellent Littre says that onions predominate in it, and there are writers who attribute the invention to one Robert, the landlord of a restaurant in Paris in the early years of the 19th century. But the sauce is much older and this Robert was not the man.

In Mr. Randle Cotgrave's "French and English Dictionary," the edition to which James Howell, Esq., added (London, 1673), we read:

"Sauce Robert. Is made of yolks of eggs, verjuice, white powder, and a little broth strained together, and served up with whole Gooseberries put into it."

Nothing about onions, you say; but go on reading:

"Also, a sauce for hogs' feet, of onyons, pepper, verjuice and vinegar."

Two widely different sauces with the same name.

Now, in 1674 one L. S. Robert published a little volume, in 12mo, entitled "L'Art de Bien Traiter, Ouvrage Nouveau. Curieux et Fort Galant," in which he summed up the progress made during the preceding 15 years in the art of cookery. This Robert argued that in the art of entertaining stress should be laid on "the exquisite choice of meats, the finesse shown in seasoning, cleanliness and courtesy in serving, the quantity proportioned to the number of guests," not on a prodigious display of dishes, mountains of roasts and ragouts, or entremets served in a bizarre manner. In a book which should be translated into English and sold at a low price for the benefit of all housekeepers, Francois Pierre de Lavarenne, the head cook of the Marquis d'Uxelles, recommends Robert sauce for loin of pork, also for fried haddock. This recommendation is in the second edition (1653). It is fair to presume that L. S. Robert was the inventor of the sauces or sauce named Robert.

At the same time we are inclined to agree with the elder Pliny: "This huddling of many meats one upon another of divers tastes is pestiferous; but sundry sauces are more dangerous than that"; and with Cornelius Agrippa exclaiming: "Now what greater implety, when God and Nature has provided

...eats and Drinks for us to preserve ...ealth and strengthen Nature, for us ...o abuse them with various artifices for ...leasure, and to devour them beyond ...he capacity of Human nature, thereby ...ontracting to ourselves incurable Dis... ...ases?"

SILVER DOLLAR FLOORS

...s the World Wags:

There seems to be some uncertainty ...ver the existence or non-existence of a ...aloon with a silver dollar floor at ...tamford, Ct. I lived at South Nor...walk from 1882 to 1896 and often drove to ...tamford. It was my understanding ...at there was such an attraction in ...tamford, but, not having up to that ...me learned to appreciate the advan...ges of saloons in general, I never saw ... I believe the proprietor was nick...amed "Silver Dollar."

In those days Stamford was, in the ...es of residents of South Norwalk, ...iefly employed in hat factories—an ...istocratic place, which, I think, sent ...any boys to Yale. Did the Yale au...orities choose Stamford as a place of ...stication because of Yale locks being ...ade there? Were there any attrac...ons for the rusticated at Shippan ...oint? Or did they ever get as far ...way as Glen Island at New Rochelle? ...his was a wonderful, a unique resort, ...rangely enough the scene of most pic...cs of Sunday schools along the Con...ecticut shore, as well as the rendez...ous of most of the Germans in New ...ork city and others who wanted real ...erman beer and the finest clambake ...rved anywhere on the Atlantic coast. ...las, the government seized the island ...ng ago. C.

...Sharon.

...s the World Wags:

Despite the editor's rejoinder to the ...tter of Mr. Samuel Dolliver about the ...ver dollar floor in the Stamford (Ct.) ...loon, there was one there. It was ...n by a man who called himself either ...ilver Dollar Smith" or, more prob...ly, "Silver Dollar Lee," for visitors ...ed to get a little card with a verse ...lt, something about

> "When you are in Stamford
> The finest sight you'll see
> Are the dollars in the floor
> Of Silver Dollar Lee."

"In the early 70's" is a little more ...an "30 years ago," as Mr. Dolliver ...ys. Therefore, the rejoinder is not ...rmane. "Thirty years ago" would be ...'91. As late as '95 or '96 members of ...ose scrub nines picked up at Yale to ...ay out of town as "Yale Regulars" ...ed to give up their last inning at bat ...th Betts or Kings so they could get ...wntown to Silver Dollar's, where, I ...lieve, the specialty was "Silver Fizz," ...d hear the tale of the man who, hav...g had a dozen, tried to pick some of ...e dollars out of the floor with the ...r-keep's icepick. DOCTOR.

...Worcester.

How carelessly men read! We did not ...ny, we did not doubt the existence ...this civic institution flourishing at... ...me time in Stamford. We said merely ...is: It was not in Stamford in the ...ars 1874-5.—ED.

AND IN BOSTON, TOO

...the World Wags:

Referring to silver dollars etc., in bar...oms in New York, Stamford and ...her places. I remember one in Bos...n—I think it was at Frank Locke's ...Winter place, but I am not sure ...that, where a number of $10 and $20 ...ld pieces were inserted in the bar. ...e night after closing the cleaner dug ...em out. They were not replaced.

...Melrose Highlands R. A. C.

04-28-921

MISS WELLER

Miss Ida Geer Weller, assisted by ...enraad V. Bos, pianist, gave a re...al in Jordan Hall yesterday after...on. Her program was as follows: ...eethoven, In questa tomba oscura; ...aydn, She never told her love; Bach, ...st du bei mir; Handel, Care Selve; ...nberg, Arloso from "La Mort de Jean...d'Arc"; Dvorak, Four Gypsy songs; ...emisot, Novembre; Pierne, Le Moulin; ... Holmes, L'Heure de pourpre and ...Heure d'Azur; Kursteiner, Invocation ... Eros; Old Irish, arranged by W. A. ...sher, Would God I were the tender ...ple Blossom; La Forge, Hidden ...ounds; Rachmaninoff, At Nigh; ...etchaninoff, My Native Land.

When Miss Weller gave a recital in ...w York on Oct. 14 of last year, she ...s described by a light hearted critic ...that city as "a mezzo-contralto and ...ling from the river port of Pitts...rgh." She sang again in New York ...Jan. 16, 1921, at an entertainment ...en by the Euterpean Club of Colum... ...University in the Greenwich Village ...eatre.

The announcement that Miss Weller ...uld sing here contained this sent...e: "Believing that a concert singer, ...re than any other, has a message, ... arranges her programs with a ...ger on the pulse of the public." ...essage" may be interpreted in sev... ...l ways: The pulse of the public ...etimes stops when a singer places ...finger on it. In this instance the ...gram certainly showed the singer's taste and catholicity. The song ... Beethoven's is one of the very, ve... few of his that are worth singing ... hearing. "Bist du bei mir" is one of the little songs for soprano that Bach probably wrote for his second and young wife, Anna Magdalena. Words and music of "Bist du bei mir" are alike tender. As with others in music and literature Bach ever had death in mind, but unlike some others, Brahms and Tschaikowsky among them, he was not oppressed by the thought. Among the modern songs those by Tremisot and Augusta Holmes were especially interesting. Miss Weller has a good voice, of liberal range, with unusually well-trained upper tones. This does not imply by any means that the other tones have been neglected. She uses her voice skilfully as far as technic goes. Her interpretations were well considered and intelligent. And what then was lacking? Warmth, the sensuous quality, so that while one admired the voice and art of the singer, the heart was left unmoved.

MABEL GARRISON AND WERRENRATH PLEASE

Soprano and Baritone Greeted by Appreciative Audience

The second concert in the Steinert series of concerts took place last night in Symphony Hall. Miss Mabel Garrison, soprano, and Reinald Werrenrath, baritone, were the artists.

Both Mr. Werrenrath and Miss Garrison were in excellent voice and in excellent spirits. A good-sized audience was appreciative and enthusiastic; indeed, both singers were greeted as old and esteemed friends. Miss Garrison's selections were well varied; from simple songs of Brahms and Schubert, which she sang with feeling, she worked up to Debussy's interesting "Fantoches," and finished, before she went on to a group of English songs, with Saint-Saens's somewhat florid "Air du Rossignol."

Mr. Werrenrath, although a fine dramatic singer, is at his best in the simple lieder. He has not only a naturally musical voice, but control of the voice, intelligence and fine feeling. He gave several interesting encores, among them the popular "Duna"; also Kipling's "Danny Deever," in which he achieved a remarkable Cockney accent. He sang "The Last Song" of James H. Rogers. It is a gallant, ringing song. Mr. Werrenrath announced that it had never before been sung in Boston; that he had the only existing manuscript. Mr. Warrenrath's way of making little announcements is sensible and was appreciated.

Mr. George Siemonn was accompanist for Miss Garrison; Mr. Harry Spier accompanist for Mr. Werrenrath. Both singers are extremely fortunate to have such artists at the piano.

oct-29-1921

4TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Bach, Overture (Suite) in D Major, No. 4; Schubert Ballet Music, No. 1, Entr'acte No. 2 and Ballet Music No. 2 from "Rosamunde"; Berlioz, Overture, "Roman Carnival"; Theophile Ysaye, Symphony, F major, No. 1.

Mr. Monteux, thinking wisely that the suite of Bach would prove monotonous if constant tonality were repeated, substituted for one movement in dance rhythm, an Adagio from Bach's Concerto in F, No. 5. This Adagio, beautiful in itself, gave the needed contrast. Mr. Monteux also varied the Minuet by the change between the string and the wind choirs. The lively movements were played in a fresh and spirited manner, with nuances that were not too modern: music that showed impartially the technical prowess of the strings and wind instruments. Strange to say, this suite was played here for the first time at a Symphony concert, if not for the first time in the city.

The lovely orchestral music that Schubert wrote for "Rosamunde" followed. What a wealth of melodic beauty! What color from the use of a few instruments! What unexpected modulations, effective by their apparent simplicity! There are passages that might be called twilight-music; pages of a haunting tenderness; pages of a quiet sadness, not displeasing.

If the performance of the "Rosamunde" music was enchanting, the performance of the overture by Berlioz was of dazzling brilliance. This overture, over 75 years old, is as modern as if it had been composed last summer. There are still writers about music who insist that the music of Berlioz is empty and futile, full of sound and fury signifying nothing, sounding brass and clashing cymbals, unmelodic, "ungrammatical," though they admit that he was of a certain historical importance. He was much more than that, although the man who said that the greatest musical work of Berlioz is his "Treatise on Instrumentation" would have been justified if he had also said that Berlioz put this treatise, but not pedantically, into many of his compositions.

The symphony of Theophile Ysaye, the brother of the great violinist, was first performed at Brussels in November, 1901. The composer was then 39 years old, so that certain unpleasant features of this symphony cannot be attributed to youthful enthusiasm or inexperience. The symphony is planned on a large scale, so large that cuts were made for the performance yesterday, which was the first in Boston. To add to the vigor, or the strenuousness of the music, four tubas besides a brass tuba are employed. The introduction, one of unusual length, elaborate, gives promise of important pages to follow. Who was the Athenian gentleman who built so stately and ornate a porch that when he came to his dwelling he had money only for a humble house? This introduction and the middle section of the Scherzo are the most noteworthy portions of the symphony. The latter has a poetic idea, poetically expressed, but even here one notes the composer's unwillingness to be concise, his inability to stop when he has said what he had worth saying. The chief thematic material of the symphony is not distinguished, not salient, and the development is diffuse, suffering from instrumentation that is often muddy. Climax after climax is boisterous and bombastic. Mr. Monteux, as is his habit, had taken great pains in rehearsal, and the composer, if he were living, could not take exception to the interpretation or the actual performance.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be away on its first trip next week. The program for Nov. 11, 12 will be as follows: Sibelius, Symphony No. 2, D-major; Smith, A Poem of Youth, op. 47 (first performance); Tschaikowsky, Violin Concerto; Hue, "Emotions" (1918)—first time in Boston. Ferenc Vecsey will be the violinist.

MARY GARDEN

Miss Mary Garden, soprano, and the Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Davison, conductor, assisted by Bruno Steindel, 'cellist, and Isaac Van Grove, pianist, gave a concert last night in Symphony Hall in aid of the Boston Music School Settlement. Miss Garden sang "Depuis le jour" from "Louise," the Lullaby from "Jocelyn" and these songs: Letoux, Le Nil; Delibes, Arioso; Barthelemy, Tristo Riorno; Hahn, The Swing and My Ship and I.

The program of the glee club was as follows: Palestrina, Adoramus Te; Carissimi, Plorate, Filii; Bach, Now let every tongue adore thee; Bantock, Give a rouse and Lady of the Lagoon; Morley, Now is the month of Maying; Stanford, Cavalier song; Haydn, Serenade; Handel, Hallelujah, Amen.

The cause for which Miss Garden and club sang, and the singers themselves, attracted an audience that filled the hall. Many stood. Miss Garden was in unusually good voice and in high spirits. Applauded enthusiastically, even when she was in f olicksome, kittenish mood, she added liberally to the songs announced by the program. It was not necessary, however, for her to sing "Comin' Thro' the Rye" to prove that she was a real prima donna, though at times she disported herself with the Glee Club and the audience in the manner of a vaudeville favorite. She was pleasing in the lighter songs of an arch nature, and moving in the airs from "Jocelyn" and "Louise."

Mr. Steindel's obbligato playing in Delibes's "Arioso" and in Godard's "Lullaby" added greatly to the enjoyment.

The Glee Club showed again the careful training of Dr. Davison. The tonal quality and the expressiveness of interpretation were fully appreciated by the audience.

> "He sees that this great round-about,
> The world with all its motley rout,
> Church, army, physic, law,
> Its customs and its businesses
> Is no concern at all of his,
> And says: What says he?—'CAW!'"

PRELUDE

There are other vital subjects of compelling interest besides the origin of Worcestershire sauce and the identity of the justly celebrated nobleman of the county. What books should be on the bathroom shelf? Mr. Palfrey J. Grimes asked this question in his searching letter published on Oct. 17. The Herald has received many suggestions. Some of the books mentioned by "X. H." and others, although they might seem written expressly for this room—as Mortimer Collins said that the poet Horace wrote for the purpose of being quoted in the House of Commons—remind one of certain volumes found by Pantagruel in the stately and magnificent library of St. Victor in Paris. (The catalogue is given by Rabelais in the seventh chapter, book II., of his immortal work.) We take pleasure in publishing the letter of Mr. James Quincy.

...he first specime...

THE BATH-ROOM SHELF

As the World Wags:

Since reading the illuminating letter on bathroom literature which appeared in your column, I have been unable to sleep. The idea has haunted me. Here is a chance to read without a great sacrifice of convenience. Here is a chance to KNOW and yet to attain knowledge in picayune quantities without danger of mental indigestion. But the question arose in my mind, what shall I read in this shaving soap course? Nothing military, surely, for one might easily trace the progress of the battle on my visage, and I have never had any desire to become a public war map. Nothing exciting, either, for equal carnage might ensue when the hero soaked the villain. The books, I thought should be quiet, and, if possible, appropriate to the occasion.

Being eager to start my course, I consulted a learned friend of mine as to suitable literature. The books he suggested, together with his comments upon them, I noted on a bit of paper, and I send them to you, Mr. Editor, in case other readers of the column may be desirous of undertaking the same course of study.

1. "Pride and Prejudice" (a sane discussion of the problem of the century, the safety versus the old-style razor).
2. "All of a Twist" (the story of a young man trying to find something to shave).
3. "The Front Ear in American History" (by a Harvard professor, therefore deep. The ear is one of the problems of the habitual shaver. Read an account in language you are unable to understand).
4. "The Call of the Wild" (the story of the young wife who thinks hubby takes too long to shave).
5. "Blood and Sand" (an inspiring account of how a man stuck to it, although dripping with gore from a dozen self-inflicted wounds. All men using old-fashioned razors should have a copy).
6. "Bacon's Essays" (It might have been called "How I Learned." A good book for beginners).

I start my course tomorrow morning, without improvements, the rest of family being frankly sceptical of my ability to complete the course. She advises me to forget all this foolishness.

JAMES QUINCY.

P. S.—I have started. Only one book spoiled so far, but it is a library book, and the family says we shall have to pay for it. My courage is still good. However, I shall add a copy of "Fortitude" to my reading list. J. Q.

SAFETY FIRST

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent who wishes for books to read while he reclines like a noble Roman in his bathtub, with the electric light shining over his left shoulder, might well begin with "sad stories of the death of kings," Fox's "Book of Martyrs," Baxter's "Saints Rest," Holbein's "Dance of Death," "Thanatopsis," "Gray's Elegy," the "Morte d'Arthur," and other lugubrious literature designed to put a man in a mood to slip away into the Ewigkeit with no death-bed preliminaries. Any plumber or electrician will tell this bookworm that the man who sits up or stands up in his bath to turn on or off the electric light is likely in a twinkling to be interested no more in any subsequent proceedings. His demise will be sudden and it will be tolerably permanent. If he must read in his bathtub let him keep to old-fashioned gaslight, the kerosene lamp, or the tallow dip. He can then read Burton's "Thousand nights and a Night" and survive, but the "Pilgrim's Progress" won't save him if he puts his electric lamp where he can reach it from his tub. W. E. K.

Boston.

"Reclines like a noble Roman in his bath tub." There were libraries in the great public baths at Rome. To quote the learned Becker: "There is no great bath, from the time of Agrippa to Constantine, in which a place was not assigned to them in the plan." (See the life of Probus by Vopiscus.) But, if Seneca is to be believed, the ancient Romans washed their legs and arms daily; the whole body once a week, as honest New Englanders in years gone by washed themselves thoroughly only on Saturday nights. With the Roman emperors frequent bathing became popular. Commodus took his meals in the bath. Martial taunted one Aemilius: "At the warm baths Aemilius takes lettuce, eggs and anchovies, and then says that he does not dine out." In like manner a thrifty though wealthy member of the Porphyry Club, now dead, on Sunday evening ate free crackers and cheese, and whatever else stood on the sideboard, instead of ordering his dinner. Unfortunately we are not told what books were in the libraries of Roman bathrooms. Let no one shrink from reading in the tub because Marat was

knifed by Charlotte Corday when he was in the bath: he was writing, not reading.—Ed.

MR. RYAN'S REMINISCENCES

As the World Wags:

Being in your "Constant Reader" class, I enjoyed the reminiscences of that delightful raconteur, John W. Ryan, the other day, in which we old fellows rambled o'er memory's path, and lived again in "the times that was," as Mulvancy retrospected; but I know you must have felt a pang—as I did—when, in your comment, I found the printer folks spelled the name of Col. T. Allston Brown "Socol. Brown." I cannot go back as far as Mr. Ryan in Boston's theatrical annals, but, having feasted on the charms—ocularly, of course—of the lamented Lydia Thompson, and her contemporaries, and enjoyed "The Jibbenainosay," you may guess I have seen some acting! But, as John Kernell said: "There are many things about Boston that I like, but when I stand on the corner of Howard street and Scollay square, and a man comes along and hitches his horse to me, I must say there are some people in Boston who don't know much!" J. P. READER.

Watertown.

Nov 30 1921

VASA PRIHODA

By PHILIP HALE

Vasa Prihoda, violinist, assisted by Otto Eisen, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program comprised these pieces: Beethoven, Kreutzer Sonata; Lalo, Allegro ma non troppo, Andante and Rondo from the Symphonie Espagnole; Franck, Andantino Quietoso; Tartini-Kreisler, Variations on a Theme of Corelli; Mendelssohn-Anachron, On Wings of Song; Bazzini, La Ronde des Lutins.

Mr. Prihoda played here for the first time on March 3 of this year. His coming had been foolishly trumpeted; his program was illustrated with 12 portraits showing him in various attitudes, with and without his fiddle. He is a modest young man. His manager, not he, was undoubtedly responsible for this circus advertising. His program was designed to show first of all his technical proficiency, but even then a warmth of expression at times revealed the fact that he had a soul as well as a bow arm and well-trained fingers.

Yesterday his program was of a different nature, nor was the performance chiefly a pyrotechnical exhibition. His interpretation of the Kreutzer sonata was truly musical, not drily reverential and academic. Tolstoi's romance suggests, say rather insists, that when this sonata is played in public or in a drawing room the women should be clad in asbestos costumes with the men in coats of mail. Why in the world did Tolstoi choose this sonata to warn husbands and fathers against the inflammatory nature of music?

Mr. Prihoda displayed sound taste in his performance of this sonata, ably aided by the pianist, who had previously been announced as Mr. Eisenschimmel. He then gave an enchanting reading of Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole, one of the few concertos for violin that are worth hearing many times. The performance was engrossing in spite of the fact that Lalo's remarkably effective instrumentation was necessarily lacking. The violinist's breadth, beauty and purity of tone; his rhythmic sense; the sureness and unostentatious brilliance of his mechanism—these were not all. He felt the music that he played, and as he played he recreated it. Tenderness, dash, passion, all were there. He richly deserved the enthusiastic applaus that followed. How charming was the simplicity of the sentiment with which he sang, recalled, the song of Dvorak by which that composer will be remembered long after his symphonies and oratorios are dusty on the shelf.

Fiddlers come and go. The woods are full of them. Some startle the hearer for the moment by a technical display. They are quickly forgotten, or are boresome the second season. Occasionally a violinist like Mr. Prihoda, by his sympathetic art, takes the hearer away from earthly care and tribulation. He should be heard here with orchestra.

"The Bad Man," by Porter Emerson Browne, has been a long time in coming to Boston, but it will be none the less welcome. When this play was announced for production at Atlantic City on June 7, 1920, the title was "Borderland." The first performance in New York was at the Comedy Theatre on Aug. 30, 1920. The run of this play has been long; it has also been successful in every way.

Last month Mr. Woollcott, the dramatic critic of the New York Times, published this paragraph (Sept. 25):

"Or consider the legend which clung persistently to 'The Bad Man' last season. Here, so the story ran, was a blood-curdling melodrama of the Mexican border intended to give you gooseflesh. However, when it was tried out in the provinces the audiences, instead of quaking as desired, gave way to immoderate laughter. Whereupon the crafty Holbrook Blinn, gathering the agitated company about him, announced that as far as he was concerned the melodrama had been turned into a comedy and would be so played by him from that moment until the crack of doom. That night he was as good as his word and the laughter was heartier than ever. By the time the piece reached Broadway it was proudly labelled 'a satirical comedy' and as such flourished all year like the green bay tree. The story may be true."

This excited the indignation of William Harris, Jr., who produced the play. Mr. Woollcott printed a correction:

"The somewhat skeptical account given here as legendary last Sunday of how 'The Bad Man' was turned from a melodrama into a comedy by the unexpected laughter of its first audiences has elicited from William Harris, Jr., producer of that opus, the following biting words:

"That legend you printed about 'The Bad Man' sounds almost as if it had been written by a Russian correspondent. I liked particularly the bit where Holbrook Blinn gathered his company about him in the 'Listen, my children' pose and informed them that hereafter the play was to be a comedy. Do you mind a few facts on the subject?

"The original idea of 'The Bad Man,' as expressed to me by Mr. Porter Emerson Browne, the author, was satirical. His idea was to write a play in which the chief character should wander through a series of circumstances, advocating the doctrine of lawlessness. You will perceive that this was the direct opposite of those characters who exerted a 'good' influence, as for instance in 'The Servant in the House' and 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back.' Mr. Browne then chose the Mexican border for his setting, because of his recent experiences there and his desire to portray one of the Mexican bandits. He wrote the first act as bald melodrama purposely, so that this should [illegible] setting in which 'The Bad Man' [illegible] work. The play was [illegible] produced as a satirical melodrama [illegible]."

To which Mr. Woollcott added: "And that's that."

It is hardly fair to those who will see this satirical comedy to tell the plot in full. This should suffice: Pancho Lopez, a brilliant and also philosophic bandit, goes on a raid into Arizona. He captures a ranch in charge of a visiting invalid and an unhappy married woman. Lopez thinks of taking away the woman, but he knows that the ranch belongs to one Jones who had saved his life and is in love with this woman. Thereupon he abandons his purpose, robs a bank, pays off the mortgage on the ranch and shoots the husband to save the life of the said Jones. When Jones attempts to thank him, Lopez bows grandly and thanks Jones: "You have given me the most peaceful day of my life."

The play is, indeed, satirical. Outlaws are satirized, and the United States government does not escape. When the husband objects to being killed on the ground that he is an American citizen, Lopez replies: "We kill lots of Americans. Your government watchfully waits and whenever we kill a new lot you send us a polite note." But this in 1921 seems stale.

The following dialogue is now more pertinent. When Lopez learns that she has been married to one man all her life, he sighs and says: "Tell me, senora, 'ave you never live in free country?"

Lucia—A free country?

Lopez—Si, like Mexico, for instance.

Lucia—Don't you call the United States a free country?

Lopez—The United—Bah! Ees mos' un free country what is. Every man, every woman, is slave—slave to law, slave to custom, slave to eversing. You get up such time; eat such time; every day you go to work such time; every night you go to bed such time; every week, madre de Dios, you take a bath such time. An' you call it a free country. Ees only one free country. Ees one in which man do as he d—n please. Like Mexico.

It was said in September, 1920, that the part of Lopez was offered first to Otis Skinner; that he declined it, "thus missing the best opportunity that has come his way since his fine, romantic creation of Hadj the Beggar in Edward Knoblauch's 'Kismet.'"

It is hardly necessary to say anything about Mr. Blinn. Born in San Francisco, he played child parts at the age of 6. Graduated from Leland Stanford University, he played in "The New South." He was with the first company that visited Alaska. After playing in this city and in New York, he went with "The Cat and the Fiddle" to London. Returning, visiting London again he made his mark as Jim Platt in "Salvation Nell." Since then he has been seen in many plays. In New York he took the Princess Theatre and organized the Princess Players for the production of one-act plays. [illegible] the course of the war he appeared with Blanche Bates in "Getting Together." Since the war he has acted in plays which did not give him opportunity for displaying the peculiar humor that characterizes his performance in "The Bad Man."

Snaith's "Araminta Arrives" as a Play; Other Notes

J. C. Snaith's delightful novel with Araminta as the heroine has been turned into a play by the novelist and Dorothy Brandon. It was produced at the Comedy Theatre, London, on Oct. 11. (There was a preliminary run at New Brighton the week before.) The Times says that the play has distinct suggestions of Robertson. "The impossible Duke and the improbable Earl are Robertsonian. The innocent maiden from Devonshire is Robertsonian. The old Countess is on ne peut plus Robertsonian. But Robertson was generally careful about his story, and the authors of 'Araminta Arrives' have been at no very obvious pains about theirs. . . . 'A simple tale and none the worse for that, if only the eccentric types to which it is the background were a little more completely imagined—and portrayed." Ellen Beldon took the part of Araminta. "The Countess is played by Lady Tree, and you know what a lot she can get out of eccentric wilful, sharp-tongued dowagers. An amazing theatrical type, cleverly elaborated and richly colored."

"A Fallen Star," by Arthur Shirley and Albert Chevalier, was produced at Northampton (Eng.) on Oct 7. Chevalier takes the part of Doricourt, a struggling booth player of the Victorian period, who has all manner of hard luck. In the course of the play Doricourt appears in the third act of "The Fool's Revenge." Mr. Chevalier's acting was praised, but the play itself from all accounts is a queer mess.

"When Women Strike," by Miss Corentez, was produced in London, on Oct. 7. A workman marries Emma and puts her among her own disreputable crowd. Relatives borrow her clothes and pawn them for drink. The husband beats her for reprimanding his little cad of a brother. So Emma strikes, borrows money, gets drunk, though she had never tasted liquor, and finally is sentenced to 14 days for assault. When she comes out, her husband is thoroughly repentant, "and there is a very effective clearance of the offensive relations as a prelude to future happiness."

"The Golden Moth," a musical play of adventure, by Fred Thompson and P. G. Wodehouse, music by Ivor Novello, the Adelphi, London, Oct. 5. Based on the old melodrama "Robert Macaire," which is utilized "in clumsy and maladroit fashion."

"The Honor of Quong Foo," a little tale of Chinese tragedy and revenge, by Thomas Burke, the author of "Limehouse Nights," was introduced in Andre Charlot's latest revue, "A to Z," at the Prince of Wales's, London, Oct. 11.

Mark Zangwill, a brother of Israel, but known in the theatre as Mark Bowman, has written a new one-act play, "Matter o' Money," announced by the Yiddishe Players, at the Holborn Empire, London, for Oct. 17.

The N. Y. Evening Post (Oct. 22) published these paragraphs: "Tagore's 'Post Office' was recently performed at the Dagmar Theatre in Copenhagen with the result that the Danes have an even better opinion than ever of Hans Christian Andersen." "All Czechish theatres have heretofore scrupulously boycotted the dramas of Friedrich Hebbel because of Hebbel's supposedly fierce line in which he speaks of 'the Czechs, the nation of servants.' Now a tiny theatre in Smichow—the place can be located with the aid of a world atlas—has condescended to perform 'Judith.' It is possible that Smichow's small candle may shine like a good deed in a naughty world."

"Mr. Lazerus," a comedy in four acts, by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford, produced at the Royal Theatre, Leamington Spa, on Oct. 3, treats in a new way the old theme of the return to life of a presumably dead man.

"The Bohemian Girl" is to be produced in England for the screen. Arline, Gladys Cooper; Buda, Ellen Terry; queen of the gypsies, Constance Collier; Devilshoof, C. Aubrey Smith; Thaddeus, Ivor Novello; Count Arnheim, Henry Vibart. Truly a strong cast. The company, after working at St. Margaret's-on-Thames, will go to the banks of The Danube for some of the scenes. "There will be no attempt to synchronize the music with the action of the film, but it will, of course, form an accompaniment to the story."

That wonderful artist Pavlova was once induced to appear on the screen in an indifferent picture, "The Dumb Girl of Portici," and as she never appeared again I concluded that she was not satisfied with it as a medium for her art. Now I note in an interview that she lets out the [illegible] of her evident discontent. [illegible] film stories are most [illegible] —they have so little [illegible] tasy." What more—or what less—could any real artist say or feel.—The Stage.

Yes, and when Mme. Pavlova mimed Fenella in the opera, she was not effective.

Mme. Nijinska, the sister of Nijinsky, is one of the dancers in the Diaghileff Ballet Russe at the Alhambra, London.

Sir Ernest Cassel [illegible] of £5,000,000, bequeathed an an[illegible] £100 to his god-daughter, Iris Tree.

A darkey employed at one of the kinematograph studios in Los Angeles was asked by a director to do a comedy scene with a lion. "You get into this bed; then we'll bring the lion in, and put him to bed with you. It will make the people scream." "Put a lion in bed with me!" yelled the negro. "No, sah! I quit dis job right heer and now." "But," protested the director, "this lion won't hurt you—he was brought up on milk." "So was I brought up on milk," wailed the darkey, "but I eats meat now."—The Stage.

George Moore's new comedy, "The Coming of Gabrielle," recently published in book form, was announced for production on the 24th instant at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

On Nov. 14 "The Beggar's Opera" will reach its 600th performance at the Lyric.

Marie Tempest and W. Graham Browne, her leading man, have been married by the Registrar-General of New South Wales. Her first husband, Cosmo Gordon-Lennox died last July. Miss Tempest and Mr. Browne have been away from the London stage since 1914. They expect to return in the fall of next year." In the course of the present tour Miss Tempest and her company have visited Africa, India, Burma, the Straits Settlements, Hongkong, Shanghai, Tientsin, Pekin, Hankow, the Philippines and Australasia.

A Society for the Suppression of Public Theatre Pests

To the Editor of The Herald.

On March 22 the Herald Mail Bag contained an interesting letter from Walter Hovey Dugan of Waverley, telling of his experience in trying to subdue some hard-boiled theatre pests.

Two young women Mr. Dugan tried to hush up retaliated by attempting to kick him in the shins as they passed out! We hope for the sake of Boston's reputation as a city of culture with a capital C, that these fiery females were visitors from some other section.

In the Mail Bag for March 24 appeared two more complaints concerning theatre pests from Harold Ashton Crawford of Boston and Grace E. Jepson of Melrose. Mr. Crawford suggested that ushers should be seated in the front of the theatre on the aisle, to instantly stop any unnecessary and annoying conversation by thoughtless patrons.

The protest from Melrose mentioned the difficulty of enjoying a performance when the young girls just behind her insisted upon beating a tattoo upon the bottom of her chair, plus giggling and laughing immoderately at the slightest provocation.

Several months prior to the appearance of these protests Philip Saltonstall paid his respects to the theatre pests in a letter full of paprika and common sense.

In the Herald of Jan. 9, on Philip Hale's dramatic page, appeared the writer's suggestion for securing concerted action for the abatement of this growing nuisance. Now that the theatre and concert season is in full bloom, it may be well to briefly review the plan of attack against this rapidly growing evil.

The suggestion involved the formation of a Society for the Suppression of Public Pests, the membership to be made up of men and women who possess the necessary courage to protest publicly against the invasion of his or her bought-and-paid-for right to hear or see a performance without interruption or distraction.

To illustrate the simplicity and effectiveness of the S. S. P. P., we quote from the article under discussion: "At the moving picture show the people in your immediate vicinity are being annoyed by a pair of giggling hand-holders who are reading the titles audibly. Many have glared at the offenders with no result. By requesting your irritating neighbors to postpone the balance of the reading lessons you have proved your own courage by attempting to suppress a nuisance; you have done a service to the more timid sufferers in your vicinity and have automatically qualified as a member of the Society for the Suppression of Public Pests."

As the S. S. P. P. has no initiation fee, no dues, no complicated constitution and bylaws, and unlimited membership, it must be apparent that the effectiveness of the society will increase with astonishing rapidity as new members are goaded into audible protests when annoyed by thoughtless or ignorant neighbors at the theatre, in the concert hall or at the better grade of moving picture houses.

The stout-hearted pioneers mentioned above may consider themselves charter members of the proposed association and are invited to tell their friends how simple it is to earn a membership. If one has the courage to protest audibly and in words of one syllable, for the mentality of these disturbers of the peace is an unknown quantity, so "Shut up" may be more promptly resultful than the more polite "Will you be so good as to desist from your annoying conversation?"

Further suggestions fo[illegible] sc[illegible]pe of the society will be [illegible] who have gnashed [illegible]

[illegible] instead of [illegible] the particu[illegible] [illegible] being p[illegible] audibly and [illegible]ly, and back [illegible] if necessary,
CHARLES LEWIS GREENE.
[illegible]dge, Oct. 28

[illegible] London Daily Chronicle published [illegible] this story about W. S. Gilbert: [illegible] one occasion he was irritated [illegible] [illegible]rance by the chatter of a smart [illegible] in the stalls in front of his own. [illegible] over and blandly inquired if he [illegible] be allowed to participate in the [illegible]ersation, as he could hear nothing [illegible] was being said upon the stage. The [illegible] of the story is silence."—Ed.

[illegible]tes About Music and Musicians, [illegible]iefly in London

[illegible]agliacci" was condensed into one [illegible] of 35 minutes by the Carl Rosa [illegible]any to make a Palladium holiday [illegible] London early this month. After Canio [illegible]ade his discovery, the play scene was [illegible]itted, so there was a rush to the [illegible]gic ending.

The claim that if women became church [illegible]oristers they should be paid "like the [illegible] makes an ex-chorister wonder [illegible]at the average post-war salary of a [illegible]rister may be. When I was a lad, he [illegible]s, I sang in the choirs of three of our [illegible] churches, including the oldest of [illegible]mall. The biggest "salary" I ever drew [illegible] at a church almost within sight of [illegible]ur office window. Here I received 7s. [illegible] a quarter, the thanks of the good [illegible] and a monthly copy of the Boys' [illegible]wn Paper (given by the organist). Per[illegible]ps I ought to add that at this church [illegible]e boys were supposed to be paid ac[illegible]rding to their ability!—London Daily [illegible]ronicle.

[illegible]haliapin's return to London Oct. 5. [illegible] came on to the platform, faced a [illegible]owded and admiring house, and an[illegible]nced his first song, "Number Eleven." [illegible]s English title was "Doubt," and [illegible]inka's facile melody left us a little [illegible]ubting. It was not till he came to his [illegible]rd song, Rimsky-Korsakoff's "The [illegible]rophet," that the flame of his person[illegible]ity shot out and conquered everything. [illegible]r it is that which counts with Chalia[illegible]n. The voice, the style, the "singing" [illegible] the technical sense, are open to criti[illegible]sm from a dozen points of view, but [illegible]ch a song seizes him he makes it [illegible]ize his hearers, and builds it up with [illegible] [illegible] which is unapproachable.—[illegible]e Times.

Mme. Tilly Koenen, the Dutch con[illegible]alto, who has been heard in Boston, [illegible]turned to London on Oct. 4. The [illegible]imes spoke of "less ease and certainty [illegible]an formerly. The Brahms songs were [illegible]oil't by her readiness to sacrifice the [illegible]sential rhythm to every whim of ex[illegible]ession. It was not a very happily[illegible]hosen program. Some well-groomed, [illegible]outh-faced American songs at the be[illegible]nning seemed waste of the singer's [illegible]wers and of the audience's time. We [illegible]t greater enjoyment, however, from [illegible] Dutch children's songs by Catherina [illegible]n Rennes, as well as a Javese Lulla[illegible] and a love song in the Malay tongue."

[illegible]esar Thomson played Tschaikowsky's [illegible]olin concerto in London on Oct. 13. "He took the first movement a good [illegible]al slower than most people do, and [illegible]e effect was striking. It imparted [illegible]at dignity of which Tschaikowsky [illegible]metimes stands in need."

We never know whether to put the [illegible]anoforte first or last of instruments. [illegible]ometimes we put it lowest, not be[illegible]use it is out of tune, nor because of [illegible]s perpetual hammering, but because [illegible] has to make up for its lack of sus[illegible]ining power by fussy "passages." [illegible]metimes highest, because it brings [illegible]it more directly than any other the [illegible]ayer's whole personality, more even [illegible]an the violin, which is limited to [illegible]elody, and needs therefore a second [illegible]rsonality in the accompaniment, and [illegible]cause to a large number of people [illegible]e piano "is" music—it seems to be [illegible]alking" English, and the orchestra, [illegible]y contrast, to be speaking a foreign [illegible]nguage.—London Times.

It is said that Vivian Dillon, a Califor[illegible]an, who, as "Patty Stuart," made her [illegible] first appearance in opera at Ham[illegible]urg, is the [illegible]rst American girl to be en[illegible]aged in Germany since the war.

George Baklanoff will sing as guest at [illegible]e Deutscher Opera House, Berlin, this [illegible]eason.

Marina Campanari, the daughter of [illegible]ur old friend the baritone, will sing at [illegible]a Scala, Milan, this season.

Historic interest naturally attaches to [illegible]n organ upon which Mendelssohn once [illegible]layed and at which Samuel Wesley [illegible]ade his last public appearance on the same date—Sept. 12, 1837—a month before he died. This dual event occurred at Christ Church, Newgate street, a particularly interesting old building which was set up by Wren, after the fire, on the site of the old Greyfriars' Church. In Plantagenet days it was thought by the mighty that to be buried in the Greyfriars' Church, and in the habit of the order, would prove a sure passport to heaven. Accordingly, in the graveyard which was the nave of the original church there are the graves of no fewer than five queens, among them Queen Isabella, the "She-Wolf" of France. Christ Church is now temporarily closed to allow of the reconstruction of the organ. Originally built by Renatus Harris in 1690, it was remade by Elliott and Hill, and later modernized three [illegible]mes between 1835 and 1900 by the firm of William Hill & Son. It contains three [illegible]anuals, with 42 speaking stops. The [illegible]st [illegible] [illegible] of modern organists at [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Chapel, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] St. [illegible], and succes[illegible] [illegible] organist of St. Sepulchre's, Christ's Hospital and the Chapel Royal.—London Daily Telegraph.

Toscanini has invited the tenor Edward Johnson to create a part in [illegible]zetti's new opera at Milan.

A musical extravaganza by Bernard Page was produced at the Nottingham (Eng.) Repertory Theatre on Oct. 8. Our old friends Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Little John and Maid Marian are leading characters. The title is "Robin Hood."

The Royal and Ancient Philharmonic Society of London has conferred its gold medal on Sir Henry J. Wood. Princess Beatrice will give it to him tonight.

If Leo Fall's new musical play, which the Berlin critics seem agreed is based on Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion," proves anything like as successful as his "Dollar Princess," which brought him fame and fortune in a bound, he will be able to await with equanimity "G. B. S.'s" "thousand of bricks." He probably netted not less than £200,000 from "The Dollar Princess," a sum which Franz Lehar is also said to have added to his banking account with the help of "The Merry Widow." Both these lucky Austrian musicians are sons of army bandmasters, they each played in theatre orchestras before they tried their compositions on the Viennese public, and both were reported to have been taken prisoners during the war. Perhaps only cinema stars like Charlie Chaplin have earned more money than Fall and Lehar in so short a time.—London Daily Chronicle.

Moriz Rosenthal purposes to give seven piano recitals in London, showing the development of piano literature from Couperin, Bach and Handel to Liszt, Rubinstein and Brahms. In June he will give in London two recitals of nothing but modern music.

The Flonzaley quartet played in London on Oct. 21 a quartet by Enesco, dedicated to these players, and still in manuscript.

The London Times said (Oct. 14) of that excellent pianist, Magdaleine Du Carp, whose admirable playing was enjoyed last season in Boston: "The essence of the enjoyment to be had from her playing is that she treats the piano as a friend. She asks of this friend no more than he can give, but takes no less. And this is done by bringing a whole personality to bear on each part in turn—by being 'all there,' by scamping nothing and exaggerating nothing. We sometimes call this 'touch.' It is brains and labor."

Mr. Cortot played in London on Oct. 11 one of the famous Biblical sonatas by Kuehnare, Bach's predecessor at Leipsic. "They have an interest for historians as early instances of program music, since each of the six is illustrative of a story from the Old Testament. The one chosen by M. Cortot was about Saul cured by the music of David's harp. While it was interesting to hear it played with all the expressive power which M. Cortot's command of the modern piano brings to it, the result was rather disappointing. One could not help being conscious that he was doing his best with a quaint old thing. We would rather have heard M. Cortot play some real piano music, and have deferred Kuenau till some other occasion when he could be played on the harpsichord."

Mme. Namara in London Oct. 11—The miscellaneousness of the program seemed to infect both the singer and the audience. One wondered when she would begin to take hold, and she never succeeded in doing so, at any rate while we were able to remain. Her singing of Ravel was fairly accomplished, so was her singing of Landon Ronald (except once, when she was seriously out of tune). It all seemed carefully learnt and consciously refined, but lacking in individuality or any evidence of personal taste for one kind of music over another.—London Times.

Eugene Goossens will conduct the Handel Society in London in place of Vaughan Williams, who resigned the position.

PARISIAN NOTES

Among the plays produced recently at the Grand Guignol, Paris, is "L'Homme de la Nuit," by Leo Marches. Halders, an English painter, lives with his wife near a graveyard. Graves have been broken into for the mutilation and scalping of corpses. A specially odious profanation brings a detective to the painter's cottage. The butler is at first suspected, but it turns out that Halders is the criminal, a morbid degenerate. He kills himself. This little play is described as "morbid, but treated with tact." Another pleasant little play is "Le Rapide 13," by Jean Sartene. An old switchman, supporting his daughter and her child, has a sudden stroke as the trainn bringing his granddaughter home, is arriving. His daughter tries to work the switches, but she misunderstands her father's gestures. There is a collision and the granddaughter is killed.

In the demands made by the Actors' Union, Paris, the following are given as minimum salary: "Actors engaged for the run of a single play, f.30 per performance; general utilities, f.15; full salary for matinees; actors engaged by the season, f.650 per month, plus f.20 for Sunday matinees and f.15 for Thursday matinees; general utilities, f.10 per performance, with full salary for matinees; which is approximately in English money, at the present exchange, 12s. per performance for an actor engaged for a single run, and £16 a month for an actor engaged by the season, including matinees. The season will comprise eight months and a half from Oct. 1, 1921, to June 15 or June 30, 1922. All indemnities accorded last year for the high cost of living are maintained. Working conditions, indemnities for costumes and for rehearsals remain the same as last year, as specified in the standard contract. The payment for preliminary rehearsals is made at the final rehearsal. On the other hand, the union has abandoned the famous rule 1, which raised a storm of protest and which was the cause of a division in the profession and the forming of two rival associations. It will be remembered that, according to rule 1, the managers must agree to engage only union actors. This has now been displaced by another rule, by virtue of which the managers agree not to engage any actor, whether of the union or not, at a lower salary than the minimum salary of the union standard contract. Also the Actors' Union and M. Arquilliere's Syndicat Professional Libre, which is not affiliated to the General Confederation of Labor, have come to an agreement mutually to defend the actors' standard contract. In the event of the Actors' Union being drawn into conflict with the managers through its affiliation with the General Confederation of Labor, however, M. Arquilliere's Syndicat will remain neutral."

"Zaza" has been revived at the Renaissance. A one-act play adapted from a story of Kipling has been announced for the Nouveau Theatre.

The Theatre Antoine opened with "La Dolores" by Feliu y Codina. Dolores is a beautiful and temperamental servant at a Sapanish inn. Melchior, the village barber, has abandoned her to wed another. Dolores tries to stop the marriage. Melchior, angry, slanders her in a song. He also wagers that she will admit him to her room at night. She is willing to let him in in the hope that other suitors will revenge her. They turn out to be cowards. But there is Lazaro, a timid youth. She lures him to her room; tuched by his devotion she endeavors to prevent a meeting of the two men. It is too late. In the fight, Melchier is killed. "The last act is tense and dramatic in the dimly-lighted corridor before Dolores's room, but it is difficult to understand why, when she has temporarily disposed of Lazaro, she should admit Melchior for a final interview. The characters of Dolores and Melchior are not very clearly indicated. Perhaps in the hands of another actress the play would have more meaning."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Recital by Hulda Lashanska, soprano. See special notice.

Arlington Theatre, 3:30 P. M. Second concert of the People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

Boston Art Club, 3:30 P. M. Boston Flute Players Club concert. Foote, Quintet for flute and strings (first time in Boston); Reger, Serenade for flute, violin and viola; Loeillet, Sonata for flute and piano; Kuhlau, Flute Quartet, E minor. Christobel Hamilton, soprano, will sing Respighi's "Nevicata" and "Nebbie" and Leroux's "The Nile." Georges Laurent is the musical director of the club; strings, Messrs. Kuntz, Thillois, Artieres, Miquelle; flute players, Messrs. Powell, Knight, Worthington and MacKnight.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Recital by Emmy Destinn, soprano. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Silvio Scionti, pianist. Beethoven, Andante Favori; Bach-Busoni, Chaconne; Liszt, Sonata, B minor; Chopin, Barcarole; Brahms, Capriccio, B minor; Schumann-Liszt, Spring Night; Casella, Sonatina (first time in America); Sowerby, The Fisherman's Tune (first time in America).

Oct. 31 1921

Apropos of the discussion concerning the lodger in whose room Abraham Lincoln died, "T. H. B." of Jamaica Plain writes: "Mr. O. H. Oldroyd, who lives in the house where Lincoln died writes that Clark was the only man who occupied the room, and that his letter stating that fact, as well as his photograph, are in the room where the President died."

TO ERR IS HUMAN

As the World Wags:

Hi there, stop thief! Mr. Arthur Gordon Webster, in his latest "Epistle for the Times" in The Herald (Oct. 15,) filched from Horace Greeley the authorship of the oft-quoted expression, "the way to resume is to resume," and conferred it upon John Sherman. Such thievery "is most tolerable and not to be endured." DOGBERRY.

Brookline.

ENGLEHART'S NOT LOCKE'S

As the World Wags:

"R. A. C" refers to silver dollars in bar-rooms. If I may correct him, I think he means that the incident to which he refers took place in Englehart's on Avery street, not Frank Locke's in Winter Place. J. F. K.

Lynn.

How carelessly men read! "R. A. C." said he was not sure of the locality. Ed.

"THEM BONES"

As the World Wags:

Many years ago some mastodon bones were given to Louis Agassiz and they were the first specimens in what afterwards grew to be the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge. Agassiz later loaned them to Dr. Warren while he was preparing his great volume on the American Mastodon. They were not returned and went to the American Museum in New York when the Warren Mastodon was presented to that institution by Mr. Morgan. Last year they were found in New York and returned to the museum at Cambridge. Mr. Henshaw, whose grandfather was the original donor to Agassiz, made some mention of the return in his annual report.

The War Cry, always on the lookout for unexpected new items, got hold of this and it reached some poor rube in Vermont who wrote to Mr. Henshaw a letter, a copy of which I enclose.

Cambridge. T. B.

"I saw an artel in the war-cry stating you's had Elephant's tooth that was discovered in V. T. in the year 1849, with other bones. I use to here farther tell the first madnagery he ever saw, ther was A man came to A place cald Sury N. H., with an, Elephant, shiling was the admishun fee. about For P.M. he took him out and walked him around it was a very large best he was travling thru the country with it. this must have bin in the year? well some whaers about twenty or twenty one (1820-1821) sed he was quite small for he rode behind farther on horse back six miles. I, E from Gilsum, N.H. the man with the Elephant went on twards Vermont sed he heard after wards the Elephant died. I guess this accounts for the milk in the coknut? if ever Elephants ever ran wild here we would have found more signs. Deer horns are frequntly found, ston hatchets and other emblems."

This reminds one of the famous meeting of the scientific society in California graphically described by Bret Harte's Truthful James, in which the sarcastic Mr. Brown made a withering retort.—Ed.

ADD "RAPID TRANSIT"

As the World Wags:

I would like to ask if anybody can tell me the sense and reasonableness of forcing a passenger, going through the Harvard square subway station, to get out of the car he is in and wait 10 or 15 minutes, only to take a car precisely like the first, and going to precisely the same place.

On Oct. 26 I started for Watertown, taking on Massachusetts avenue a car marked Wa[illegible]town. On leaving it, as I had been told [illegible], I paid my fare and went through the turnstile. While waiting for the next Watertown car, I asked the starter why I was not allowed to stay in the first car, and pay the conductor on leaving it at Watertown. He said the rule was that the passenger must get out and change, but that it had just been decided that old or lame people might remain in the first car, as I had suggested, and pay on leaving.

As I am 70 years old and quite rheumatic, I thought that on my way home I would stay in my North Cambridge car and see what happened. So when at Harvard square the conductor said, "All out!" I told him what the starter had told me. He said, "There's no such rule." "But," I began, "it was this very morning that the starter—" "Don't stand there arguing," he almost shouted, "everybody must get out." So out I got, and waited in the cold, damp subway nearly 20 minutes in order to take a car like the one I had left—and find myself half an hour late to dinner.

HESTER KNOWLES.

17 Hammond street, Cambridge.

P. S.—I do not know that "As the World Wags" is the proper department to which to send this letter, but I do hope it will be printed, for I am not the only old lady I know who has suffered in the same way as I in the Harvard square subway. H. K.

A LINOTYPE'S LITTLE JOKE

As the World Wags:

Your quotations from the great god linotype remind me of a misfortune of my own. In the spring of 1919 I wrote for a weekly paper an article on Sheridan's "Critic" at the Copley Theatre in which exigencies drove Miss Newcombe into the doublet and hose of Don Whiskerandos and made me comment enthusiastically on the way she swaggered through it. Judge of my surprise to read that she "staggered" through it. Not at all a nice thing to say of an amiable lady—eh, what?

Boston. SHERWIN L. COOK.

BAR-ROOM ART

As the World Wags:

Now that you are collecting and dispensing information concerning "the happy days gone by," I should like to ask the name and location of a bar room in New York, which was a show place about 1872. Its distinction was that the entire length of its walls was decorated with caricatures by Thomas Nast, which as I remember them were colored, and on large sheets—say 18 inches by 24.

A comparatively recent place, much further down town, was distinguished by walls and ceiling made entirely of large mirrors.

Are you old enough to remember the New York Hotel, which I think was at the corner of Broadway and University

place? I think it was patronized largely by southerners. It used to set out a free lunch which would compare favorably with the spread at a first class club on a "club night."

S.

Boston.

You may find the location of this barroom in Paine's life of Thomas Nast. Were not these caricatures drawn for a sanitary fair in New York? A double page of them appeared in Harper's Weekly at the time. Yes, indeed, we remember the New York Hotel, also the Colcman House, which was near Apollo Hall on Broadway in 1868 when we attended a school in that building.—Ed.

MME. LASHANSKA

Mme. Lashanska gave a concert—the first of her own hereabouts—in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Her program:

I.

"Spiagge Amate" ..... Gluck
"Luigi del Caro Bene" ..... Secchi
"Scommi Dei" ..... Handel

II.

"Du Bist die Ruh" ..... Schubert
"Haideuroslein" ..... Schubert
"Madchen's Klage" ..... Schumann
"Er ist" ..... Liszt
"Die Loreley" ..... Liszt

III.

"Over the Steppe" ..... Gretchaninoff
"Adoration" ..... Josten
"Il lamenta della Luna" ..... Josten
"Serenade" ..... Tschaikowsky
"Un Reve" ..... Grieg

IV.

"Thy Beaming Eyes" ..... MacDowell
"Songs My Mother Taught Me" ..... Dvorak
"Pirate Dreams" ..... Huerter
"The Sneer's Wish" ..... Fisher
"Song of the Open" ..... Frank LaForge

Mme. Lashanska has a remarkably mellow voice and a no less remarkable flexibility in the use of its warm and colorful tones. She sings, without seeming effort, yet there is an underlying power that is always felt but never stressed. Her exquisite shadings are like lazy drops of water dripping softly from one pebble to another. Mme. Lashanska sings with so much clearness and purity of tone that she seems to ramble lingeringly over her various pieces with a seeming hesitancy, which but adds lustre to her slightest modulation. Yesterday all her music was deftly, intuitively differentiated. She glided with contrasting ease from the grave dignity of Handel's "Sommi Dei" to the more playful vagaries of Schubert. With practised and dramatic characterization she drew a supple, fluent picture from Gretchaninoff's "Over the Steppe."

Yesterday she was very generout with encores, finishing a lengthy program with the ever-popular "Anni [illegible] urie," fitting tribute to her powe[illegible] she successfully raised this meloc[illegible] trifle to the level of the concert hall.

Mme. Lashanska was fortunate in her accompanist—Mr. Joster. The latter gave admirable support, always forming smooth-flowing, yet unostentatious background. His two compositions, which appeared on the program, received fitting, generous applause.

Mme. Lashanska is one of the younger singers but she is capable master of her art and should soon enlarge her public, which has already attained no small proportions.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

In the Arlington Theatre, yesterday afternoon, the People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer conductor, gave its second concert of the second season, with Frederic Tillotson, pianist, as assisting artist. The program was as follows:

Mendelssohn, overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Rubinstein, concerto for pianoforte in D minor; Saint-Saens, symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale." Op. 31; Tschaikowsky, "Marche Slave."

The finished performance of the Rubinstein concerto was a musical treat. Mr. Tillotson, aged only 24, demonstrated astonishingly matured technique, and Mr. Mollenhauer's men, especially the strings, distinguished themselves. It was a truly concerted exposition, the voices of neither the solo instrument nor of the ensemble ever obtrusive or unduly dominating. This composition, while always popular because of its wealth of melody, yet also appeals to the classicists by its true and natural harmonics and the technical skill in its working out. Mr. Tillotson was born in St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 19, 1897, and early gave evidence of becoming a musical prodigy, appearing as a soloist with the Denver Philharmonic Orchestra at the age of 17. Yesterday, his rendering of the lovely andante was poetic. In the finale, as he piled climax on climax, his bravura electrified the audience, and the encores multiplied, until he surrendered, and sat down again, to give Godard's "En Courant."

The performance of the "Midsummor Night's Dream" overture was disappointing, but thereafter the program marched to success. The audience was again large, the experiment of charging only 25 cents for balcony seats opening the doors to a new clientele. Next Sunday the management of the Arlington Theatre supplies the assisting artist, Miss Lois Ewell, from the opera company, who will sing the aria from "Aida"—"My Native Land," and the orchestral numbers will be the Litolff overture: "Robespierre, the Last Day of the Terror"; MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose"; Andrea's "Libesgedeuster," and Svendsens "Episode, Carnival in Paris."

'THE BAD MAN'

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Bad Man," a satirical comedy in three acts by Porter Emerson Browne. Produced by William Harris, Jr.

Gilbert Jones ..... Sidney Mason
Henry Smith ..... Thomas Shearer
Morgan Pell ..... Fred L. Tiden
Lucia Pell ..... Leah Peck
Red Giddings ..... John Harrington
Jasper Hardy ..... Wilson Reynolds
Angela Hardy ..... Miriam Collins
Pancho Lopez ..... Holbrook Blinn
Pedro ..... Herbert Heywood
Venustiano ..... Paul Villas
Alvarado ..... Marinos Byron
Felipe ..... James B. Linhart
A Mexican cook ..... Frank Bixby
Bradley ..... Charles Sellon
Blake ..... James B. Linhart

In the first act we have the fine young fellow Jones on a ranch near the Mexican border with his uncle, 'sighing for Bangor, Me.," remembering New England clams and longing for them as the Israelites in the desert longed for the leeks and onions of Egypt. As was to be expected, Jones went to the war and returning did not prosper. There's a land shark, one Hardy, who purposes to foreclose the mortgage on the ranch that very night at 8 o'clock. But there are guests of Jones, Mr. Pell of Wall street, whom we suspect at once of villainous tricks and dark resolves. Of course he abuses his pretty wife and of course Jones is in love with her and she in her heart loves him. The first act is taken up chiefly by the uncle's chatter, which is often amusing—he says 'Gol-darned" many times, but "By heck" only one—and talk about the mortgage. (There are other characters, the landshark's daughter, and Giddings, the faithful friend of Jones.) We learn that the Wall street man, of close kin to the wicked baronet in the good old English melodrama, thinks that there is oil to be found. He, too, wishes the ranch. But the play drags, and all the characters are treading water until Pancho Lopez makes his magnificent entrance. Then the curtain goes down.

This bandit Lopez has not escaped from one of Mayne Reid's Mexican novels, nor from less ambitious romances as "Mad Mike, the Death Shot," "Snaky Snodgrass," hair-raising stories that in boyhood's schooldays we read behind the huge geographies then in fashion. Lopez is a philosopher, a student of sociology, a man that has his own views of life and morals. No doubt he had read Nietzsche and George Bernard Shaw in the mountains when he was resting from his little excursions. In this play he is the great Deus ex Machina. Euripides never imagined a more benevolent one. At first, wishing to carry Mrs. Pell to his lair, he gives her over to Jones, for had not Jones saved his life on one occasion, before the world war. He discourses eloquently on the lack of liberty in the United States, the advantages of life in Mexico; he is at times broadly humorous, at times ironical. He sees that the mortgage is paid—having robbed a bank before the closing hour, also before the time of foreclosure—he throws Jones and Lucia together after he has killed the wicked Mr. Pell; he leaves gaily and with a flourish of courtesy in the grand manner. A delightfully unconventional stage hero; no bandit of the newspapers, but a man of wit and ingenuity, one who has pondered the conduct of life and come to conclusions that bring happiness, at least to his friends. Fra Diavolo in comparison is only a poor devil of an operatic tenor.

Mr. Blinn has played well many parts, no role that we recall has given him the opportunity of showing the grim, peculiar humor, the jaunty contempt for the conventionalities, that characterize Lopez. He convinces the audience that Lopez is an historical character; that as he raised himself to the position of general, so he will be President of Mexico some day. Of course, Lopez at one time visited New York on political business. We believed him last night implicitly. He would have shown us if we had shown doubt. An admirable impersonation; still spontaneous and without hardness and extravagance after the long run. The play is Mr. Blinn, and Mr. Blinn is the play.

The support is adequate. Miss Peck is a sympathetic, charming apparition; Mr. Tiden is one of those quiet villains, all the more dangerous; Mr. Shearer played the uncle with gusto, and Mr. Mason was sufficiently manly as Jones, to whom the dramatist was not kind. There is only one salient character in the play, Lopez. Smith has figured in farces and "rube" comedies, and the villain and the lovers could move in any melodrama.

Mr. Aubrey D. Beidelman of Braintree wishes to find a book, or books, containing in full these verses:

1—"The Wants of Man," by John Quincy Adams, beginning—

"'Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long';
'Tis not with me exactly so,
But 'tis so in the song."

2—A song that begins: "Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea."

3—"No Sects in Heaven," which begins: "Talking of sects till late one eve."

Will not a reader of The Herald help him?

"A. C. A." of Hudson, N. H., wrote to The Herald a month ago saying that a search for the song, "Old Friends Are Best," by Alice Smith, had been fruitless for 10 years. If "A. C. A." will give an address in full, we will send him the song, with the compliments of our correspondent, M. A. Magrath of Cambridge.

"THE ZENITH CITY OF THE UNITED STATES

As the World Wags:

An associated dispatch from Duluth in The Herald of Oct. 16, headed "Unveil Statue of Jay Cooke," etc., speaks of Duluth as "dubbed by Proctor Knott, in his witty speech in the House of Representatives, 'the zenith city of the unsalted seas.'" That expression, "the zenith city of the unsalted seas," is in the mind of almost everybody as having been used by Knott in his famous speech; but is the expression in that speech? I claim (yes, Richard Grant White to the contrary notwithstanding, claim) that the expression cannot be found in that speech. Can you or any of your readers find the expression in that speech? If so, in what part of the speech is it? If the expression is not in the speech, how did it become fixed in the popular mind as a part of the speech? What does "zenith" in the expression mean? Does it mean high—that is, high in altitude?

Brookline. OBSERVER.

You will find in books of phrases and fables the description of Duluth attributed to Knott. Was it cut out of the speech when it was printed afterwards? If Knott did coin the phrase, perhaps he had vaguely in mind "zenith" meaning the highest point or place of greatest power or prosperity. Or perhaps he was like a clergyman that was entertained nearly a century ago at a hospitable house in Chelsea, Vt. At family prayers he prayed that the two boys then present might grow up and be like two hemispheres. When they had all risen from their knees the host complimented the clergyman on his prayer. "But I didn't know exactly why you wished my sons to be like two hemispheres. What did you mean by it?" "I didn't mean anything particular," answered the clergyman; "but the word has a good sound and I thought it would please the boys."

"ESSEX JUNCTION"

Speaking of Vermont, we are reminded of the poem of Essex Junction by E. B. Phelps, the distinguished lawyer of Vermont and our envoy to Great Britain during Grover Cleveland's first administration. Several have written to us asking for the publication of the verses. We are indebted to Mr. C. A. G. Jackson of The Herald for the "pome." Mr. Jackson writes: "It is well known that poets are poor judges of their own work, so it is not surprising that E. J. Phelps of Vermont, when he had become a distinguished jurist and ambassador to England, should have regretted his one known poem, written in early youth. He was ashamed of Essex Junction as John Hay was of Little Breeches, yet these verses will be more generally remembered than anything contained in the pretentious volume of his orations and essays, edited by Gen. John G. McCullough and published by the Harpers."

With saddened face and battered hat,
And eye that told of blank despair,
On wooden bench the traveler sat
Cursing the fate that brought him there.
"Nine hours," he cried, "we've lingered here
With thoughts intent on distant homes,
Waiting for that delusive train,
That always coming, never comes,
Till weary, worn, cold and forlorn,
And paralyzed in every function,
I hope in hell their souls may dwell
Who first invented Essex Junction.
"I've traveled north, I've traveled south,
O'er mountain, forest, prairie, river,
In ocean's storm, through desert's drought,
In railroad smash and steamboat's shiver,
While hope and courage faltered not,
Nor strength gave way nor faith was shaken,
Until I reached this dismal spot,
Of man accursed, by God forsaken:
When strange, new forms of misery
Assail men's lives without compunction,
And I hope in hell
Their souls may dwell
Who first invented Essex Junction.

"Here Boston waits for Ogdensberg
And Ogdensburg for Montreal,
And late New York long tarrieth
And Saratoga hindereth all;
From far Atlantic wind swept bays
Tho Mississippi's turbid tide
All accidents, mistakes, delays
Are gathered here and multiplied.
Oh, fellowmen! Avoid this place
As you would plague or Peter Funk shun:
And I hope in hell
Their souls may dwell
Who first invented Essex Junction.

"And long and late conductors tell
If trains remote, shipwrecked and slow,
Till even the engine's dismal bell
Takes up the cry, 'No go, No go.'
Oh, let me from this hole depart
By any route, so 'tis a long one,"
He cried, and with a sudden start
He jumped on board the train (the wrong one),
And as he vanished in the smoke
He shouted with redoubled unction,
"I hope in hell
Their souls may dwell
Who first invented Essex Junction."

Is it not highly probable that Mr. Phelps when he conceived the refrain had in mind the refrain of "The Leathern Bottle" to be found in D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy":

"I wish in heaven that soul may dwell
That first devised the leathern bottle."

Maginn wrote an eloquent dissertation on D'Urfey's verses, also on "The Black Jack." No doubt the two inspired Maginn to write his "Pewter Quart" "for the jollification of bibbers of beer, porter, ale, stout, nappy and all other configurations of malt and hop."

ROLAND HAYES IN LONDON

Mr. Roland Hayes, tenor of Boston, is in his second season of recitals in London. His success, which was immediate at his first recital last season, is undiminished. The Daily Telegraph of Oct. 10 said of him:

"Undoubtedly there is a fascination in the singing of Mr. Roland Hayes that is all too rare in the usual singing heard in our concert rooms today. Whether the extraordinary difference is due to sheer genius, to a heaven-sent gift or to the 5 per cent. inspiration and 95 per cent. perspiration of which Edison spoke, who shall say? The fact remains that this negro singer fascinates by the extraordinary charm of his style, the ease of his delivery and his simple sincerity, whilst only too many of the others depress by the total absence of all these virtues and by the laboring of their utterance. Mr. Hayes's purely lyrical singing was most enjoyable because so direct, simple and pure in style; and in a group of 'Spirituals,' in which, by the way, the fine accompanist, Mr. Lawrence Brown, also raised up his voice most sympathetically, there was a something surpassingly lovely."

'PASSING SHOW'

SHUBERT THEATRE—"The Passing Show of 1921," with Willie and Eugene Howard; in two acts and 26 scenes, staged by J. C. Huffman; book and lyrics by Harold Atteridge, music by Jean Schwartz, Al Goodman and Lew Pollack; first performance in Boston.

There is no customary cast list; the scenes and characters are designated in the program in the order of their appearance. The Howards, for instance, do not appear until the ninth scene, when Willie, mounted on a Schrode-Aronson camel, and Eugene, afoot, make hilarious and vociferous entrance. The interior of the camel, tapped by Willie, discloses an ideally compact little bar. A box whisked from nowhere, yields a three-foot snake. A snake-bite, a drink, and a fee from itinerants athirst, make the action of the skit, with a rapid-fire line of chatter and retort from Willie.

This scene fades; a song by a dozen girls armed with flash-light pistols, and again we have Willie Howard, giving hurried bits from Frank Bacon's now famous characterization in "Lightnin'." Aside from the verisimilitude of the Baconian intonation, there is facial play and profile that stamp the impersonation as more than of ordinary merit. It is undoubtedly the result of careful, infinite study. Later, Willie Howard, as Sing High, a wily Chinese, caricatures deftly the picturesque figure which made one of the high lights of "Mecca."

Again, in make-up, in Chinese patter, in comic or dramatic gesture, he discloses his singular aptness for mimicry. Toward the end of the performance he imitates Warfield, Mann, Bernard, Weber and Fields in a five-handed colloquy in the Lambs' Club. He even essays a Jolson song. Here and there between appear his familiar messenger boy, quick with jibes and twists of meaning, always comic. Behind the noisy declamation, the infrequent bits of vulgar by-play, there is revealed to those who sit and study from the orchestra seats a positive passion for versatility, an always mounting ambition to do a few more things and to do them well. Willie Howard is far cleverer than he was two or three or four seasons

…o. He will be cleverer yet.

There are others, of course. Brother …gone, always the foil to his gifted …other, with his tricks of vocalism; …y Boley, in Boston for the first time …oe heard as the lisping spouse in "So …ng, Letty," now showing even more … ability in intelligent, sharply pointed …ricature; Will H. Philbrick, with …ambling legs and mastery of low com…y; Ina Hayward of stately figure and …arching voice, in what might he called … prima donna role; Emily Miles and …ine Toddings, frequent leaders in song …mbers; John Quinlan, solitary male …ger of note.

…f the Howards were not so much of …e humor and the variety of "The …assing Show of 1921," it would stand … its merits as a dancing show par ex…llence. There are the Mellette sisters, …race and Berkes, Dave White and …athleen O'Hanlon, and Cortez and …ggy, the last named introduced into …e performance last night for the first …ne. Each of these teams or individu…s brings the highest degree of skill

… variety to rapidly succeeding spe…lties. Even the feminine members of … ensemble boast of more than ordi…y ability in the dance. They also are …ractive, as are the show girls and the …diums. It seems now that they grade …em, as they do certain articles in the …blic markets. Back of all are scenes … beauty and elaborateness noteworthy …en for a Winter Garden show. That …ade and painted for the "Mecca" …avesty almost outdoes the original. They say this is the last of the Win…r Garden productions. Time will tell. …rtainly this quasi final effort of the …essrs. Shubert will stand out among …s companions of the years preceding … in many respects the best of the …ries.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"A Cure for …urables," one-time vehicle designed …or his own exploitation by William …Hodge with the help of Earl Derr Big…gers.

Mrs. Hamilton Blaine	Florence Roberts
Phyllis Blaine	Leona Powers
Miss Elizabeth Rankin	Viola Roach
Dutton	Benjamin Hadfield
Mrs. Margaret Foster	Rose Hubner
Col. Gleason	Ralph Remley
Frederick Jameson	Aubrey Bosworth
Dr. Parker	Frank Charlton
…. Cunningham Hale	Mark Kent
Judge Manville	Frederick Murray
Dr. James Pendergrass	Walter Gilbert
Jack Morris	W. H. MacDougal
Sheriff	Joseph Guthrie
Deputy Sheriff	Frank Morse
…shop	Harold R. Chase

The play is a whimsy in conception after the manner of Barrie—with the familiar interval. A young doctor, Pendergrass by name, but Hodge by nature, is bequeathed a sanatorium, lock, stock and patients. It is his to have and to hold in perpetuity, however, only if he can cure seven of the patients of their ailments in 30 days. It would seem as if the careless donor had put the young doctor in somewhat of a dilemma: If he wins he is confronted with a phase of the law of diminishing returns; if he loses, he loses everything. Ah! no! not everything, for there is the fair young heiress, Miss Blaine. And for her hand and heart he has a rival in Dr. Parker, already established as assistant in the hospital. The stage is set for the struggle between all that is kindly, lovable, and resourceful (Hodge-Pendergrass), and all that is black, wicked and stupid (Parker), for all that is lovely, coy and winsome (Miss Blaine). As a background to these principals is the company of luxurious invalids who are enjoying poor health but really need only a bit of normal life in the open. Once the audience accepts the droll situation as at all probable, it is in for an evening of good fun.

Mr. Gilbert is of course Dr. Hodge-Pendergrass. This capable actor has a large fund of courage in accepting with a light heart parts in which his audience has only recently seen familiar "stars," who have had weeks of rehearsals and months of repetitions. Mr. Gilbert very wisely refrains from slavish copying of the creator of the part, and very often, as notably in "Clarence," he fairly rivals his more leisurely predecessor. How it is done in a week, when 10 performances of the running play are given and the next week's offering must be prepared at the same time is a puzzle which applies to the other members of the cast as it does to Mr. Gilbert. Last night he far outshone Mr. Hodge in his portrayal of the doctor. He made quite plausible the final scene of the play when he fairly won the sanatorium and the hand of Miss Blaine.

Mr. Masson took liberties with the play, greatly to the benefit of the audience, by quickening the pace and concentrating the interest on fewer characters. His settings were an improvement over those of the original production. Miss Roach proved herself again a skilled comedian in the part of the shrewish lady whose chief interest is her liver. She played the somewhat farcical lines that fell to her lot with a deadly earnest that brought joy to the audience. Miss Roberts shared with her the distinction due to splendid diction. Miss Powers was capable, but not too alluring, as Miss Blaine. Mr. Remley as the irascible and gouty Col. Gleason, Mr. Kent as Mr. Hale, Mr. Murray as Judge Manville, all added to the enjoyment of a large audience by their admirable performances.

A competent production, well staged and well set, far more interesting than the original production, especially in the part of the doctor, which was a genuine triumph for Mr. Gilbert.

It is encouraging to see the support given by the public to our stock companies. The magnates of the metropolitan theatres are in a panic because the theatregoing world no longer pours into their capacious coffers the great profits of recent years. They are sending to the storehouse many a play which the "provinces" would have perhaps treated better than has Broadway. The producers are particularly stern in their denunciation of Boston as no longer a "good show town." Perhaps if they gave us good shows at reasonable prices they would find the public not inclined to extend the buyers' strike to their wares. Meantime such houses as the St. James are providing us with recent plays, well acted, well staged, and at an extremely reasonably price. From such may perhaps come a partial answer, at least to Boston's complaint of her treatment at the hands of the powers that hold satrapies in and around Broadway.

DALY AND NORRIS

At Keith's this week, Arnold Daly and William Norris in "The Van Dyck," head the entertaining bill. This little sketch, adapted from the French by Cosmo Gordon Lenox, was played here some years ago by Claude Beerbohm. It is vastly amusing and an excellent piece for Mr. Daly and Mr. Norris's subtle comedy playing.

The "Van Dyck" is a painting supposed by its boastful owner, an art fancier, to be a genuine painting from the brush of the great Dutch artist, but which is in reality bogus. The part of the picture's owner is played excellently by Mr. Norris. Mr. Daly as a gentleman burglar, who in turn plays the part of an escaped lunatic, proceeds to rob the dilettante's home of everything in sight, but leaves the "Van Dyck," knowing it to be a fake, so that with his prized possession untouched, the curtain finds the owner still in a happy frame of mind.

Mr. Daly and Mr. Norris are accomplished actors. The former's playing of the supposed lunatic, gravely ridiculous, is very funny. Mr. Norris's pantomimic expressions are laughable in the extreme. Both actors play on the verge of farce, without quite stepping over the line.

Al Gerrard and Florrie Millership, last seen here in "Mary," have adopted Joseph Santley's musical act, "Klick-klick." Miss Millership is a vivacious and accomplished dancer and has a pleasing singing voice. Mr. Gerrard is a little less energetic in his entertainment —but then, it would be difficult for almost any one to appear energetic when compared with Miss Millership. She has imbibed a good deal of the George M. Cohan spirit.

Ruth Roye, singing some of the newest popular songs, was well received by the audience. Frank Ellis in "A Dress Rehearsal" has some good comedy. Other acts on the bill are Bert and Betty Wheeler in "Bits of Everything"; Phil Roy and Roy Arthur in "A Chinese Restaurant"; Kirby, Quinn & Anger in "On the Street," and the "Three Original Regals."

Arlington Theatre—"Lakme," an opera in three acts by Leo Delibes. Presented by the Boston Society of Singers. The cast:

Gerald	Rulon Robison
Frederic	Stanley Deacon
Nilakantha	Edward Orchard
Hadji	Edward Haslit
Lakme	Clara Shear
Ellen	Florence Tennyson
Rose	Josephine Elberry
Mrs. Benson	Emma Ainslee
Mallika	Elva Boyden

The story of Lakme, too well known by now to admit of repetition, is one of the most colorful in grand opera. Debibes's music with its flavor of the Orient, is colorful; it is dramatic music. Some of Lawrence Hope's poems tell a story as vivid as the story of Lakme; in such an opera the acting is of great importance. The singers last night at the Arlington Theatre not only did justice to the music but the acting carried out the illusion of the opera.

With Miss Shear in the title role little was left to be desired from the standpoint of music and drama. The prima donna's voice has not only lyric beauty but the desirable quality of youth as well. To attain vocal beauty, producers of grand opera are too often forced to sacrifice other qualities which the role, as a character in the story, calls for. The characterization of the youthful Hindoo maiden, however, is in every respect faithful to the part when in the hands of Miss Shear. She is truly beautiful to the ear; eminently beautiful to the eye.

Mr. Orchard as the Brahmin priest furnished another happy combination of good vocal qualities and excellent character portrayal. His voice is a rich basso cantante. And in the role of Gerald, the dashing British army officer, Mr. Robison was effective. Possessing a clear tenor voice, untrammed yet true, he brought the dash of old England to contrast with Miss Shear's delightful other-worldliness of the Orient.

The production, as a whole, is excellently balanced in scenery and costuming. The chorus is well trained and entirely adequate. Louis Waller conducted.

COPLEY THEATRE—"The School for Scandal" comedy, in five acts, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. A revival. The cast:

Lady Sneerwell	Diana Wilson
Snake	Clifford Turner
Joseph Surface	Nicholas Joy
Maria	Katherine Standing
Mrs. Candour	Deirdre Doyle
Crabtree	Walter Kingsford
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Paul Hansel
Lady Teazle	Catherine Willard
Sir Peter Teazle	Percy Foster
Rowley	Lionel Pape
Sir Oliver Surface	E. E. Clive
Moses	Paul Hansell
Trip	Clifford Turner
Charles Surface	Moffat Johnson
Careless	Walter Kingsford
Sir Harry Bumper	Chester Parsons

Last night the Copley Players revived once more Sheridan's brilliant comedy of wit and manners; their production was an extraordinarily erratic one, now rising to remarkable heights, now falling perilously near the depths of crude burlesque. A mature audience came to renew the laughter of other days, but it was at times completely smothered beneath the noise and loud shouting across the footlights. The Copley Players should realize that Sheridan's rapier-like lines are meant to be laughed at by appreciative audiences, not by over-emphatic actors. Time and again in the famous gossip scene in act two of the original the players were wont to tread heavily upon their lines, pushing their voices too much.

In pleasing exception to this was Percy Foster and E. E. Clive. They realized that success in this sparkling comedy comes to the actor who plays most seriously.

The Copley Players rose to great heights in parts of the performance. So much the more pity that they did not always keep to this level. Perhaps the two most successful scenes in the present production are those of the auction and the domestic tete a tete of Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, the latter especially was a masterpiece of acting. Mr. Foster here made Sir Peter a genial, lovable human being. Mr. Clive was his only rival in this respect, scoring deft characterization with minimum of effort and means.

In the famous screen scene the company was nearly at its best. Moffat Johnston, Percy Foster, Nicholas Joy and Miss Willard played with facile team play that was elsewhere lacking.

The Copley Players last night played unevenly, some were shaky on their lines. Yet they showed moments of finesse that presage future performances of better, in fact excellent merit.

MAJESTIC BILL

James Barton and company in a comedy sketch is the bright particular feature of the vaudeville at the Majestic Theatre this week.

Mr. Barton's sketch is funny by reason of the personality and excellent work of the comedian himself rather than because of any merit that the piece possesses. As a type of "souse" his work is cleanly individualistic and uproariously funny. Besides he sets a pace in his dancing numbers, both in style and execution. There is little fear that he will have imitators who will measure up in coming anywhere near his mark.

Another act on the bill that pleased was that of Cecil Cunningham, comedienne. Miss Cunningham is good to look at and is quickly on good terms with her audience. In a varied program of song and impressions she was interesting in voice and method.

Other acts on the bill were Pederson Brothers, aerial performers; Bert Hanlon, humorist; Joe Bogganny and his troupe of pantomimists and acrobats; Ciccolini, grand opera tenor, in a repertory of songs; Dickinson and Deagan, in their songs and chatter of several seasons; Frank Jerome, acrobat; Ernest Evans and girls, in a listless girlie act; Brenck's Golden Horse, in a posing novelty, and the Shubert News Weekly, and a Mutt and Jeff comedy on the screen.

Nov 3 1921

MISS DESTINN

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Emmy Destinn gave a recital in Symphony Hall last night. Her program was as follows: Handel, air from "Rinaldo"; Smetana, Two Lullabies from "The Kiss"; Botsford, Bound; Brahms, Air Sonntagsmorgan; Rachmaninoff, Vocalise; Lotti, Pur dicesti; Duparc, Phydile; Strickland, Lonesome Graveyard; Liszt, Loreley; Giordani, Caro mio ben; Schubert, Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel; Russian Folk Song, Stormy Breezes; Dvorak, Gypsy Song. George Lapiyre was the pianist.

The program contained some unfamiliar songs, as "Bound" and "Lonesome Graveyard," neither one of which made a deep impression. The first is singularly labored and, in spite of the exertion, or perhaps on account of it, it is effective. Rachmaninoff's wordless "Vocalise" has attractively exotic measures; others that are only a test of a singer's technical skill. It was a great pleasure to hear again the noble air from "Rinaldo," which Handel took with superb, Olympian indifference from an instrumental saraband by him. The lullabies from Smetana's opera are charming and they were sung con amore. The overture to this opera was once played at a Symphony concert. The lullabies have the honest simplicity characteristic of Smetana; not the sophisticated simplicity that is sometimes characteristic of the other Bohemian, Dvorak.

Miss Destinn has often been applauded here in opera for her voice, her vocal art, and her dramatic intelligence. In concert she relies upon broad effects rather than on rhetorical subtlety. Either her voice or her mind refuses the varied coloring of phrases; the delicate nuances that are now expected from a lyric "interpreter." The voice is still an imposing and beautiful organ; the skill in the management of it is unimpaired. In songs of a frank, straightforward nature as the airs by Handel, Giordani, Lotti, and Smetana, or in a song that is really a dramatic little cantata, like Liszt's "Loreley," Miss Destinn commands respect and admiration. Yet singers inferior to her in voice and pure vocal art are some times more interesting; more emotional. Theirs is not the grand style. One cannot imagine them as Donna Anna or as Aida. But in a song recital they make a more intimate appeal. The songs reveal their own nature or, at least their ability to communicate sentiments that establish a sympathetic, one might say a personal, relationship between them and their hearers.

"H. G. Wells, foremost living writer." —New York World.

This judicial opinion knocks out Anatole France, Georg Brandes, Thomas Hardy, Benedetto Croce, and even the gentlemen that have made Indianapolis the literary centre of the United States.

THE SANGUINE EDITOR

(Charlestown Enterprise.)

SOME DEATHS OF THE WEEK

Former Residents Who Passed to Realm of Eternal Peace

A WEATHER NOTE

We remember reading in August prophecies of keen observers to the effect that the approaching winter would be severe, worthy of being described in an inter-leaved copy of Gabriel Peignot's "Chronological Essay on the Most Rigorous Winters from 396 B. C. to 1820 Inclusive" (Paris and Dijon, 1821). A Cape Codder assured Mr. Herkimer Johnson, so that eminent sociologist informs us, that it would be a hard winter because the sunflowers indicated it. When Mr. Johnson asked him how they indicated it, the prophet said he was hard of hearing. Then there were tales of squirrels busily at work for their granaries, animals putting on extra thick coats of fur, etc. As yet these prophets are held in derision. Summer has been unduly prolonged in England, it seems, yet not for the first time. Horace Walpole wrote on Oct. 21, 1750: "Can we easily leave the remains of such a year as this? It is still all gold. I have not dined or gone to bed by a fire till the day before yesterday. . . . One would think we had plundered East and West Indies of sunshine."

But let us not be noisily exultant or point derisive thumbs at the coal man. In the following January, Walpole wrote: "I had no notion of such cold; the streets are deserted; nothing appears in them; the Thames is almost as solid."

OUR CLIMATE

As the World Wags:

The following tribute to New England by Mark Twain in "Roughing It" ought to be brought to the attention of all Californians. New Englanders will appreciate Mark Twain's comparison.

"The idea of a man falling into raptures over grave and sombre California, when that man has seen New England's meadow expanses and her maples, oaks and cathedral-windowed elms decked in summer attire, or in the opaline splendors of autumn descending upon her forests, comes very near being funny—would be in fact, but that it is so pathetic. No land with unvarying climate can be very beautiful. The tropics are not, for all the sentiment wasted on them. They seem beautiful at first, but the sameness impairs their charm by and by. Change

is the handmaiden nature requires to do her miracles with. Tho land that has four well-defined seasons cannot lack beauty or pall with monotony."

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Roslindale.

MR. HERGESHEIMER QUESTIONED

As the World Wags:

I have just been reading one of Joseph Hergeshelmer's Salem stories, and am speculating as to whether or not he is open to charges of inaccuracy in his seamanship, as he was in the matter of historical detail in "Java Head." He is, I take it, talking about the 40's and 50's, and he mentions lightly a clipper ship making the run from Bombay to Liverpool in 24 days, and again from Madeira to Colombo, a matter of 11,000 nautical miles, in 20 days.

I am without reference books as I write, and I cannot remember any of the records of the old clipper ships, but if any of them logged 500 nautical miles a day for 20 days in succession, they must have been smart craft, and must have had all the luck in the world forrard and all the brains in the world aft.

I wonder if John Coffin, Capt. Martin Gale or Abel Seaman would be able to give the actual figures on runs like those mentioned above?

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Boston.

Alas, our valued contributor, Abel Seaman, passed into the next room a year ago.—Ed.

"GUNMAN"

As the World Wags:

The word "gunman" as now used by newspaper writers is indiscriminately applied to persons armed with pistols and to persons armed with what are properly called guns. Such an obliteration of the distinction between pistols and guns is a corruption of the language which should be discouraged.

Brookline. PURIST.

The use of the word "gun," meaning "pistol" or "revolver," is comparatively recent, and to be deplored. "Gunman," we regret to say, is found even in the New York Evening Post. We see William Cullen Bryant turning in his grave in impotent protest. "Gun" at first meant only a cannon; then, but originally "handgun," any portable firearm except the pistol. A gun is also one who carries a gun; also an artillery man, a person of distinction, a name given by miners to an instrument used in cleaving rocks; also a flagon of ale; in slang, a thief, a tobacco pipe, a beggar, a lie, a toddy glass; in dialect, a broadcast turnip-sower, also a Winchester bushel, which weighs 84 pounds. Great is the English language, but we should remember what the New York Sun once said, in the days of its high estate: "The English language is what it is, not what it should be."—Ed.

THOSE BENGLES

As the World Wags:

May not a "bengle" be the berry of the "red cedar," the little juniper berry that they flavor gin with? The tree, often known as the savin, is actually a juniper (Juniperus Americana).

Boston. BAYFORD O'LEVER.

The true savin is the juniperus sabina, a native of Europe and western Asia, a small bushy evergreen shrub, but the name is applied to other trees or shrubs resembling it, as in this country to the red cedar, juniperus virginiana, and to the stinking cedar, the Torreya taxipolia "they flavor gin with." Who are "they"? Please name them so we may enter them on our list of intimate friends.—Ed.

Nov 5 1921

SCIONTI PLAYS

By PHILIP HALE

Silvio Scionti, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall last night. His program was as follows: Beethoven, Andante Favori; Bach-Busoni, Chaconne; Liszt, Sonata, B minor; Chopin, Barcarole; Brahms, Capriccio, B minor; Schumann-Liszt, Spring Night; Casella, Sonatina; Sowerby, The Fisherman's Tunc. The program stated that the pieces by Casella (who is now in this country) and Sowerby were to be played for the first time in America.

Sowerby's tune is a paraphrase of a joyous ditty that might have been sung by a fisherman in the good old days when he took a jug with him.

It appears that the March in Casella's Sonatina is illustrative of a scene in Gozzi's "Turandot," a scene of oriental splendor, to quote the program note. "Here shine out through the notes the glitter of the jewels and the rustling of the gorgeous silken robes." This was in Cascila's mind, the annotator tells us; it is not in the music though Casella may think otherwise. We have the greatest sympathy for some of the ultra-modern Italian composers, Respighi, Malipiero and some others, but with the best will in the world we cannot find beauty or grace in this Sonatina or even the peculiar ugliness that may excite admiration and impress the hearer. This Sonatina is laboriously and distressingly original. Some believe that the music of the future will be a matter of color effects rather than of architecture, melodic lines, harmonic and contrapaintel devices. A piano is not an orchestra, and Mr. Scionti is not, first of all, a colorist. The Sonatina does not even amuse one by the element of surprise. Fortunately the three movements are short; if they were not, boredom would be of indigo hue.

An experienced pianist of common humanity would not follow Busoni's monstrous transcription of the over-worked Chaconne with Liszt's formidable sonata. Only the greatest pianists can make this sonata anything but a mixture of bombast and sentimentalism. Mr. Scionti, coming to Boston, wished no doubt to show technical ability and aesthetic comprehension by playing these two pieces. One was tempted after the Chaconne to cry aloud: "Have a heart, man! Skip the sonata, or play something that is more in your grasp in its place."

Mr. Scionti is evidently a serious pianist who has acquired a certain technical proficiency. In purely lyric passages, his touch is agreeable and he can sing expressively a melodic figure. When he did not unduly exert himself, as in Brahms's Capriccio, and often in the Barcarole, he gave pleasure. But in forte passages his chords were harsh and grating, without true resonance. His tonal contrasts were violent. He played in black and white, not in warm colors. His interpretation of the larger pieces was neither authoritative nor interesting. A less ambitious program might have been to his advantage.

We called the attention of Mr. Herkimer Johnson to a statement in the N. Y. Herald that the recent Treasury ruling as to medical prescriptions will not affect wine, that champagne will be still high and scarce. "If you wish to purchase a case, you will have to pay $100 more or less."

Mr. Johnson was not saddened by this information. "When I was at college," he said, "many a student at a class dinner thought it necessary to have a quart bottle for his own use. If I am not mistaken, the price of a quart was then $3. I never really cared much for champagne, or 'wine' as it was called by genials and openers. I remember a young man, the son of a New England governor, who used to drink a quart daily at dinner at the Isles of Shoals in the early seventies. He ran through his money, and some years afterwards I saw him at work in a livery stable in my little village. As for myself, I much prefer burgundy or a sound claret; better still, a pewter mug of ale or the beer of Munich or Bohemia. In that valuable book, the 'Manuel des Amphitryons,' printed over 100 years ago, the author speaks of deep and narrow glasses introduced for champagne. He says that this wine should be drunk in great moderation; for supposing it to be unadulterated, which was then rare in Paris, there is no other wine that is of less advantage to the stomach and a greater foe to digestion. I have often thought that many in happier days drank champagne only because it was expensive. James Hogg, the poet, is represented in the 'Noctes Ambrosianae' as drinking champagne for the first time. 'I never faund ony thing sae gude since ever I was born—heh, there's anither glass-fu there yet.' When he was told the price, he groaned and sighed, and wished: 'Just that a body could get that same at three bawbees the bottle.' Now I admit that when one is very tired a glass of champagne does one good; but for a steady drink give me malt liquir 'curiously pulled in a pewter quart,' as Maginn sang years ago. In these days I drink water. None of your synthetic gin, hootch, or near beer for me—none of your soft drinks. At the same time I know a man who has some remarkably fine ale brewed in his own house. He is worth cultivating, my boy."

PRIZE COMPOSITION: "THE SNEEZE"

(Written for The Herald by J. L.)

OLD STYLE

Alas! I only sit and sneeze—
Where e'er I sit I always sneeze.
I just arrange to take my ease
And then my legs begin to freeze.
I pull a muffler o'er my knees
Or any other thing you please;
The draught cares nothing for all these.
And so I only sit and sneeze—
I sneeze, I sit and sneeze.

NEW STYLE

Thrill as of patriotic emotion
In spine,
Crawly feeling back of neck,
Soda ice cream sensation
Puckers right eyebrow.
Jaw squeaks at limit of motion,
Body open like water pitcher at the top.
No inhibitions for mine.

* * * * * * * * *

There weren't any—
Even tonsils.
I have had my great moment.

"BLOC"

As the World Wags:

"Bloc" is a word lately foisted upon us. The word is used as meaning an aggregation of persons, generally in the expression "the agriculture bloc," meaning the senators and representatives in Congress who represent agricultural constituencies. Does the English language need that new word? Couldn't the old English word "block" be used where "bloc" is used, and would the use of "bloc" with that extended meaning be less justifiable than the use of "bloc" with that meaning? ON-LOOKER.

Brookline.

"In block" in English, borrowed from the French "en bloc," means "in the mass, as a whole, wholesale," as blocks of stock. Gladstone spoke of Puritans rejecting "in block" the authority of creeds. The phrase "the agricultural block" (or "bloc") does not appeal to us.—Ed.

SOMERSET

As the World Wags:

While my friend, Hatevil, and I were walking around Beacon Hill yesterday afternoon, we chanced to pass through Somerset street. Said I, "In the colonial days there must have been some one of importance who bore the name of Somerset, and who had something to do with the colony. I have heard of earls and dukes of Somerset and I know there is some such English title that has been extant for generations. We have a Somerset street both in Salem and in Boston, the town of Somerset, Mass., and several Somerset hotels. Moreover, there are the Somerset turkish baths and the Somerset Club." My friend suggested that the name as applied in this country was a corruption of the name Samoset, but I preferred to think that perhaps one of the Somersets of the English noble family of that name came over here about Winthrop's time with those other "persons of quality" that had so much to do with the making of our country's early history. Old Hatevil insisted that he knew a lot about history and that Somerset was "Samoset twisted a bit in pronunciation by the colonists, who remembered Somerset, the well-known name of the land of their birth, and therefore applied it to the Samoset Indians." I still held to my theory.

WAGGONER WOODLING.

Cambridge.

Somerset street was opened about 1800 by John Bowers of Somerset, Mass., and named after this town.—Ed.

"THEM BONES"

As the World Wags:

Another set of bones was sold a few years ago, which is of interest to the many of us who use computing machines; probably the first of these devices was this set of "Napier's bones" (perhaps in the nature of our modern slide rule), which John Napier used in 1615 in making his two books called "Rabdologiae."

A less formidable word ("algebra") recently led astray a famous New York medical writer; Dr. Charles L. Dana. In the current number of Annals of Medical History, says at p. 132, "Doctors were ofter mathematicians in those days. When Sancho Panza fell off his mule, he cried out, 'Send for an Algebraist.'" Elsewhere in "Don Quixote," when Sancho Panza "busted them bones," he likewise called for an "algebrista." But this word, in English till after the Pilgrims came here, and still in Spanish today, means "a bone-setter." The Arabic *al jebr* signifies the redintergration or reunion of broken parts, hence the surgical treatment of fractures, bone-setting (see the New English and other dictionaries), and the mathematical meaning was later and secondary. The learned doctor swallowed the easy-definition-bait, with hook and sinker, but we cannot here follow the mistaken line by which he was pulled in.

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

Napier's Bones were narrow slips of bone, ivory, wood, etc., divided into compartments marked with certain digits, to ease the operation of multiplication and division according to Napier's method. Cleveland in his "On an Ugly Woman". "Who would suppose . . . Five Napier's Bones glew'd to a Wrist, an hand."—Ed.

Nov 6. 1921

Verdi's "Forza del Destino," which will be performed here by the San Carlo Opera Company at the Boston Opera House on Thursday night is unknown here to the great majority except by gramophone records.

This opera was written to order for o Imperial Theatre of Petrograd, which had demanded a new work from Verdi. The librettist was Piave, who took his subject from a Spanish drama "Don Alvaro," produced at Madrid with enormous success on March 22, 1835. The author of this play, Don Angel de Saavedra, in 1834 was an exile at Tours, and was forbidden to enter Tuscan or Roman territory. Even Charles X, while he did not drive him from France, did not allow him to live in Paris. Don Angel at first chose Orleans for his dwelling place. There he established a school for drawing, which later, he moved to Tours. An amnesty was declared; the elder brother of Don Angel died. Don Angel returned to Spain, heir to a great fortune and the title Duke de Rivas. The duke, a man of letters, as well as a politician and a soldier, took with him to Spain several works written during his exile, among them this tragedy "Don Alvaro," in five acts, half prose half verse, and in the manner of the then ultra-romantic school of France.

Verdi's opera was produced at Petrograd on Nov. 10, 1862. The chief singers were Mmes. Barbot, Nantier-Didiee, and Messrs. Tamberlik, Graziani, De Bassini and Angelini. The performance had been delayed for a year on account of the sickness of Caroline Barbot. The success of the opera was only moderate in spite of the excellence of the performance. In Rome it was heard with enthusiasm.

Ghislanzoni revised the libretto some years later; Verdi wrote additional music, as the "Rataplan," and this version was produced at La Scala, Milan, on Feb. 27, 1869, when Mmes. Stoltz and Benza and Messrs. Tiberini, Colonnese, Rota and Junca. Great was the success. There were 14 performances in that short season.

The opera was heard for the first time in Paris at the Theatre Italien on Oct. 31, 1876; Mmes. Borghi-Marno and Reggiani; Messrs. Aramburo, Pandelfini, Navetti and—Giovanni di Reszke—yes, Jean de Reszke, for he was then a baritone. The extreme romanticism of the libretto amused the Parisians, as did the translation of the libretto in French, as when a character said of another dangerously wounded: "The ball in his chest frightens me." Paul de Saint-Victor wrote an amusing synopsis of the plot.

The first performance in the United States was at New York on Feb. 2, 1865. Mmes. Carozzi-Zucchi and Morense; Messrs. Massimilliani, Bellini and Susini. It was revived at the Academy of Music on March 23, 1880, with Mme. Marie Swift and Campanini. There were performances in 1881. The opera was revived in May, 1905, at the Grand Theatre, New York. At the Metropolitan Opera House Nov. 15, 1918, Caruso took the part of Don Alvaro and Rosa Ponselle made her first appearance as Donna Leonora.

There were performances in San Francisco in February, 1907.

The overture and the fourth act were performed by the Commonwealth Opera Company in Jordan Hall on March 8, 1909.

The story is extravagantly melodramatic. Don Alvaro, son of a viceroy of Peru, loves Leonora, the daughter of a Spanish marquis. His love is returned. The two are about to elope when her father surprises them. He, sword in hand, provokes Alvaro. A cry from Leonora leads Alvaro to throw his pistol to the ground. The explosion kills the old man. Leonora, thinking her lover killed her father, and cursed by her father, goes into a convent, where the abbot directs her to a cave and tells her a curse will rest on anyone who seeks to know her name. Her brother, Don Carlos, swears vengeance on the fugitives. Some years afterwards Alvaro, a Spanish captain fighting in Italy, rescues Don Carlos attacked by bandits. Not knowing one the other, having assumed names, they swear an eternal friendship. Alvaro, wounded in battle, thinking his death near, gives letters and a miniature to Carlos, making him promise not to look at them. Carlos breaks the promise. The miniature is that of his sister. Alvaro recovers. There is a duel. Alvaro, thinking he has killed Carlos, goes into a monastery. Another flight of years. Carlos still seeks vengeance. He discovers the retreat where Alvaro is a monk, challenges him, taunts him, until Alvaro takes the sword brought to him by his foe. Alvaro kills Carlos near Leonora's cave; she rushes out to embrace her brother; he stabs her to the heart as he is dying. Don Alvaro then throws himself from a cliff.

Verdi was pleased with the enthusiastic reception of this opera in Milan, though he modestly described the reception as "good." He praised the singers and orchestra and in his letter to Senator Piroli regretted that the Italian government did not give more generous support to La Scala. He jested over the announcement of the opera in Milan as a new work, merely because he had written additional pages. "At any rate the overture (if the orchestra is a good one) and the final trio may make a good impression."

Mmes. Ester Ferrabini (Mrs. Agide Jacchia), a Venetian, came to this country with Leoncavallo and his singers in 1906. She sang in Symphony Hall on Oct. 20 of that year in a quartet from his "Roland of Berlin," and in a duet from his "Boheme." She also sang from the last named opera Musetta's Letter and Mimi's song. On Oct. 21

so sang music from "Zaza" and Mimi's song. Later she joined the Montreal Opera Company. On Dec. 3, 11, as a guest, she gave an excellent erformance of Mimi with Boston Opera ompany at the Boston Opera House, aving these associates: Mme Campolli, Messrs. Constantino, Polese, Marnes, Puloini, Tavecchia, Olshansky and lla. Wallace Goodrich conducted.

Bianca Saroya, born in Philadelphia, ccording to report, sang in concert bere she studied in Italy for opera. She as a protegee of Carolina White. Reurning to this country, she sang in arious companies before she visited exico, Cuba, Spain, Portugal and aly.

Anna Fitziu, born at Richmond, Va., ade her debut at Bergano. She has een a member of the Chicago and etropolitan Opera companies.

"Madeline Keltie, lyric soprano, origially intended to be a concert pianist nd gave several recitals before making er opera debut. She is a native of oston where she was educated at the ris' Latin school and Notre Dame Acamy. When five years old she gave a ecital in Steinert Hall Boston. After udying under several private instrucors she won a four-year scholarship at he New England Conservatory of usic. Wishing to appear in grand era, she went to New York and udied with various teachers. She ade her debut with the San Carlo ompany in Rochester last year."

rand Guignol Plays in London

nd Paris. Other Stage Notes

Among the new plays at the Grand uignol (Little Theatre), London, last onth was "E. and O. E." by E. C. illiams. Smith, about to die, expect- s solicitor to draw up his will, wife and mother-in-law that there be certain charges on the estate: other-in-law's board and lodging for years—5 guineas a week—substantial es imposed on the wife for exhibition temper, etc. James dies before the licitor arrives and while the mother-law is violent in abuse. She persades Cousin Charles, who looks like ith, to take the dead man's place d dictate a pleasing will. The corpse Smith is hidden in a wardrobe. harles dictates a will in his own favor. hile the women rage, the solicitor ins against the wardrobe. Out tumbles e corpse. This recalls in a way the ird opera in Puccini's "Triptych."

Two plays at the Grand Guignol were ken from the French. In J. J. enaud's "The Unseen" a wife is sure at she is in communion with her dead. usband's spirit. She is very happy ntil a doctor, who means well, meserizes her out of the idea: then she es mad. In Andre de Lorde's "Fear" street-walker avoids the police on eir night rounds by staying in a ax-work show. A man is there, among e "horrors," having made a bet that e would not be afraid to spend the ight there. The sudden appearance a live figure at midnight frightens im to death.

In Paris at the Grand Guignol last onth "An Execution," by Isabelle usier (after Henry Monnier), describes e sentiments entertained by a crowd, hearing a banker, from a gendarme, reet boy, lorette, highly respectable tizen (Joseph Prudhomme), privileged ectators, the details of the execution, hich takes place behind a wall. "In e Jungle" is taken from Kipling's "Reurn of Imray." The performance moved especially the women." "Three ypes" is a psychological study of three oldiers. R. A. T. united by the war in bureau of the minister of war: a laywright, a waiter in a cafe and a lerk.

The London Times never saw even in he theatre a more impossible couple than he Beudets in "Smiling Mme. Beudet." The husband had no thoughts apart rom his clothing factory and his repectability. The milk-and-water wife howed in every action and word that he had not learned the art of keeping he dullard in his place. One of his pet ricks when exasperated was to point n empty revolver at his head and talk f suicide. Why it took the wife 10 ears to conceive the idea of loading the evolver and of letting him do his worst t is difficult to understand. Eventually he inspiration came to her, and then or an act she carried on in an hysterical way which would have made everybody else suspect that all was not well in the house of Beudet. Three times he husband turned the revolver on himself but did not pull the trigger, and just as the audience thought it was to be disappointed of its sensation, he fired, but with the weapon pointing at his wife and not at himself. From a distance of five yards he even failed to 'wing her,' and there were more hysterics, in which the husband, having discovered how the revolver came to be loaded, did his best to join." All this was at a Repertory Players' Production in London.

Last autumn it was English plays that were supreme on the Berlin stage. As many as eleven were running at one time—from "Othello" to "Charlie's Aunt." Now the craze is for French pieces, of which at the present moment there is an attractive variety. No fewer than six Berlin theatres are successfully winning public favor with Parisian fare. The greatest success is being scored by the mirthful "Le Roi," which persists in his coming across the channel. "Les Cloches de Corneville" vies with such an excellent farce as "Mademoiselle Josette—ma Femme," and both are doing well. Without this "French boom" the Berlin stage of the moment would be very dull.—London Daily Chronicle.

The Berlin theatregoing public is looking forward to the first performance of a drama by Carl Meinhard and Rudolf Bernauer, based on the life and works of E. T. A. Hoffmann. The "Tales" are said to have been worked into the play in a most ingenious manner, while the life of the queerest writer, architect, musician, painter, etcher, and drinker Germany ever produced is so exploited that a new dramatic form has been made necessary.—N. Y. Evening Post.

Martial Teneo, speaking of plays in Paris, had this to say of "L'Eternal Amour" at the Odeon.

"In the hands of a man of genius the elements of melodrama can be fashioned into work of greater consequence. But when those elements are handled by an amateur writer they only furnish such a pattern of mediocrity as 'Love Eternal.' M. Bureau-Gueroult made the mistake of thinking that a clumsy imitation of Ibsen and Strindberg, by taking Norway as his setting, was enough to make a work that would live. Let us look into this. Two brothers love the same woman. Andreas, who is a farmer, retires in favor of the musician Carolus, because the latter is beloved of Helena. But Carolus—oh, these artists!—soon goes off with the singer Hulda, his wife's cousin. Helena dies of grief while giving birth to a little girl whom Andreas adopts, after having baptized her Helena by way of "sweet remembrance." The play might have stopped there, but that would have been too simple. The author makes a long entr'acte the symbol of a jump forward of 18 years. In the fourth act the second Helena—the living image of her mother—is ripe for marriage. Andreas, whose love is eternal, would gladly marry her—(see Maupassant's 'Stronger than Death')—but he has scruples. Unable to pay his father's debts, he is in danger of losing the ancestral farm. By good luck Carolus, grown wiser, or, rather, grown richer by speculations which have nothing to do with music, buys back the farm and gives his daughter to his brother—whose children will be their uncle's grandsons! The public laughed sarcastically. Personally, I want to howl. Each to his own taste."

"The first performance of Sudermann's 'Notruf' took place without violence of any sort, owing, some Berlin critics feel, to the fact that the only seats occupied in the gallery were *besetzt* by policemen. The drama depicts the morale of the German people towards the close of the war, with special reference to the conduct of the women whose husbands were at the front. It is a typical Sudermann theme and, to judge from the reviews, elaborated with all the technique for which Sudermann is noted.—N. Y. Evening Post.

Chaliapin in London; Other Notes

About Musicians and Music

In view of Mr. Chaliapin's appearance in this city, the London Times' review of his recital on Oct. 16 for the starving in Russia is of interest: "He did it in the great manner. The words that rise to one's lips are the words of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon. The singer is so much greater than his songs, and yet among them were the greatest. He sang a Russian and a German group, both in his own language. The songs were not by any means of equal merit, but both groups contained things to remember. Probably most people would agree that of the Russian Moussorgsky's ballad (He met his end) had in it most of what they demand of a song—melody, cantilena, dramatic scope. In the German all others paled before Schubert's 'Doppelgaenger'—shall we say the greatest song ever written? It is marked 'Very slow.' Mr. Chaliapin took it slower than that, as no one but a master of his craft would dare to do. The words in their unknown tongue fell like a knell, and we grudged each stroke that took us nearer the end."

Robert Radford singing in London when he came to Osmin's air from the "Seraglio," suddenly dropped into the operatic tremolo. "Is there any reason why passion, assuming opera always to be passionate, should habitually be expressed in this way? And is Osmin's song in any sense passionate? But at any rate Mr. Radford's passion is never inarticulate; we hear every word."

Albert Coates of London, who will conduct concerts this season with the New York Symphony orchestra—in Washington, Toronto, Cleveland, Philadelphia and Baltimore, why not Boston?—will conduct these English works: Holst, "The Planets" twice in New York and five times on tour); Vaughan Williams, Fantasy on Christmas Carols; John Gerard William, Pot-Pourri (in New York and twice on tour); Balfour Gardiner, Comedy Overture; Elgar, Enigma Variations (in New York and four times on tour) and Falstaff; Edward German. Theme and seven Diversions (concert for children); Goossens, Four concerts (in New York and Washington); Frank Bridge, Sea Suite; d'Erlanger, prelude to "Tess"; Arthur Bliss, Bont; Delius, "Appalachia" (twice in New York); Holbrooke, "Queen Mab"; Ethel Leginska, "From the Fields Beyond."

Maggie Teyte made her first appearance in vaudeville in London on Oct. 17 at the Coliseum. The London Times said of Vladimir Rosing, who gave recitals last month in London before coming to this country that his art is characterized by an emotional fervor which sometimes defeats its objects by excess. He is apt to forget that the musical phrase has a right to be heard as a clean, clear-cut line of melody. It is not enough to attempt to bind the whole thing together by fine phrasing when the intensity of the verbal expression means obscuring the actual notes. Still, the singing is immensely alive, and it is particularly appealing in the music of his own country when the syles of singer and composer blend into one homogeneous thing."

Felice Lyne sang in London on Oct. 15. She was praised for the lightness with which she sang "Ah, fors' o lui." "Later with Benedict's Vnriations on the Carnival of Venice, for which even as an exercise, but certainly as a song, there is very little to be said, her voice grew heavier and the intonation decidedly dubious. There were one or two passages whose lack of control suggested that the daily practice of scales had been allowed to lapse of late. That would be a pity, since in her coloratura Miss Lyne is almost alone in having something really interesting to show us, and not many more singers are likely to take up that branch of the art."

Moritz Rosenthal gave the first of his historical recitals in London on Oct. 15, beginning with Bach and going to the early Vienaese period of Haydn, Mozart and Hummel. The Times saying that the chronological method is not necessarily the best way of studying history, also said:

"The comparative study of types may be more generally interesting and incidentally more illuminating to the general audience. The Sonata from Mozart to Brahms, the rhapsodic style from Bach to Liszt, the pictorial from Couperin to Ravel, would give a more living presentment of historical developments." And the Times doubted whether Rosenthal was the right man for any historical series, that he was out of his element, rather bored by the music, impatient until he approached the Viennese composers when the harpischord began to turn into the pianoforte.

Francis MacMillen, violinist, has made out of Poe's "Annabel Lee," a song for contralto and piano.

Leo Slezak, remembered here in opera and in concert, will return to the United States in January for a tour.

The Leipsic Gewandhaus purposes to celebrate the 25th anniversaries of the death of Bruckner and Brahms by music festivals.

Berlioz's opera, "Beatrice and Benedict," has been performed at Mannheim.

Rabaud's opera, "La Fille de Roland," produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, in 1904, has been performed at Brussels with great success.

"Chant de la Nuit" by Pierre Braunstein, killed in the war on Sept. 16, 1914, at the age of 26, was produced at a Colonno concert in Paris in Oct. 16. It is a symphony in three movements. At the end a soprano solo sums up the work and emphasizes the impression of deep melancholy. The work abounds in ideas—perhaps they are excessive, and the development is not always clear. The musician evokes the disturbing mystery of solitude and silence. The composer was killed before he had orchestrated the last two movements. Florent Schmitt performed this task.

An operetta, "Le Huron," was brought out in Paris last month with music by Louis Dauphin, composed about 40 years ago, but unheard until this performance at the Trianon Lyrique. The music is said to be as fresh and gay as if it had been written yesterday, furthermore, it has "distinction." Who was this Louis Dauphin? There was a Leopold Dauphin, who wrote for theatres in the seventies, also songs.

Bruch's concerto is not a work that musicians rate high, and it has in the past been worked as hard as if it were in class I. Mr. Sammons played it as if he had just discovered it But that is just the beauty of his playing, especially when he asks us to share his finds This art of discovery is his secret; there are 10,000 fiddlers walking the earth at this moment, penniless, it may be, but certainly forlorn, because they never could discover the gold in the washings. He stumbles, in his turn, across the thing they have found nothing in, and it suddenly fascinates us. He takes these things that others have made sentimental and plays them as if they were true, and, lo! they are true. It is as simple as discovering Uranus or the circulation of the blood, but only one man now and then thinks of doing it.—London Times.

Miss Goodson turned up in London and gave a recital. The Times had this to say, and its say is worthy of consideration by our young lions of the piano in Boston:

"In the course of listening to music one comes across pianists of whom it may fairly be said that they are doing the right thing in the wrong way. Miss Goodson differs from these in that she does in the right, and thoroughly conscientious way, what is on the whole the wrong thing. When someone reads a poet aloud or plays a composer to us, what we need first and foremost is to have the text presented to us clearly, without explanations. We want to feel that the pianist is too much absorbed in the composer's meaning to obtrude his own judgments or appreciations. But Miss Goodson played Brahms and Schumann commenting audibly, as it were, on every phrase, hurrying over those that did not particularly appeal to her, dragging out of all proportion those that did. It all comes from the mistaken idea that music is primarily beautiful. It is, or may be, beautiful, no doubt, but its beauty is like the soft gleam on silver that only comes from elbow grease, and any one who hopes to get that gleam by merely looking at it and saying how beautiful it is achieves little. Great playing is always a grim battle, in which the combatant is too much in earnest to think whether the scenery is picturesque."

Various New Orchestral Pieces

Performed in London

Arthur Bliss's "Melee Fantasque," a most spirited work of some dimensions, dedicated to the memory of Claude Lovat Fraser. Mr. Bliss conducted, and the performance was admirably clear. The principal effects are got by the orchestration, which, without anything specially novel about it, is noticeable for the way the right sort of phrase seems to fall always to the right sort of instrument, and by the rhythm, which, though extremely varied, is kept from any confusion by steady uniform passages which set it off. We must not, of course, ask for tune nowadays, only for little snatches of melody; but these are there, and graceful enough some of them are.—London Times, Oct. 14.

A hearing was claimed for two novelties—a somewhat unusual proceeding in the program of Thursday, (Oct. promenade concert, the composer the one case being British, and in the other a native of Italy. Mr. G. O'Connor-Morris's violin concerto in A minor, the first of the two unfamiliar works, had previously been played, we fancy, out of London. The young composer, it is said, aimed at writing a concerto that would not present obstacles to its performance with a small orchestra supporting the soloist, and no doubt his work fulfils that condition, while at the same time lending itself to effective treatment by larger body of players. But perhaps a point of greater importance lies in the fact that the work makes pleasant hearing because of the apparent spontaneity of much of its subject-matter, its freedom from labored elaboration, and its employment of an idiom which, though not that expressed by composers who only think in terms, as it were, of tomorrow, is never trite. In the long-drawn theme of his slow movement the composer strikes a note of appealing lyricism, which was happily reflected in the playing of the solo part by Mr. Godfrey Ludlow, and if he seems to be a little wanting in a sense of climax, and not always quite sure of himself in his handling of the orchestra, there yet remains a very decided balance to the credit of a work refreshingly free throughout from modern affectations and excesses. Evidently, despite a none too finished performance, it made a capital impression, and Mr. O'Connor-Morris, who conducted it, shared with his soloist the audience's tributes. Francesco Santoliquido's symphonic sketch, "Il Profumo delle Oasi Sahariane," which followed the native work, introduced us to an Italian composer whose name has yet to become familiar here. The work, quite a slight one, typifies no national characteristics, for the simple reason, presumably, that the composer drew his inspiration from the east, where, it appears, he has been living. But even the influences of days passed among the Arabs of a Tunisian village have not enabled him in this "sketch" to say anything manifestly fresh or characteristic in the exploitation of music of an oriental complexion. Consequently the work created an impression that was agreeable rather than arresting. Miss Virginia Perry and Mr. Ben Davies were the singers at this concert.—London Daily Telegraph.

Mr. Gerrard Williams's "Pot-Pourri" (a Cycle of Fragments), for orchestra, was written originally for piano in 1918-1919. A second hearing of this confirms its essential delicacy as pure music, and its essential weakness as a composition. The composer really set himself an impossible task in this, and he need not be disappointed if he fails to convince us in his differentiation between lavender and thyme or between roses and lilies-of-the-valley. Even on his own plane of fancy he somehow fails to make any recognizable sensuous contrasts that might grip the imagination. On the same evening we had a revival of Richard Strauss's "Dance of the Seven Veils," from "Salome," and of Stravinsky's "L'Oiseau de Feu," both showing—and the latter particularly—the passage of time.—London Daily Telegraph.

On Tuesday, Oct. 11, was produced at the Prom. not only a new native work, but a—to London—new native composer. The work, an orchestral poem, entitl "An Impression on a Windy Day," is by Dr. Malcolm Sargent, but the "Dr." does not mean that he e we have a

academic exercise. Very far from it, in point of fact, for his music is as breezy as a day with the hounds at Melton Mowbray, at the parish church of which Dr. Sargent is the organist. An organist himself—he is, by the way, also a pianist and a pupil of Moiseiwitch—the son of an organist (of the parish church at Stamford), he worked as student under the late Dr. Keeton at Peterborough. Yet, in spite of dogmatics and organs, his music is as free and direct, as effortless in expression and as spontaneous as could be desired. The fact that Dr. Sargent is, to outward view (as) conducted the performance, as he will conduct two further performances on Sunday in Queen's Hall, afternoon and evening), still quite young, easily explains certain influences that have exerted themselves on his mind when in the act of composing. And it is all to his credit that the primary influence is that of Elgar. The music, capitally played under the very alert direction of the composer, went so lightheartedly and with so much of sunshine that the composer was called and recalled, and undoubtedly will be heard of again.—London Daily Telegraph.

On Oct. 13, Arthur Bliss conducted his "Melee Fantasque" at a Promenade concert. "He gave us a new or hesitant proposition to consider. It is not a very profound one, nor is it in any way complicated; indeed, it is the very simplicity of it that makes one hesitate to express a definite opinion on a first hearing. The program book refers to this very 'abstract' one-movement composition as 'a mosaic of rhythms, an elaborate intermixture of a number of short, incisive themes.' Such, in truth, it is—an exposition in rhythm with melody very much in the background. It is the longest work of Mr. Bliss we know—and not really very long—and one could not help feeling that in this the young composer had reached a critical stage in his work. If he permits the attention of his audience to flag after arresting it completely and triumphantly, something, evidently, has not "come off." It would almost seem that Mr. Bliss's art cannot live by percussion alone, or the rhythmical plucking of strings."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Arlington Theatre, 3:30 P. M. Third concert of the People's Symphony Orchestra: Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Elena Gerhardt, mezzo-soprano. Beethoven, Mailied; Adelaide, Der Kuss; Vom Tode, Die Ihr Gotter aus der Natur; Carpenter, The Sleep That Flits on Baby's Eyes and When I Bring to You Colored Toys; Sharp, Japanese Death Song; Grainger, The Sprig of Thyme; E. J. Wolff, Fairy Tales; Frances Wyman, The Little Rain; Brahms, Unbewegte laue Luft; Blinde Kuh, In Stiller Nacht, Am Jungbrunnen Tag, Schwalbe sag mir an, Von ewige Liebe. Coenraad V. Bos, pianist.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Mary Biffin, soprano, assisted by Carl Webster, 'cellist, and Evelyn Caler, accompanist. Arias: Boito, L'Altra Notte from "Mefistofele" and Bel Raggio from "Semiramide." Songs: Rimsky-Korsakoff, Romance Orientale; Poldowski, Danseuse in Gigue; Borolin, Mighonne; Mazzone, Sogni e canti; Ronald, He Came and Sat by My Side, A Little Winding Road, Love I Have Won You. 'Cello pieces: Popper, Romanze; Dvorak, Indian Lament; Boccherini, Rondo; Haydn, Air and Variations; Strauss, Wiegenlied; Heberlein, Witches' Dance.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Howard Jocking, pianist. Couperin, Le Berceau Flottant; Bach, Bourree; MacDowell, Heroic Sonata (first movement); Ireland, The Island Spell; Malipiero, Passing Masks; Rachmaninoff, Prelude in G major; Mussorgsky, Gopak; Chopin, Barcarolle, Waltz in D-flat major, Mazurka in C major, Polonaise in A-flat major.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.—Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert; Mr. Monteux, conductor.

Nov 7 1921

Correspondents of The Herald have rushed to the aid of Mr. Aubrey B. Beidelman of Braintree, who wishes to find a book or books containing "The Wants of Man," by John Quincy Adams; "O bury me not in the deep, deep sea" and "No Sects in Heaven."

"The Wants of Man" is published in Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song," page 567 (New York, 1873). At the bottom of the verses are the words: "Washington, Aug. 31, 1841." For this information we are indebted to Mr. J. E. Bowman of New Ipswich, N. H., and Mr. Charles St. C. Wade of Taunton.

Miss Emily S. Nelson of Nashua, N. H., has a copy in pamphlet form printed by Ames Upton, Lowell, 1842. On the back cover, she writes, is the following information:

"This poem was printed at Washington in July, 1840, under the following circumstances:

"Gen. Ogle informed Mr. Adams that several young ladies in his district had requested him to obtain Mr. A's autograph for them. In accordance with this request, Mr. Adams wrote the following beautiful poem upon 'The Wants of Man,' each stanza upon a sheet of note paper. What American young lady would not set a precious value upon such an autograph from this illustrious statesman?"

"O bury me not in the deep, deep sea" ("The Ocean Burial"), words by Capt. W. H. Saunders, music by G. N. Allen, may be found in Fulton and Truehlood's "Choice Readings," published by Ginn & Wing of Auburn, Me., and Mr. George C. Wales of Boston. Mr. Wales writes: "In this connection do you know the cowboy version, 'Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,' printed with the music on page 3 of 'Cowboy Songs,' edited by John A. Lomax and published by Sturgis & Walton Company, New York, 1910? It is interesting to know that the two dying gentlemen had precisely similar feelings as to possible places of interment."

"No Sects in Heaven" was written by Mrs. Elizabeth H. Jocelyn Cleaveland, in 1860 according to one correspondent, who has taken the trouble to copy the 22 verses of 10 lines each. She writes that the copy was made from one "furnished by the author to the compiler of 'The Speaker's Garland,' Vol. 1, No. 2." Mr. Ebenezer L. Carr of Bridgewater writes that the verses may be found in S. S. Hamill's "New Science of Elocution" (Hunt and Eaton, New York; Cranston and Stowe, Cincinnati, 1889). Mr. Carr adds: "It is over 30 years ago since the Missouri country school I attended engaged Miss Betty Salton of St. Louis to teach its winter term. Miss Betty, wishing to vary the monotony of the reading, writing and arithmetic curriculum, introduced elocution. Hamill's was our textbook. 'Lasca' and 'Count Candespina's Standard' were two stirring Friday afternoon favorites. For 30 years I have been intending to find out who Toussaint L'Ouverture was. I was much impressed by an oration of that name by Wendell Phillips which was included in our 'Elocution.' Most of the pupils and the teacher were of Virginia and Kentucky stock. Probably for that reason Toussaint L'Ouverture was never assigned to a pupil or described by the teacher." Mr. Carr can easily find the story of Toussaint in any encyclopaedia.

For a copy of "No Sects in Heaven," we are also indebted to Mrs. Mary E. Tarbox of Fryeburg, Me., and L. F. Carr of Melrose. We thank other correspondents, who neglected to sign their names, for information and copies.

FOR A REMINDER

(Thomas Flatman)

Consider well, and every place
Offers a ready road to thy long home;
Sometimes with frowns, sometimes with smiling face,
Th' embassadors of Death do come.
By open force or secret ambuscade,
By unintelligible ways,
We end our anxious days,
And stock the large Plantations of the Dead.

CONCERNING FLATMAN

Who is this Flatman, one may well ask, for your ordinary anthology knows him not. Henley in his priceless "English Lyrics" includes Flatman's "Desperate Lover" and "O, the Sad Day." But the old poet's thoughts were not constantly on death. Here is a story about him told by Anthony Wood. "This person was in his younger days much against marriage, to the dislike of his father, and made a song describing the cumbrances with it, beginning thus:

'Like a dog with a bottle ty'd close to his tail,
Like a tory in a bog, or a thief in a jayle, etc.'

"But being afterwards smitten with a fair virgin, and more with her fortune, did espouse her, 26th November, 1672, whereupon his ingenious comrades did serenade him that night with the said song."

AN EMPTY COMPLIMENT

As the World Wags:

I was greatly flattered this morning by receiving a circular from a shoe-shop. "Men whose names you'd recognize—governors of states, legislators, the heads of vast businesses, famous jurists—leaders in every field buy shoes here.

"It would be a big satisfaction to us if we might add your name to the list of our regular patrons.

"We're accustomed to serving and pleasing men of your stamp."

Yes, I glowed with pride, until I came to the fatal word "buy." I surely thought I should be presented with shoes, or that at least I could obtain them at half-price. Of what avail, then, is an illustrious name, or to be classed with governors, legislators, captains of industry, glories of the bench?

Boston. HERKIMER JOHNSON.

FOR WOMEN ONLY

As the World Wags:

Having read Mr. James Quincy's illuminating remarks on bathroom literature particularly suitable for shavers, I am emboldened to ask if you don't think we girls should have a chance. In these days of equal rights why shouldn't we improve our spare moments as well as the men? Not that we would have the temerity to demand a brilliant "Shavian" library yet; but merely that we be granted our claim to something a trifle more delicate, something adapted to the boudoir, some worth-while volumes that might be absorbed while combing the hair or manicuring the fingernails.

Feeling sure that you, Mr. Editor, will recognize the justice of our position, I am taking the liberty of suggesting the following books as a nucleus for such a dressing-table collection.

1—Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Holy Dying (particularly valuable for peroxide blondes).

2—Ruskin's Modern Painters (a trifle out of date, but has some helpful hints).

3—The Tempest (for those who are obliged to hurry).

4—Burns's Poems (soothing after accidents with the curling iron).

5—Freckles, by Jean Stratton Porter (guaranteed to soften anything).

6—The Dear's Lair, by J. Fenimore Cooper.

7—Adam Bede (contains an excellent vocabulary for those whose string of pearls breaks at the last moment).

Boston. MAUD LYNNE.

KNOCKING THE BOSS
(The Woonsocket Call)

Our Kisses are the best,
Our Ice Cream the same,
For an expert has been making them
Since the Boss went to Maine.
A. E. WINCHENBACH'S

Selwyn Theatre. "Little Lord Fauntleroy, a film drama from the story by Frances Hodgson Burnett. First presentation in Boston. The cast:

Cedric, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Mary Pickford
Dearest, Cedric's mother.... Mary Pickford
The Earl of Dorincourt Claude Gillingwater
Havisham.....Joseph Dowling
Hobbs.....James Marcus
Mrs. McGinty.....Kate Price
Dick.....Fred Malatesta
Minna.....Rose Dione
Her son.....Frances Marion
The stranger.....Arthur Thelasso
Bevis.....Colin Kenny
The Rev. Mr. Mordaunt.....Emmet King
Mrs. Higgins.....Mme. de Bodanyere

Little Lord Fauntleroy has been the hero of countless children ever since the publication of the book in 1886. The heroes of one's childhood seldom tumble from their pedestals, even in later years; the glamor of one's own childhood, when they were first discovered, clings to them forever. For this reason the present picture will probably appeal to grown-ups as much as to the children who are now reading the book for the first time—if there are any children left who still read such simple stories. Miss Pickford deserves a vote of thanks from mothers for having produced a picture to which children may be taken without fear and trembling. And she deserves another vote of thanks from grown-ups for having transferred so beautifully a much-loved character from book to screen.

The story has been carefully followed, in all its essential details. The first scenes show Cedric and his mother, "Dearest," in their New York home. Here are seen all his "best friends," including Mr. Hobbs, the grocer; the apple woman, and the bootblack. The later scenes show the castle in England, to which Cedric and his mother go, after the former succeeds to his title.

The story, of course, need not be confined to any particular year. It might just as well be placed in 1920 as in 1885. Nevertheless, Miss Pickford has seen fit to use the costumes of 1885. It is very comforting to those of us who always thought of "Dearest" as a prototype of our own mother, to find her in the picture dressed as our own mother was dressed, when we first read the story. How awful it would have been if "Dearest" had appeared in 1921 clothes! Furthermore, there is a delightful attention to small details in the settings. With deep feeling we noticed the sign in Mr. Hobb's grocery store which read: "Eggs, 12 cents a dozen." And here again, is a grocery store, such as we knew in our childhood; one very different from the scientific shops of today. In Mr. Hobbs's store, the kerosene oil cans and the apples jostle each other in friendly fashion; the raisins and prunes and spices stand ready for the approach of a childish hand. When the scene shifts to England, the pictures of the villages, with their thatched roofed houses, and the gracious country-side, are very attractive.

Through the amazing versatility of the camera, Miss Pickford is able to play both Cedric and his mother. Indeed, in many scenes mother and child are clasped in each other's arms. It is so well done that the illusion is perfect. As the child, Miss Pickford is delightful; while nothing can obliterate her femininity entirely, she makes a very genuine and lovable little boy. Her playing of the mother is one of the best things she has ever done. Miss Pickford is, essentially, very womanly, and the part of "Dearest" is one ideally suited to her. In the quaint costume, she is very beautiful.

The supporting company is universally excellent. Mr. Gillingwater as the old Earl has not only the appearance, but has caught the spirit of the part. He seems to have stepped from the very pages of the book. Miss Price and Mr. Marcus as, respectively, the apple woman and the grocer, leave little to be desired. The accompanying music, including, as it does, "The Streets of Old New York" and "Annie Rooney," is appropriate and interesting.

THIRD CONCERT BY PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

Miss Lois Ewell, Soprano, Assists Orchestra

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its third concert of the season in the Arlington Theatre yesterday afternoon, Miss Lois Ewell, one of the prima donnas of the opera company at the theatre, being the assisting artist. The program:

Litolff—Overture, "Robespierre," Le Dernier Jour de la Terreur, op. 55.
Verdi—Aria, "O patria mia," from "Aida."
MISS EWELL.
Mozart—Symphony in G minor.
Macdowell—"To a Wild Rose."
Andrea—"Liebesgefleuster."
Svendsen—Episode, "Carnival in Paris," op. 9.

The long line of ticket buyers, extending around the corner into Tremont street, indicated the added interest in yesterday's concert on account of the opportunity to hear a bit of opera. Miss Ewell sang the aria "My Native Land," from "Aida," and some of her audiences heard it in their native tongue for the first time. Her lyric soprano, of agreeable timbre, was heard to better advantage in the encore, which, in response to repeated plaudits, she gave the "Love and Music" song from "Tosca," which, however, she sang in Italian.

Mr. Mollenhauer decorated the program with several exquisite trifles and performed a real public service in presenting an example of the almost forgotten art of civilized dance music in the lovely "Liebesgefleuster," in which the strings and woodwind distinguished themselves. The long continued applause evidenced the popular appreciation.

Nov 8. 1921

BIZET'S 'CARMEN'

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Bizet's "Carmen," performed by the San Carlo Opera company. Fortuno Gallo, director. Carlo Peroni, conductor.

Carmen.....Esther Ferrabini
Micaela.....Madeleine Keltie
Don Jose.....Romeo Boscacci
Escamillo.....Joseph Royer
Dancairo.....Joseph Tudisco
Remendado.....Natale Cervi
Zuniga.....Pietro De Biasi
Morales.....Nicola D'Amico
Frasquita.....Anita Klinova
Mercedes.....Frances Morosini

Mme. Ferrabini (Mrs. Jacchia) gave one of the most interesting and effective performances of Carmen that we have seen in the last 40 years. At the same opera house her Mimi was justly applauded when she sang as a guest with the Boston Opera Company. Last night she showed even greater skill as an actress and a dramatic singer.

Her impersonation differed widely from some portrayals of Bizet's gypsy on that stage and on the stage of the Boston Theatre. We have all seen Carmens that were at heart careless but good natured trollops; Carmens whose first mind apparently was to excite the sympathy and the laughter of the audience by the little joke on Don Jose; Carmens that made a desperate attempt to be vicious but deceived not even the least sophisticated; then there have been operetta Carmens; but Mme. Ferrabini revealed the sinister and tragic side of Carmen as no one has revealed it here except Mme. Tremelli, Mme. Calve during her first season before she was spoiled by her American adorers, and, strange as it may seem, Marie Tempest, whose voice did not allow the carrying out in full of her dramatic intentions.

A radiantly beautiful woman, Mme. Ferrabini at once and in the hackneyed entrance song, hinted at the tragic end to come. Her eloquent eyes, her facial expression, the few but significant gestures, her very walk, revealed the heartless woman, sensual by nature, but amorous only for the moment and through caprice. This conception was carried out inexorably, without the slightest exaggeration, without mannerisms, without a too direct appeal to the spectators. It would be a pleasure to describe certain details of an uncommonly intelligent impersonation, intelligent dramatically and vocally, but time and space forbid. She colored tones, she gave force and meaning to phrases, at the same time respecting the melodic lines and the rhythmic feeling. The expression of sensuousness, indifference, scorn, hate, was in each instance fascinating and compelling. She was the Carmen of the librettists plus the woman immortalized by Prosper Merimee.

The performance of other members of the company, less distinguished, was generally satisfactory. Miss Keltie was a pretty Micaela, with a voice at times agreeable, at times without body and true quality. Mr. Boscacci sang the song in the second act with genuine feeling, and in other scenes showed fire and taste. The vulgar song of Escamillo—a song that Bizet himself de-

bised—always makes its way, no matter who sings it. Last night the bullfighter was Mr. Royer, who paid not the slightest attention to Bizet's directions, but roared through the song like any bull of Bashan, if not a Spanish bull. Great was his reward. He was obliged to repeat his ditty. Mr. Tudiseo, as Donealro, acted and sang the part admirably, without the clowning which too often disfigures the quintet, the finest musical pages in the opera. Mr. De Blasi's sonorous voice gave authority to Zuniga; Mr. d'Amico was a far better Morales than is often seen.

The chorus had been carefully trained. The cigarette girls' chorus was especially effective, but the ensemble throughout was, as a rule, more than creditable. The orchestra was ably conducted. The stage settings were rather garish. The performance should have begun at eight, and been over by eleven. There was a large and very applausive audience. The opera tonight will be Puccini's "Boheme." The singers announced are Mmes. Saroya and Keltie; Messrs. Agostini, Marr, de Blasi, Cervi, and d'Amico. Mr. Knoch will conduct.

Interest in bathroom literature is unabated. The Herald receives daily suggestions, serious and, we regret to say jocose. Some of our correspondents would have only short stories. Did not Catulle Mendes publish a collection of tales entitled "For Reading in the Bath"? The Rev. Jabez Graves writes zealously in behalf of a calendar with a text, short homily and a verse of a hymn for each day. Mr. Eugene Golightly recommends a novel by that distinguished Hungarian novelist, Hunyadi Janos. Mr. Adams of Amherst, N. H., writes an important letter.

BOOK SHELVES FOR THE BATH

As the World Wags:

It was gratifying and encouraging to learn that the response to the question of Mr. Palfrey J. Grimes as to what books should be on the bathroom shelf has been widespread and suggestive, demonstrating as it does that even a nation of newspaper readers, such as we are said to be, may persist in wonted habit only for lack of something better.

Two groups of titles have been proposed. Mr. Quincy's literary friend submits a list of books relating to the process of shaving. To it should be added Stevenson's "St. Ives" if only for the soliloquy of the Cheerful Extravagant upon the subject. "I take the deadly razor in my vacillating grasp; I proceed to skate upon the marg'n of eternity. Stimulating thought! I bleed perhaps, but with medicable wounds," and so on, the ultimate expression on the art. Better still, have the entire passage painted in gothic letters on deckled brown cardboard and framed in simple style to hang above the shelf. That would save space on the shelf, and though St. Ives had many close shaves in his adventuring the book is not as a whole tonsorial.

Your other correspondent suggests a series of depressing works on sudden death from bathing. Should not the Saturday Night Thoughts of your esteemed contemporary, the Transcript, be added to this list? Would not a framed copy of September Morn hung beside the Stevenson quotation above the shelf serve to show the brighter side of cleanliness?

But before the literary and artistic problem of the enterprise is undertaken it would seem that the architectural preliminaries should be disposed of. Is the shelf to be a five-foot shelf like Dr. Eliot's boiled-down education, or shall it be longer or shorter than that? By such determination the fittest alone shall survive the peppermint test. I therefore propose that the five-foot length be adopted and one foot be dedicated to each of five fundamental functions to which the bathroom is devoted. Shaving and bathing sections we will assume are complete. As to the remaining three, the brushing of the teeth, if in situ, or the purification of the plate, if removable, should be given space. Then the matter of the gurgling gargle and the various phases of spraying. Subjects germane to these functions should be at hand.

Already we see that a five-foot shelf will be none too long, for, if the proposed headings be adopted, there is but one linear foot remaining. Yet the line of standardization must be drawn somewhere, even though it leads to the valley of decision as to what secret process shall the remaining foot of space be dedicated to best serve the general welfare and stimulate to high endeavor. Perhaps a plebiscite as in Poland, conducted through your column, would best decide this vital matter.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

UNDER A BUSH

As the World Wags:

Apropos of bathroom literature. I saw a display of books in the window of a Boston shop last summer. The display was entitled: "Diet and Health with a Key to the Calories." This title was doubtless inspired by another volume of world-wide circulation; but to use an overworked term, the combination of words was "intriguing," and might divert the minds of worthy souls who seek improvement while in the bath.

Many friends join with me in seeking light from the Sage of Clamport on this subject: The gooseberry bush theory of generation. Mr. E. F. Benson in "Dodo Wonders" writes: "He (the small boy) had learned the exciting news that the keeper's wife had given birth to twins. This led to questions on the obstruse subject of generation which appalled the housemaid. Dodo adhered to the gooseberry bush theory and would not budge from her position."

PATIENCE PEACOCK.

Cambridge.

Your question is easily answered. We need not disturb Mr. Herkimer Johnson in his sociological researches. For years inquisitive children have been told that babies were brought to households by storks, or were found under cabbages or gooseberry bushes. Today the knowledge of children puts their grandparents to confusion.

ED.

TYPE "HOWLERS"

As the World Wags:

It is unfair to charge all typographical errors against the linotype. Movable type has been equally guilty. Mr. Cook's "staggering" Miss Newcombe is simply mild compared with a "bull" which crept into a Massachusetts state document some years ago. It appeared in one of the introductory pages of "Health, Lunacy and Charity," a volume, if I remember correctly, of several hundred pages.

Explanatory of the reference mark which had been affixed to the names of several worthy medical gentlemen who had served the state well and faithfully and finally had "gone to their long home"—the movable type made the footnote read "diseased" instead of "deceased." Several hundred copies had been delivered at the State House before the error was discovered.

Roxbury. R. J. C.

TO ERR IS HUMAN

As the World Wags:

No doubt many people share with "Dogberry" the impression that Horace Greeley originated the expression, "The way to resume is to resume," but did he? Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" attributes the sentence "The way to resumption is to resume" to Salmon P. Chase in a letter written by him to Horace Greeley, March 17, 1866.

Winthrop. A. C. A.

ALL FOR ART

Anna Pavlowa, now dancing in New York, told a reporter that American audiences had learned to discriminate. "They approve with assurance of an artist and turn away from one who is only a money-seeking performer."

This is amusing, in view of the wretched performances recently given by her in Symphony Hall.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"Mary Rose," a play in three acts, by J. M. Barrie. First performance in Boston. The cast:

Mrs. Otery	Bertha Ballenger
Harry	Tom Nesbitt
Mr. Morland	Frederick Lloyd
Mrs. Morland	Winifred Fraser
Rev. George Amy	A. S. Homewood
Mary Rose	Ruth Chatterton
Simon Blake	Tom Nesbitt
Cameron	Guy Buckley

Mankind likes to hope that somewhere there is a place where mortals never grow old. A Scotch legend has it that in the Outer Hebrides there is an island, called by its Gaelic name, which means "The Island That Likes to Be Visited." On this island one never grows old. It is around this legend that Barrie has written "Mary Rose." Mary Rose twice in her life disappears from the world that knows her. She goes to the spirits of the Island, and she never grows old. But—and here is the sad part—she comes back, after her second disappearance, 25 years later, to find the world and the people she loved 25 years older while she has remained young. The play might well be termed a tragedy. It is, perhaps, tragic to grow old, but much more tragic to remain young, when everyone else has gone along with the years.

Space limitations, and the fact that the story of play is best unfolded through the action on the stage, demands that we leave further details for those who will see the play. Suffice it to say that "Mary Rose" is a true Barrie fantasy; a story utterly impossible from a practical point of view; infinitely delicate and moving as a fairy tale. It has much of Barrie's peculiar philosophy, which always holds so much of truth. On Mary Rose's last visit back to the world she knew, she is restless, searching for her little baby, who long since has grown to be a man. He says: "There's worse things than finding what you're looking for; it's finding it, so different from what you thought." At the end, Mary Rose goes back to her island; as she passes, a star shoots from the heavens. The audience may, or may not, take it from this that Mary Rose has at last found rest.

Barrie always has the gift of leaving something to the imagination of his audience. In "Mary Rose" he leaves a good deal; perhaps a little too much. We do not clamor for a happy ending, but an ending which leaves one a little less "up in the air" may be sighed for. It is a fascinating play; it provides restlessness. It gives one little to reason about, but much to remember.

Miss Chatterton, in the part of Mary Rose, has the most ambitious role of her career. She has come a long way from "Come Out of the Kitchen." She handles an extremely difficult part with true artistry; she makes her way surely and deftly through situations which would be ruined in less skilful hands.

She is, at last, a very accomplished young actress. Mr. Nesbitt, in the dual part of husband and son, shares honors with her. He makes both characters live, without overemphasizing either. Every other member of the company adds his particular bit to make a rarely excellent and memorable performance. Mr. Homewood as the clergyman is particularly delightful.

'BABE' RUTH'S ACT A

"Babe" Ruth, "The King of Swat," assisted by Wellington Cross and Dean Moore, in a comedy sketch, "That's Good," by Thomas J. Gray, is the big feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week.

No doubt many went to the theatre with the idea of seeing the greatest walloper in the history of baseball exploited; that his appearance would merely turn out to be an "exhibition." In this estimate they were entirely mistaken, for the act turned out to be not only interesting but uproariously funny; this was chiefly due to the work of that amiable and likable comedian, Wellington Cross, who kept the speed of the performance sizzling.

The introduction depicts the trying out of the big baseball star for a vaudeville engagement. Cross induces him to sing, and Babe takes his turn at a couple of verses with commendable success—from the standpoint of a comedian—with the handicap of a bad cold.

The best feature of the act is the burlesque scene of mental telepathy in which Cross passes among the audience, and Babe, blindfolded, snaps out the answers to the twoscore or more questions put to him with accuracy and neatness. At the end of the act the big fellow made a modest speech of thanks.

Other acts on the bill were Margaret Young, in comedy songs; Eddie Buzzell and company, in a clever sketch, as cleverly acted; Shannon and Rose, in a dancing act that pleased in its light touch and buoyancy; Jack McLallen and May Carson, in a novel act of comedy, dance and roller skating; Weber, Beck and Frazer, in a singing number; Paul and Pauline, in an aerial performance, and Anita Diaz's monkeys, in a comedy act.

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Love Letter," a musical play in three acts, suggested by Franz Molnar's play, "The Wolf," recently given on the American stage as "The Phantom Rival"; libretto by William LeBaron, music by Victor Jacobi; produced by Charles Dillingham and staged by Edward Royce; William Daly conducted.

Michael	Townsend Ahern
Julien	Henry White
Eugene Bernard	Charles Judels
Countess Irma	Marjorie Gateson
Miriam Charlot	Carolyn Thomson
Madame Charlot	Besse Franklin
Richard Kolnar	Fred Astaire
Aline Moray	Adele Astaire
Philip Delmar	John Charles Thomas

Those busy theatre-goers who take their cues for directions by the electric signs in front of the theatre may well have fancied that in witnessing the entertainment at the Tremont last evening they would find a one-part, one-man show to sit through. This fancy might have fed upon recollections of Mr. Thomas's appearance here almost one year ago, in the Kreisler-Jacobi operetta, "Apple Blossoms," in which this sturdy chorister with the wonder-voice, quite by force of vocalization, aided and abetted by an extraordinary demonstration of self-esteem, or eagerness to please even to satiety, one could not quite tell which, carried off such honors as presented themselves, despite the efforts of Miss Wilda Bennett and Percival Knight to the contrary. Then Mr. Thomas was sole singer, sole comedian, willy-nilly.

Last evening was something else again. Mr. Thomas was a power among the male voices, disclosing their mediocrity by dint of his own brilliant vocalism. He was possibly less stagey than had been anticipated, indeed plastic and at ease in his assumption of the various roles of warrior, diplomat, operatic virtuoso, or man-servant, as Miriam sees and hears Philip in her exalted dream. But he was not "the whole show." Not, for a hundred good reasons. Which brings the discussion straight to Mr. Dillingham's door.

This debonair man of the theatre, who has given the American stage several splendid offerings of worth and substance, has never done a finer thing than "The Love Letter." Of the four scenes in the operetta, three are beautiful beyond description. Each of these three requires a full depth of stage, the restaurant, with its two massive side walls, each almost covered by fantastically wrought tapestry paintings; the dream hall, with soft, filmy side draperies of light gray, four immense gilded figures of the dance, and nine steps at the rear leading up to a group of parti-colored figures typical of the muse of melody; the canopied ball room in the Countess Irma's home, most striking because done simply in white, set off by black checked figures, and all of most exquisite coloring. The costumes, invariably of lightest, softest texture, likewise softly brilliant as to color. These were Mr. Dillingham's gifts.

Then the music. Few will dispute that Jacobi's numbers in "Apple Blossoms" possessed more of popular charm than those of his artist-collaborator. In "The Love Letter," this same Jacobi is always in his happiest mood. There are in the 20 numbers at least six that will be whistled about town at once. Irving Berlin could not accomplish more. And from overture to cotillion, the orchestration is that of a master of many instruments, not of one. It is a score rich in melody, skilfully varied, never commonplace. Mr. LeBaron's verses are neater than his dialogue. The latter, especially in the lines for Mr. Judels, that finished Gallic comedian, frequently leave that worthy entertainer floundering in embarrassing helplessness.

The cast is of exceptional fitness and aptitude. Miss Thompson, girlish, unaffected, sang well, but acted better. In fact, her part was rather slighted in the allotment of musical numbers. Miss Gatoson, last seen here in a musical comedy of the Latin quarter in Paris, in which she wore a hideous black wig and portrayed a rather sexless character, was a revelation last evening. Her duo with Mr. Judels, "Scandal Town," revealed her as gifted in lightly humorous and satiric touch.

The Astaires, Fred and Adele, always dependable, carried a large part of the entertainment in their nimble limbs. Now gracefully sedate, now furiously cavorting, ever with abrupt change of pace and with increasing novelty of rhythm and posture as the performance developed, they deserved all and more of the plaudits bestowed on them. The "Upside Down" dance was a gem.

The audience obviously was of rare first-night distinction. Boston's music patrons were there, and among them several artists of more than local eminence. One, these many years retired from stellar roles in grand opera, was heard to sum up the talents of John Charles Thomas very succinctly. "He should be in opera," she exclaimed. And this is true. Any singer who can sing the "Canzonetta" number in the third act of "The Love Letter" as Mr. Thomas sang it last evening, should not dawdle too long over the "Little Girls, Good-bye" of an "Apple Blossoms," or the sentimental ballads which he adorns and embellishes in his present vehicle.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Three Faces East," a play in prologue and three acts, by Anthony Paul Kelly. The cast:

Kugler	Seth A. Arnold
Col. Von Ritter	A. Sandeen
Captain Luchow	Joseph Dietz
Fraulein Helen	Leona Powers
George Bennett	Mark Kent
Capt. Arthur Bennett	Ralph Remley
Valdar	Frank Charlton
Thompson	Harold R. Chase
Mrs. George Bennett	Florence Roberts
Dorothy	Myrtle Clark
Miss Risdon	Viola Roach
Yeats	Walter Gilbert
Hewlett	W. H. MacDougal
Brixton	Benjamin Hadfield
Lieut. Frank Bennett	Aubrey Bosworth
Frances Hawtree	Leona Powers

To whatever extent the photoplay has disfranchised the melodrama from the legitimate stage its effect has been clearly evaded by the author of "Three Faces East." Here indeed is a melodrama, having all the thrills and heart-throbs of the old "saw mill scenes," yet with the consistency of plot detail and dramatic finish which make it readily accepted by a sophisticated audience.

The actors last night succeeded in conquering the common difficulties of producing melodrama; they guarded well against overdoing their thrills yet never erred on the side of pseudo-intellectual restraint. Miss Powers, appearing first as an agent of the Kaiser, and then as an operative of Scotland Yard, portrayed excellently the character of a woman who knows her way in the world and is not to be defeated by any member of either sex. Mr. Charlton, as the treacherous butler, achieved marked success in the role which is the central male figure of the story. Plenty of humor was furnished by Mr. Remley, who appeared as the swagger young officer of King George's army. Mr. Gilbert stood out from the other characters as a cool, calculating intelligence chief.

AT THE MAJESTIC

Everything which belongs on the old-fashioned regulation vaudeville stage is on the bill at the Majestic Theatre this week. Singing, talking, dancing, jug-

gling, saxaphone playing and all the rest of it.

Walter Weems, billed as the "southern humorist," was one of the features of the show. He has a sombre expression, almost melancholy, but what he can do to a saxaphone is enough to make any one laugh. His lines are bright.

Alexandra Carlisle in a little sketch was amusing. She tried vamping on a sophisticated New Yorker. Her wiles failed to charm the victim, but they did charm the audience.

Lucy Gillett and Company opened the show with an exhibition of juggling. Everything from a potted palm to a chair is tossed into the air—and caught. "Go Get 'Em Rogers" followed. "Three Chums" at the club sang, talked and danced.

Charles Aldrich, in impersonations, was pleasing. He changed characters with remarkable speed. Lillian Fitzgerald sang characters songs. She is easy to watch and easier to listen to. Her accompanist, Billy Griffiths, deserves much credit.

La Sylphe, in a series of wild dances, made a decided hit. Her company supported her well. But even without any elaborate setting her weird contortions would have been impressive.

Chuck Callahan and Bobby Bliss were funny in dances of bygone days. Maria Lo, in Porcelains, closed the show.

COPLEY THEATRE—"A Woman of No Importance," comedy in four acts by Oscar Wilde. A revival. The cast:

Lady Caroline Pontefract.....May Ediss
Miss Hester Worsley.....Catherine Willard
Sir John Pontefract.....Nicholas Joy
Lady Hunstanton.....Evangeline Hilliard
Gerald Arbuthnot.....Clifford Turner
Mrs. Allonby.....Winifred Durie
Lady Stutfield.....Katherine Standing
Mr. Kelvil, M. P.....Walter Kingsford
Lord Illingworth.....Moffat Johnston
Lord Alfred Rufford.....E. E. Clive
Francis.....Lionel Pape
Lady Grey.....Helen Arlington
Mrs. Arbuthnot.....Deirdre Doyle
The Ven. Archdeacon Daubeny, D. D.
.....Percy Foster
Farquhar.....Paul Hansell
Alice.....Margaret Pitt

After some weeks of experimentation and desirable wandering in fields both new and old, the Copley Players returned last night to familiar play and playwright. One is tempted to ponder whether even particular audiences of the Copley may not sometime tire of the facilely cynical Wilde and his conversational peregrinations. It is not wise to underline "reportory" with too heavy a pen.

"A Woman of No Importance" is chiefly remarkable for being a vehicle to display Oscar Wilde's love for audacious disregard of all the recognized principles of dramatic writing. It is a play which must always be delivered with the crispness of electricity. This the Copley Players were not able to accomplish last night because they were not at all sure of their lines. But despite this handicap they were for the most part in their element.

The outstanding bit of acting is easily contributed by Miss Ediss. She was every inch Lady Caroline, even to the emphatic jerks of facetious knitting needles. She is a fitting addition to any repertory company. E. E. Clive, too, in his familiar and much to be desired role of a low comedy member of the English gentry, secured much effect in a very minor part. The most important parts were handled creditably by Moffat Johnston and Deirdre Doyle, although the former did not possess the air distinguee so necessary to Lord Ellingworth. The strange and altogether mystifyingly innocent son was realistically portrayed by Clifford Turner.

A certain labored air was given to the conversational parts of the play by Miss Hilliard, who found difficulty with Lady Hunstanton. In justice to her one must say that she was woefully miscast.

This week the Copley Players have set their play with unusual distinction, but they have not been able to get away from the cluttered appearance, which they are wont to affect. Slight brushing up on lines and "business" will bring the current attraction up to the Copley standard.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"Two Little Girls in Blue," a musical comedy in three acts, presented by A. L. Erlanger.

Dolly Sartoris.....Madeline Fairbanks
Polly Sartoris.....Marion Fairbanks
Robert Barker.....Jack Squire
Jerry Lloyd.....Donald Carroll
Morgan Atwell.....Jack Donahue
Harriette Neville.....Emma Janvier
Ninon La Fleur.....Yra Jeane
Capt. Morrow.....George E. Mack
[illegible]d of the Mist.....Vanda Hoff
[illegible]enta.....Vanda Hoff
[illegible]Re.....Vanda Hoff
[illegible] Bird.....Elinor Neal

[illegible]olly and Dolly, the Fairbanks twins, [illegible]ced and sang and smiled themselves [illegible]raight back into the hearts of a crowd [illegible]f enthusiastic admirers, who filled the Colonial last night to welcome them back to Boston.

They were, as ever, the double stars of this bright, tuneful and eminently pleasing musical play, and the comic situations due to their dual identity kept the piece in vigorous action right up to the final spectacle.

Jack Donahue—a Charlestown lad by the way—is a new figure in the company. Comedian, contortionist and general cut-up, he scored a bullseye with his antics. Miss Vanda Hoff's dances were as graceful as ever. The chorus was a regular beauty show, the costumes and stage settings rich and handsome, the music catchy, the jokes good. What more could anyone ask?

"AIDA" AT ARLINGTON

At the Arlington Theatre Verdi's great opera, "Aida," was given last night. It will be repeated there every night this week, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. The company has been greatly augmented. The triumphal scene was excellently done and the chorus and ballet showed the results of the systematic training. Miss Lois Ewell, who sang the title role, was in fine voice. Amneris was sung by Stella DeMette. Sharing the honors with these two artists were the Amonasro of Stanley Deacon and the singing of the high priest by Herbert Waterous. Dean Hanscomb sang Rhadames. He has a good voice but an awkward stage presence. It is a stupendous undertaking, this presenting of the great operas in English at popular prices, and the excellent work done at the Arlington Theatre shows sincerity and high ideals as well as practical experience.

Nov 9 1921

'LA BOHEME'

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "La Boheme" performed by the San Carlo Opera Company, Fortune Gallo, director; Ernesto Knoch, conductor.

Mimi.....Bianca Saroya
Rudolfo.....Giuseppe Agostini
Musetta.....Madeleine Keltie
Marcel.....Graham Marr
Colline.....Pietro De Biasi
Shaunard.....Nicola D'Amico
Benoit.....Natale Cervi
Alcindoro.....Natale Cervi

Just as certain critics and musicians of the ultra-modern French school sneer at "Carmen," so certain Parisian critics, M. Pierre Lalo at the head, deplore the fact that the public delights in Puccini's "La Boheme." Mr. Lalo wishes to know why Murger's romance attracted Puccini, also Leoncavallo; why they could find inspiration in this shabby tale of painters who never paint, poets who never write, all loafing and carousing and bilking their creditors while their Mimis and Musettes either work or obtain money by other means. Thus M. Lalo is unjust toward Murger. Some years ago The Colline of the romance died in Paris, a highly respected and sedate old judge. Ten to one he never regretted his brave days of 21, when in the garret Lisette stretched her shawl across the window, as in Beranger's charming verses, which Thackeray translated con amore.

If Puccini will give pleasure to audiences 50 years from now—and the life of a very popular opera is often short—it will probably be by his "Boheme," for in it he is young, enthusiastic, sentimental, and above all honest not relying, as in his later operas, on theatrical effects. We fear that M. Lalo has forgotten his youth, or never was young; that he has no sense of humor, for surely Schaunard in Murger's book is amusing. To us Mimi is nearer and dearer than your exalted operatic heroines, the Valkyrie, Aida, Isolde and even the young woman who disturbed the peace of three kings.

And "La Boheme" holds the attention even when it has been seen repeatedly; nor does it fail to interest even when the performance is not of the highest order, according to the payroll and the price demanded for seats.

Miss Saroya, not a stranger in Boston, was an amiable Mimi, not too naive, not too sophisticated, neither commonplace nor epical. She gave pleasure by her singing and her discreet acting without stirring emotion. One might say that she gave a generally satisfactory performance without a strongly marked characterization.

Miss Keltie was restless and vivacious enough, petulant and shrewish enough; in fact her voice was too often shrewish; shrill, with an edge to it. Her song in the second act was taken so slow that there was little sense of melodic continuity.

As for the men, they gave a strenuous performance. Mr. Agostini, when he did not tear passion to tatters so that his tones turned white, sang feelingly and well. Moderation, dear man; moderation. It is not necessary to put so high a value on stentorian upper tones in order to gain true effects. In lighter lyric moments his voice and diction were agreeable and effective. Mr. Marr has a good voice which he did not abuse. The sonorous bass of Mr. De Biasi was well suited to Colline's music, and the other parts were adequately taken. The bustle and confusion of the second act were sufficiently represented.

Mr. Knoch, the conductor, indulging himself in various exhausting calisthenic exercises, nevertheless gave a lively and emotional reading of the score.

The performance was warmly appreciated by a large audience. If applause is to be reckoned with. Again many were pleased by seeing and hearing the consumptive Mimi—consumptive in the libretto, but not last night to the eye—singing for 20 minutes or more in the open air on a bitterly cold snowy morning and by hearing Colline's solemn farewell to his beloved coat, while he should have rushed out at once in search of medicine for the dying Mimi.

The opera this afternoon will be "Faust," with Mmes. Keltie, Paggi and Messrs. Agostini, Royer and De Biasi. This evening the opera will be "Rigoletto" with Mmes. Lucchere and Paggi and Messrs. Boscacci, Royer, De Biasi.

Nov 10 1921

We are informed by the music critics of New York that many stood at the Biltmore last week when Miss Geraldine Farrar, about to sing, entered the room wearing Turkish trousers.

In this Miss Farrar was not original. Miss Eva Gauthier, singing of exotic songs, by her oriental trousers once startled smug Bostonians in Jordan Hall, startled them so that, gasping for breath, they were unable to rise from their seats.

Wearing trousers, Miss Farrar was eminently wise, as all those who saw her as Mignon in the costume of a boy will testify.

THEN AS NOW

(John Webster's preface to his tragedy, "The White Devil," 1612.)

"I have noted, most of the people that come to that playhouse resemble those ignorant asses who, visiting stationers' shops, their use is not to inquire for good books, but new books."

ONE ON SHAW

The London Times, reviewing a performance of Mr. Shaw's "Heartbreak House," found Capt. Shotover an amusing sage with a philosophy not to be sneezed at. "One remark of this sage, by the way, is significant. He says he cannot keep up a continuous train of thought. Is this a bit of self-revelation on the part of Mr. Shaw the playwright?"

MR. BAYNES TO GOV. BAXTER

As the World Wags:

The Hon. Percival F. Baxter, Governor of Maine, has recently given wide publicity to a letter which he wrote to me on Oct. 13, expressing his views on vivisection. Gov. Baxter is the only person of any standing whatever who has written in opposition to my article, "The Truth About Vivisection," which appeared in the July number of the Woman's Home Companion. Solely because of his position I reply to him.

I respect a sincere opinion on any subject, but, in order to be of any value, the opinion must have a reasonable foundation. Gov. Baxter does not inform me that he has any first-hand knowledge of vivisection, but quotes as his guide and philosopher the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, the most notorious anti-vivisectionist leader outside of New York. If Gov. Baxter had read the testimony of the Hon. Stephen Coleridge before the English Royal Commission on Vivisection he would have found this man's own admission of the facts that he broke the law and told falsehoods.

If Gov. Baxter had inquired at the British Museum he might have learned how "Hon." Stephen Coleridge deliberately tricked the librarian who had done him a favor.

If Gov. Baxter had carried his investigations a little farther he might have discovered that the man he quotes did not always succeed in evading the law. One day he read a book on vivisection entitled "The Shambles of Science," written by two hysterical women anti-vivisectionists who had attacked the good name of Prof. Bayliss, an English physiologist. "Hon." Stephen Coleridge, being no better judge of guides and philosophers than Gov. Baxter himself, went on the platform and named Prof. Bayliss as the perpetrator of the cruelties cited in the book. The fine imposed for this slander was $10,000 and the costs brought the little bill up to about $25,000.

Even among anti-vivisection leaders Gov. Baxter might have found someone better to follow than a confessed lawbreaker and a convicted slanderer, no matter how lofty the sentiments professed by such a man.

In passing it may be worth while to note that "Hon." Stephen Coleridge is one of the honorary vice-presidents of the New England Anti-Vivisection Society, and the author of "literature" issued by the New York Anti-Vivisection Society.

More information concerning "Hon." Stephen Coleridge will be furnished on request to Hon. Percival F. Baxter, Governor of Maine.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

Boston.

O, THE SAD DAY

(Thomas Flatman)

O, the sad day!
When friends shall shake their heads and say
Of miserable me:
"Hark, how he groans!
Look, how he pants for breath!
See how he struggles with the pangs of death!"
When they shall say of these dear eyes:
"How hollow, O, how dim they be!
Mark how his breast doth rise and swell
Against his potent enemy!"
When some old friend shall step to my bedside,
Touch my chill face, and thence shall gently slide,
But, when his next companions say:
"How does he do? What hopes?" shall turn away,
Answering only, with a lift-up hand:
"Who can his fate withstand?"
Then shall a gasp or two do more
Than e'er my rhetoric could before:
Persuade the world to trouble me no more—
Persuade the world to trouble me no more.

FAST CLIPPERS

As the World Wags:

Replying to Mr. Witherspoon's inquiry regarding the speed of clippers, it may be said that the smartest of them rarely attained 18 knots, and then only in bursts of speed not long sustained. The famous Flying Cloud, thought by some to be the fastest clipper, logged better than 18 knots during squalls off Cape Horn on a record-breaking voyage to San Francisco. The British clipper Lightning, designed and built by our own great Donald McKay is credited with what is probably the greatest flight of speed performed by wind alone; while "running her easting down," she reported 21 knots for a short time.

It is said that the greatest day's run by a British tea clipper was the record of the Thermopylae when she sailed 363 nautical miles. This vessel, taking her by and large, is quite generally considered by Britishers as their greatest clipper. Capt. Low of the N. B. Palmer reported a day's run of 396, which it would seem were statute miles, but perhaps not. But the Flying Cloud definitely ran 374 nautical miles in 24 corrected hours; that is, with an allowance made for the change of longitude.

So it will be seen that to exceed 300 miles in a day's run was exceptional, and to exceed 400 miles was phenomenal.

GERSHOM BRADFORD.

Duxbury.

As the World Wags:

I have a record of the clipper ship Sovereign of the Sea, built by Donald McKay at East Boston in the fifties and said to have been the fastest sailer in the world. For 10 consecutive days while on a voyage from Honolulu to New York she averaged 314 knots—32 days on the voyage. Again she covered 6245 miles in 22 days, an average of 234 knots. On a run from lat. 49 lon. 50 on the Grand Banks she made Cape Clear, a distance of 1668 miles, in 135 hours, an average of 12¾ knots per hour. These are remarkable records. It is very doubtful if any ship with sail alone ever logged 500 miles in 24 hours.

East Lynn. CAPT. MARTIN GALE.

It will be remembered that Mr. Hergesheimer in his "Java Head" speaks of a clipper ship making the run from Bombay to Liverpool in 24 days, and from Madeira to Colombo, a matter of 1100 nautical miles, in 20 days. Mr. Witherspoon does not believe that any sailer logged "500 nautical miles a day for 20 days in succession."—Ed.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Rigoletto," performed by the San Carlo Opera Company, Frank Gallo, director; Knoch conductor.

Duke of Mantua.....Romeo Boscacci
Rigoletto.....Joseph Royer
Gilda.....Josephine Lucchese
Sparafucile.....Piedro de Biasi
Maddalena.....Ada Paggi
Monteterone.....Natale Cervi
Conte di Ceprano.....Antonio Canova
Contessa di Ceprano.....Frances Morosini
Borsa.....Joseph Tudisco
A Page.....Anita Klinova

GIVE "FAUST"

San Carlo Opera Company Artists in Afternoon Performance

In the afternoon the opera was "Faust." The singers were Mmes. Keltie, Paggi and Klinova; Messrs Agostini, D'Amico, De Biasi, Mr. Knock conducted. There was an audience of fair size.

Thrice familiar as "Faust" is, any performance leads the confirmed operagoer to reminiscences and comparisons. Some remember how an audience was shocked when Pauline Lucca appeared as a black-haired Marguerite, as many objected to Fechter's superb impersonation of Hamlet, because he represented the Dane as a blond. Think of the women that havve played the heroine even in recent years, from Emma Calve to Fritzi Scheff. Columns could be written about various portrayals of Mephistopheles. There would be little, however to say about the Fausts. Gounoud's Faust is only a walking gentleman, at the best, who happens to be a tenor. Martha—one thinks at once of the faithful, indefatigable Bauermeister. As for Valentin, he has the interpolated song that Gounod wrote for Santley in London; and after the duel he dies—usually, hard.

One would like to see the scenes that were dropped from the original version

the opera; Wagner and Siebel in Hist's study, with a trio in the first ; a duet between Marguerito and lentin as the latter goes to the war; lentin's couplets on returning, etc. interesting account of this original rsion was published in Paris nine ars ago.

The salient feature of the performce yesterday were the Valentin of . D'Amico and the playing of the hestra. Valentin made a picturque, not to say splendid soldierly pearance on the stage, and acted and ng effectively. Mr. Agostini, as in her roles, was spasmodically fervent. lighting in boisterous open upper ies. Miss Keltie was a pretty and rill-voiced Marguerite, conventional action, as was the Mephistopheles of r. DeBiasi with the sonorious voice. iss Paggi was an excellent and most tractive Siebel, vocally and dramatically.

Nov 11 1921

VERDI OPERA

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" performed by he San Carlo Opera Company. Fortune Gallo, director; Ernesto Knoch, conuctor.

Donna Leonora ..... Bianca Saroya
Don Alvaro ..... Gaetano Tommasini
Marchese di Calatrava ..... Natale Cervi
Don Carlos di Vargas ..... Joseph Royer
Preziosilla ..... Ada Paggi
Padre Guardiano ..... Pietro De Biasi
Fra Melitone ..... Natale Cervi
Curra ..... Anita Klinova
Mastro Trabuco ..... Joseph Tudisco

What possessed Verdi to set music to his dismal libretto? Perhaps he hought that as he had triumphed with "Il Trovatore," based on a Spanish melodrama, this Spanish tragedy produced at Madrid would serve him in like manner. No wonder that the opera met with little success at Petrograd when it was produced there nearly 60 years ago; that it of late years is known chiefly through one or two records for the gramaphone. It is far inferior to "Il Trovatore," "Traviata," "Rigoletto," melodically and dramatically. Yet to the student of Italian opera it has a certain interest, for while the music is for the most part conventional and oresome, yet there are occasional hints at the Verdi of "Aida" and "Otello," as in the passage for strings early in the hotch-potch of an overture. It is possible that singers of the very first rank, trained in the Italian manner of the 50's and the early 60's, might put life into the music, or at least give it a semblance of vitality; but even when the characters, once supposed to be wildly romantic, would not make any appeal to the spectator, nor would the wholesale slaughter at the end—like that in a tragedy by Webster Marston or Tourneur—wring his heart.

The performance last night gave one fair idea of the nature of this opera that disappeared for many years from American theatres. Miss Saroya went bravely through her trying part, one written for a dramatic soprano of indomitable purpose and never-wearying voice. She sang effectively the heroic measures and when there was opportunity for rhetorical phrasing she showed taste. Mr. Tommasini has ringing upper tones which he produced easily to the great joy of the audience. When these were not noted by the composer, Mr. Tommassini's impersonation, if impersonation is the word, was not a striking one; at the best, respectable in a cut and dried manner. Mr. Royer made little impression as the sanguinary Don Carlos, who was chasing over the countries of Europe the man that did not slay Don Alvaro. Mr. De Biasi's sonorous bass was evidently given him for the operatic priesthood.

Miss Paggi by her rich, well-trained voice and her unaffected vivacity dispelled the thick gloom while she was on the stage in the second act. For Preziosilla Verdi music had some character. Mr. Cervi's voice also gave pleasure.

Too often when these characters in Verdi's opera were laboriously at work—for to sing this music must be a task—one remembered the legend of a man who once found his way into the gallery of the House of Lords. Having watched the proceedings for half an hour, he exclaimed in a clear, bell-like voice: "Will not the gent in the chair oblige with a comic song?"

The opera tonight will be "Aida." Mmes. Rappold and Frascani; Messrs. Tommasini, Viviano, Cervi and De Biasi.

MARY BIFFIN, SOPRANO, IS HEARD IN CONCERT

Carl Webster, 'Cellist, and Evelyn Caler, Pianist, Assist

Mary Biffin, soprano, assisted by Carl Webster, 'cellist, and Evelyn Caler, pianist, gave a concert in Jordan Hall last night. Miss Biffin's selections were Marguerite's prison song from Boito's opera, and "Bei Raggio," from "Semiramide," and these songs: Rimsky-Korsakoff, Romance Orientale; Poldowski, Dansons la Gigue; Borodin, Mignonne; Mazzore, Sogni e Canti; Ronald, He Came and Sat by My Side, A Little Winding Road and Love I Have Won You. Violoncello pieces: Popper, Romanze; Dvorak, Indian Lament; Cocherinc, Ronda; Haydn, Air and Variations; Strauss, Wiegenlied; Heberlein, Witches Dance.

Miss Biffin and Mr. Webster are conscientious and efficient musicians, rather than inspired. Technical proficiency is, of course, essential in an artist, but there must be something more, a glimmer at least, of the "divine spark," in order to create or express music. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that Miss Biffin, whose voice, though well trained and controlled, is lacking in warmth and color, should have chosen such songs as those by the Russian composers—songs which fairly burn and ache with life and feeling.

This growing propensity on the part of concert singers to include songs by the Russians in their programs is all well enough; it is a splendid thing for the music-loving public to become better acquainted with this music—fascinating music, half of the east, and half of the west—but every one cannot do justice to it. More than most music, perhaps, it takes the soul behind the voice to express it.

The group of English songs by Landon Ronald were a happier selection by Miss Biffin. Marguerite's song from "Mephistophele" was well done.

THE YOUTH WITH STRONG ARMS

(Written for The Boston Herald by Edward Yerxa)

Strong youth amidst the eternal seas
With eyes uplifted to the sun
That shines on Arctic snow and palm,
On primal fabric ages spun.

Born of the Old World's fecund womb,
The mother's son had left her fire,
Far from the pomp of courts and kings
To found the Land of Youth's empire.

Lo, now the beating pulse of Time
Has girded thews like smelted steel—
America, in every hour
Forget not this in woe or weal.

Your legions, too, are come from far,
The vestal rays still flash the sea—
White flames from out the Lamp of God
Lit at the door of destiny.

They make you great, these voyagers,
They stand at dawn to pledge the day,
They light for you the nightshift fires,
For you they give their youth away.

Master of leagues of wandering fields,
The cities' lamps glow o'er the land,
By oak and pine your head is crowned,
The shield of faith is in your hand.

Then guard the symboled high ideal,
The link that binds the sons of earth,
The crucifix of war is hung
With visions of the larger worth.

Strong Youth with arms extended far,
Large heart that beats for all men free,
Great Soul that sees beyond our ken
The hope of these and days to be.

Marshal Foch, upon sailing for this country, referred to America as the "Land of Youth." E. Y.

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

Some of our correspondents are still curious about the origin of Worcestershire sauce and other sauces. We publish a few letters today. Thanking our correspondents for their courtesy and wondering at their wealth of information, we now dismiss the subject.

SAUCES AGAIN

As the World Wags:

After a week's absence, during which I did not see the Boston papers, I have found your verdict establishing the Earl of Coventry is the inventor of Worcestershire sauce. Although this point is thus permanently settled, I take the liberty of making some comments incited by the letters to you already published:

1—The sauce bearing the signature of Lazenby is Harvey's sauce, which is described on the bottle as "Lazenby's Harvey's Sauce." The label further reads, "E. Lazenby & Son of the original warehouse No. 6 Edward street, Portman square, now called 92 Wigmore street." In determining the antiquity of Harvey's sauce, one of your English correspondents might ascertain and report when the name of Edward street was changed to Wigmore street.

2—As to the national origin of the sauce (whether Harveys or Worcestershire is the parent sauce) I confidently assert that the same did not originate in France. The French cook, referred to by D. B. E., must have learned the receipt in England, and merely passed it along to the English family. I make this assertion on two grounds, viz.: that I do not think anybody ever saw Worcestershire sauce in a French restaurant (unless possibly in some such restaurant frequented by Americans and English) and that this sauce is in its character entirely opposite to the character of French sauces.

3—V. F. brings up the question of walnuts entering into the composition of Worcestershire sauce. Possibly this sauce and walnut catsup and pickled walnuts are all entirely distinct emanations from the same walnut base, but I have an idea that pickled walnuts are one of the earliest forms of pickles ever used. Any countryman could make them by merely soaking walnuts in vinegar, and nothing would be simpler or more likely, it seems to me, than for somebody to find the idea of using the left-over juice as a sauce either with or without adding some additional ingredient.

4—As for India as the place of origin of Worcestershire sauce (H. P. H.'s letter), if Lord Soudes brought the receipt from India I confidently assert that he only brought it back; the character of this sauce, apart from the question of green walnuts, being obviously foreign to the character of India sauces.

RAPITO.

Boston.

LOCAL COLOR

As the World Wags:

In answer to the letter signed "V F." of Winthrop, regarding the composition of Lea and Perrin's Worcestershire Sauce, I would say that possibly the juice of walnuts is used to a limited extent in the sauce. Walnuts are scarce and expensive in England, so it would be possible to use only a very small proportion of the juice in the sauce. I say in answer to "B. B. E" of Malden that I think without doubt Lea and Perrin's sauce is still made in Worcester, England, on the Shrub Hill Road, where they have had for many years large works for making it. I think also that Cross and Blackwell only wholesale it, as does also the firm, E. Lazenby of London.

S. T. C.

Newton Centre.

Nov 12 1921

"A POEM OF YOUTH" BY YALE COMPOSER

By PHILIP HALE

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Sibelius, Symphony, D major, No. 2; D. S. Smith, "A Poem of Youth" (first performance); Tschaikowsky, Violin Concerto (Ferenc Vecsey, violinist); Liszt, "Mazeppa," Symphonic Poem, No. 6.

Before the symphony, "The Star Spangled Banner" was played as was eminently fit and proper. Is it fantastical to think that the symphony itself, with its wails and groans of anguish, its sullen gloom alternating with shouts of triumph, was singularly appropriate on Armistice day? Is it not at all probable that the composer had war or rumors of war in mind when he composed this music? Mr. Paul Rosenfeld, who writes about certain modern composers as if he had summered and wintered with them and been through them with a dark lantern, finds this symphony of a "pastoral" nature, full of "home sounds, of cattle." The music reveals a "pale evanescent sunlight," and through the music sounds "the burden of a lowly tragedy." This is entertaining reading, to be sure, but to be charged with these impressions, Mr. Rosenfeld must have heard a tea-table performance of the symphony. There is almost continually the tragic note in the music, but the tragedy is hardly "lowly."

This music is extremely northern, at times bleak and wind-swept. Arresting and impressive music; and lo, suddenly, Sibelius drops into Tschaikowskian mood, and even speaks the self-torturing Russian's speech. Yet Sibelius is generally in the foreground and his speech is generally his own. It is when he would touch the heart of the public that Tschaikowsky pushes him aside. There is much of interest in the symphony besides the peculiar aesthetic and racial quality; there are qualities of the orchestration that hold the attention and excite admiration, as the long pizzicato figure for the double basses. The performance yesterday was eloquent; rugged yet euphonious, sturdy, melancholy, exultant.

Mr. Smith is now dean of Yale School of Music. He has written much; "A Poem of Youth" bears the opus number, op. 47; yet his name appeared yesterday for the first time on a Boston Symphony Orchestra program. Mr. Monteux has been very hospitable to American composers. Mr. Smith has now his turn. His purpose was to express the "good humor and buoyancy" of youth. Too many young composers here and in Europe would not be light-hearted in music lest they should be taken for frivolous or insufficiently equipped musicians. They demand a huge orchestra and set to work, as it was said that John Ford, the old dramatist, set, in doleful dumps. Mr. Smith's "Poem of Youth" is cheerful enough, while the music is sounding, but the only definite impression left after it is all over is that certain figures and a certain spirit remind one of pages by Richard Strauss—as a prominent figure for violins in the first section. The middle section is the most pleasing portion of the poem, the most individual, and it is the most clearly orchestrated. Too much of the music is thick, or scrappy.

Mr. Vecsey played for the first time in Boston since he came here early in 1905, and gave three concerts as a youthful prodigy. He then showed great promise. Now he is a mature and experienced violinist. His technical proficiency is of a very high degree; his tone is full and agreeable; his phrasing is musical and effective, although he was inclined to over-work portamento in the singing of melodic figures. Undoubtedly a fine violinist, honest, not given to extravagant display. Yesterday emotional quality was not conspicuous. He will soon give a recital, and judgment concerning this all-important element should be deferred, for Tschaikowsky's concerto is not a work by which a violinist should stand or fall.

Liszt's "Mazeppa" brought a brilliant end to a concert that, lasting over two hours, was far too long.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concert next week is as follows: Cherubini, Overture to "Anacreon"; Haydn, Symphony in E flat major (B. and H. No. 1), Rachmaninoff, "The Island of the Dead"; Ravel, "Daybreak, Pantomime, and General Dance" from "Dalphnis and Chloe."

Mr. Punch on Oct. 26 took Mr. George Frisbie Whicher of Amherst College across his knee and spanked him soundly and deservedly for his slighting remark in his "History of American Literature" about Artemus Ward. After this duty had been performed Mr. Punch spanked with undiminished fury Mr. Nathaniel Wright Stephenson of Charleston for a similar slight paid Mr. Punch's old contributor. And Mr. Punch, after giving an account of Artemus's connection with the weekly paper and of the last days of the humorist and philosopher in England, ended by declaring that he is "a stanch believer in the genius of Artemus Ward," in spite of all the learned professors.

CONCERNING INITIALS

As the World Wags:

Someone writes to the sainted Atlantic this month about a clergyman who was accustomed to sign his letters, "Yours in the faith of O. B. L.," and adds that it puzzled him for a long time to know what was meant. The editor of the Atlantic confesses that he was puzzled for a long time, too. Perhaps others can see it at a glance. My Italian neighbor, the well known Mr. Benjamin Trovato, opines that it is easier to explicate than if he had said B. V. D.; but it points the way to a little discussion of clerical peculiarities and of the terrible propensity of our British cousins to use initials for all sorts of expressions.

The satirical Mr. Strachey refers in his account of Cardinal Manning to the fact that at one stage of the tractarian movement it was common for clergymen to date their letters "in festo S. Car," or by Latinized reference to other saints' days—which prompted a sarcastic low-church bishop to date his correspondence "The Palace, Washing day," etc. Probably every one who has handled manuscript sermons has noted the tendency of the hurried ecclesiastic to refer to the Saviour, not as O. B. L., but as X. I once, in my cub reporting days, innocently inquired of a dominie if this was an algebraic expression indicating that Athenian altar mentioned by the blessed St. Paul as existing in the agora, "to the unknown God"; but he enlightened me by saying it wasn't an X but a Greek Chi, the recognized symbol in such case made and provided, and that he employed it to save labor. Some people still are guilty of "Xmas."

In Punch there was recently a jest which none but the British can understand, which that O. B. L. suggests. Two old codgers are seated at a table, drinking (I am glad to say) ale. One says to the other, "Wot's this they're sayin' about the squire?" The other replies, "'E's O. B. E., 'e be." The other retorts, "Oh, be 'e?" I don't know what it means—but vaguely I get the point. I am well used to this feeling when reading foreign humorous papers. Jests in La Vie Parisienne, Le Journal Amusant and (in former days) in Fliegende Blaetter, somehow elude me at the critical word. But it's the first time it has ever happened in Punch. What is O. B. E.? Is it something indelicate? Something like A. W. O. L.?

Signor Trovato, before alluded to, tells me that this passion for oral shorthand has led another cleric of his acquaintance to make extended prayers in initial form. "Lord bless the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A. the W. C. T. U., the A.

E. F, the YD, the S. P. C. T. A., the B. U.," etc., etc This I suspect to be an exaggeration, but it might happen. At all events the war emphasized the tendency to make letters imply a whole lot. How familiar we once were with G. H. Q., C. O., S. O. S., N. C. O., V. A. D., and the like! With practice the average Briton seems to be able to understand a language which is practically nothing but initials—carrying the symbols in his head, like a chemist. Maybe they catch it from the King, who signs himself George I. and R., or something else that looks like the name of a railroad but isn't.

Meantime the exacting cleric with whom this screed started is easily distanced for artistry in concluding his letters by the average polite Spaniard, who commonly ends with a literary panorama something like "s.s.v.q.b.s.p."—it's really longer than that when you are being especially polite, and it means, I think, "Your humble servant who kisses your feet." It means in other words just about as much as "Yr.Obt.Svt." or "Very truly yours," at the end of a letter in which you have just relieved your mind to some one you don't like. But, as Mr. Roosevelt once remarked at a cabinet meeting when he was criticised for addressing some foreign potentate (then out of favor) in the usual terms of amity, "I can't begin this letter 'You Son of a Gun!'"

B.m.v.r.y., PHINEAS REDUX.
Foster's Turnout.

OUR TRAVELERS' CLUB

As the World Wags:

Once I passed Elizabeth Lazenby's (or, possibly, it was Cross & Blackwell) in London. My companion talked of pickles and sauces. He told me that the ingredients of Worcestershire sauce were not known—or, rather, the combination of ingredients. He informed me of something I have always doubted, and, maybe, he was spoofing, but in my memory remains his statement that one of the elements of Worcestershire sauce was beef liver. He remarked that whole acres (or was it yards) of livers might be observed drying in the sun and they made some sort of essence from the result.

The livers were somewhat "high," but as I knew something of the German processes for manufacturing Limburger cheese and the like, the Englishman's story seemed credible.

At any rate, I state facts fully realizing the flood of derisive snorts some of the old-timers of your column will exhaust. LANSING R. ROBINSON.
Boston.

GUNS

As the World Wags.

The popular use of "gun" for pistol or revolver (as in the expressions "gunman" and "toting a gun") has at best a certain picturesqueness. Looseness of terminology regarding firearms is, as you have noted, no new thing. The journals kept at the first siege of Louisburg by Dudley Bradstreet of Groton and Benjamin Stearns of Bolton, whose diary is more or less a copy of that of his comrade in arms, record: "Capt. Rouse Came into Louisbourg and brought 2 Bum Morters and 250 Cannon" (Bradstreet's Diary). The late Dr. Samuel A. Green, commenting on this "incredible statement," conjectures that by cannon the diarist perhaps meant guns or muskets. "This expression among the soldiers may have been slang for guns much in the same way as in modern times pistols are called guns." J. C. L. C.
Lancaster.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Aida," opera in four acts, by Verdi. The cast:

Aida.....Marie Rappold
Amneris.....Nina Frascani
Radames.....Gaetano Tommasini
Amonasro.....Gaetano Viviani
Ramfis.....Pietro Di Biasi
King of Egypt.....Natale Cervi
A messenger.....Joseph Tudisco
Priestess.....Anita Klinova

The San Carlo Opera Company last night gave a magnificent performance of Verdi's great opera. It may be counted on always to produce a large audience. It combines to an extraordinary degree artistic distinction with popular appeal. Last night was no exception to the rule. An audience which filled the Opera House was enthusiastic and applauded vociferously. True, it is hardly necessary to interrupt the action, after each aria, as if the singer were on a concert stage, but it is pleasant, nevertheless, to see and hear a cheering audience in the Opera House once more.

Marie Rappold sang the part of Aida brilliantly and dramatically. Her splendid colorful voice has seldom been heard to better advantage than in the part last night. Her Aida is a noble, even though pathetic, figure.

Mr. Tommasini, although in excellent voice, considering his arduous performance on Thursday evening, is a shade too restrained and stilted for the passionate Radames. Mr. Viviani as Amonasro, the heart-broken father, sang and acted with distinction Possessed of a musical, expressive voice, he is also an actor of no small ability. His scenes with Miss Rappold were effective and touching.

Miss Frascani was an acceptable Amneris, perhaps little too much given to conventional gestures. The other members of the cast were uniformly capable. It is hardly necessary, by this time, to add that the chorus sings unusually well, and is carefully trained. In fact, the San Carlo Company is distinguished by an admirable efficiency; there are no long waits between the acts; no untoward incidents disturb the tout-ensemble. To be sure, the beards which adorned the respective faces of the temple priests, were a little too comic for a tragic opera—one waited in fear and trembling for the high priest to break into a buck and wing to the music of "Turkey in the Straw"—but then, such trifles may happen in the best regulated opera companies.

Miss Francesca Braggiotti, very beautiful to look at, danced with charm and skill in the corps de ballet. The opera this afternoon will be "Madama Butterfly," and tonight, "Il Trovatore."

W 13 '921

Lord Byron is the hero of a new play to be produced at a West-End theatre in London. He will be portrayed "as a man of 35—he died, it will be remembered, just a year later—still in full command of his intellectual powers, albeit showing traces of the heavy drain made upon his constitution by his own excesses." Sir John Hobhouse and the Countess Guiccioli are among the other characters.

Clemence Dane's new play, "Will Shakespeare," was in rehearsal at the Shaftesbury, London, last month. Philip Merivale, known in Boston as an actor and a dramatist, will play Shakespeare; Haidee Wright, also known here, will take the part of Queen Elizabeth. Mary Fitton, is identified by the author of the play with the Dark Lady of the Sonnets. Christopher Marlowe, Henslowe, Shakespeare's first manager and Ann Hathaway's mother (Mary Rorke), are among the other characters.

Robert Loraine has been selected for Deburau in Sacha Guitry's play in London.

"Welcome Stranger," produced at the Lyric Theatre, London, led the Times to remark: "It is perhaps a little difficult to distinguish those American Jewish comedians one from another. There was the actor who made a mark as Perlmutter, and here is Mr. Harry Green, and there is a certain similarity between them, at any rate to the casual eye. No doubt an expert in Hebraic types could discover points of difference. The fact is, it is the part itself, the comic Jew, that seems on the American stage to have become a stock figure. He grimaces, he is imperturbably cheerful, he is ebullient and explosive, he talks a queer lingo, and though his manners are a little uncouth, his heart is in the right place. The object of 'Welcome Stranger' apparently, is to exhibit this familiar figure in circumstances that shall secure for him all our sympathy. He is persecuted by a group of 'prominent citizens' in a little American town, who suffer from Anti-Semite fever, and by sheer good nature and indomitable spirit he emerges from the struggle the most prominent citizen of the lot. All the interest of the play centres in this queer Hebraic figure, and Mr. Harry Green has to fill the stage, which he very competently does. He will greatly amuse all who find comic Jewish types amusing. Apart from his performance, there is nothing in the play that calls for mention."

Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" was removed on Oct. 24 from the Lyceum Theatre to the Scala Theatre, Charlotte street West. "This," said Mr. Paul Kay to a representative of the Press Association, "was the only patriotic and business-like thing to do. I believe the play to be as much a necessity to the English people as the bread they eat." It is at the instance of Mr. Kay, an American who attended the play by chance, that it is to be kept alive.

There are to be three Hamlets in Paris this winter: Gemier, Max and Georges Pitoeff.

Elizabeth, daughter of the late H. B. Irving will appear for the first time for the screen in the version of Charlotte Bronte's "Shirley" now preparing.

It is a matter for serious doubt whether the performances of Indian plays which the Union of East and West arrange from time to time are really worth the pains and the money expended on them. Experience of these productions shows increasingly that we do not get in the English version anything of the quality which makes them to be acclaimed on all hands as literary masterpieces in their original tongue. That "Malati and Madhava," written by Bhavabhuti in the eighth century, really deserves to be called the "Hindu Romeo and Juliet" we are not in a position to deny. But we are entitled to say very positively that the English translation of the play has no right to be mentioned in the same breath with Shakespeare's work. There are certain similarities in plot, but then dozens of cheap magazine stories have been written on the same theme. The plot matters little—the language much. And Bhavabhuti's presumably beautiful language is served up to us in halting blank verse quite devoid of poetry. Imagine Shakespeare making a character resolve to "expatiate on the merits" of Romeo to Juliet! That is the kind of thing we get quite unashamedly put before us as a fair translation of a poet whose work has lived for centuries. Unless a more worthy version than this can be obtained, it is really little use to engage a distinguished cast of actors and hope for the best; the worst is quite certain to happen. "Trial by Luck," by Rabindranath Tagore, which preceded the longer piece at Saturday's performance at the Wigmore Hall, is a simple little fairy tale on the Christopher Sly model. The Goddess of Luck makes a princess's grumbling servant herself a princess, and so teaches her that nobility of nature and the reverse depend on character and not on position; then the servant, in humbled mood, finds herself once more a servant. The little play has enjoyable moments; but it would be better still in story form.—London Daily Telegraph, Oct. 24.

The Playgoers' Club of London has passed a resolution favoring the abolition of queues at theatres and music-halls. There was question as to whether queues at theatres should be abolished in favor of a system of advanced booking. Mr. Gillespie, a manager, favored advanced booking. "He had tried to think of every point of view, except, perhaps, that of the 'flapper' who admired an actor and wanted to boast she waited eight hours to see him. The cost of advanced booking was trifling compared with its advantages. Of course, there might be a limitation of seats compared with the days when they engaged professional packers. It was not his experience that if people could book all seats, they would book the cheaper seats. Advanced booking eliminated the rush they saw between the two houses. In these rushes he had seen women ill-treated in the rough scramble of youths trying to secure the best seats. In 1910, before he adopted the system of booking to all parts, 31 per cent. of his takings was in advanced booking, and in 1920 it was 73 per cent."

Feodor Chaliapin

Feodor Chaliapin, the Russian basso who is known in Petrograd and Moscow as the "First People's Artist" and who has returned here for a concert tour after an absence of 14 years, is probably the best envoy Russia could send to the United States at the present time. He avoids all questions about the soviet regime, declaring his independence of politics, Czarist or Bolshevist, and asserting that he comes as a private citizen and artist to renew acquaintance with America.

Chaliapin's troublesome name, by the way, is pronounced "Shal-ya-pin," accenting the second syllable.

Surprised and aroused to a friendly interest by the appearance of an interviewer speaking his native tongue, who had heard him in many of his best parts in Petrograd, the big Russian singer talked of his desire to present to American hearers some of the best of the Russian songs which have not been much heard here. He plans to include in his programs many selections from Russian song composers, from Glinka and Glazunoff and Balakireff to Rachmaninoff and other contemporaries.

On the operatic stage Chaliapin is one of the few perfectly satisfying figures. He has a lyric basso which he uses with the ease and flexibility of Caruso's tenor, and it is conceded that if he had not been a singer of first rank he might have been an actor of unusual quality. He stands well over 6 feet in height and is of the typical powerful Slavic physique—bull-necked, blond-haired and blue-eyed. As Czar Boris in "Boris Godunoff," or as Méfistofele, he makes a memorable picture. His singing in concert is equally dramatic and satisfying.

In England, Chaliapin sang in London, Birmingham, Sheffield and Liverpool under the auspices of the Royal British Russian Famine Relief Society. After his concert tour, his manager said, he may appear a few times in operatic roles before returning to Russia in December. He is director of the Mariensky Opera House in Petrograd and is now on leave of absence for about four months.

Asked whether he intended to include Russian folk songs for which he is famous in his own country as well as for his singing of the works of classical composers and opera roles, Chaliapin said:

"Well, most of the Russian folk songs are chorus pieces, you know—at least in the refrains. One likes to have people join in with him, as they do in Russia. It seems a little strange, singing them to a foreign audience knowing nothing of the development and significance of the free expression of feeling of the Russian peasants in their songs. But if there were enough interest and it could be arranged with a lecturer perhaps to tell something about the history and meaning of the songs, I might do it.

"I plan mainly, though, to sing the selections from well known composers which I like best, especially Russian composers."—N. Y. Evening Post.

Various Notes About Music and Musicians

One day, a score of years ago, I took to that witty letter-writer, Charles Lecocq, a packet of letters written by him to his great friend Nuitter, dating from the time when "La Fille de Mme. Angot" was still in the making. He read them, and tow large tears dimmed the thick glass of his spectacles—for this laughter-maker was also sensitive to a degree. "Yes, yes," he murmured. "I was doubtful then of success. In spite of the liveliness of the writing, I did not give birth to it with joy. My cat was seriously ill! * * *" When I heard once again at the Gaite-Lyrique the lively work of the prince of French operetta—of which Offenbach was the king—I remembered this incident, and also the fear that Lecocq had of criticism. For "La Fille de Mme. Angot" was in its time a real novelty, and the press of that day was even more severe than at present on innovators. But the musician was rewarded with a triumph. The work, become unalterable, is still very much alive.—Martial Teneo.

Arnold Bax's "Tinfagel" was produced by Dan Godfrey at Bournemouth (Eng.) last month. It met with great success and was described as "a work of real beauty and great power. It should be very successful in London, if properly rehearsed, as it was in Bournemouth."

Hugo Felix has composed the music for "Pomander Walk," turned into a musical play.

Ninety-eight solo performers, players and singers took part in the successful season, the 27th of the Promenade concerts in London, which ended on Oct. 22.

Tcherepnin's piano concerto, played wiht consummate skill by M. Moiseiwitsch, was the only work which stood apart from the rest of the scheme, and it is the sort of thing we shall have to endure so long as audiences insist on regarding solo performance as an end in itself instead of as just one means of making music.—London Times.

Miss Monica Scott (Amneris) keeps a perpetual waver in the voice, in case there should be any passion in the words and she had not noticed it, and holds her hands in the attitude we see in shop windows betokening a general and unceasing ecstacy over the position in which she is placed, so that if by chance she ought to have been expressing emotion it shall be obvious that she has expressed it.—London Times.

That excellent pianist Magdeleine Du Carp was harshly criticized when she gave her first recital in London, and the critics wondered at the praise bestowed on her in this city. She gave her second recital on Oct. 19. The Daily Telegraph's review was as follows: "It does not often fall to the critic to correct a first impression or modify a point of view within the space of seven days. Yet this strange thing has happened to the present writer, who attended, a week ago, the first and, on Wednesday, the second of Miss Magdeleine Du Carp's three piano recitals at Wigmore Hall. One of the most unpleasant things that may be suggested of any pianist's performance is that the sustaining (or 'loud') pedal has been misused. The pianist who will abuse that indispensable piece of mechanism is no musician. We all know that. Last week it seemed that this young and so obviously talented French pianist committed the unforgivable sin without any show of repentance right through a fine program. On Wednesday the story was entirely different. The immortal Prelude and Fugue in C major of Bach's 'Well-Tempered Clavichord' was played in such a way that 'the old peruque' might well have blushed with pride, while Couperin's 'Le Moucheron' and 'La tendre Nanette' and other pieces of the period were articulated in delightful fashion. On the modern side Miss Du Carp had chosen the 'Carnaval'—played with much sensitiveness, though too slowly in several places, the waltz meteres especially—some Glazounow, Balakirew, and so on. The trouble with the 'loud pedal' had completely disappeared. And the explanation that the strings of the instrument used a week ago would not 'damp' properly seems a sound one. A new instrument made a very great difference."

"Polish Blood," an opera by Oskar Nedbal, the Bohemian composer, conductor and quartet player, will be produced in London.

"Madame Butterfly" has not lost its hold on the general public, nor is it likely to do so as long as melody, even of the most sugary kind, continues to appeal to the human ear. We have to admit the fact, even though we may be annoyed with Puccini's tecnique, which subjects the material to a treatment often trivial and fussy, though we may object to many an effect, dramatic and musical, and may dislike the story of the opera. "Madame Butterfly" can be given effectively enough by English singers, in spite of its wholly Italian style, if they do not try to make their singing sound like that of Italian artists.—London Times.

It is impossible in the present circumstances to stage opera with the same lavish luxury that is being expended on the most wretched of musical comedies. If the time should come when opera and musical comedy get their due, it will then be seen that

e latter needs a good stage setting, n deserves it.—London Daily Telegraph.

uddigore" was revived at the cess Theatre, London, on Oct. 24. operetta had not been heard in on since its first season at the y, which was in 1887.

e Carl Rosa season at the Covent den is a reminder of the late Mr. merstein's prediction of that thea- future as a result of the rivalry of palatial London Opera House he h Kingsway. Just before the r was opened the American im- ario explained that he had refused have anything to do with any one had sung at Covent Garden. That atre, he added, was doomed. "I un- stand," he said, "that when the pres- lease expires it is intended to make n annex of the fruit and vegetable ket. That is an excellent idea." was wrong. His palace of opera is a cinema house, and grand opera ikely to be heard at Covent Garden after most people have forgotten t the Kingsway picture theatre was inally intended for.—London Daily onicle.

efore an audience that filled Wig- e Hall, Mr. Rosenthal gave the sec- of his series of seven historical tals. In these days, when so many our clever young optimists are in mood to consider Beethoven a back nber, it is reassuring to find that a ital program containing naught but musty sonatas can grip a present- audience from the first phrase to last. But then not every pianist is Moriz Rosenthal, and amongst the latest there are few who have his ture and his intellectual vision. Al- ugh we know him to be one of the atest living players of Liszt—with om as a younger man he had worked ne of the exceedingly few who un- stand Liszt, yet on Saturday he yed Beethoven as though his music s the only music in which his soul oiced. To many listeners it must ve been a great comfort to realize t the personality of this great artist s strong enough to prevent (without y sort of suggestion) the unpleasant bit of applauding between the move- nts.—London Daily Telegraph.

r. Sturgis Writes Concerning e Ownership of Films

the Editor of The Boston Herald:

here is much discussion today, pro d con, as to censorship of the movies, d from personal observation the iter feels that censorship is not only sirable, but essential. It is a long ne since he has been to a movie thea- , but on the last occasion the play corded good material for the censor. concerned a bank robbery, hold-up, ght and pursuit of the villain, who ally, by an ingenious chain of inci- nts, was converted into a hero, envi- le, and to be desired in the eyes of e small boy in the audience of recep- e, impressionable age, but quite the verse to the eye and in the judgment his more discriminating elder. Crime d unwholesome motive are too often e foundation of the movie film. The andard of public taste is not high, the ore's the pity, and the audience craves citement, often most unwholesome! he moral welfare of the small boy is ndangered by such stuff. A play where rime is committed cleverly is in the es of a young and susceptible boy ften glorified, and he sits entranced nd spellbound by the deeds of the ero! The boy regards this glorified ighwayman as a hero indeed. He is tirred to take him as a model, buys a stol, if he can, to enact this enviable le in his own little improvised melo- rama, and presto! Accidentally his tle brother, impersonating the victim the villain, is shot, perhaps fatally! He did not know it was loaded!" We ay well ask if the law is to be allowed feed this sort of cheap stuff to small ys at a critical period of their life hen they are only too ready to ass'mi- te anything which makes its appeal? ovies have infinite possibilities for od, both in spontaneous, clean and holesome fun, and from the educa- onal point of view as well.

Among the former, reversed films are een extremely funny. The writer re- lls a steeple chase, where after mov- g across the screen normally, the film s reversed, giving a very funny re- t of the horses running backward top speed and jumping hurdles hind s first. Another was of a man diving m a pier, and then climbing a ladder the pier to repeat the dive. The re- rsed film was killingly funny in effect. e diver walked slowly and with dig- y down the ladder, disappeared adually and demurely below the wa- , and in a moment was shot up at htning speed, feet foremost onto the r to repeat this dive. From an edu- ional point of view many things are de interesting pictorially which would dry reading, and more apt to be re- ined in memory if the eye, rather than e ear, is appealed to. The field of ucation by the screen is limitless, but amusement be the end in view let be clean, wholesome amusement; but the public craves unwholesome, sug- stive stuff, to call it by a mild name, entice it to the theatres, then it is gh time that a crusade of education ould be entered upon by movie man- ers, voluntarily if it may be, by cen- rship if it must be, to raise the public standard. First and before all else, the moral effect on growing boys should be considered, and dirty, criminal stuff and unwholesome appeal driven from the movie theatres by censorship.

Boston. F. S. STURGIS.

New Orchestral Work Brought Out in London

Mr. Coates, at a concert of the London Symphony Orchestra on Nov. 23, conducted Szymanoffsky's "Song of the Night." The Times said of it: "The 'Song of the Night' is what is commonly known as a symphonic poem; it is for an exceptionally large orchestra—triple wind, and the rest in proportion; it takes about three-quarters of an hour, and is in one movement. These are the facts; the rest depends on what you think about night and what you think about music. Perhaps we may take 'night' for granted, even when it comes to us as a Russian's reading of a Polish poet's impressions of an oriental poem. As to 'music,' one has a general idea that things count in it in the following order of importance: Logical thread of the argument (melody); felicitous illustrations (counter-point and harmony); and the tone of voice in which these are delivered (orchestration). The 'Song of the Night,' appears to one who hears it for the first time to invert this order, but one is by no means sure that it would be the second or third time. It has obviously sincerity and a largeness of conception. It contains no echoes of other people, not even of Wagner, the colossus under whose legs most ships go riding forth into the deep in these days. It is with difficulty that we catch the echoes of itself, though they are there. One is content to enjoy it in bits for the present, to cast anchor in this rich harmony or that firm piece of structure and 'wish for the day.' Whether an orchestra of that size is really necessary one may have one's doubts; as soon as one is accustomed to the scale of the thing, it seems to say no more than what we have long accustomed ourselves to; and, other things being equal, there is always a prima facie objection to changing the rules of the game."

"Aliou" a New Futurist Drama by Marinetti at Rome.

(From the Roman Correspondent of The London Times, Oct. 18)

Brief telegrams have given some idea of Marinetti's latest venture, his Teatro della Sorpresa, but people who have taken the Futurist leader seriously in the past will want further details. These details are not easy to give, for both in Naples and in Rome the audience has been so noisy that the actors have been almost inaudible.

There is one thing that strikes the critic immediately, however, and that is the business capacity of the leader of Futurismo. The performance in Rome took place in the Salone Margherita, a well known music-hall, and the prices had been quintupled for the occasion, but there was literally not a place free. Most of the audience had come to make a noise and throw potatoes, but that they had come at all was the most important fact from the financial point of view.

And when Marinetti appeared, looking like a guardsman or a maitre d'hotel, he immediately began to advertise his own wares. The dancing hall he was starting in Rome was magnificent, his book on the war was the only one worth reading, and he and his company were unequalled. In the shouts that greeted him he was understood to be apologizing for wearing evening dress, which he wore out of respect for the cafe-concert, "the only respectable thing in this life." Then he retired, and the program began.

Cangiullo, the Futurist poet, appeared in an upper box and conducted an orchestra which was installed in a lower box on the other side of the hall, while a man with a cornet did his best in the gallery at the back of the building. The first surprise!

The Teatro itself consisted of a series of little scenes, each lasting less than a minute. The scenery was Futurist, but of a period that we in England had thought was long since past; the make-up would have shamed a parish concert; and the scenes themselves have to be described to be appreciated at their real value. Few of them could be understood because the showers of beans, potatoes, tomatoes and apples often drove the actors off the stage in the middle of a scene, but those that could be followed were not very inspiring. For example, a man comes on the stage and accuses his wife of having a lover. She denies it, but he insists, and at last she bursts into tears and cries out "Tell me at least who it is." Whereupon the husband points to his reflection in the mirror. This is one of the scenes.

Again, we see a man in bed on the stage. The doctor comes in and pronounces life extinct. The widow by the bedside turns her back to the audience and shows a huge placard, "To Let," hanging from her shoulders. This is another of the scenes. The curtain goes up again and we see one man shoot his rival. The wounded man gasps "Ah!" the doctor examines him and says "Eh" in a hopeless voice, the wife weeps "Ih!" a priest says "Oh!" in reproach to the murderer, and the neighbors shout "Ugh!" at him—the five vowels of the alphabet.

And again, we see a man approach a servant girl. "Is your master in?" he asks, and the servant replies, "No." "Good, I will come back later," says the visitor, and goes off. The master then comes across the stage and a moment afterwards the visitor returns. "Is your master in?" he asks again, and the servant says, "Yes." "Good," says the visitor, "I will come back later, for I only want to see your master if he is neither in nor out."

Such are the scenes that go to the making of Marinetti's Teatro della Sorpresa. Small wonder that the audience grow so furious that towards the end the actors could hardly be persuaded to come on the stage at all. Marinetti himself, who fought well for Italy during the war, supported the bombardment almost without flinching, although he was hit on the head several times by apples and tomatoes and his dress-shirt was spotted, with tomato juice, but the company was not quite so brave. When Futurist artists came on the stage carrying paintings they had achieved they used their masterpieces quite frankly as shields.

At one time when the curtain was down a member of the audience dashed on to the stage to fill his pockets with ammunition that was lying there, but one of the younger Futurists saw him and pursued him, giving him a mighty kick as he jumped into the nearest box, and thereafter the audience was definitely hostile. A vase, several saucers, and five and ten centesimi pieces were hurled at the actors, and the leading lady received a severe blow over the eye from an unripe tomato. The occupants of the orchestra stalls suffered considerably from tomato juice and beans. And the performance came to a premature end when the actors themselves began to hurl vegetables and fruit back at the audience.

After the theatre had closed Marinetti was badly handled by the mob in the street because he refused to return their money, and he had to be rescued by troops. He had certainly succeeded in arousing the crowd, but it is doubtful if anybody drew any profit from the performance except Marinetti himself, who obviously understands the art of advertising.

"THE BACCHAE"

"The Bacchae" was performed in Greek at University College, London, Oct. 8. The Daily Telegraph spoke of the staging a Greek play for a modern audience as ticklish work.

"You cannot produce one of Euripides's tragedies on the stage and in the conventions for which he wrote. And since you cannot be archaeologically correct, the question before you is how to mix modern practice with ancient theory so as to produce on an audience of today some inkling of the same effect as Euripides produced when his play was the last new thing. In this aim complete success cannot be attained. Your audience is all the while conscious that this is dead drama resurrected. If it is a specialized audience, as a London University audience naturally tends to be, its members are apt to be too conscious of the archaeology to be sensitive to the drama; if it is not a specialized audience, it is unable to appreciate fully either archaeology or drama. The chief trouble in producing Greek plays nowadays is the management of the chorus; particularly when, as in the case of the 'Bacchae,' the chorus consists of women. Since women did not take part in tragedy choruses in Euripides's time (the right to do so being a privilege of citizenship), it is very difficult to strike a happy mean between the conventionality of the Greeks and the more realistic presentment which we find necessary today. In the recent 'Trojan Women' revivals; in the performance of the Orestean triology this year at Cambridge; and in the present series of performances at University College we have seen the problem attacked in three different ways. Of these the 'Trojan Women' choruses seemed to us to be much the farthest away from the Greek idea of a chorus. Putting aside any question of technical skill, the two universities have handled the problem with more knowledge and more success. The best chorus-effects were attained at Cambridge; and there, it is interesting to note, it consisted entirely of men.

"The 'Bacchae' is a terribly difficult play for any but professional actors to attempt. The violent passions upon which it is based, the scenes of horror which it contains, all demand a degree of acting talent beyond the reach of most amateurs. It is not surprising, therefore, that the performance on Saturday wanted grip.

"There was among the players a general inability to express emotional feeling. Until Mrs. Culley appeared, late in the play, as Agave, not one of the characters managed to make us realize that horror and death were in the air. The messenger, who had the long speech telling how Agave with her Bacchantes tore to pieces her own son Pentheus, was fluent—even eloquent; but he was obviously reciting verse, not relating a horrible experience. So it was, in varying degrees, with the rest—excepting Mrs. Culley, whose performance stood out more clearly in consequence. As for the chorus of Bacchantes—well, it was faced with a difficulty. To be a Bacchante you are presupposed mad with divine fire, and are as a matter of fact (to put it quite coarsely) drunk. But the chorus is on the lower stage almost throughout the play; and to have to break out at periodic intervals into any really convincing representation of the Bacchic frenzy would not only be wearing, but would call for a degree of histrionic talent that would tax most professionals pretty severely. In consequence, this chorus of Maenads was most discreet and well-behaved; its attitude might be summed up in the immortal words of the bibulous charlady, 'Drunk I may be, but disorderly never; always the lady.' Two dancers in leopard skins did their best to dispel this air of gentility; but even so, the proceedings chimed in very ill with the decidedly unrestrained nature of the choric songs."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Richard Strauss, composer and pianist; Elisabeth Schumann, soprano; Misbel Piastro, violinist. See special notice.

Arlington Theatre, 3:30 P. M.: The People's Symphony Orchestra of Boston, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor; Miss ..... violinist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M.: Concert by Edmond Clement, the distinguished tenor, in aid of the American Fund for French Wounded at the American Memorial Hospital at Rheims.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M.: Dorothy Fairbanks, soprano. Sarti, Lungi dal Carohene; Veracini, a Pastoral; Buzzi-Peccia, Sweet Suffolk Owl; Leoncavallo, Serenade Francaise; Mozart, Ah lo so from "The Magic Flute; Duparc, L'Invitation au Voyage; Fourdrain, Chanson Norvegienne; Hahn, Infidelite; Bizet, Pastorale; Coverley, Russian Peasant's Lullaby; Kreisler, Leezie Lindsay; Brockway, the Nightingale; Ware, the Call of Radha; W. S. Smith, Faith. Mrs. Dudley Fitts, pianist.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M.: Song recital by Feodor Chaliapine, the celebrated Russian bass, appearing for the first time in Boston. He announces his program from the stage.

Weslayan Hall, 58 Boylston street, 8:15 P. M.: Recital by Granville L. Stewart, tenor. Songs by Coleridge-Taylor, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Maeger, Sharp, De Koven, Goddard, MacDowell, Dett, Speaks, Whelpley, Lehmann; also a group of Negro Spirituals. Ernest H. Hayes, accompanist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M.: Sixth Symphony concert, M. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

Steinert Hall, 8 P. M.: Eleanor Lentz, violoncellist; Elsa Strasser Currier, pianist. Mendelssohn, Variations Concertantes; G. Faure, Elegie; Debussy, Romance; Boellmann, Mennet; Bach, Suite G, major, for violoncello alone; Boellmann, Variations Symphoniques; Schumann, Romance; Couperin-Kreisler, La Precieuse; Reinecke, Scherzo.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.: Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Monteux, conductor.

GODING GIVES

By PHILIP HALE

Howard Goding, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Couperin, Le Bavolet Flottant; Bach, Bourree, MacDowell, First Movement of the Heroic Sonata; Ireland, The Island Spell; Malipiero, Passing Masks; Rachmaninoff, Prelude, G major; Moussorgsky, Gopak; Chopin, Barcarolle, Waltz in D flat major, Mazurka in G major, Polonaise in A flat major.

Mr. Goding's recitals give pleasure. He is a musician as well as a pianist—which cannot be said of all men and women that busy themselves with piano recitals. His programs are interesting and not too long. He does not "specialize," but he has a fine appreciation of various schools.

Arranging his program he has the courage to put modern and ancient composers in the same group, nor is he so thoughtless as to d fer playing unfamiliar pieces till the very end. Yesterday he might have grouped together the pieces by Couperin, Ireland and Malipiero without shocking anyone except the fanatical believer in the chronological or historical program, for the spirit of the three just named is the same. We think Ireland's "Island Spell" has been played here before. It is an excursion into a field that Arnold Bax has worked, but Mr. Ireland fortunately is not diffuse. His little piece is charming by ason of its delicate fancy and poetic eling without a flagrant attempt at alism. But what shall be said of lipiero's three pieces? There is no ubt about the man's sincerity. No should accuse him of endeavoring startle smug and respectable citi- In this music there is a sugges- rnival time, of maskers rush-

ing in the streets, fantastically clad, ready for any impish trick. They do not tarry till the spectator sighs for now apparitions. While they make no deep impression at the time, they are remembered.

The Herald has often commended Mr. Goding's playing; his agreeable touch, his musical phrasing. If he played the delicious and strangely modern piece of Couperin with the requisite grace, so that the hearer thought of Watteau, or at least of Fragonard, he also struck the heroic note in his interpretation of Mac Dowell's pages.

SAN CARLO OPERA CO. IN 'MADAME BUTTERFLY'

Performance Is Seen by Large and Greatly Pleased Audience

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" performed by the San Carlo Opera Company. Fortune Gallo, director; Mr. Peroni, conductor. The chief parts were taken by Mmes. Fitziu and Paggi; Messrs. Boscacci and Marr.

"Madame Butterfly" will no doubt draw audiences for some years to come. First of all there is an interesting story, although the American lieutenant is a card. Some one alleged to be versed in Japanese life and manners recently stated, perhaps rashly, that the story is incredible because no Japanese woman would love a man so intensely. The Japanese singer who some seasons ago showed us how Butterly should be costumed and acted, so that all other sopranos in the part, whether they are Germans, French, Italian or Americans, seem merely good, bad or indifferent, and singers dressed in a more or less engaging Japanese manner, would surely not agree with this objector to the story.

For after all, in this opera, the play is the main thing, though there is amusing chatter in the orchestra, a bustling chorus with restless minor characters, with occasionally good old-fashioned straight Italian melody clad in modern harmonic dress. When the performance is a smooth one, there is agreeable entertainment. And it is always a pleasure to see an American consul cutting so creditable a figure as in this opera.

The performance yesterday afternoon was seen by a large and greatly pleased audience. Mme. Fitziu, though physically perhaps rather large for the part, sang and acted effectively. Mr. Boscacci, whose voice is agreeable, as a figure on the stage did not make a sufficient excuse for Pinkerton's reprehensible behavior. Mme. Paggi again gave great pleasure by her voice, vocal skill and dramatic intelligence, as did Mr. Marr, who by his mere presence dominates the stage. The orchestra gave a capitol reading of Puccini's score.

Last night the opera as announced was, "Il Travatore" with Mme. Sotoya as Leonora.

Nov 14 1921

BY DR. STRAUSS

By PHILIP HALE

Dr. Richard Strauss, assisted by Miss Elisabeth Schumann, soprano, and Mishel Piastro, violinist, gave a concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program comprised his violin sonata and these songs: Zueignung, Du Meines Herzens Kroeneleln, All mein Gadanken, Mit deinen Clauen Augen, Jung Hexenlied, Freundliche Vision, Ich Wollte ein Straeusslein binden; Einerlei, Der Stern, Schlechtes Wetter, Wigenlied, Glueckes Genug, Ich trage meine Minne, Ich chwebe, Traum durch die Daemmerung, Schlagende Herzen.

It was early in 1904 that Dr. Strauss visited Boston. He then conducted concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra. His wife, Pauline, sang some of his songs, and in one of his concerts he played the piano part of his "Enoch Arden," which was recited by David Bispham. The years have passed and brought Strauss glory, also abuse, for to some "Salome" and "Elektra" are as the abomination of desolation. There was, naturally, curiosity to see how this great musician looks in 1921.

It may be said that he has grown no older during his absence than a gentleman should have grown in the course of 17 years, some of which were years of turmoil, sorrow and anguish.

It was a pleasure to hear him yesterday as a pianist, accompanying a charming interpreter of his songs in a most musical and delightful manner. Simple and dignified, outwardly undisturbed by late comers whose entrance between the songs of the first group must have been a serious annoyance to him and the singer, he was refreshingly free from the airs and graces ... honesty ... distinction ... may be written often assumed by men—and women—prominent in the realm of music, and even by those whose worth is slight.

Miss Schumann, by no means a stranger in this country, has not only a beautiful voice which has been uncommonly well trained; she is an interpreter; she expresses with genuine feeling sentiments and emotions, and this in a way that moves the mere lover of music and excites the admiration of the pedagogue. The ease with which she sings, no matter how forbidding the intervals may be, the simplicty of her diction when the music itself is of a folk-song, homely character—we use the word "homely" in its good old meaning; the absence of any evident attempt to impress or startle; the evenness, purity and quality of her tones, her control of breath; the significance that she gives to the text seizing the general spirit, italicizing lightly a line when the music gives emphasis; passing but not carelessly, over an unessential phrase for the sake of bringing out what is essential, or in the preparation of a climax—these characteristics of her art put her in the front rank of Lieder singers, justly applauded as she is in opera.

The songs are not only interesting in themselves; they mark stages in Dr. Strauss's career. The earlier ones show the influence of various composers, his predecessors, especially Schumann and Brahms. But even in the earlier songs there are hints at the Strauss of the more daring symphonic poems and the later operas. Some of the songs on the program were familiar, but as Miss Schumann sang them they were very welcome. The contrast between the "Wiegenlied" and "Einerlei"; between "Mit deinen blauen Augen" and "Schlechtes Wetter" with its reflection of Heine's irony is marked. An so the versatility of the composer and the intelligence of the singer, removed the reproach of monotony often justly brought against a recital of songs by one and the same musician.

Mr. Piastro, who played at the Cleveland orchestra's concert last season, gave a far better account of himself yesterday, although the sonata itself is not to be reckoned among Dr. Strauss's important works.

Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, the author of "Old Junk," published in the Literary Review of the N. Y. Evening Post of Nov. 5 a long and brilliant article in which he discussed "Moby Dick" in glorious fashion and wondered how Melville came to write that extraordinary yarn; why no other book by him approaches it. Before he read "Moby Dick" he could not undertsand the enthusiasm of others when they spoke about it. He smiled incredulously. At last he read it:

"I do not know whether Americans are aware of the position of their Melville as a writer, but I find it difficult to write of his great book within measure, for I have no doubt 'Moby Dick' goes into that small company of big, extravagant, generative books which have made other writers fertile in all ages—I mean the books we cannot classify, but which must be read by every man who writes—'Gargantua and Pantagruel' 'Don Quixote,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' 'Tristram Shandy' and the 'Pickwick Papers.' That is where 'Moby Dick' is, and it is therefore as important a creative effort as America has made in her history. I will sing 'The Star Spangled Banner,' if that is the right hymn, with fervor, and the deepest sense of debt and gratitude at any patriotic thanksgiving service for 'Moby Dick.' I would assist any future body of Pilgrim Fathers to any place on earth if on their venture depended the vitality of the seed of such a book as that. The inchoate jungle of human society flowers, and in a sense is justified, in its great books, carrying in them in microcosm its fortunate future, or, if there is no fortune for it in the future, then its sad but heroic story."

REVISED VERSIONS

As the World Wags:

I hear that the prohibitionists are getting out a new expurgated edition of the Bible from which the Marriage Feast at Cana and all allusions to wine have been eliminated. The real Bible is, of course, a thorn in their side; but how foolish to draw attention to it by such a futile attempt at deception.

The non-conformist minister who stood up in the meeting in England and declared that the one stain on the record of Christ was that he had instituted the communion, though grossly irreverent, was far more honest and straightforward. A few years ago a lady, speaking in favor of suffrage for women, stated that if she had her way the Bible should be suppressed by law until it had been thoroughly edited by a woman. Perhaps it is inevitable now that the promoters of new movements should change over the Bible to suit their peculiar tenets, and that we shall soon be having the anti-cigarette Bible, the anti-vaccination, the vegetarian, the swat the fly and numerous other Bibles. The anti-prohibitionists are fortunate in this respect, for they have a Bible ready at hand, and one that they can use without making omissions or changes of any kind—the King James version of the Holy Scriptures.

Speaking of the Bible and prohibition, I was interested and amused to read the account in the papers of the clergyman in British Columbia who, though a prohibitionist, was defending Christ for having turned the water into wine—his defence being that the wine produced must have been unfermented and therefore harmless, as there hadn't been time for the action of fermentation to have taken place. Truly some of our prohibitionist friends seem to be as lacking in humor as they are in a regard for personal liberty. H. A.

Wellesley Hills.

THOSE CARICATURES

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent "S" asks in what saloon in New York certain caricatures by Thomas Nast were exhibited. They were in the saloon of George & Jerry Thomas, on Broadway between 21st and 22d streets, noted for its "Tom & Jerry's, a drink quite like egg nog, served very hot, but evidently out of vogue now; as I have not seen or heard of it for many years. J. A. M.

Hopkinton.

DISILLUSIONIZED

As the World Wags:

I used to think when skirts were long
That ladies all had shapely shins.
But briefer clothing proves me wrong
For some exhibit rolling pins.
A lot are slim beyond belief,
And goodly numbers run to beef.

I meet young ladies on the street,
With stylish clothes and hair in bobs.
And when my glances seek their feet,
I find their ankles mostly knobs.
While matrons, middle-aged and grave,
Have legs to make a poet rave.

And maids whose skirts much stocking show,
Though proud of handsome arms and necks,
Have understandings like a bow,
Or rivalling the letter X.
While dresses hardly more than kilts
Reveal what men consider stilts.

How sad to feel that we were wrong,
That life is poorer than we thought.
The world, so bright when skirts were long,
Is dark and drear now they are short.

JACK BUNSBY.

Brookline.

SYMPHONY HALL RALLIES

As the World Wags:

One soon learns the folly of getting "all het up" over the ridiculous indignity of the political game. But as I read in The Herald the account of last night's intellectual debauchery (called a rally) in Symphony Hall, my sense of humor, ordinarily good for these occasions, deserted me, swept away by a twinge of sentiment. For an instant I recalled vividly my feeling when, as a little boy I heard the "Boston Symphony" for the first time. I was so full of tremors then that I scarcely dared put my head back to look at those great statues so inconceivably high up on the wall.

It would be expecting a deal too much to assume that Symphony Hall might be conducted for concerts alone, but one can only wish that a line might be drawn somewhere, since any line, however complacently drawn, would certainly exclude such vulgarities as are the monkey-shines of our office-seekers.

DONALD RICHMOND.

Brockton, Nov. 10.

QUICK PASSAGES

As the World Wags:

If sailing ship passages still have interest:

In 1853 the ship Trade Wind of New York made the passage east, San Francisco to New York, in 75 days.

In 1855 (I am not sure of the year) the ship Lightning of Boston made the passage from Melbourne to Boston in 64 days, I believe, the record.

The writer has seen in the log of the American ship John Ena, record of a day's run in the Pacific in 1906 of 378 knots and of 2142 knots in seven consecutive days. The John Ena was Scotch built, port Glasgow. She was given American registry when the Sandwich Islands came under our control. She was lost two years ago, going into Wellington, N. Z. There are records of fast passages from India to Great Britain. Few from Bombay to an American Atlantic port.

HENRY SARGENT.

Lower Pawcatuck (Stonington), Ct.

People's Orchestra Gives Interesting Performance

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its fourth concert in the Arlington Theatre yesterday afternoon, with Miss Marjorie Pierce Posselt, violinist, as assisting artist. The program

Oxerture to "Coriolan" Op. 62.....Beethoven
Love Scene, from "Suite for String Orchestra".....Herbert
Concerto for Violin No. 4 in D minor Op. 31.....Vieuxtemps
Poetique Scenes.....Godard
Symphonic Poem "Finlandia," Op. 26, No. 7.....Sibelius

Miss Posselt, winner of the Ondricek scholarship while in her teens, inherited talent from her father, and is as yet unaffected and unspoiled, giving promise of high technical proficiency, a natural musician, and already sure of her audience. Her playing of the ever popular Vieuxtemps concerte in D minor, minus of course the scherzo, so rarely played, was characterized by thorough understanding, especially in the more poetic and emotional passages. Flowers and plaudits rewarded her, and she respected the canons of art and good taste, modestly declining to surrender to the encore demands, although recalled again and again.

Nov 15 1921

'THE MIRAGE'

By PHILIP HALE

SELWYN'S THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Mirage," a play in three acts by Edgar Selwyn, produced at Far Rockaway early in the fall of 1920. Performed for the first time in New York at the Selwyn Theatre on Sept. 30, 1920.

Betty Bond.....Audrey Baird
Mack.....Mary Mallon
Mrs. Irene Moreland.....Florence Reed
Wallace (Wally) Stuart.....Reginald Goode
Ruth Martin.....Emily Cunningham
Mrs. Martin.....Ann Hamilton
Chester (Chet) Martin.....Lambert Terry
Al Manning.....Robert W. Fraser
Mlle. Elsie.....Betty Byrnes
Dolly McMann.....Leonore Masso
William.....Albert Marsh
Henry M. Galt.....Malcolm Williams
Charles Stanwood.....George Harcourt
Stanley Northrup.....Sydney Dudley
Edward Godding.....George Le Soir
George Clayton.....Howard Benton
Grace Warren.....Abbye Collins
Carrie Williams.....Catherine Deats
Peggy Arnold.....Anne Byrnes

This play with its pseudo-realism, its picture of fast life in New York as opposed to the blameless conduct of the dweller in Erie, Pa., its dialogue, now slangy, now solemnly platitudinous, will interest the unsophisticated spectator who looks to the theatre as the mirror of contemporaneous episodes and incidents in the metropolis. Nor will he smile derisively when the dramatist assures him indirectly that the play points a moral.

Irene Martin, coming from Erie, Pa., arrives in New York. In Erie she she worked in a collar-box factory. In New York, being a good-looking young woman, she works men, especially Mr. Galt, who is a financial giant by day and a smooth sensualist at night. With Mr. Galt, who to show his depraved nature, smokes cigarettes in a long holder, she lives in guilty splendor. Giving out to her family that she married rich man from whom she was divorced, the noble girl sends money in large amounts to her mother, sister and her cub of a brother. The brother suspects the source of this bounty and is exceedingly disagreeable when he calls on her in New York.

As Irene Moreland, for so she is known, she sits one day depressed, restless. She is debating whether she should attend a dinner given by Mr. Galt. Suddenly appears her old playmate in Erie, a sentimentalist, one Manning. He is in New York about to put through a great street railway scheme. Ever since Irene left Erie he has dreamed about her; she has been his ideal. She has not forgotten him. He asks her to marry him. She refuses at first saying she cannot, but she will not explain herself, and at last she falls into his arms consenting.

She goes to the dinner, given for western men. Galt, in hospitable vein, has also invited women who are supposed to be both sirens and harpies, women who at once put the male guests at ease, all except Manning, who, appearin in a dinner coat, is shocked by the advances made by bare-backed ladies who show pawn tickets and beg for diamond rings. His host tells him to be a sport, but Manning remembers Erie, Pa., and is a Sir Galahad. Having been assured that these women are in the habit of obtaining their livelihood by attending Galt's dinner, he is deeply pained when he sees Irene entering the room. There are the two dramatic scenes: The one between Irene and Manning; the other between Irene and Galt. Manning, broken-hearted, leaves suddenly, not even tasting the oysters, much less the soup. Irene bitterly reproables Galt for disclosing their relationship.

Passing over a sad family meeting in which the cub of a brother tells his mother all about Irene and commands her not to see her daughter, we come to the scene in which Manning enters, having been summoned by Irene. There is a tearful reconciliation. The two are to leave at once for Erie, Pa., but Galt comes in uninvited, and while Manning is out buying the railway tickets, tells Irene what her future life will be in Erie; how the neighbors will surely learn of her fast life. How they will talk! And Manning's happiness will be destroyed. On Manning's return Irene says she will not go to Erie until she is worthy of him. The curtain falls.

One may judge the nature of th

rom this synopsis. We doubt if male visitors from Erie, Pa., have been in great haste to Mr. Galt's little party. Some say that Mr. Manning is a bit rig. But this is neither here nor The chief interest last night was performance.

Reed gave a plausible portrayal heroine, who is nothing more or han a puppet of the dramatist. was interesting; at times she was ive, especially when she had occa to free her mind to Betty, Ch't Mr. Galt. In these scenes the pup turned to flesh and blood. But wishy-washy stuff is given her nderer scenes to speak!

Williams was polished, quietly al as the wicked financier, and Fraser by his earnestness and sin ly gave the semblance of life to entimentalist from Erie. Mr. Terry an excellent Chet Martin, one of most thoroughly objectionable char rs we have seen on the stage. ss Baird as Betty spoke her lines he audience and was often unin gible, nor was the enunciation of Reed always distinct. Mr. Galt ently picked his female entertainers ng. They had the air of flappers er than of seductive demi-mon es who would loosen the purses of ness men from towns of Ohio, Illi and Indiana.

ome days ago Mr. Halliday Wither on questioned the accuracy of a tement made by Mr. Hergesheimer his "Java Head" concerning a sailing sel making the run from Bombay to erpool in 24 days, and again from deira to Colombo, a distance of 1100 tical miles, in 20 days. As a result, Herald has received several letters ut fast runs made by American clip ships which we now print. Mr. wood Broun of the New York World blished recently in his entertaining umn a letter in which the writer nted out incredible, grossly inaccu e statements, according to the letter, de by Mr. Hergesheimer in a story blished in the Saturday Evening Post Oct. 22. For example, the cargo ried by a ship. "At the date of this ry—the middle of the last century re wasn't a hull afloat equal to a go of that size" (800 tons).

ll this does not prevent us from en ing Mr. Hergesheimer's stories when does not strain himself to write ll. We know nothing about vessels, hing about sailing, though we have ndered at the peculiar construction the Flying Dutchman as represented the operatic stage. Our knowledge sea-life is derived chiefly from novels Melville, Marryat, Cooper, Clarke ssell — and other old-fashioned iters; also from the Psalmist's de iption of those that do business in eat waters: They reel to and fro, and gger like a drunken man."

But these letters will surely interest hy.

FAST CLIPPERS

the World Wags:

The Northern Light built in 1851 by iggs Bros. at South Boston, made in 1 the record passage from San Fran sco to Boston, viz: 76 days, 5 hours. his has never been equalled by a sail

A detailed account of this passage given in "The Clipper Ship Era" by thur H. Clark.

The famous marine artist of that me, William Bradford, painted two ctures of the Northern Light, one of hich was for the owner, Mr. James ucknis, and the other for the builder. he latter I now have.

The record passage from San Fran sco to New York is 76 days made in 54 by the Comet, built in 1851 by Will m H. Webb at New York. Both these cords are faster than any ever made om either Boston or New York to n Francisco. F. H. B.

Boston.

FLYING CLOUD

s the World Wags:

The Flying Cloud, constructed in 1851 Donald McKay, bore as a figure ead, a winged angel with a speaking umpet in her hand. The mainmast of is clipper, including the topmast and kysail pole, rose to 200 feet; her main ard measured 82 feet and her bowsprit nd jibboom extended 58 feet. She was rakish craft, to be sure; her masts anted 1¼ inches to the foot. On that emorable voyage in 1851, from New ork to San Francisco, under the com and of Capt. Josiah Perkins Cressy, he covered the distance in 89 days and 1 hours. In one day she made 433½ tatute miles, 42 miles faster than any teamship of that period. For a num er of days, indeed, she averaged 13½ nots, sailing 5912 miles on an average f 227 miles a day; and this in spite of he fact she sprung her mainmast, split er staysails at both fore and main opmasts and lost her fore topgallant nast. The flying Cloud established the ecord in 1854 by making the passage rom New York to San Francisco in 9 days and 8 hours. The Andrew Jack on by dint of good fortune made the oyage in 89 days and 4 hours in 1860. he was not, however, a consistently ast performer, like the Flying Cloud.

WILLIAM L. ROBINSON.

Allston.

DR. CROCKETT NAMES TWO

As the World Wags:

How about the Red Jacket in 1854? Thirteen days and one hour from New York to Liverpool. Or the Live Yankee at the same time, sailing from New York three days before the Red Jacket? On the passage from Liverpool, when near the Grand Banks, with a smooth sea and a sharp northwest wind the live Yankee logged 17 knots close hauled and sharp at it, for a time, which under that way of sailing is remarkable. I was there. I know of no craft under sail that ever beat this record. About 1833 the schooner Cirlue (I do not know if I have spelled this correctly) of about 60 tons, loaded with a cargo of lime made the run from Rockland, Me., to New York in 48 hours. My father was in command. This was the craft that was run down by an excursion steamer. The steamer was sunk; the passengers were saved by the schooner's crew.

Dr. W. E. CROCKETT.

Boston.

We are indebted to Mr. Alexander D. Martin of Central Falls, R. I., for a clipping from the Kilmarnoch Standard containing interesting information about old and rapid English clippers. Thus the Wendur, built in 1884, on a voyage from Newcastle, N. S. Wales to Valparaiso, made 6981 miles in 29 days.

"A SHIELD OF BRAWN."

As the World Wags:

I rise to a point of information. For the last seven years I have received an invitation every two weeks to read a play in company with the host and a few other gentlemen. I accept the invitation with great regularity. The plays read are usually Elizabethan; they stand on their own merit—read for amusement and no autopsy is held. Our host provides sustenance and admirable cigars usually at the end of the third act, and the intermission is filled with town news, local gossip, and personal reminiscences.

However, reference to eats often excites a common interest; thus, the other evening when Justice Greedy in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" was hungry a few short hours after having eaten "a shield of brawn and a barrel of Colchester oysters" there was a general demand to know something about a shield of brawn. When it came to an answer everybody got a double F. One of the company, however, recalled a reference to it in "Ivanhoe," I think he said it was held up to the confusion of his nemies; whereby the gentleman inferred that it might be pig's liver. A fortnight later we came across it in "The Alchemist," but the ignorance of the company was equally dense.

Newtonville. G. S. W. K.

The tough skin on the sides and flanks of the boar was, and no doubt is, called a shield. "Brawn," muscles or flesh for food, came to mean specifically the flesh of boars or, later, swine. A shield of brawn was made by placing a piece of boar's skin round the inside of a cylindrical mould, filling it up with meat and cooking until the mess was soft and tender. In "Ivanhoe" Wamba "opposed to the beard of the Jew a shield of brawn." Peacock in his "Gryll Grange" (1861), speaks of the dish as known in his time. Is it served now in London at banquets of Worshipped Bellows Menders or of Ancient and Honorable Fishmongers? Is our correspondent sure that a shield of brawn is mentioned in Ben Jonson's "Alchemist"? Face in that comedy speaks of a "collar of brawn, cut down, beneath the souse, and wriggled with a knife."—Ed.

HALFORD SAUCE

As the World Wags:

Before the close of the dissertations by you and others on sauces, I wish to make some inquiries regarding Halford sauce. That sauce used to be on the tables of restaurants of the better sort, but hasn't been there for a long time—at least I haven't seen it anywhere for years. I remember the sauce well, for I used to like it and often used it. It was not so mild to the taste as Worcestershire sauce, but was not what would be called sharp. It was much darker in color than the latter sauce. Can you or any of your readers give any information regarding that sauce? Where was it manufactured? When was it first manufactured, and when was the manufacture of it discontinued—if it has been discontinued? If the manufacture of it has been discontinued, what was the reason? It seems to me that I have heard that the sauce was invented by a chef or cook of the name of Halford and took its name from him. INQUIRER.

Brookline.

WITH THE ANCIENT ROMANS

The epicurean Catius in his talk with the poet and satirist Horace described two sauces. Catius had been listening to a lecture on cookery by a professor and had taken notes. He also had a well-trained memory. The professor carried his hearers through an entire dinner: "ab ovo usque ad mala." Catius remarked that the excellence of cookery is tested by its power of provoking appetite. He considered it worth while to master thoroughly the qualities of compound sauces. One—he called it simple—consisted of sweet olive oil mixed with rich wine and "Garum," a sauce in itself made of small pickled fish, especially the scomber. A richer sauce was made by adding to this mess, boiled with a mixture of chopped herbs, and then cooled after Cilician saffron had been sprinkled over it, the oil of the pressed berry of the olive of Venafrum, in Campania famous for its olives.

The Greeks in their sumptuous days were also concocters of sauces. Alexis in his play "The Caldron" represents a character as recommending sesame. Then

"Take some grapes dried and cut,
Some fennel, anise, assafoedita,
Mustard and cabbage, some dry coriander,
Sumach and cummin, capers, marjoram,
Leeks, garlic, thyme, sage, seseli.
Some new-made wine boil'd down, some rue and spinach."

ST. JAMES THEATRE — Mamma's Affair," a comedy in three casts, by Rachel Barton Butler. The cast:

Tommy Hooper	Ralph Remley
Henry Marchant	Aubrey Bosworth
Eve Orrin	Leona Powers
Mrs. Marchant	Jessamine Newcomb
Mrs. Orrin	Viola Roach
Dr. Brent Janson	Walter Gilbert
Mrs. Bundy	Florence Roberts

The St. James' players found a vehicle exactly to their liking in "Mamma's Affair," and the first production of the comedy in Boston must be scored as an all-round success in which all the members of the company participated.

When Oliver Morosco offered his $500 prize for the best play written by one of Prof. Baker's classes at Harvard, Miss Butler won it with her amusing comedy of character and conversation.

The story of the play has to do with a selfish and shallow-minded mother, who imagines herself to be a perpetual invalid and who has subdued her daughter to an absurd subservience to her whims and caprices. The girl is a helpless victim of her exactions.

The mother and her friend—another woman of the same sort but imbued with a somewhat more practical ambition—contrive to get the daughter, who has "expectations," engaged to her son, a spineless nonentity.

With the shrewd and kindly aid of a young physician, who understands the situation, the girl finally rebels, shakes herself free from the entanglements and marries the doctor.

The manner in which the situation is worked out is clever and diverting and the lines written by Miss Butler are full of revealing humorsome and lively talk. It was a thoroughly satisfied and smiling audience which heard it out.

Miss Viola Roch as Mrs. Orrin, the hypochondriacal mother, "hit it off" beautifully and sustained the part without faltering throughout. Miss Jessamine Newcomb, late of the Copley Players, took the role of Mrs. Marchant, the scheming friend, in convincing style.

Leona Powers, as ever, was a sweet little heroine and Walter Gilbert, as the doctor, quite carried away the hearts of the feminine section of the audience.

Florence Roberts contributed a delightful character study as the doctor's match-making, motherly housekeeper. Ralph Remley was himself, in the role of a fat bell hop and Aubrey Bosworth, as Henry Marchant the poppinjay of a would-be bridegroom, strikes precisely the proper note in a character which might easily have been overdone.

The whole action moves swiftly and coherently. The players bring out the author's ideas as in a looking-glass and stage the necessary "business" in a most capable manner. Miss Powers's hysterics were really wonderful. One might have expected to see any genuine physician in the house making for the stage to offer first aid.

Good costumes, good scenery and good stage settings help out immensely.

"LOHENGRIN" AT ARLINGTON THEATRE

Excellent Performance by Boston Society of Singers

The Boston Society of Singers at the Arlington Theatre gave an excellent performance last night of "Lohengrin" in English. The opera was finely staged, the orchestra enlarged and the conducting of Mr. Fichandler was noteworthy. The chorus acquitted itself well and its task is not easy. Norman Arnold was at his best as the Knight of the Holy Grail. The role fits him physically and vocally. In Florence Tennyson the Boston Society of Singers has brought a soprano who is endearing herself to Boston music lovers for she has youth, charm and a voice of unusual beauty. An ideal Elsa in looks, she sang effectively. Stella de Mette made an imposing Ortrud, except for a tendency to mouth her lines. Robert Henry as Telramund shared honors with Mr. Arnold. Mr. Waterous used his sonorous bass to advantage as the King, while the Herald of Edward Orchard was better than one is accustomed to. "Lohengrin" will be given the entire week, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

COPLEY THEATRE—"You Never Can Tell," a pleasant play in four acts, by G. Bernard Shaw. The cast:

Dolly Clandon	May Ediss
Mr. Valentine	E. E. Clive
The parlor maid	Katherine Standing
Philip Clandon	Paul Hansell
Mrs. Clandon	Deirdre Doyle
Gloria Clandon	Catherine Willard
Fergus Crampton	Moffat Johnston
Finch McComas	Walter Kingsford
William	Percy Foster
Mr. Bohun	Nicholas Joy

The Jewett Players once more have revived the Shaw play with which the company began its career in this city on Oct. 1, 1916. Jessamine Newcomb then played Mrs. Clandon; Gladys Morris the part of Gloria, and Mr. Permain that of William, the waiter. The latter is, of course, the most piquant figure in the play. Shaw has a soft spot in his heart for waiters and butlers; to them he gives some of his most pungent lines.

Last night Mr. Foster's portrayal of William was the best we have seen at the Copley Theatre. Mr. Foster is a decided addition to the company; whatever he does has the touch of inspiration. Mr. Clive as Valentine, once more gave a performance par excellence. Miss Doyle played the part of Mrs. Clandon with great distinction. Miss Ediss was very amusing as Dolly, the part once played by Beatrice Miller. Miss Willard was a charming Gloria. The other members of the company played in a spirit of light comedy. The play has always been popular with the Copley Theatre audiences; this revival should continue the tradition.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The San Carlo Grand Opera Company in "Tosca," an opera in three acts by Giacomo Puccini. The cast:

Tosca	Anna Fitzui
Mario	Gaetano Tommasini
Scarpia	Joseph Royer
Angelotti	Pietro de Biasi
Il Sagrestano	Natale Cervi
Spoletta	Joseph Tudisco
Sciarrone	Nicola D'Amico
Un Carceriere	Pietro Canova
Un Pastore	Anita Klinova

Conductor, Ernesto Knoch.

Following closely the melodrama of Victorien Sardou, Puccini's opera is nevertheless forced to sacrifice dramatic suspense to gain lyric beauty. The singers at the opera house last night went far toward producing an effective combination of the musical and the dramatic.

Misss Fitzui in the title role indeed proved to be "a celebrated songstress," in the libretto's happy phrase. Her high notes were delightful without being spectacular. Mr. Tommasini also excelled in the high notes. The love scenes between the soprano and the tenor improved as the opera progressed; in the last two acts the emotional embraces of the lovers afforded a pleasing contrast to what, in the first act, was little better than an automatic clinch. With no intention of belittling a rich and sonorous bass voice, we may say that Mr. Royer was indeed the actor par excellence of the evening. His characterization of the crafty Scarpia did justice to the original Sardou creation, while his voice was all that Puccini might ask.

The settings were correct and the costumes picturesque. The orchestra under Mr. Knoch gave a precise reading of the score.

The opera tonight will be "La Traviata."

EDDIE LEONARD

Eddie Leonard, assisted by Gus and Olive Stewart, in "The Minstrel's Delight," is the feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Carol Levan conducted.

This is a new act, though there is little difference in the general idea from the recent offerings of the comedian, with the exception of the excellent dancing of the Stewarts. Mr. Leonard has a group of new songs and there is "Roly-Poly Eyes," always on tap for the delight of an expectant audience.

Another act that scored was that of Franklyn Ardell and company in "King Solomon, Jr.," employing a group of pretty girls. The development of the act is a good outlet for Mr. Ardell's droll style in the handling of his six wives. The dialogue is often funny, sometimes daring, and there is good team work on the part of the wives.

Other acts on the bill were: Herman Timberg, in a unique dancing act; the Six American Belfords, acrobats; Holmes and La Vere, in one of the best comedy and dancing acts on the bill; Yvette Rugel, prima donna, displaying a voice of tonal charm and compass in a program of florid song; William and Joe Mandel, comedy acrobats, one of the hits of the bill; Boyle and Bennett, dancers, and Sealo, a trained seal, in remarkable feats of balancing and intelligence.

AT THE MAJESTIC

More than half a hundred people are included in the acts at the Majestic this week, and about every one of them has a lot of real ealent. The show is the best that has been seen there since vaudeville was instituted in the theatre. It seemed that a whole musical comedy was stripped down into a grand finale and 10 vaudeville acts.

The Seven Musical Spillers opened with jazz playing. Then came Earl Ricard, until recently with the "Passing Show." He was warmly received. Fred Rail and Mala Lindstrom in a ring act followed. They were better than ordinary ring acts. The White Way Trio had a real tenor and two real comedians. They were musical and amusing. William Moran and Al Wiser threw hats and caught them on their heads.

The Glorias in dances scored heavily. Permane and Skelley started as acrobats but finished as musicians of merit. Then came Clark and McCullough in "Chuckles of 1921." The audience chuckled for a half hour. A lion taming scene, a prize fight scene and a bedroom scene kept the house laughing. A half dozen specialties added to the chuckles.

CLEMENT SINGS FOR HOSPITAL BENEFIT

Concert Given Under Auspices of Boston Committee

Edmond Clement sang last night in Symphony Hall under the auspices of the Boston committee of the American Fund for French Wounded for the benefit of the Temporary American Memorial Hospital in Rheims. Frank Bibb was the pianist. The program was as follows: Luley, Air from "Amadis de Gaule"; Boieldieu, Cavatina from "La Dame Blanche"; Berlioz, Absence; Delihes, Air from "Lakme"; G. Faure, Adieu; Dubois, Rondel; Letorey, La Fontaine de Caraouet; Koechlin, Si tu le veux; Debussy, Green; Hahn, La Barcheta; Old French, Menuet d'Exaudet, le Champ de Colzas; Paer, Tendres Souvenirs; old French, Avec mes Sabots.

As Mr. Clement's delightful art was recently observed in the same hall and described at length in The Herald, it is now necessary to say only this, that he was in the vein and gave great pleasure to those who had heard him before and to those who had neglected the opportunity. The program was agreeably varied, and admitted intimate relationship between singer and audience even in the huge hall.

Nov 16 1921

MISS FAIRBANKS

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Dorothy Fairbanks, soprano, gave a recital in Jordan Hall last night. Her program was as follows: Sarti, Lungi dal caro bene; Veracini, A Pastoral; Buzzi-Peccia, Sweet Suffolk Owl; Leoncavallo, Serenade Francaise; Mozart, "Ah! lo so," from "The Magic Flute": Duparc, L'Invitation au Voyage; Fourdrain, Chanson Norveigienne; Hahn, Infidelite; Bizet, Pastorale; Coverly, Russian Peasant's Lullaby; Kreisler, Leezie Lindsay; Brockway, the Nightingale; Ware, the Call of Radia; W. S. Smith, Faith. Mrs. Dudley Fitts was the pianist.

The program was arranged in a depressingly chronological order, for Sarti was named in a group of songs with Buzzi-Peccia and Mozart was sandwiched between Leoncavallo and Duparc. It is doubtful whether Mozart would have applauded Leoncavallo's Serenade; he certainly would have been enchanted by the exquisite song by Duparc. "The Nightingale" calls for a "diseuse," a singer like Miss Loraine Wyman, who, sojourning in the Kentucky mountains, found the old melodies for which Mr. Brockway wrote accompaniments, often too sophisticated. Of the less familiar songs on the program those by Buzzi-Peccia and Storey Smith were the most conspicuous. The former is quaintly original; the latter, modern in the harmonic expression, shunning the commonplace not too laboriously, has an effective climax.

We are told that Miss Fairbanks sang last night for the first time in public. This accounts, perhaps, for the fact that she was at the beginning rather restrained in the matter of expression, as one too much concerned with tonal production, too mindful of the preceding instruction. She began to reveal an emotional equality—in Pamina's air from "The Magic Flute." In the songs by Hahn and Ware she was more eloquent, less self conscious, letting the soul, rather than the mind, tell the tale.

Miss Fairbanks has an agreeable, sympathetic voice, especially rich in the lower and middle tones. While her upper tones were clear and taken easily, they at times lacked body and now and then were acidulous. But the voice as a whole is one that should lend itself gratefully to varied expression, from that of gaiety to that of pathos. At present her range of interpretation is limited. Experience will no doubt extend this range. To say that she was first of all a gentle singer would be unfair, for here and there she showed that she had strong feelings, which in spite of her care for technic, would out. She has good reason to continue her studies. She is now in need of greater confidence in herself; the courage to let herself go and not be merely vocally amiable.

Mrs. Fitts accompanied in a helpful and musical manner.

"LA TRAVIATA" SUNG BY SAN CARLO CO.

Large Audience Applauds Fine Work of the Performers

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"La Traviata." An opera in three acts by Verdi. The cast:

Violetta.....Clara Loring
Flora.....Frances Morosini
Annina.....Anita Klinova
Alfredo Germont.....Domeo Boscacci
Gastone.....Nicola D'Amico
Giroglo Germont.....Gaetano Viviano
Baron Doupohl.....Joseph Tudisco
Doctor Grenvil.....Natale Cervi

The San Carlo company sang the beautiful old opera with an appreciation and sympathy that betokened familiarity and a real love for the work. All the work in "Traviata" falls on three pairs of shoulders and in this case the shoulders proved themselves quite able to sustain the burden. Miss Loring sang the part of the unhappy Violetta sweetly and competently, displaying plenty of reserve power when occasion needed.

Mr. Boscacci, as Alfredo the lover, sang with real feeling. Mr. Viviano was quite as good as Girogio, the father, and won an enthusiastic tribute from a discriminating audience which filled the theatre.

Costumes and settings were, as usual, sumptuous, and the ballet did its part in fine form.

ADDS $16,000 TO FUND OF REPERTORY THEATRE

Dinner at Exchange Club Stirs Business Men's Interest

A half-hundred well known business men were guests yesterday at a dinner at the Exchange Club given by Atty.-Gen. J. Weston Allen and John W. Hallowell, both of whom are identified with the Frances Jewett Repertory Theatre Fund, Inc., the prime object of which was to stimulate an interest among Boston business men in the promotion of a permanent repertory theatre. Charles F. Weed was toastmaster and besides Mr. Allen and Mr. Hallowell, Mayor Peters and others spoke.

The guest of honor was Philip Hale, dramatic editor of The Boston Herald, who spoke in approval of the repertory idea, although he declared the educational idea should not be stressed. Within five minutes $16,000 had been raised in $1000 pledges, to be added to the $50,000 now in hand. The contributors were: Felix Vorenberg, John R. Macomber, Philip Stockton, Carl P. Dennett, William Endicott, Charles F. Bacon, Louis R. Kirstein, John J. Martin, Walter Cabot Baylies, E. S. Webster, Galen L. Stone, E. D. Brandegee, J. Weston Allen, John W. Hallowell, Eben S. Draper and Frank Remick, the latter agreeing to be responsible for another.

Nov 17 1921

TWO OPERAS

By PHILIP HALE

Two operas were performed last night by the San Carlo company at the Boston Opera House, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacco." There was a very large audience. Mr. Knoch conducted.

The cast of Mascagni's opera was as follows: Santuzza, Miss Axman; Lola, Miss Paggi; Lucia, Miss Klinova: Turiddu, Mr. Boscacci; Alfio, Mr. d'Amico. After one has seen Mme. Duse in the play on which this opera is based the opera sinks into comparative insignificance. The greater part of it has aged sadly; yet there are a few pages that are still fresh, a few that are truly emotional. In the first act the Serenade, the first chorus, and Lola's little air still charm; in the second act the scene between Turiddu and Alfio and the farewell of Turiddu to his mother are charged with genuine emotion. For the effect of the whole opera, much depends on the choice of tempi. When Mascagni conducted his work in Boston, the music had greater intensity, less vulgarity than under other conductors before or since his visit.

As far as voice and singing were concerned last night, Miss Paggi bore away the honors, nor was her coquetry too brazen. Mr. D'Amico was vocally more tolerable than many we have heard. Mr. Boscacci sang the farewell to his mother with unexaggerated pathos, and on the whole gave a fair performance. The chorus was well trained. Through poor stage management, the Easter Hymn was sung directly at the audience instead of towards the church, and only the women were on their knees.

Miss Axman, who had sung here in concert, appeared last night for the first time in opera on a Boston stage. She sang the music accurately and in the spirit of the part. Her conception of the part had evidently been carefully studied, but she did not strike the tragic note. This was not surprising, for her experience on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House has been limited, and she has not there been cast in dramatic roles of importance.

In "Pagliacci" the Tonio was Mr. Viviani. He mouthed the prologues with his voice down in his throat until the final measures, when his upper tones were hurled at the hearer as from a catapult; or they were prolonged until the hearer was tempted to time them by a stop watch.

The audience, delighted by this exhibition of vocal strength and endurance, insisted on a repetition of the final burst. His dramatic performance was of little moment. Mr. Tommasini gave a respectable impersonation of Canio. Miss Keltie, whose tones were at times unsteady, at other times firm and of agreeable quality, gave definite character to a part that is too often played in cheap operetta vein or reduced merely to an exhibition of vocalism. Mr. D'Amico (Silvio) joined her pleasantly in the love scene that was so rudely interrupted. Mr. Tudisco was the Beppo. The chorus and orchestra gave a spirited performance.

The opera tonight will be "Madama Butterfly." This is the only repetition in the season of two weeks.

"HAENSEL UND GRETEL"

Sally Spencer and Helen Fechter in Roles of Children

The opera at the Boston Opera House yesterday was Humperdinck's "Haensel und Gretel." Mr. Knoch conducted. The children were Sally Spencer and Helen Fechter. The part of Peter was taken by Joseph Royer; the mother and the witch, Anita Klinova; the Dew Fairy, Frances Morosini; the sandman, Beatrice Divver. The performance began long after the hour announced, and was, unfortunately, not up to the standard of the San Carlo Company. "The Reapers," a symbolical dance by Vestoff, was to have been danced by the Misses Braggiotti. Miss Francesca sprained a foot at rehearsal, so the dance was abandoned, to the regret of a large audience.

Nov 18 1921

MISS FITZIU CHARMING IN 'MADAME BUTTERFLY'

Is Appealing and Moving Figure in Exacting Role

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," performed by the San Carlo Opera Company. Fortune Gallo, director; Mr. Peroni conductor. The chief parts were taken by Mmes. Fitziu and Paggi; Messrs. Agostini and Marr.

Miss Fitziu last night repeated her admirable performance of Saturday afternoon, in the part of Butterfly. She has a truly dramatic voice, she can also act. Butterfly, almost more than any other character in grand opera, depends on a daintiness, a delicacy of dramatic expression. Miss Fitziu succeeded in achieving this; she was an appealing and moving figure. The aria in the second act was beautifully sung.

Mr. Agostini was somewhat too conventional for the hero of Long's story. His voice, last night, showed strain. Mme. Paggi in the limited opportunities which the part of Suzuki affords a singer, gave a colorful and dramatically intelligent performance. Mr. Marr has an excellent stage presence; he is an accomplished actor, but in voice, he does not quite rise to the part of Sharpless.

The orchestra, under Mr. Peroni, gave a splendid reading of the score. We have never heard the beautiful finale to the second act, better done. It is a pleasure to hear such music. The opera tonight will be "Giaconda."

Nov 19 1921

6TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 6th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Cherubini, Overture to "Anacreon"; Haydn, Symphony, E flat major (B. & H. No. 1); Rachmaninoff, "The Island of the Dead"; Ravel, Second Suite from the Ballet "Daphnis and Chloe."

The revised version of Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem was heard here for the first time. The composer has cut out portions and changed the ending. The revised edition was performed in New York last month at a Philharmonic concert.

It may still be asked, what connection has this music with the picture by Boecklin? The painter called "The Island of the Dead" a dream picture. He said to a countess, the possesosr of the work from his second sketch: "It must produce such an effect of stillness that anyone would be frightened at hearing a knock on the door."

This picture is familiar to us all. The impression made by it is one of solemn quiet. The sea is still; the ferryman rows noiselessly to the island of towering cypresses and sombre cliffs. Surely the white figure near the coffin is not giving way to wild lamentation. Swinburne's lines come into the mind of the spectator:

"Then star nor sun shall waken
Nor any change of light;
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight;
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night."

The first pages of the music are, indeed, a tonal expression of the picture; but the greater part of the piece is charged with anguish and despair; grief that is at times boisterous, at times a ululation. Boecklin's island might be the abode of tormented souls. Or was there in Rachmaninoff's mind the thought of those left behind, mourners who would not be comforted, mourners wailing as in an ancient procession to the grave. And why is so much made of the plain song "Dies Irae," the awful hymn of the Last Judgment? The music without reference to Boecklin's picture is impressive, although in this new version it is at times fussy and overworked. As a translation into tones of the picture's sentiment it is singularly incongruous. Even now it might be still more impressive if it were shorter; if the agony were not so prolonged; if the prevailing characteristic were of sacred hush and the final peace that must come to the most turbulent.

Ravel's cunningly and gorgeously orchestrated ballet bears separation from the stage and stage effects, the dancers and the mimes. Nor is it neecssary for one's enjoyment to be concerned with the adventures of Daphnis and Chloe. Here is something more than purple patches of instrumental color and dexterous juggling with surprising combinations of timbres. There is form, there is melody; there are ravishing harmonic devices; there is, above all, poetic imagination. Mr. Monteux, who conducted the first performance in Paris by the Ballet Russe, gave with the superb orchestra a performance of ravishing beauty and dazzling brilliance.

Cherubini's overture and Haydn's symphony were played, the program stated, in commemoration of the birthday of the late Maj. Higginson, Nov. 18, 1834. The overture mocks the years that have passed. It is over a century old; but it still excites admiration by the workmanship, and by the purity and nobility of the musical thought. "Nobility" is the word. How few of the modern composers know the meaning of this word, or, knowing it, fail to express it in their music! This overture is indeed classic as a drama of Sophocle's; the Venus of Milo; a poem by Walter Savage Landor. No wonder that Beethoven greeted Cherubini as the greatest of his contemporaries. The overture was nobly played, while the reading of Haydn's symphony was delightful.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Brahms, Tragic Overture; Weber-Weingartner, Invitation to the Dance; Schoenberg, Sextet for strings, "Radiant Night," arranged for strings (first time in Boston); Tschaikowsky Symphony No. 4, F minor.

NEWMAN BEGINS HIS TRAVEL TALK SERIES

Audience Delighted with Stories and Pictures of Alaska

Mr. Newman began his series of five Travel Talks last evening in Symphony Hall. There was a large and delighted audience. His subject was "Alaska." Some of his hearers were old enough to remember how Seward was laughed at when the United States bought "a land of snow and ice" from Russia. Even Seward, who then wished to show that this country was not impoverished by the civil war, had no idea of the resources of Alaska. Mr. Newman has shown in the past many remarkable pictures and talked in a most entertaining, as well as instructive, manner about various countries, manners and customs of different peoples; he described in a graphic manner, pictorially and by word of mouth, scenes and events in the world war, but last night he surpassed himself. Rivers and lakes, mountains, many beautiful scenes of nature; the mining towns and the methods of mining; dogs, huskies and

nutes; the killing of the huge k hear; views of the midnight wild trails, flowers of strange size beauty; totems, farms and mos-s—a description of wonders of ar north was deeply interesting; e great feature was Mr. Newman's ng of the huge glaciers with the g of the ice, and the views of the y of 10,000 Smokes. Nor was the mic question neglected. This sub-will be treated again this after-when the hall should be crowded. ubject next week Friday evening Saturday afternoon will be "The llan Rockies."

S LEUTZ, 'CELLIST, GIVES FINE RECITAL

Eleanor Leutz, violoncellist, gave a l last night in Steinert Hall. Mrs. Strasser Currier was the pianist. rogram was as follows: Mendels-Variations concertantes; G. Elegie; Debussy, Romance; nann, Menuet (Allegro); Bach, in G major for 'cello alone; Boell-Variations symphoniques; Schu-Romance; Couperin-Kreisler. La use; Reinecke, Scherzo.

program was an agreeable de-re from the conventional one n by 'cellists for a recital. First l. there was no piece by Popper. lelssohn's Variations were written by his brother Paul. Boellmann represented not only by his famil-'ariations, but also by his Menuet, known to the general public, as ls Suite, Prayer and Slow Waltz. ecks is a name now seldom seen on rogram of any concert excep one by a pupil or pupils in a piano Bach afforded the 'cellist an rtunity of showing her sound mu-nship, as well as her technical

ss Leutz has evidently been well ht, tschnically and aesthetically. ng as she is, she plays with under-ding. Mrs. Currier gave valuable stance. An audience of good size lauded heartily.

e Herald is still receiving letters t quick passages made by clipper els from eastern to western ports. e letters are interesting, especially S. E. Morison's, which will soon be lished. Today we publish an ac-t of a surprisingly fast run that, our knowledge, has not been de-ed by any writer on maritime mat-

THE GOOD BRIG ALCIPHRON

he World Wags:

am moved by Mr. Witherspoon's re-inquiry to say that, while Mr. John fin has neither followed Abel Sea-n into the next room nor Capt. Mar-Gale to the Bristol county mad-se, he cannot at present be con-ed on the matter of inaccuracies ch Mr. Witherspoon believes to have nd in one of Mr. Joseph Hergeshel-'s sea yarns. Mr. Coffin, at last orts, was still aboard the bald-ded schooner Rose of Sharon, Capt. er Bartell master, somewhere be-en Halifax and the Bahamas. Fur-r, I am not at present in the old ntlemen's good graces. A grave mis-lerstanding exists. Mr. Coffin be-es me the author of certain tales cerning his activities in the rum-nning line, circulated during the past nmer through your valued columns. is, of course, quite needless to point t that I had no hand in fabricating se unfounded calumnies on an hon-old seaman.

But if nothing short of confirmation Mr. Hergesheimer's figures will en-le Mr. Witherspoon to sleep of nights, am happy to act as accomplice to orpheus. Bearing on the subject of rift voyages, I recall a yarn of Mr. offin's, told to a select audience in e back room shortly before his de-rture on the Rose of Sharon.

His solemn testimony concerned the ig Alciphron, in the year '76, bound om Iquique to Sydney with sacked uano and nitrates. Three hours out om Iquique, the Alciphron caught a le from the northeast. "All sail was t at once," said Mr. Coffin, "the ards squared and the braces pad-cked. The gale mounted steadily, owing from a clear sky. The brig ounded unmercifully and on the sec-nd day, at my suggestion, we started hifting the cargo aft, to bring up her ow. We cleared her forward hold, iling the sacks of guano on her poop eck as a windbreak. On the fifth day f the gale I rigged slings overside and et the crew to scraping her copper. he stood out so sharply under press of he gale, rode so steadily, that they ere able to scrape aft along her keel o within ten feet of her sternpost. rom measurements taken at the time calculated that the brig, which ordi-arily drew nine feet scant, was lifted ntil she drew but fourteen inches.

"And will you believe me, sirs," con-inued the old gentleman impressively, when I tell you that the brig covered he entire course of sxactly 5,847 miles rom Iquiqus to Sydney, from anchorage o anchorage, in the remarkable time of 9 days 2 hours and 37 minutes. A moment of calculation will show you that she logged better than 650 miles in each and every 24 hours. She might indeed have bettered these figures had we not lost the gale suddenly and entered a flat calm during the ninth day. Sails were furled at once, and such was our acquired momentum that the brig went on, without slackening speed, as though under auxiliary power. We rounded South Head, entered Wooloomooloo bay, dropped anchor in six fathoms. And then, sirs"—here Mr. Coffin's voice broke and he extricated a large red bandanna from his hip pocket—"and then, within three minutes by the chronometer, the brig was at the bottom of the bay, a total loss."

In the subsequent stunned silence Mr. Coffin blew his nose, opsned the candy case and extracted a handful of nougatines.

"A diver was sent down by Lloyd's," he continued, munching, "and returned with the report that the brig's sheathing, for a distance of 10 feet forward from her sternpost, had been worn by friction to ths thinness of writing paper. The sudden cessation of motion, coupled with the weight of the guano aft, resulted in disaster; her bottom collapsed, she sank so suddenly that I had barely time to slip below and rescue from my cabin a pair of solid gold knucks, inset with raw emeralds, presented to me in Iquique by a descendant of the Incas. As for the truth of my statement, sirs," concluded Mr. Coffin with simple dignity, "you may consult anyone possessed of a sense of smell who has since that time visited Sydney harbor. That cargo of guano is still there."

Mr. Coffin's veracity, I may assure Mr. Witherspoon, has never been questioned—successfully. If we may believe him, may we not also place full credence in Mr. Hergesheimer and Epes Calef?

The Pharmacy, Jalaam. A. GOOCH.

TALLY-HO!

Ths Delmarvia Star of Wilmington (Del.) relates a sad story. It appears that a negro clergyman, Mr. Talley, in Kentucky filed a petition for divorce from his wife, and alleged that she refused to live with him. His wife filed a counter-claim, stating his misconduct. Mr. Talley sought to justify himself by quotations from the Scriptures. Mrs. Talley then presented this resolution, which was adopted by the congregation in open meeting:

"Whereas, Our beloved pastor has been seen by several of the observing members of this congregation holding in his arms one of the ewe lambs thereof, and,

"Whereas, He has sought to justify his action upon the Scriptures, saying that the Bible says it is perfectly proper for the shepherd of the flock to hold in his arms the lambs thereof;

"Now, therefore, be it resolved, in order to promote the best moral intsrests of this congregation, and the best interests of all kinds, whatsoever and wheresoever, that the next time he feels constrained to grab a lamb that he grab a ram lamb."

"GUILTY OF 'XMAS'"

As the World Wags:

Punishment, by a similar use, was brought upon himself by one man who knew better, the late lamented Provost Mahaffey of Trinity College, Dublin. In expanding his manuscript note describing certain practices of the "Ancient Xians," he evidently interpreted the latter word as "Christians." He was hauled up for a gross misstatement. The basis of his note was locked up and it was found that the statement was true only as to "Chians," the inhabitants of the island of Chios and not of the whole Christian world, his "X" being the Greek letter for "ch" and not a symbol for "Christ."

What can be done to one or more persons advertising themselves as "Carrie Christmas" (or something like this)?

This seems a feeble attempt at imitating the English "Father Christmas" (a weak shadow of our Santa Claus).

Boston. CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

THE INSPIRED COMPOSITOR

(The Hampton (N. H.) Union.)

Last Sunday the services from the Point Breeze Presbyterian Church were sent out. The minister was a Dr. Barker and his sermon was on "America's Uncovered Queen."

"LA GIOCONDA" PLEASES OPERA HOUSE AUDIENCE

Tommasini and Royer Receive Hearty Ovations

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"La Gioconda," an opera in four acts by Ponchielli. The cast:

La Gioconda.....Elizabeth Amsden
Laura.....Nina Frascani
La Cieca.....Ada Paggi
Enzo.....Gaetano Tommasini
Alvise.....Pietro de Biasi
Barnaba.....Joseph Royer

OPERA SEASON

The fortnight of operatic performances by the San Carlo Company, Fortune Gallo, director, ended yesterday. It is reported that the engagement was pecuniarily successful. It is a fact that the audiences were greatly pleased. The prices demanded were comparatively moderate, so that the more experienced in operatic ways were not too critical.

As Mr. Gallo talks of another visit next season and a longer sojourn, it may not be impertinent to make a few remarks on the character of the recent performances.

Mme. Ferrabini's Carmen

The most satisfactory of these performances were those of "Carmen," "Madame Butterfly" and "La Boheme." For some of the operas "guests" were engaged. Mme. Ferrabini's Carmen was uncommonly well considered and admirably carried out vocally and dramatically. In "Madame Butterfly" Mme. Fitziu was brought before the public, much to the enjoyment of the audience. For "Lohengrin" the stately Mme. de Cisneros was announced to impersonate Ortrud. Miss Amsden, a member of the Boston Opera Company in the days when this city had its own company, was heard in "La Gioconda"; Miss Axman of the Metropolitan Opera House was heard in "Cavalleria Rusticana." As the company now stands, it is not wise with the numerically inadequate orchestra to attempt exacting opera like "Otello" and "Lohengrin," nor are the tenors of the company the men for the heroic parts. The company is stronger in baritones. Mme. Saroya showed marked ability; Miss Keltie gave promise, but needs further study. The contralto, Miss Paggi, was excellent in all that she undertook.

The chorus had been well trained vocally. The stage manager did not see to it that the chorus should take any effective part in the action; the stage management throughout was lax. The orchestra, numerically too small, played well under the well-equipped conductors. A great part of pleasure derived from the performances was due to it.

Opera that satisfies in every way the critical is an expensive luxury. Whether Bostonians would be willing to pay for first class opera; whether they would be satisfied with performances only a little better than those of the last fortnight—these are questions not easily to be answered.

If Mr. Gallo does return, it is to be hoped that he will drop "La Forza del Destino" from his repertory.

PHILIP HALE

"Blood and Sand," a play in four acts by Tom Cushing based on the novel by Blasco Ibanez, will be seen at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night. The play was produced at Buffalo, N. Y., on Sept. 5, 1921. The first performance in New York was at the Empire Theatre Sspt. 20.

Mr. Otis Skinner takes the part of Juan Gallardo, a bull fighter. Mr. Towse of the N. Y. Evening Post, who is not easily pleased, said of Mr. Skinner: "In his impersonation of Gallardo he manifests his sense of character as well as of theatrical opportunity. He has done nothing so good since 'The Honor of the Family.'"

This is not the first time that a bull-fighter has been the hero on the stage outside of Spain. A romantic drama "The Bull-fighter," by G. Almar, was produced in England about 1835.

In 1849 an opera, "La Toreador" by Adolphe Adam, was produced at the Opera Comique in Paris. The title was originally "L'Accord parfait." The three chief characters were a bull-fighter, Don Belflor, the old husband of an actress Coraline, and Tracolin, a flute player in the theatre where she had acted. They formed a perfect chord, wrote a critic, but very dissonant in regard to morality. Some described the opera as a buffoonery. Others praised the gaiety and elegance of the music, which never was trivial. This opera was performed in New York by a French comic opera company at the Theatre Francais in 1866.

There is "The Toreador" with music by Ivan Caryle and Lionel Monckton, performed here at the Colonial Theatre in November and December, 1902, when William Broderick took the part of Carajolo, the toreador. Francis Wilson was the funny man. And of course there is our old friend Escamillo in "Carmen." No doubt the bull-fighter has figured in other plays not named "the Matador" or "the Toreador."

Ibanez has told at length how he prepared himself for his novel; he has given out his opinion about the bull-fight. He finds one good thing can be said about it. "It has never been a prop for gambling nor for speculation. In this sense it is a 'clean sport.' The bet is unknown in the Spanish bull ring. It would be incongruous to stake one 'matador' against another." The bull fight fan goes to the ringside in search of emotion, not for money.

"The revulsion I feel at a bull fight is the revulsion some Americans feel when thsy have witnessed a clean, an unquestionable prize fight. It is no more than that. It is not the sense of holy and ingenuous horror that foreigners have expressed to me on the subject of our national game, therehy rousing my patriotic sensibilities to a defence of a barbarous institution of Spain. I suppose all of us are inclined to tolerate the barbarities we are accustomed to see. . . . I have done my share of the good work in 'Blood and Sand.' Where I remark in one place that the only decent person connected with the bull fight is the bull; though at that moment I was not thinking of the poor horses that are disemboweled by the bull. . . . If my guess is worth anything, it would be that despite this venerable origin, despite documentary proof that bull fighting is older than the very hills of Spain, the days of bull fighting with us are numbered. There has always been more or less agitation against the sport in Spain. Recently the cohorts of the game's opponents have been strengthened and consolidated—the political parties of the left are virtually united against it. The present expansion of the sport by financial promoters has shown that there are limits to the profitable exploitation of a national interest, even as deeply rooted as that in the Spanish bull fight. To be sure the suppression of the game is made more difficult for any government by the hue and cry that people who have money invested in the sport would make in the newspapers. But I believe that almost any ministry could prohibit it without more than a passing storm. For, when all is said that can be said, the bull fight is a cruel, and inexcusably cruel pastime. No civilized nation should tolerate it, and a government which had the courage to take account of that fact would be certain to win the eventual support of the controling elements in Spanish public opinion."

"In collecting my material for 'Blood and Sand,' I had to overcome a real antipathy toward the bull fight. Nevertheless, for a whole year I lived in the innermost circles of the sport. I attended spectacles in the arenas of Madrid, Seville and Valencia. I loafed about the cafes where the aspirants to the profession foregather, expressing their hungry ambitions in a language so picturesque. I went to Seville to make the acquaintance of the leading masters of the art, spending many weeks in the luxurious mansions of retired and practising experts who reign in that city like Arabic magnates of old. I lived for a considerable length of time in the house of Antonio Fuentes, a 'star,' who has now withdrawn from the game, to take notes on the winter training of a 'matador' and learn how a 'torero' keeps himself in condition during the winter months when the sport is suspended. In all this time, I became familiar with the costumes of the ring, the customs of the profession, the legends and superstitions current among bull fighters, the scruples and fears of men who are daily staking life against applause, renown and wealth.

"When I thought I had gained a pretty thorough knowledge of the game in all its aspects, I hit upon a way of testing the accuracy of my information. I began to 'witness' bull fights without seeing them, taking up a position under or behind the stands where nothing could be seen and trying to follow the course of events from the exclamations, the grunts, the cheers, the silence especially, of the thronged amphitheatre. Of all the ways of 'seeing' a bull fight this, I believe, is the most thrilling and instructive; and my impression of it is utilized in some of the last chapters of 'Blood and Sand.'

"This study of the bull fight, by ear, so to speak, came to an end one day when I was walking up and down in the area to which the 'picadores' return from the ring on their agonized horses. One of the poor beasts suddenly went wild with pain and terror and charged me furiously; and I was saved only by the presence of mind and professional skill of a picador, who, at the risk of his own life, lifted me bodily from under the heels of the raving animal. This incident enabled me to say with a great sense of relief that at last I had had enough."

And so Mr. Skinner in his desire to be "the complete bull fighter" went to Spain. Yet, we are told that in the play, while the outlines of the story in the novel are followed pretty closely, not much is heard and nothing is seen of the ring itself.

"For those who had not read the book, the play, until almost the last moment, was only the story of a bull fighter wrecked by the passing passion of a false woman."

European journals announced the reopening of the Teatro Argentina in Rome on Nov. 3 with a program that

includes d'Annunzio's "Parisina." This play is not altogether new, but has been rewritten from a drama dating from many years back. This drama was cut down—and very badly mutilated—to form the libretto of Mascagni's opera of the same name. We understand, however, that it will very probably mark the poet's definite return to the theatre. Indeed, d'Annunzio has promised Ruggero Ruggeri and Virgilio Talli an entirely new play for them to stage at the Argentina. "Ali," a new play by Sam Benelli, will be produced at the same theatre.

Mr. Stephen Leacock gave a humorous account of his own title to speak on the drama. He had been an actor, and had played the part of a fairy in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In the good old days, he said, there was something doing in the drama. In the first act you had a lighthouse, men walking up and down in oilskins, and a wrecked boat; the second act was in a madhouse, the third in the monkey house, and the last in the House of Lords, and, if possible, you put in a condemned cell somewhere and hanged one of the characters. In the modern play you introduced all the characters in the first act; they sat on the stage, brooding, but did not speak. In the second act the characters did not come on the stage at all. For the third act the stage was draped in black and the lights were subdued, and again no one came on the stage, the characters having died between the second and third acts. —London Times.

Maeterlinck's "Burgomaster of Stillemond" was revived in London on Oct. 26. "As an artistic effort in propaganda it is undeniably very good, although even as propaganda it is hampered by its prolixity. As a play it is not one of Maeterlinck's best. . . . The play may be dreary but Sir John Martin Harvey's acting of the part of the Burgomaster never is."

It is a common observation that great actors do not necessarily understand or appreciate the "literature" they play. A strong refutal of this is seen in the hitherto unedited letters of the late Josef Kainz, long the chief pride of the Vienna stage. One of these letters is addressed to Paul Schlenther. In it Kainz thanks Schlenther for sending him a copy of Hauptmann's "Scluck und Jau," of which he says: "It is only such a glorious fellow as Gerhard Hauptmann who could make anything out of this old theme. I know how to play the role of Jau down to the very last twitch of the finger or turn up of the nose. It is a great injustice to the author to play the piece simply as a farce, a comedy. You must bring out the tragic element that is an inherent and vital part of the drama. I have Jau's type of bestiality, which is that of a cat rather than a bear. This I can create, and this is why I made a mess of Richard III. But Goethe's 'Egmont,' which you have also sent me and the title role of which you ask me to play? Please don't! I never had any sympathy for the part." And it may be said that not one professor of German literature in 10 could, if unacquainted with "Egmont," tell from a single performance just why Egmont is assassinated. Kainz knew "literature" and for that reason was the greatest German actor during the period from 1890 to 1910. The letters are edited by Hermann Bahr.—New York Evening Post.

A singular duologue in Scots in one scene by Hugh S. Robertson was given at Glasgow Oct. 31. "The piece is just a talk between a large-hearted gravedigger and a gardener of somewhat hard type, of rural respectability. The gravedigger is tending the grave of a village girl who has trodden the way of sin, and the gardener, thinking only of the disgrace brought on the village by the erring Nancy, tells the gravedigger that the whole village is talking about him for being so often looking after the girl's grave. The piece is evidently intended to be a hit at the respectable conventions which the author appears to think too greatly absorbs the interests of the Kirk, but the sentiments are such as would not receive general acceptance."

Notes About the Theatre and Music; Chiefly Personal Notes

Miss Beatrice Turner of Brookline, having studied intelligently the piano, and having had dramatic training, makes a specialty of interpreting tone-poems in her recitals. That is to say, playing music by Debussy, Ravel and others she endeavors to picture in words the impression made by the music on herself. One of her recitals is entitled "Humor in Music," in which she points out the brighter side of life as represented in music by Beethoven, Schumann and others. In another recital, playing ancient dance music she pictures the contemporary customs and manners and the nature of the dances themselves.

W. L. Barrett, for many years a famous English flute player, two years ago, on account of blindness, left the concert stage. He has now by "a miraculous recovery" returned to public life.

J. M. Glover wrote in the Stage of Nov. 3 about the revival of "Ruddigore," which he says has brought with it reminiscences and humorous blunders, "one erudite critic going so far as to ask 'Why Sullivan's Overture' has been discarded?" The humor of this is that Sullivan never wrote a Savoy opera overture in his life, although there was a suggestion—hardly consummated—that he should do one in strict form for one of the works.

A matinee of "Scenes and Songs from Shakespeare" took place in London last month. John Coats sang. The music was by Morley, Arne, Stevens, Linley, Sir Hubert Parry.

Converted action is being taken in all the states against tax on musical instruments, as it is expected it will come up again in final bill before Congress. The national board of the National Federation of Music Clubs, meeting at St. Louis, sent resolution to the conference committee on revenue tax bill of House ways and means committee and Senate finance committee, Washington, D. C., asking that they eliminate the tax on musical instruments in final bill. State presidents of federation are urging this support from their senators and representatives. Among the biennial prizes to be given for musical compositions is one for an entirely new form of chambermusic—the lyric dance drama—a performance of music and action, upon a musical theme. The lyric dance drama not being as huge an undertaking as a pageant will be more easily produced by the music clubs, and it is expected will be the means of arousing interest in many localities. Other prizes are: $500 for chamber music, for violin, flute, oboe and two voices; 'cello prize, $100, given by St. Cecelia Club, Grand Rapids, Mich.; organ prize, $100, also given by St. Cecelia Club; violin prize, $100, given by Musicians' Club of Chicago; chorus for children's voices, $100, by Frances Elliot Clark, Camden, N. J.

Arthur Honegger's "Pastorale d'ete" was performed in London on Oct. 27. As Mr. Monteux purposes to introduce it here, the opinion of the Times is interesting. "This piece is refreshingly old-fashioned, a simple piece of orchestration for a few instruments playing with graceful impressionism round a number of real tunes. It was pleasant to find new music so entirely free from all desire to astonish the multitudes."

Zandonai's "Giulietta e Romeo," Brogi's "Isabella Orsini," Michetti's "Grazia" and Bianchi's "Ghibellina" are new operas to be performed at the Costanzi, Rome, this season.

A fine old Neapolitan 'cello, which has passed through the collections of King George IV and the late Duke of Cambridge, is offered for sale by Putick & Simpson. Like many another curio, the instrument is mysteriously labeled. Guarnerius, who is thus credited with its manufacture, never made a 'cello in his life, say the experts. But are they sure? There were many Guarnerii. Andreas, the first of this great violin-making family, worked with Stradivari, and Peter—one of the most original of a clan of geniuses—made numerous experiments. It is only to Joseph Guarnerius, the greatest violin maker of them all, that history denies the creatorship of the larger instrument. A harpsichord by Tschudi, the founder of Broadwoods, dated 1770, and a "pochette," or diminutive two-stringed fiddle, used for insuring correct intonation in madrigal singing, are other curios to be sold.—London Daily Chronicle.

Anyone conversant with the Bohemian habits of the greatest of all British light opera composers must know that it was the very deuce of a trouble to get "score" out of him at any time, and that most of his "overtures" were, in the early days, "put together" by Alfred Cellier when he was musical director at the Opera Comique, and after his departure for Australia the work was done by that fine musician the late Hamilton Clarke. Sullivan's method was to get through the dress rehearsal as soon as possible, then hand the scores to Hamilton Clarke, who dovetailed in the various melodies, adding on to Sir Arthur's score any little filling in and thickening that was wanting in the original orchestration to drown the gossip of the late-comers during the performance. As far as the present rearrangement is concerned, I have reason to think that it only amounts to adeletion of melodies that were taken out of the main score, which, of course, would not be known to the new generation, but only to one or two of the musical Savoyard die-hards, who duly put the new young men on the scent. Harmless drollery at the best."

"Old Moore's Almanack" for 1922 has appeared in London. The references to the theatrical matters for the year are as follows: "February bothers about places of entertainments. April: Mars afflicted in 5th threatens accidents on race courses and places of entertainment. May: Neptune on 5th is favorable for entertainments. August: Uranus on the 5th cusp is bad for places of entertainment, which suffer from accidents and from crimes affecting persons employed there. September: Theatre and places of amusement appear to do well."

It is good to note that public as well as theatrical interest has been aroused in favor of Ellen Terry receiving, as the most notable figure of the English stage, that recognition she so richly deserves. I would, however, like it to go farther and see an honorable pension granted from the civil list or from King George's fund, to enable her to enjoy her remaining years in the ease and comfort due to her. One can hardly suggest a benefit performance, which would be an overwhelming success, for her kindness of heart is such that there would always be the danger of her giving the proceeds away to those she considered less fortunate than herself.—The Stage, Nov. 3.

We have heard two singers this week of the front rank—Chaliapin and Coates. There are few things so inept as the comparison of one artist with another, and nothing of the kind is intended here. It may be that we should think less of Challapin if he were our countryman, and more of Coates if he were a foreigner; to weigh or honor the merits of its members is not so much the business of the family as of the great world outside; and for that reason comparison is not only inept, but impossible. They are alike only in this—that both have risen to such mastery of their art that discussion of the means by which success is obtained is no longer worth while; we can assume all these things, and attend wholly to the song as a direct expression of human spirt.—London Times.

Eva Gauthier

Mme. Eva Gauthier will give a song recital in Jordan Hall on Monday evening, Nov. 28. As is her wont, she will sing many unfamiliar songs of an exotic nature. The program is decidedly modern. Goossens, Bax, Ireland, Bridge, Lord Berners and Holst are representatives of the more advanced British school. The radical French composers are represented by Auric, Durey, Honegger, Milhaud (three songs), Poulenc ("Le Bestiaire") and Taillefer. The program also includes songs by Christ, Griffer, Korngold, Schoenberg, Schrecker and Steinert.

Mme. Gauthier says of her programs: "I should go mad if I were forced season after season to sing the same songs, the same sort of music, no matter how beautiful it may be, I am the last to deny the beauty of the classics, the genius of Mozart, of Beethoven and of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Brahms, and other masters. I love them and sing their songs—and not badly, they tell me, but season after season of the same thing, ugh!

"Several years ago I determined to make my recitals different, if I could. I had a basis to work on, in the oriental folk music that I had learned and brought back from the east, those fascinating Javanese and Malay things that have been so much admired. Then I went in for European folk-music and the public to which I sang liked that, and in the mean time I was searching, searching all the time, all over the world where music is being written, for something worth while that others were not singing. It has meant, and still means, a great deal of work. It would be much easier to sit quietly in one's home and take down a handsomely bound volume of the classics and build a nice conventional program which can be used in 50 different places in one season. I criticise no artist who does it. Most of them do and if that suits them it is all that is necessary—only I could not.

"I don't dare tell how many hours in a week and how many weeks in a year I devote to studying new music. I don't dare tell even myself. I'm like a friend of mine who runs an automobile when he really can not afford it. I asked him once what it cost him and he replied that he didn't know, and didn't want to know because if he did he would be compelled to sell it! If I really counted the hours, and the cost in time and money, I'd be frightened."

Bernhardt's New Play

(The Paris Correspondent of the Stage)

What a magnificent evening it was last Tuesday (Oct. 18) when Mme. Sarah Bernhardt presented Maurice Rostand's play "La Gloire" at her theatre. Maurice Rostand has proved his right to fame at last, with a play that is very noble in its form, very daring in its theme, very beautiful in its poetic expression. In the face of the harsh criticisms that he has received in the past, his success before the most critical of audiences, the tout Paris of first nights, is indeed a triumph. I even felt a certain element of hostility and condescending scepticism before the curtain rose. But by the middle of the first act the beauty of certain verses had brought forth a burst of spontaneous applause, and thence onward the actors were occasionally interrupted by enthusiastic marks of approval. Not only for the poetic beauty of "La Gloire," but for the play as well.

The scene is laid in England, under the Georges. Wisburn is a famous painter, whose only son, Clarence, is obsessed by the desire for fame and the fear of passing through life as a nonentity, like the sons of most great men. He adores his father, and is adored by him, but wishes to fly with his own wings, to drive, like Phaeton, the chariot of the sun. And the struggle between the two men who adore each other is extraordinarily poignant; the father, who is powerless to give his child the genius that is his, and that he would so willingly transmit. "The world will exact more from you than from myself. To equal me your art must be greater than mine," he chides. But Clarence shows him a sketch, and declares that he will accept the verdict of his father and his father's pupils. They agree that the boy's talent is hopelessly mediocre. But when he is left alone, and gives way to his discouragement in the gloom of the studio, his father's picture of "fame" becomes mysteriously animated and speaks to his feverish imagination bidding him go to London and seek her for himself. Two years later Clarence, who has been working in the greatest secrecy, declares that his work is finished, that he has attained the full measure of his art, and sends for his father, who will be the first to see and appreciate his work. In the mean time he receives a visit from Mme. Recamier, who, thinking he is the famous Wisburn, comes to order a portrait. "Alas! I am only the son," he says, with infinite melancholy. But again Fame appears before him. Is he ready to suffer and die for her? Her longest kisses are laid upon graves, and she makes promises to the living that she can only keep to the dead. At last Wisburn arrives. He has been somewhat estranged from his son, and their reconciliation is all the more affectionate. Wisburn has been ill and lonely. "Why did you not send for me? But you had your fame to console you." "Fame is nothing without the tenderness of those we love." But the boy, obsessed by his one idea, springs up to show his work to his father. Now the father will see. He flings open the huge doors to his studio. On the threshold Wisburn recoils in horror, for there is nothing painted on the canvases that face him from the walls. It is an admirable symbol, and magnificently dramatic! the symbol of failure—of impotence. And Clarence goes from one to the other, madly pointing out the sunsets of his dreams and the figures of his fancy, until, aware of the dismay of his father and the girl he loves, he looks upon the pictures he has never painted, sees them for the first time as they are, realizes his madness, and falls in a dead faint upon the floor. In the last act we learn that Clarence has been very ill. In the mean time his father has painted all the canvases imagined by his son, and they are so fine that the Prince of Wales confers upon Clarence honors that even his father has never received. But he guesses the truth. Wisburn tries to deceive him, but the emotion of his fiancee betrays her, and the blow is too much for the boy. But as he is dying, Fame again appears to him. Since the dreams and the inspirations were his, the pictures are his also, and his immortality is sealed by his death. You will perceive that Fame is here used as a symbol of genius as well as of celebrity. The avidity of Youth for the honors that Age has learned to hold of little worth is very human; and the duel between father and son is all the more tragic because it is not based upon envy but upon affection. The father must stand by powerless and see his boy die. And the boy dies, not because he cannot equal his father, but because he becomes convinced that he is the failure he feared to be. What audacity in such a theme, from the son of Edmond Rostand! And how moving! The play contains obvious imperfections and inequalities, but at last we have a real poet, instead of the imitations that have tried to impose themselves upon us of late. It is curious to note the influence of English poets on M. Maurice Rostand. One finds traces of Swinburne, Byron, and Shelley, and possibly James Thomson, although the author of "The City of Dreadful Night" is little known here.

The play is acted with splendid fervour. Mme. Bernhardt is admirable, as always, in "La Gloire." Who could more fittingly personify Fame? Tyrannical and tender, she is endlessly acclaimed. M. Yonnel gives his whole soul to the part of Clarence. He is finely lyrical, carrying the audience with him, and his personal success is on a line with the author's. Indeed, both young men serve each other admirably. Grctillat is powerful and moving as the father, and MM. Decoeur and Chemeroy and Mlles. Paulette Pax and Vattier are good. After the play the author was called for, but refused to appear.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M., 40th concert for the Pension Fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

Arlington Theatre, 3:30 P. M., Concert of the People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

Cambridge, Elks' Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by Portuguese artists. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Jean Bedetti, the admirable first violoncellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, assisted by Heinrich Gebhard, pianist. Beethoven, Sonata, A major, op. 69, No. 3; Bach, Suite C major for 'cello alone; Schumann, Adagio and Allegro; Jean Hure, Sonata, F sharp minor; Bocche-

l, Adagio and Allegro from Sonata, major No. 6; Glazounoff, Melodie d Serenade Espagnole; Paul Paray, octurne; Popper, Les Elpes.
EDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. he Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer, nductor. Part songs: Hall, Smilg Morn; MacDowell, The Cruders; Engelsberg, Finland Love ong; Sibelius, The Broken Melly; Cadman, The Vision of Sir unfal; Juengst, pin, Spin; Reichrdt, The Image of the Rose; C. . Scott, Ole Uncle Moon; Gounodach, Ave Maria; Kremser, Prayer of hanksgiving. Mrs. Leadbetter will ing Massent's Sevillana, Mozart's orgi Amor, Dalcroz's L'Oiseau blue nd Salter's Singing Bird. Incidental olos by Wm. F. Pollard, tenor, and Valter H. Kidder, baritone.
IDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. ixth concert of the Boston Symphony rchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor. ee special notice.
TURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Concert of the London String Quartet. See pecial notice.
Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition f Friday's Symphony concert.

PORTUGUESE ARTISTS

me. Camilla Taveira, violinist; Mme. e Pancada, soprano, and Alf. Masenhas, baritone, with Alberto Sarti, nposer, will give a concert in Elks' ll, Cambridge, at 8 o'clock tonight.
st part: Duets from "Mignon" and hais"; arias from "Wally" and valleria Rusticana" (Mme. Panca; monologue from "Andrea Chenier," d air from "Ballo in Maschera" (Mr. scarenhas). Mme. Taveira will play onard's "Military Fantaisie." Second rt: Compositions of Mr. Sarti. Duets: ong of the Wild Sea," "Country lk's Gossip" and "Keep on Talking." prano songs: "The Stroll of St. Anny and the Portuguese Woman." ritone songs: "The Nightingale's ng" and "The Voyage."

Nov 21 1921

We regret to find the New York Times editorially dropping into French, using the phrase "armament a l'outrance." "A outrance" is the French of France. But the Times has many fellow sinners in this respect: Ralph Waldo Emerson, for example, who should have known better.

OF LIGHT AND LEADING

As the World Wags:

Honors are heaped on me thick and fast. I told you a few days ago with what flattering words a boot and shoe shop attempted to lure me to pecuniary destruction. Yesterday I received a letter written on refined notepaper inviting me to subscribe to the Spectator. The letter began:

"I am convinced that though you have no time to wade through the European dailies you, like other American citizens of light and leading, need the news of Europe distilled into an essence."

"Distilled." O blessed word, as sweet to the ear as was "Mesopotamia" to the devout old lady in church. "Distilled!" As the hymn says of the word "grace," "distilled"—has "a charming sound, harmonious to the ear."

And so I am recognized by no less a person than the editor-in-chief of the Spectator, Mr. St. Loe Strachey—he signs his name—as an American citizen of "light and leading." My lights and liver! Nothing but my state of financial stagnation prevents me from subscribing to the Spectator by cable.

Boston. HERKIMER JOHNSON.

INTOXICATING RECORDS

As the World Wags:

In his interesting and illuminating criticism of Mr. Vecsey's performance of Tschaikowsky's concerto at a Symphony concert in Boston your esteemed confrere "H. T. P." wrote concerning the Finale: "The harmonic and rhythmic bite of it pricks the car like hot liquor on the tongue."

I have not yet seen the report of the arrest of Mr. Vecsey for purveying such illicit stimulation to his audience but perhaps the minions of the Holy Office have spirited him away without publicity. Be that as it may, that's high praise, both for the work of the composer and the rendition by the artist, from one usually conservative in his expressions of approbation, and from the chosen simile I gather that he liked it very much. Do you know whether the Opus referred to as played by Mr. Vecsey is yet canned for the Victrola so that those beyond earshot pricking distance of the concert hall may avail themselves of its vibrations in the home? There is little rhythmic bite to the local home-brewed product and the cider of the years is still in infancy, but he who merely speaks the words "hot liquor" says a mouthful, and he who can fiddle even its suggestion to the thirsty tongue has fiddled to high purpose.

There is more in this than at first meets the eye. It may lead to a way out of the desert. Wars, whether of nations or Carrie Nations, lead to the adoption of substitutes for the real thing. Some of them prove to be excellent, some not, but are we not on the doormat of discovery when one understands that the hunter home from the hill, first stamping the slush from his chilled extremities on the back porch, can lay the Vecsey record on the disk of the Victrola in the "settin' room" and forthwith enjoy all the revivifying reverberations of a Hot Scotch?

And yet would even music be immune from the drastic interpretations of the enforcement officers if it served as hot liquor on the tongue? Washington would doubtless rule that as music was liquid it came under the elastic, not to say gummed up, provisions of the Volstead act and that all compositions containing more than one-half of one per cent. of emotional content were barred.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

MARRIAGE MADE EASY

("I shan't get married today, I am too tired."—An overdue bridegroom in Bucks.)

Sleep on, beloved, sleep,
And take they rest;
The wedding cake will keep,
And eke the ring;
May gentle breaths and deep
Restore thy zest
For marrying.

Strange that the weary groom
May brief no mate,
His duties to assume,
The ring to brandish;
No Alden to illume
The passion spate
Of Standish.

O for a nuptial rite
On painless plan,
To wed the weary wight;
The marriage norm
Puts thee in sorry plight,
O happy man,
Try chloroform!
—A. W., in London Daily Chronicle.

FOUR FAST CLIPPERS

As the World Wags:

While the world prays for peace, I am thirsting for the blood of anyone who claims that any sailing vessel ever made a greater day's run than the Lightning's of 436 nautical miles.

In the research for my "Maritime History of Massachusetts," I found but four authentic records of day's runs of more than 410 miles by sailing vessels. They were made, of course, by Yankee clipper ships:

Sovereign of the Seas, Capt. Lauchlan McKay, March 17-18, 1853, 411 miles.

Red Jacket, Capt. Asa Eldridge, Feb. 27-28, 1854, 413 miles.

Lightning, Capt. James N. Forbes, Feb. 28-March 1, 1854, 436 miles.

Donald McKay, Capt. Henry Warner, late February or early March, 1855, 421 miles.

The Red Jacket was designed by Samuel Hartt Pook of Boston, and built by George Thomas of Rockland, Me. The other three were designed and built by Donald McKay at East Boston. All four records were made at the same time of year; those of Red Jacket and Lightning on succeeding days. The Sovereign's run was made in the roaring forties in the South Pacific; the other three in the North Atlantic. All four were made on eastward runs; consequently the sea day, from noon to noon, was less than 24 hours long, and the "corrected" day's run would read considerably higher: 424 miles for the Sovereign, and probably more in proportion for the others. These records are derived from abstracts of the ships' logs, printed in newspapers immediately after they were made, and, in the case of the Sovereign at least, reprinted in Maury's "Sailing Directions." There are plenty of phoney clipper ship records to be found, in nautical almanacs of the latter 19th century, and in letter columns in New York papers. One set of records was constructed by measuring degrees of longitude in the 40's as if they had been on the equator. I challenge anyone to produce an authentic contemporary record to beat that of the Lightning; and I doubt whether any sailing ship other than the above-mentioned unless it be McKay's other masterpieces, the James Baines and the Flying Cloud, ever made a day's run of over 410 miles. Nautical miles of 6080 feet, mind you. The greatest day's run by a British-built clipper, mentioned in Basil Lubbock's book, is a beggarly 363 miles.

Cambridge. S. E. MORISON.

FOR PENSION FUND

At the first concert for this season given by the Symphony Orchestra in aid of its pension fund Symphony Hall was filled yesterday afternoon in every part with an audience that manifested appreciation of the efforts of Mr. Monteux and the musicians with vigorous applause at every point where it was appropriate. This approval and its expression seemed to be not a bit clouded by the sombre, tragic character of the program and the fact that only two composers were represented, Tschaikowsky and Richard Strauss.

The first half of the concert was given over to the Russian composer's "Pathetic" symphony. The second half consisted of Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." Here were sorrow and pathos and tragedy raised to the nth power and continued through the long stretches of harmony, melody and artistic dissonance, until the comparatively short jingling jocosity of the "Merry Pranks" was reached. For, although "Don Juan" is streaked all through with the musical expression of the hero's variegated amorous passions, he had his troubles because of them and Strauss does not neglect them.

But the audience did not seem to care whether Tschaikowsky's despair was incurable, whether death as portrayed by Strauss was an excessively noisy affair, whether Don Juan got what he deserved for his flitting from flower to flower. It was rejoiced by the magnificent manner in which the musical ideas of the composers were portrayed by the orchestra and its energetic leader, and it drank in with delight the matchless beauties of the lyric portions of the "Pathetic" symphony, the beautiful transfiguration harmonies of Strauss and the entrancing love songs of Don Juan.

The orchestra was never more on its mettle to do its best in spirit, in vigor and in delicacy of expression, so that the whole result was splendid.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY GIVES FIFTH CONCERT

Performance, with Solos by Miss Allyn, Delights Large Audience

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its fifth concert in the Arlington Theatre yesterday afternoon, with Miss Helen Allyn, coloratura prima donna of the opera company at the theatre, as assisting artist. The program was:

Symphony No. 1 in C Major Op. 21...Beethoven
Suite No. 1 from Music to "Peer Gynt" Op. 46...Grieg
Shadow Song from "Dinorah"...Meyerbeer
Overture, "Cockaigne" (In London Town). Elgar

Beethoven's C major symphony was well played, the performance of the "Cockaigne" overture bettered last season's performance, but it was the whimsies of the "Peer Gynt" music, as so often happens, over which the audience enthused.

Miss Allyn has a flexible soprano of agreeable timbre and good range. With the freshness of the youth and an attractive personality she is a distinct addition to the opera company. She sang the "Bird Song" from "Pagliacci" as an encore, and more effectively than the Meyerbeer number. The audience wanted still more, causing the patient Mr. Mollenhauer some perturbation.

Next Sunday afternoon, by courtesy of Charles Dillingham, John Charles Thomas, baritone, will come from the Tremont Theatre as assisting artist and contribute the "Eri Tu" aria from Verdi's opera, "The Masked Ball," also a group of songs by Whelpley. The program will omit the severely classical altogether, the remaining numbers being Schubert's beautiful "Unfinished Symphony," Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba" ballet music and the Strauss waltz, "Beautiful Blue Danube."

Nov 22 1921

BLOOD AND SAND

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Blood and Sand," a romantic melodrama in four acts and five scenes, by Tom Cushing, founded in part on the novel of Ibanez. Produced by the Frohman management at Buffalo, N. Y., on Sept. 5, 1921. Performed in New York at the Empire Theatre on Sept. 20, 1921.

Garabato	John Rogers
A room attendant	Henry Martin
Dr. Ruiz	Clarence Handyside
Alvarez	F. du Chaillu Dalton
Juan Gallardo	Mr. Skinner
Don Jose	William Lorenz
Antonio	F. Cecil Butler
Encarnacion	Octavia Kenmore
Senora Josefina	Henrietta York
Rosario	Madeline Delmar
Juanillo	Ethel Downie
Dona Sol	Catherine Calvert
El Nacional	Romaine Callender
Marques de Miura	Charles N. Greene
Condesa de Torrealta	Elsie Frederic
Dona Sarasate	Cornelia Otis Skinner
Monsenor	Claude Gouraud
Don Ernesto	Edward Norris
Dona Luisa	Gretchen Yorke
Dona Emilia	Genevieve Dolaro
A servant	Charles Hiser
Pedro	Victor Hammond
Senora Angustias	Clara T. Bracy
Mariana	Edith Townsend
A Picador	William Gaylord
A priest	Carlos N. Gray
El Fuentes	Felix Fredini
An attendant	Kenneth Kipling

Whether the drama follows the novel closely is a matter of little importance. In the adaptation the scenes from the life of the bull-fighter Gallardo are the thing: how he rose to glory; how he fell, deceived by a woman of high degree, who, as the Roman women, doted on gladiators, took a passing fancy for the glorious animal until a mild-eyed poet succeeded him; how he finally was killed, dying happy in the thought that this woman was by his side, mistaking his wife in holiday costume for her.

Mr. Skinner went to Spain in search of local color. He brought back handsome costumes; he returned, acquainted with the preparation of the bull-fighter for the ring. In the first act one sees how feet are bandaged; in the third act there is the sight of a bandaged leg, for having met Dona Sol, the bull-fighter is unlucky in the ring. The Scripture says that the Lord does not delight in the legs of a man. The spectator last night might have said "Amen" to the Lord. This is without any injurious reflection on Mr. Skinner's physical endowment, but was there not a little too much of a good thing?

The first act is interesting by reason of "local color," by a revelation of Gallardo's character; a superstitious, vain, childish, fatuous person, not without a sense of humor, accustomed to women's admiration. There is no action. There is so much "local color"—as the noises in the street—that at times the dialogue is not heard. In the second act the bull-fighter meets Dona Sol and her guests in her salon. Here he shocks the ladies by his speech and behavior, except Dona Sol, who is the more enraptured. The curtain falls as he hears her out into the garden where it is dark.

In the third act he is on his farm with a broken leg. His shrewish sister taunts him with his passion; his wife begs him not to return to the arena. He goes back, has a stormy scene with Dona Sol, in his drunken fury shoots at a bull's head on the wall, and at the end is killed. A gypsy woman had foretold his fate.

Here we have a romantic melodrama, interesting pictorially, effective indeed, but not a play of uncommon worth. Mr. Skinner is the play. For many years he has been the leading romantic actor in this country. His voice has not the charm that once distinguished it, but it is still an organ to express sentiment, humor, gayety and passion.

In significant action, in telling byplay, in dramatic intelligence and in authoritative delivery, there is no one to be likened unto him. His nervous demeanor in the first act, before his going into the arena, with his forebodings, his meeting with Dona Sol, who deigned to call on him; his deportment in her salon, where he discloses the primitive savagery of the man; his restlessness on the farm, with the conflicting emotions; these portrayed a definite, finely drawn character, so that one could say, without having read the novel, that he had known a bull-fighter named Gallardo; "poor chap, he went to pieces because an aristocratic woman took a fancy to him, and was soon tired of him."

The company gave sufficient support. Miss Calvert, a singularly handsome woman, played alluringly a part thrice familiar in melodrama for many years. Miss Delmar gave life and being without apparent effort to the faithful, forgiving wife. Miss Skinner was piquant and amusing as one of Dona Sol's guests, a type of young woman that is found in any large city, and talks in Boston as she talks in Madrid.

Our correspondents have written many letters during the last fortnight. There are many about fast clipper ships and Halford Sauce. The London Daily Chronicle recently published a paragraph headed "Worcestershire Zest."

"A German firm has just put a 'Worcestershire Sauce' on the merket. The maker is frank enough to state on the label that the sauce is 'made in Germany,' although the label has this notice in 'English' 'This sauce is of peculiar piquancy, and made of the best zest. On account of her manysided employment she is absolutely necessary for all cooking.'

"What, you may ask, is Zest? The maker must have looked up the German word for spicea in his German-English dictionary and found several English words against it. He used the first-mentioned—an old and nearly obsolete word. Dictionaries do let people down hadly at times."

VARIA

"Observer" asked why Proctor Knott's characterization of Duluth as "the zenith city of the unsalted sea" is not in the reports of the speech delivered by Knott in the House of Representatives in 1871. J. W. H. of Centre Tuftonboro, N. H., writes that the characterization was made in Knott's speech at Duluth in July, 1890, when he was invited by the inhabitants to address them. We are indebted to Mr. William L. Robinson of Allston for quotations from the speech in the House of Representatives.

North Carolina has provided carefully for those who read in bathrooms. Chapter 186 of the Laws of 1921 contains a set of rules and regulations for the conduct of hotels in that state. Here is the all important paragraph: "Bathrooms must be sufficiently lighted to permit the reading of ordinary newspaper type (18) inches from the normal eye."

WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY THE WORD "OVER," EZRA?

Rev. Garland Pearson, who returned from Europe last week stated to a Herald reporter that he did not see over a half-dozen pairs of silk stockings.—Springfield, Mo., Herald.

"O. B. E."

Mr. Phineas Redux of Foster's Turnout, discussing the reckless use of initials, asked the meaning of "O. B. E."

Mrs. Mabel H. Donham of Cambridge writes to The Herald: "A decoration established during the war, the Order of the British Empire, has been widely bestowed among our bureaucratic functionaries, temporary and permanent. The 'O. B. E.' has become a joke, owing to its general diffusion. Some outsiders have also received it, and they meet in their walks abroad many ungratifying allusions. 'Have you heard about Brown?' said one clubman to another. 'No, what's happened to him?' 'Why, he's got an O. B. E.' 'Brown got an O. B. E. You don't mean it?' There was a moment's reflection and then the clinching comment. 'Well, serves him right.'" Mrs. Donham says the quotation is from "England After the War," by Frank Dilnot.

"Ad Astra" of Wenham writes as follows:

"O. B. E., being translated roughly, means the Order of the British Empire, though I doubt much if this tells the whole story. There is presumably a right honorable, or a most noble, or a suprmely worthy, in the title. This order was instituted early in 1919, I think, for the purpose of recognizing meritorious services to the empire in whatever walk of life they might occur. Most undiplomatically the first list of recipients contained an incredible number of names; over 50,000, I think. This, of course, cheapened the award, and those whose arrows are sped from the string of exaggeration at once, made it a popular and thoroughly perforated butt. It was agreed by all that the distinction lay in not being mentioned. Some also affected to confuse this list with the famous Black Book of Mr. Pemberton Billing, which contained the names of 47,000 traitors, so he alleged."

TWO KINGDOMS

Apropos of the death of Mrs. George Gould (Edith Kingdon), B. B. E. of Malden writes a letter that should be of peculiar interest to the older newspaper men of Boston.

"You may remember Sam Kingdon, who was a desk man on the Post in your days. He was a very affable, gentlemanly fellow, and we became quite friendly. One night while chatting during a lull, knowing me to be English, he remarked that his family was English, but that he had never been able to find out anything about it. All he knew was that his father and a brother had come to this country and had then drifted apart and never got in touch with one another again. He said there were plenty of Kingstons, Kingtons and Kingdoms, but that Kingdons seemed to be rare. Sam then added that there was a girl named Kingdon playing at the (I think) Boston Theatre, and he wondered if she was any relative. I asked him why he didn't write. He replied that so many cranks pestered theatrical people that a letter would probably be thrown aside. I urged him to try. Finally he said he would. He then told me that he had received a very cordial letter from Miss Kingdon, who wrote that it was evident from what she knew of her own history and what Sam had written that they were cousins. She invited him to call, which he did, and was pleasantly received by the lady and (I think) her mother. He was urged to call again, but Sam was somewhat shy and very diffident, and I don't think he ever did so. Soon after Miss Kingdon married Mr. Gould. Sam left the Post for the Transcript and remained there some years till his death. He had bought a tiny islet in New Hampshire, I think in Lake Winnepesaukee, where he spent his vacations, usually with some close chum. When dying he asked that he might be buried on his islet. His wishes were carried out. A quiet, pleasant, genial associate, I liked him very much and have never forgotten him. How many would have tried to play the relationship for their own benefit! I fancy very few knew of it."

THE "CHAS. C. LEARY"

As the World Wags:

I think the quickest time made from Singapore to Boston was by the "Chas. C. Leary," Capt. Baker. In the Captain's report I read: "I was writing in my cabin when the wind suddenly veered in right direction and I closed my letters, sent them ashore by boatman and cast off for home. I passed Aujer Head in 50 hours, and on voyage I ran seven weeks without changing sails, and here I am in Boston, 81½ days from sailing." It proved to be the last voyage of the captain. The longest voyage between same ports was by the "Nehemiah Gibson," 165 days, partly caused by her going into Vineyard Haven, where she was detained 21 days. The last sailing vessel loaded at Singapore for any port was the "Manuel Liaguno", she having safely arrived here in about 100 days.

Boston. EVERETT F. SWEET.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Shavings," a play in three acts from Joseph C. Lincoln's novel; adaptation by Marion Short and Pauline Phelps. The cast:

Jed Winslow, "Shavings"..Walter Gilbert
Capt. Sam Hunniwell.....Mark Kent
Phineas Babbitt.....Harold Chase
Leander Babbitt.....Aubrey Bosworth
Charles Phillips.....Benjamin Hadfield
Major Leonard Grover.....Frank Charlton
Gabriel Bearse.....Ralph Remley
Roscoe Holway.....Henry Gurvey
Ruth Armstrong.....Viola Roach
Barbara Armstrong.....Theresa Kilburn
Maude Hunniwell.....Myrtle Clark

The resources afforded by the small town for good comedy and interesting characterization have been drawn upon by writers almost from the time small towns began to exist. The setting of "Shavings" is thus an old one, yet it is one of which we rarely tire. When an author wishes to study character, he need but go to a small town.

The long run which "Shavings" had formerly makes a synopsis of its plot superfluous. It is sufficient to say that every character, from the postoffice busybody to the sweet young daughter of the banker, affords opportunity for an exhibition of excellent acting. The actors last night sounded the true note in their respective characterization.

Miss Roach, who has won so much popularity this season, was the perfect leading lady of a finished theatrical company. And in the part of Maude Hunniwell, Miss Clark was a charming ingenue. Mr. Kent and Mr. Chase as the rival "leading citizens" of the town fought like two mad dogs—muzzled by the coolness of old Jed Winslow, admirably played by Mr. Gilbert. Mr. Remley was the ubiquitous male scandal-monger.

So well indeed did the entire company display the eccentricities of small-town folk that the audience burst out intermittently in laughter, followed not infrequently by spontaneous applause—a result which can scarcely be accredited to the lines of the play itself.

Next week the same company will present "Smilin' Through," with Miss Nancy Fair in the leading role.

'THEODORA,' FILM

At the Shubert Theatre last night the first presentation was made in this city of "Theodora," a film play founded on Sardou's famous drama. The film was produced in Italy by the Unione Cinematografica Italiana of Rome. The American presentation is made by Goldwyn.

This gorgeous picture follows Sardou's original story of the love of Theodora, the Byzantine empress, for Andreas, a young Greek; of her mad attempt to save his life, and her subsequent downfall. The producers announce that two years were consumed in making the film. It is easy to believe this. It is done on colossal lines. The settings are magnificent and beautiful and the photography excellent. Last night the picture was run off too quickly—although the showing was not over until 11 o'clock. Such lovely pictures should not be flashed off and on the screen with lightning-like rapidity; the spectator wants to have an opportunity to really look at them.

Excellent acting characterizes the picture. Rita Jolivet in the title role is not only beautiful; she is truly regal. She makes the dare-devil empress a very impressive figure. Ferruccio Biancini plays the part of the weak emperor with nice understanding. Adolf Touche as Belisarius, a general, is a commanding figure. Rene Maupre as Andreas, the lover of Theodora, lacks, perhaps, the personality one expects from Sardou's character. Appropriate music, well played, accompanied the picture.

"BOHEMIAN GIRL" GIVEN

The largest audience of the season enjoyed the fine performance of "The Bohemian Girl" last night at the Arlington Theatre. This old opera does not lose in popularity as the years go by perhaps on account of its numerous ballads. Miss Morrill, a delightful Arline, will take the role throughout the week. She sang "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" so well she was compelled to take an encore, hard as she tried to avoid it. The versatile Norman Arnold as Thaddeus sang and looked the part. Elva Boyden as the queen also did her best singing of the season. Stanley Deacon made a dignified count. He is a baritone with the ability of expressing pathos. Herbert Waterous as Devilshoof, chief of the gypsies, was excellently cast. William R. Northway actually made something of the asinine part of Florestein. Give this artist a part with comedy no matter how small, and he makes it stand out.

COPLEY THEATRE—"A Night Off." A farce in four acts, by Augustin Daly. The cast:

Prof. Babbitt.....Percy Foster
Marcus Brutus Snap.....E. E. Clive
Harry Damask.....Walter Kingsford
Jack Mulberry.....Nicholas Joy
Lord Mulberry.....Moffat Johnston
Prowl.....Lionel Pape
Mrs. Xantippe Babbitt.....Deidre Doyle
Nisbe.....Catherine Willard
Angelica Damask.....Katherine Standing
Susan.....May Ediss
[illegible]ria.....Margaret Pitt

[illegible] again reviving "A Night Off," the players take us back to the '80s [illegible] all the days of Ada Rehan, John Drew, Mrs. Gilbert and James Lewis at Daly's vanished theatre in New York. It is farce of a bygone generation, obvious and mechanical, quite lacking the light touch of modern comedy. It takes uncommon talent and a tremendous amount of horsepower to carry it through successfully, especially the finale which calls for herculean labors to make it move at all.

However, a large audience enjoyed the piece last night and the players, barring a tendency to verbal indistinctness, tackled the job with a spirit and an intelligence which surmounted all difficulties. Mr. Clive as the peripatetic actor of the old school, contributes a piece of capital acting, and Mr. Foster, in the part of the muddle-minded old professor, missed no opportunity.

Miss Doyle made the professor's wife a very vivid personality and Miss Ediss played the cockney slavey with an enthusiasm that carried all before her.

MAJESTIC PROGRAM

An interesting vaudeville program was presented at the Shubert-Majestic Theatre last evening. The numbers afforded pleasing contrasts throughout the performance and were enthusiastically received.

Hal Forde, the star of "Honeydew," and Lt. Gitz Rice, composer of many popular war songs, presented an excellent selection of old-time and modern songs, ending with Rice's own effective interpretation of the ever-popular song, "Dear Old Pal."

Lucille Chalfant, coloratura soprano, was charming in her impressions of Jenny Lind. Her voice has a clear, flute-like quality, as was proven when she sang the same selection which her conductor had played on the flute.

Lee White, ably assisted by Clay Smith at the piano sang several attractive songs in a brilliant manner.

The Gaudsmiths, with their two poodles, did rapid acrobatic antics which showed almost uncanny co-operation between dogs and men.

The four military elephants trained by Noonan went through amusing and astonishing tricks in an unusually well-directed act.

Griff blew some wonderful soap bubbles, accompanied all the time by his droll monologue. Mlle. Anna Codee also presented a vivacious monologue, half in English and half in French, supposedly.

Billy McDermott, appearing first as a survivor of Coxey's army, later as a singer of light opera—very light—and then in his own burlesque interpretation of two band masters, showed marked skill in character portrayal.

IRENE BORDONI

Irene Bordoni heads the bill at Keith's Theatre this week. She appears in a cycle of American, French and Spanish songs, and for an encore gives some of the selections that made her famous as a musical comedy star.

A close contender for honors is the team of Gallagher and Shean. The two are old time singers and last night they sang once more their well-known "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean" song. Their patter and parodies on timely topics of the day kept the audience in roars of laughter.

Maude Powers and Vernon Wallace in "Georgia on Broadway" have a pleasing act. The quaint southern dialogue as well as the unexpected finish to the sketch do much to get the act over.

Paul Decker appears in Edwin Burke's new comedy, "I Heard—." It is a little sketch dealing of gossip by several women and was well presented. Frank W. Taylor, Nina Saville and Helen Vallely are worthy of mention, as they depict their characters with skill.

A youthful sister act is offered by Madelon and Paula Miller. The two girls possess good looks and talent. They play, sing and dance.

Others on the bill were Ivan Bankoff, whose dancing partner, Beth Cannon, made the hit of the act; Miss Venita Gould in impersonations, and Mme. Bradna in the "Circus Beautiful."

Nov 23 1921

JEAN BEDETTI

PHILIP HALE

Jean Betdetti, violoncellist, assisted by Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, and Arthur Fiedler, accompanist, gave a concert last night in Jordan hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata A major, op. 69 No. 3; Bach, Suite C major, for 'cello alone; Schumann, Adagio and Allegro: Jean Hure, Sonata, F sharp minor; Boccherini, Sonata A major, No. 6: Glazounoff, Melodie and Serenade Espagnole; Paul Paray, Nocturne; Popper, Les Elves.

Was Beethoven's sonata first played in 1800 by the 'cellist Anton Kraft "Old Kraft," as Beethoven called him, either with respect to his age, for Kraft was then 58, or affectionately—and Beethoven's pupil, the Baroness Dorothea von Ertmann, or was the Baron Nicolaus Zmeskall, the friend? Probably Kraft. Beethoven was fond of him as man and musician, and in 1813 wrote to the Archduke Rudolph in his behalf, stating that though Kraft had been for 30 years in the house of Prince Lobkowitz, he had for a long time received no salary, and "the poor, worthy old man" was then obliged to give up his rooms without receiving any compensation.

Boccherini's Six Sonatas for Violin and Bass, published in Paris, were published in London as "Six Solos for Violoncello." Picquot, whose life of the composer is authoritative, does not know for which instrument the set was written. Boccherini did not include the sonatas in his catalogue, but they are undoubtedly his.

A concert of Hure's compositions was arranged by Mr. Longy in Jordan Hall early in 1917 when Hure's piano quintet, Sonatina for violin and piano, songs, and an Andante for saxophone and other instruments were performed. Mr. Monteux has one of his orchestral works in mind for performance this season. The sonata played last night is a welcome addition to the literature of the 'cello. While Hure belongs to the modern French school, he is not one of the ultra-moderns. He has a fine melodic vein; his harmonic schemes are fresh and effective without an abuse of dissonants. There are poetic pages in this sonata, some of a quasi-pastoral nature, that are charming. There are also sturdy pages that strengthen the work but are not of so marked originality.

The beauty of Mr. Bedetti's tone, his sure technical grasp, his sound musicianship, his tasteful phrasing, his keen sense of the beautiful are as fully appreciated here as they have been recognized and applauded in Paris and other European cities. Nor is he a specialist, a man for one composer; but, playing music by Beethoven he remembers that Beethoven was a romanticist. In Mr. Bedetti's hands the 'cello is something more than a long-suffering instrument for singing a sentimental cantilena and the display of furious agility.

The accomplished Mr. Gebhard played delightfully the piano part of the sonatas, with unerring proportion and aesthetic intelligence. The large audience included many musicians.

$2500 TO DISABLED

A benefit performance was given yesterday afternoon at the Colonial Theatre under the auspices of the Community Service of Boston, Inc., and the Association of Theatre Managers of Boston, in aid of disabled ex-service men in Boston hospitals. More than $2500 was taken in for the work, and actors and those responsible for the entertainment were much gratified at the result.

The program went with swing and spirit, and was very entertaining. The [illegible] from practically every theatre in town contributed their services. Jack Donahue of "The Little Girls in Blue" company, introduced each actor as he came on in his "turn." Otis Skinner made a speech of welcome and told some amusing anecdotes. John Charles Thomas sang beautifully, in his best concert stage style. Holbrook Blinn recited one of Will Carleton's poems, "The Convict's Christmas Eve"—Mr. Blinn has a fondness for bad men—and the Astaires and Charles Judels from "The Love Letter," and Fred Hillebrand from "The Rose Girl" were very amusing. The entire second act from "Two Little Girls in Blue" was given, with the Fairbanks twins delighting the audience. Others who appeared were: Florence Reed, Evelyn Law, Vanda Hoff, A. Barhour Hilliday, Shep Camp, Dorothy Harrison, Jack Squire, Garrett Carroll, Emma Janvier, Yra Jeane, Tomson Twins and George Mack.

The entire second balcony had been purchased by an anonymous "friend" for disabled men from the hospitals. They occupied also many other seats in the house; they were enthusiastic and apparently greatly enjoyed the show.

2000 BOSTON BANK MEN ATTEND CONCERT

More than 2000 members and friends of the Bank Officers' Association of the city of Boston attended a concert in Symphony Hall last night. The association gave the concert and the artists included the Amphion Club of Melrose, comprising 70 male voices; the Boston Festival Orchestra; Miss Marjorie Moody, coloratura soprano; Guy Griffith, pianist, and J. Angus Winter, organist. The committee in charge included President Eugene W. Owen, Joseph E. Scanlon, Charles Hall, Jr., Ernest E. Jobling, William T. Killoren and George S. F. Bartlett.

APOLLO CLUB OPENS

The Apollo Club opened its 61st season last night, in Jordan Hall, with a program that included the following:

"Hail, Smiling Morn".....Spofforth
"The Crusaders".....Edward MacDowell
Aria Sevillana.....Massenet
Mrs. Marjorie Warren Leadbetter
The Broken Melody.....Jean Sibelius
The Vision of Sir Launfal,
Charles Wakefield Cadman
Poem by James Russell Lowell
E. Lindsey Cummings, tenor soloist
Louis A. Hanscomb, baritone soloist
"Spin, Spin".....Jungst

DONNA SOL IN "BLOOD AND SAND" NOT A HEARTLESS VAMPIRE

Catherine Calvert, Who Plays the Part, Defends Ibanez's Character

By HELEN BISHOP

IN the last act of "Blood and Sand," Tom Cushing's play from the novel by Ibanez, now at the Hollis Street Theatre, Donna Sol makes a very interesting speech. She has had an affair with Juan Gallardo, a great toreador; she has tired of him, and when he begs her not to cease loving him, she makes the interesting—almost epoch-making!—speech. She wonders, petulantly, why "men always want a thing to last forever"; she reminds him that, being a great lady, she has given him a great deal—not only herself, but a certain prestige which he would not have had otherwise; she further reminds him that he was interesting enough, for the time being, but that now she is tired of him; the affair is over, and she wants him to realize it. And when he proceeds to make a scene, she becomes furious.

Here, then, is the exact reverse of a situation which has occurred in countless plays and novels. Always, heretofore, it is the man who has complained that a woman "wants things to last forever." It is the man, in his own defence, who reminds the woman of all he has done for her, and it is the woman who does the pleading, and who makes the scene. Ibanez is a modern of the modernists, of course, and he has never been so modern as in creating such a situation. Juan Gallardo was no unsophisticated youth when Donna Sol met him; he knew life as well as she did; she asked no sentimental consideration from him, she expected him to ask none of her. There is a grim humor in the author's idea; there is a sense of fair play toward women. After all the centuries in which men have had the upper hand in such literary and dramatic scenes, along comes Ibanez and turns the tables.

Women Like the Play

Catherine Calvert, who plays the part of Donna Sol, discussed this very thing with me. For a moment it was difficult to keep one's attention on anything excepting her beauty, and the gorgeous costumes which she wears, which hung against the wall. After a little, however, I managed to settle down.

"Women like this play," she said. "I think it's partly because they enjoy seeing another woman having an 'innings.' I think women are a little tired of seeing a woman on the stage, crushed and browbeaten, because a man falls out of love with her; they like to see the man crushed and browbeaten because the woman has fallen out of love with him, for a change. Some people have called Donna Sol a 'vamp'—lovely word, isn't it? I don't agree with this idea at all. A vampire deliberately sets out to ruin a man, for the pleasure of ruining him. Certainly, Donna Sol was not this sort. She simply knew what she wanted, and proceeded to take it—just as a man would have done, if the situation were reversed. Obviously, she made no promises of enduring love to Gallardo, so that when he reproached her for ceasing to love him, she was irritated, naturally. It's exactly what a man does when he falls out of love with a woman, and she reproaches him. No one calls the man a vampire, why label Donna Sol in this way?

Donna Sol an Extreme Modern

"Of course, it's a long way from Sweet Alice, who 'wept with delight when he gave her a smile, and trembled with fear at his frown,' to a woman like Donna Sol; but that's just the difference between the old-fashioned and the new. The pendulum may have swung a bit too far; sooner or later, however, we'll arrive at a happy medium."

Miss Calvert, from her Spanish appearance, is an ideal person to play the part. Once dressed in the gorgeous costume which she wears in the first act, she looks as if she had stepped from a Zuoloaga painting.

"I'm mad about this play," she continued. "Every night is like a first night. I always wanted to play a Spanish part; I always wanted to play with Mr. Skinner. Once in a while in this world on's wishes come true. I hadn't been on the speaking stage for six years, and when I did come back, it was in a Spanish play, with Mr. Skinner, under Mr. Frohman's management, and we opened at the Empire Theatre! That was a dream come true, indeed.

Likes Speaking Stage Best

"It's perfectly great to be back on the speaking stage, after the films. I don't mind the lack of an audience, so much, as the fearful mechanical process of making a film. You have just as much intelligence as your director allows you to have; you often make the end of a picture first, and then skip around from the middle to the beginning and back again. One never knows what it's all about! It's maddening."

Miss Calvert is the widow of Paul Armstrong, the playwright, and the photograph of her little son occupies the place of honor in her dressing room. He is Paul Armstrong, Jr. He and his mother are great companions, he came to see her in "Blood and Sand," and after the performance he went to Mr. Skinner and said gravely:

"Mr. Skinner, I like the play very much. But I don't like to have mother kneeling at your feet. I heard her say she was begging something of you. My mother doesn't have to kneel or beg from anybody!"

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"... Mozart; "... Sead Blest," Dalcroze; "A Singing Bird," Salter.........Mrs. Leadbetter
"The Image of the Rose".......Reichardt
William F. Pollard, Jr., tenor soloist
"Ole Uncle Moon"........Charles P. Scott
Ave Maria...............Gounoud-Bach
Solo obbligato by Mrs. Leadbetter
Prayer of Thanksgiving.......E. Kremser

It was a fine concert, in every particular, and gave the greatest delight to a large and typical audience. The Apollo Club is a recognized Boston institution, and those who attended were quick to appreciate the excellent form which the organization displayed on its first appearance for the season. The selections chosen exemplified the splendid drill of the singers, who followed the beat of the leader's baton with exact fidelity. Years of practice have perfected the club in singing as a unit and in balance, in accord and in quick response to the varying demands of the music its work left nothing to be desired.

The principal number, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," was splendidly done. Mr. Hanscom took the baritone solo part at short notice, but sang it with sympathy and precision. The final chorus was most impressive.

There are wonderful harmonies in Jungst's spinning song, and they were beautifully brought out in "The Image of the Rose." Mr. Pollard won a deserved tribute with his tenor solo. The noble strains of the "Prayer of Thanksgiving," the ancient Netherlands folk-song, brought the evening to an appropriate conclusion.

Mrs. Leadbetter sang her numbers with expression and a fine purity of tone. She was especially good in the group of three songs in the second part of the program, but the "Ave Maria" seemed a bit too heavy for her. Mr. Mollenhauer conducted.

Nov 24 1921

The boy at school had for many weeks crossed out on the calendar the days before Thanksgiving. He had tasted in his mind the waffles to be eaten at the then famous Massasoit House while he was waiting for the Connecticut River train. Death had spared his household. There was no thought of "threadbare crepe and tears." What tales of adventure he had to tell his village mates! There was coasting down three hills; also on the long stretch of crust toward Prospect street. There was skating on Mill pond. The Gargantuan dinner did not torment his night. He ate his way intrepidly from oyster soup—the oysters then came, shelled, in little kegs—to nuts and raisins.

Now the boy has cronies, but he is lonely on Thanksgiving day. "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces." The house to which he long ago joyously returned has been for years the home of those he has never seen. The graves of those who welcomed him are far apart, far distant. If he should appear in the little village where he knew every man, woman, child, horse, dog, cat, he would be as Rip Van Winkle.

There are city houses open to him, good cheer awaiting him, but the spirit of Thanksgiving is not in him:

"Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces."

There will be talk at the sumptuously appointed table; but it will be about another family. The reminiscences, the jokes, will not be about those who were closest to him. In spite of the lavish hospitality, the unfeigned heartiness of the welcome, he will feel himself a stranger. If only his old chum—the last one left—were sitting at his side.

TO AN OLD CHUM

(For As the World Wags)

For forty-six years we have traveled together,
And many and gay were the times that we had.
In youth, when all trouble lay light as a feather,
And later, when sometimes conditions were bad.
Today we're not feeling so very much older,
And man's age is judged by the way he appears.
Our blood doesn't certainly run any colder,
Yet forty-six years—well, it's forty-six years.

What times we have had on our summer vacations.
We've loafed at Nantucket and frolicked in Maine.
In Paris, that City of Silken Sensations,
We've bowled through the Bois and we've sailed on the Seine.
What wonderful meals have appeased our hunger.
And vintages—there's a word no one now hears.
The thought of it makes me feel twenty years younger.
Still forty-six years—well, it's forty-six years.

What numbers of friends we have made—yes, and lost, too,
In years that have passed since the first time we met—
True friends being worth all the trouble they cost you—
How many there are we shall never forget.
How many good shows we have jointly attended,
At how many ball games contributed cheers.
How many great schemes seen begun—yes, and ended,
For forty-six years—well, it's forty-six years.

Though both of us ought to live many years longer—
It might be a dozen, it could be a score—
I fear we shall never grow younger nor stronger,
And surely will never last forty-six more.
Together we've taken the world as we found it,
With plenty of laughter and very few tears.
And now I confess upon looking around it,
I feel rather proud of those forty-six years.

Brookline. QUINCY KILBY.

"LAFAYETTE: TOM WATSON'S HERE"

As the World Wags:

I was quite shocked to read, the other day, from somebody or other, that the world owed Dante "nothing but a yawn." But now comes Senator Watson of Georgia seeking to destroy my belief in Lafayette. Doubtless we have all been a little hysterical about France and Lafayette since 1914, but a little hysteria over a man and a country which came to our aid when we sorely needed aid during the revolutionary war is more or less pardonable.

Tom Watson of Georgia, however, will have none of that. He knocks the props from under France and Lafayette as follows (I am quoting from the Congressional Record of Nov. 4):

"Lafayette came upon a written contract made with Silas Dean, pledging this country to make him a major-general, before he would leave France and come to America; and he did not have sense enough to drill a company of soldiers; besides which he sniffled. Some of these days when somebody gets up to blow off about Lafayette I mean to take him down a peg or two. I know Lafayette, and Washington knew him, and it was not Washington who had him released from that Austrian prison into which he was put when the French army chased him with the intent to kill him. It was Napoleon Bonaparte, in the treaty of Campo Formio. Yes, I know Lafayette. He betrayed every French government that trusted him; and the only independent command he ever had in America came very near getting bagged by Benedict Arnold; and it was only the James river that saved Lafayette and his command from being captured."

Thus is history written in Georgia.

DENIS A. McCARTHY.

Arlington Heights.

DID LADY MACBETH SNORE?

It appears that Miss Beringer, in London gives an "audible impersonation" of Lady Macbeth's sleep. A correspondent of the Daily Chronicle says that if Miss Genevieve Ward is to be believed Ristori played the sleeping scene with a distinct snore; that Lady Benson "used the same artifice."

Did Lady Macbeth snore? Perish the thought; unless she was, indeed, the virago portrayed by Charlotte Cushman, instead of a bewitching blond who swayed her husband by her sensuous beauty. As for him, he snored undoubtedly. Did he not hear a voice crying: "Macbeth does murder sleep"?

Nov 25 1921

Some may have read the description by Mr. Coffin of the remarkable voyage made by the good brig Alciphron (published in The Herald of Nov. 19) with the sneering smile of incredulity. Those who know Mr. Coffin believe his word implicitly. But there are Doubting Thomases to the right and to the left of us. We therefore take pleasure in printing this morning the following letter.

As the World Wags:

I am greatly interested in your column, and more and more so when you have something about clipper ships, for in my younger days I was a sailor in those Down East coasters that were so numerous 50 years ago. We would raft lumber to Boston and New York in the summer, then go to the West Indies in the winter. It was all hard work. But what I want to say is that the quick passage made by the brig Alciphron, as related by Mr. Coffin interested me very much, so I called on an old friend that followed the sea many years and I read the little yarn to him and asked him what he thought about it. "Well," said he, "that is true every word of it, for I was one of that crew and am willing to say that I am ready to back up Mr. Coffin any time." So I asked him to tell me the story, and you will agree with me that he must have been one of the crew. He asked me to write it down for him, and I have done so, and as soon as I can get some typewriter girl to write it, I will send it to you.

Tilton, N. H. T. C. MOON.

23.73 MILES AN HOUR

As the World Wags.

Oh, it's alright and all that about these clipper ships sailin' forrards—any old Galoot with an Adam's apple bobbin' over his collar like a dolphin striker can go into the Public Library and read about 'em, and go home and write to The Herald about it and look for his name in it a couple of days after, and stick out his chest till around noon his stomach gets so empty it sucks it back into place again. Any Galoot can do that and I'll leave it to him. But here's a record of three ships that covered 91 miles—each and every mile 6080 feet end to end—in just under four hours and goin' astern at that! And under bare poles like so many craft we see on Tremont street these days.

On the night of Sept. 10, when the hurricane of '98 was launching its drive through the Lesser Antilles, three vessels, the ship Loando, 1446 tons; the barque Lapland, 582 tons, and the barquetine Grace Lynwood, 599 tons; were dragged from their moorings in the open roadstead of Carlisle bay, Barbados, and inside of four hours found themselves high and dry on the wind'ard side of St. Vincent, which lay 91 miles to leeward of their starting place. Their times were almost identical, but I hear that of the Loando was three hours and 50 minutes from mooring to beach. So her rate was 23.73 miles per hour and if the island hadn't been in the way and the hurricane had kept on blowin' in a straight line for 24 hours she'd have made 569.5 miles, and Mr. Hergesheimer's record would have looked like a burnt shoe. Luckily St. Vincent differs from her sister islands in having a wind'ard coast that is nearly all sand beach, with few rocks, deep water and no bars, so that all hands were saved. The ships were wrecked.

Now can anybody beat that? They say that Antony's galley made some speed when he chased Cleopatra after the battle of Actium, but the figures have never been available—Cleopatra kept hers, I hear. F. A. FENGER.

Rum Gagger Farm, Cohasset.

THE "PANTS" OF DOUGLAS

As the World Wags:

I on Saturday saw Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers." I was struck by the great care that had been taken in the costumes, and on this account was so much the more struck by an anachronism which had crept in, viz: the architecture of Doug's pants (I refer of course to the method of fastening the same) which is of a style only introduced about the middle of the last century.

If I wielded sufficient influence, I would write to him myself, and suggest that he have the picture taken over again for the purpose of correcting this error. As I am not thus influential, I respectfully suggest that you call attention to it in your Column, which will perhaps have the desired effect.

Boston. RAPITO.

INTOXICATING BATHS

If, as appears in a letter published in your column, Nov. 21, 1921, music that acts as "hot liquor on the tongue" must fall under the ban of the Volstead act, what should we do with the cold bath?

Ever since prohibition went into office, I, as a physician and a law-abiding citizen, have felt that I ought to report this stimulating, agent to be in a class with the outlawed cocktail, high ball, etc. From what I have heard and observed of these whips to muscular, emotional and intellectual output, I am convinced that the cold bath (plunge or shower) is a perfect substitute and ought to be so listed.

I have held back from reporting my findings because I feared that if this information was turned loose on the general public there would be such a run on plumbers and plumbing supplies that the prices of these commodities would become even more exorbitant than now. The public would then find it very difficult to meet the requirements of the sanitary inspectors. I have even feared that, if the cold bath should become as much in demand as this hot liquor stuff used to be, it might become necessary, for our country's good, to abolish bath tubs entirely. Being an earnest crusader for public health, I have balanced in my mind whether I best served the public welfare by letting out this information or by keeping it dark. After the broad-minded and unselfish revelation of Mr. Abel Adams relative to the status of intoxicating music, I have no longer any doubt that it is my duty to show up the cold bath as a mere name for intoxicating liquid and therefore morally and even legally in the same category with Mr. Vescey's music of which I deeply regret I did not hear. SYLVIA CUMMINS, M. D.

Boston.

Nov 26, 1921

7TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Brahms, Tragic Overture; Weber-Weingartner, Invitation to the Dance; Schoenberg, "Radiant Night" for orchestra of strings; Tschaikovsky, Symphony No. 4, F minor.

"Radiant Night" was first published as a sextet for strings. It was first played here at a Kneisel Quartet concert in 1915. Schoenberg afterwards added double basses and made some changes in the score. This revised edition, published four years ago, was performed yesterday for the first time in Boston.

Schoenberg's music illustrates singular lines of an erotic nature from Dehmel's "Woman and the World." A woman and a man meet in a grove by moonlight. She tells her story: How, longing for motherhood, she gave herself, "shuddering" to a man, without a formal introduction. In fact she did not know him. Now she is in love with her companion in the grove. He is of an accommodating nature and listens cheerfully to her confession. The child to be born will be "transfigured" and a great comfort to them both. "For she has inspired the brilliant glow within him and made him, too, a child." However strange this reasoning may seem to a stern logician, the two embrace wildly and the moon shines on.

This is a modest prapaphrase of the lines by a deep-thinking German. Schoenberg's music to be enjoyed does not need either the original verse or the paraphrase. Indeed, it would be better if the argument were not printed for the concertgoer. As it is, he may be too anxious to discover the emancipated woman and the good, easy-going, complaisant man in the music, and be oblivious to the strains of beauty and passion. For this music, on the whole prolix, has beautiful and passionate pages of compelling eloquence. Other pages are a sandy, dreary waste. The impression made would be still stronger, the music still more significant, if the composition were much shorter. The performance—and the difficulties presented are great—was one that glorified the string section of the orchestra. Whether the music itself gains by the revision and the enlargement is a question that admits of discussion. As the new version was performed under Mr. Monteux, the music was undoubtedly more imposing. And it may be said without exaggeration that never in the history of the orchestra was a performance by strings alone so remarkable.

The Tragic overture is among the greatest works of Brahms: by its structure, and by its depth of feeling. Here is tragedy that answers Aristotle's definition. There is no hysterical outburst; no shrieking in despair; no peevish or sullen woe. No obtruding suggestion of personal suffering. The German commentators have cudgeled their brains to find a hero in the music: Hamlet, Faust, this one, that one. They have labored in vain. The soul of tragedy speaks in the music.

If Tschaikovsky had a program in mind when he composed his fifth and sixth symphonies, he never published it to the world; but for the fourth he wrote an elaborate one. Does the music gain by it? To us the fourth symphony is interesting because it seems nearer the Russian spirit and life as portrayed by Dostoievsky than the later ones. Even the ornamentation, the arabesques, that in another's music would seem as so many excrescences, perhaps frivolous, are here in place. The neurotic, self-torturing Tschaikovsky was for years obsessed by the thought of death and the charnal-house. Fate was to him not a word to be associated only with the story of Oedipus or Pelop's line. The fourth symphony is a personal document, revealing the man, as his letters revealed him. It is easy to pick flaws in it; to dismiss it as a Suite, not a symphony; to complain of this or that: but the music with its deep-rooted melancholy, its noisy attempt to forget the inevitable end, its drunken hilarity, its dark and sinister sadness, is not easily to be put aside, not easily to be forgotten.

Weingartner's amusing arrangement of Weber's piano piece, with its diabolical cleverness in juxtaposition of themes, its discreet yet brilliant orchestration, was joyfully received by the audience.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be away next week. M. Vincent d'Indy will conduct the concerts of Dec. 9 and 10. The program will be as follows: Monteverdi, overture to "Orfeo" (1607); Lalande, Chaconne (1712); Bach, Concerto in D major for piano (Bruce T. Simonds, pianist); Mozart, Serenata Notturna in D major for two string orchestra, one with kettle drums; Le Flem, Pour les Morts: ...an. But that ...

Roussel, "Les Dieux a l'ombre des Cavernes" from "Evocations"; d'Indy, Poeme des Rivages (four movements). The pieces by Monteverdi, Lalande, Le Flem, Roussel and d'Indy will be played for the first time in Boston.

CANADIAN ROCKIES

Mr. Newman's subject for his richly illustrated Travel Talk in Symphony Hall last night was "The Canadian Rockies." While this subject did not allow of so great an amount of engrossing description of racial manners and customs as that of the former Travel Talk, "Alaska," the pictures shown were of singular beauty, many of them triumphs of photography, and Mr. Newman was, as ever, an entertaining and instructive guide. Few in the audience had any idea that Victoria was so handsome a city, justly proud of its buildings, parks, gardens, flowers.

After Vancouver was visited, there were glimpses of Indian life, with a show of babies, huge cedars with lumber jacks at work, a ranch with the breaking of wild horses, the home of the industrious, blameless, vegetarian Dukhobors, and hte many views of the Selkirk mountains, glaciers and the wonderful Takkaka Falls.

After Banff was reached the country was more familiar, for many Bostonians have seen Banff and the magnificent scenery. The views shown were now imposing, now beautiful. Especially striking were those of Marble Canyon with a stream cutitng its way, the panorama of the Ten Peaks and Moraine Lake, the "Alpine Climbers" and the enchanting Lake Louise.

Mr. Newman began by a short, bnt admirable statement of the difference between tho Alps and the Canadian Rockies. The very large audience applauded frequently the lecturer and the pictures.

The Canadian Rockies will be shown again this afternoon. The subject next week is "Iceland and Spitzanberg."

Therefore we read in Livy that after the Conquest of Asia, forraign Luxury first entred into Rome, and that then the Roman people began to make sumptuous Banquets. There was a Cook a most useful Slave among the Ancients, and began to be much esteemed and valued; and all bedabbled with Broth, bedaubed with Soot, with his Pots, with his Platters and Dishes, Pestles and Morters, was welcom'd out of the Kitchin in to the Schools; and that which before was accounted but a vile Slavery, was honour'd as an Art; whose chiefest care is onely to search out everywhere for provocatives of Appetite, and to study out in all places for Daintics to satisfie a most profound Gluttony.—Henry Corneilus Agrippa.

"I keep a most plentiful table"; This seemeth to thee a great matter; but indeed it is little, and soon will be nothing. Will the worms therefore spare thee more than the hard husbandman? or rather, will they not feed on thy softer meat the more greedily? I do neither jest with; nor mean to terrify thee; well thou knowest, although thou do dissemble it, that thou art food preparing for that banquet.—Petrarch.

To come now unto mens diet: their best and most wholesome feeding is upon one dish and no more, and the same plain and simple; for surely this huddling of many meats one upon another of divers tastes is pestiferous; but sundry sauces are more dangerous than that.—Pliny the Elder.

A NATIVE SAUCE

Some time ago "Inquirer" asked about Halford sauce, which he once relished and now cannot find. The Herald has received many letters in answer.

Mr. W. H. Halford writes: "This sauce was originated by William Halford and first prepared in Boston in 1856. In a very short time Halford sauce became the most popular and the largest table sauce in this country and so continued until the death of Mr. Halford. During the minority of his son, the estate was in litigation and the sauce was not placed upon the market as of old. The son, W. H. Halford, is now the owner of the formula, copyrights and good will and expects shortly to have the sauce on the market again to satisfy the desires of its old friends and to give a new gustatory delight to the present generation."

"Baize" knew the sauce well: "The Halford sauce was made in Boston and bore the surname of the concocter, who was, I believe, at one time employed in one of the local hotels. It proved to be quite popular, so much so that its proprietor went into business for himself and advertised extensively in the home papers. I knew him slightly when he was the intimate friend of Martin Milmore, and I used to see them frequently together at Billy Park's hostelry on Montgomery place, now Bosworth street, when musty ale was meeting with great popularity. The intimacy between the two gentlemen always seemed to be peculiar, for the sculptor of the soldiers' monument on the Boston Common was in no sense an epicure. He lived very simply in Roxbury, as was shown when he invited a Harvard professor and the late John E. Fitzgerald to dinner at his home and set before them what might be called a New England boiled dinner without any fancy embellishments. His guests were somewhat surprised at the simplicity of the viands, but the host seemed to think that there was sufficient edible entertainment for any three gentlemen, though the guest from Cambridge afterwards marveled at what he thought was the poverty of the host. Martin, however, was no beggar. He was only prudent, according to his nature. I do not know when Mr. Halford passed out of the business world, for I lost sight of him many years ago, but I have a pleasant recollection of Leicestershire sauce, even if it did not originate in England."

Mr. Power S. Mooney of Augusta, Me., tells us that William Halford was the night man at the lunch bar of the Tremont House about 1870. "He lived on the west side of Chambers street near Cambridge street. He made the sauce at home and had it in all sorts of improvised receptacles. The sauce was called "Halford's Leicestershire sauce."

"I. F. B." of Cambridge writes: "I can tell you a little about Mr. Halford, having known him when I was a child. He was chief steward of Government House, St. John's, Newfoundland, when Gov. Bannerman was in residence there. I remember seeing the Governor very well. He used to walk by our house every day; he wore black silk stockings, knee breeches, buckles on his shoes—a very stately, fine gentleman. It was at Government House that Mr. Halford obtained the recipe for his sauce, which afterwards made him quite rich. It was given to him by a British Indian officer, a guest of the Governor's."

"Repliquer" describes Mr. Halford, whom he often met, as an "English gentleman, fine looking, correct in dress and of engaging manners, who made Halford's sauce under the firm name of the Halford Sauce Co., with a place of business near the Custom House."

B. B. E. of Maldon writes that half a century ago Halford sauce was regarded as by far the most successful of the many attempts to rival the long-celebrated Worcestershire sauce. "Reputed to be somewhat milder, it was even preferred by some to the older preparation. I have seen it advertised in English papers within recent years, though not lately. It is doubtless still on the market, as the English are not apt to let go of a good thing, but stick firmly by old friends. Some years ago a chemist employed by a noted pickle manufacturing concern told me that there was absolutely no secret as to the ingredients of their famous preparations; it was all in the compounding. That was a mystery. He said he had imported all the ingredients from England in the hope of success, but that the result had been dire failure."

The Herald has also received a letter from R. D. C. of Cambridge, where it later appeared as "Blank's Royal Hair Restorer, as used by the Ladies of the Nobility and members of HerMajesty's army and navy. Price two shilling and sixpence." This last phrase about the army got the men who, in those days, wore "Dundreary's" mostly.

A digression. Who was it—Horace Lingard or Howard Paul, who used to sing to us that affecting ditty—"The Captain with his Whiskers took a sly glance at me?"

I note that Mr. Robinson says he was told that beef or other livers had a part in the making of Worcestershire Sauce. I have heard this all my life, but "I hae me doots."

Winthrop. V. F.

AT A VAUDEVILLE SHOW

(Patterson James in The Billboard)

Now comes a pair of youths "in a comedy conception with songs." One of them had the loudest voice I have heard since listening to Johnny Nestor, known as "The Boy Who Sings to Beat the Band." Johnny would open up his vocal chords and defy any band in the world to make itself heard. The Riverside songbird bawled almost as effectively as Mr. Nestor, but he had a different method. The uptown thrush, an undersized bird with an amazing faculty for "mugging," simply screwed his eyes to gimlet points, swelled his neck to the golterous proportions of a full-grown cobra about to strike, and let go. His partner, who needed no race signals to establish his right to a place in the affections of a Yiddish audience, also sang. He selected a fearsome "ballad," the catch line of which seemed to be "Gawd calls them ane-julls in Hevvun, but we call dem MOTHERS down heer." The last note was sung with a passionate, wide fling of the arms, a "let me press you to my heart" gesture, which devastated the listeners.

I rose from my seat and left when the Four Mortons came on. I knew they could take care of themselves. Anyway, the ballad about the "ane-julls" depressed me so I just could not stand Sam Morton's slightly robust humor.

WALNUTS, SAUCE AND HAIR

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent, "Rapito," is quite correct in saying that any one can use walnut juice as a basis of good sauce. I wonder if he knows how to get the most juice. The secret is contained in that much quoted Spanish or Italian proverb:

"A woman, a spaniel and a walnut tree—
The more you beat them the better they be."

I can't vouch for the first part; I never tried it, but I have basted walnut trees time and oft. A sorry sight the trees were for a while, but later, after blossoming, what a big juicy crop! Then to get the juice out. Comes the picking with an awl, and what a sight were our hands, all shades from mahogany to jet black. Which leads me to remark that we boys sold our juice to the local chemist (no drug stores in my day) [illegible] was locked up to be [illegible]

RHYMED WITH "BEER"

As the World Wags:

But I am now asking you to settle a discussion and tell me the pronunciation of the name of your interesting district-attorney, Mr. Pelletier. I recently asked a good Boston Irishman and he wasn't at all certain. Down near the line and over in Lewiston it is called "Pelcher," I am told. E. S.

Stockton Springs, N. H.

Nov 27, 1921

LONDON STRING

By PHILIP HALE

The London String Quartet (Messrs. James Levey, Thomas W. Petre, H. Waldo Warner and C. Warwick-Evans) gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program read: Haydn, quartet, B flat, op. 64, No. 3; Frank Bridge, Londonderry Air; Warner, Folk-Song Phantasy; Beethoven, quartet, E flat major, op. 127.

Some would probably have preferred the program first announced, in which Debussy's Quartet and Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" posthumous quartet were to be played: not the quartets by Haydn and Beethoven. Perhaps the program was changed "by request;" perhaps the players thought it safer to begin with Haydn; yet in this city Debussy is already recognized as a highly respectable composer with honorable intentions; not a bit of an anarchist, but one whose music does not bring a blush to the cheek of Aunt Clarissa or startle old Mr. Smoothbore.

The two unfamiliar pieces are by composers of the younger English school, wholly freed from the Mendelssohnian tradition and not standing in awe of Doctors of Music and venerable writers who have ransacked the Old Testament in search of subjects for Festival oratorios. Bridge's piece is a free and fairly spontaneous treatment of the Londonderry Air, deftly put together, euphonious, agreeable music making a direct appeal, easily comprehended by the people. The final pages are charged with sentiment that totter on the verge of sentimentalism.

Mr. Warner, the viola player of the quartet, has worked diligently in the field of chamber music. Some of his compositions have been noticed from time to time in the Sunday Herald. His Phantasy is more labored than Bridge's piece. One might say that it showed more deliberate ingenuity. It is of a rhapsodic nature suggesting both plaintive and merry folk-tunes. It will probably be more appreciated by the musician than by the concert goer that finds the keenest pleasure in the obvious and his name is Legion, even in Boston. At the end Mr. Warner becomes a bit sentimental; this section seems incongruous with what has gone before and does not bring a satisfactory conclusion.

The performance of the London Quartet is excellent, thoroughly musical, gratifying to the ear and the mind. The tonal quality, the refined phrasing, the sense of proportion, the command of nuances—these give the quartet a high rank. A large audience was enthusiastic. After Mr. Warner's Phantasy there was an addition to the program.

Speaking last Sunday of stage works in which a bull-fighter plays a leading part, we failed to mention "The Toreador" by Louise Coleman, which was brought out at Atlantic City in October, 1920. Leó Carillo then appearfed in the costume of a bull-fighter. The Daily Press of Atlantic City said:

"The play is rather pertinent in that it deals with the Mexican-American situation which has been for so long a time before the public. It pictures the antagonism existing between American property holders and the natives. Carillo, as the son of an American mine owner and a Mexican mother, has devoted his young manhood to the pursuit of pleasure and the careless expenditure of what money he could get for the entertainment of the pretty Mexican senoritas. The father, who has been separated from his family for many years, is about to return to his family, and the son in his efforts to make a good impression, unwittingly makes an unlawful ousiness deal which places him for a short time in a dingy little Gringo prison. After his release he becomes a bull-fighter and makes good, re-establishing his reputation and gaining the love of the girl he has hoped to win. He finally wins the admiration and respect of his dad, too, by saving the mine from an insurrection by the natives."

The Selwyns thought that the play needed overhauling. The manuscript and the cast were to be revised.

"Blood and Sand" is pictorially most interesting, and with the picturesque and romantic portrayal of the bull-fighter by Mr. Skinner, the excellent support, and the curiosity to see how closely the melodrama follows the novel of Ibanez, the play should fill the Hollis Street Theatre this week, the last of the engagement.

One of the many striking features of the performance is the portrayal of the bull-fighter's valet. One would think that he had constantly in mind the old saying that no man is a hero to his valet, he is so gloomy, apparently so doubtful of his master's success, a croaker, with a face like that of an undertaker as the funeral procession is about to start. Not having read the novel, we do not know how Ibanez drew him, but as he was played last Monday night he held the attention of the audience even when he was silent and motionless.

The gorgeous costume of Dona Sol in the first act and the beautiful costume worn by Miss Skinner were brought by Mr. Skinner, we are told, from Spain.

Miss Catherine Calvert, who plays the part of Dona Sol with great charm in diction and with an allurement that is the most seductive by reason of its repose, its sobriety of gesture, acted in "Brown of Harvard," "Deep Purple," "The Escape" and other plays. As a screen actress she was noteworthy in "A Romance of the Underworld," "Marriage," "Out of the Night," "A Marriage of Convenience," "Fires of Faith," "Career of Katherine Bush," "Dead Men Tell No Tales," "Heart of Maryland" and "You Find It Everywhere."

Granville Barker's play, "The Voysey Inheritance," will be played at the Copley Theatre tomorrow night for the first time in Boston. We find no record of performances in other American cities. The comedy was produced at the Court Theatre, London, on Nov. 7, 1905. It has been described as a first-rate example of what Stanley Houghton styled "genre plays"; "plays, that is, presenting a picture of a group or family intimately observed, depending for their interest or variety upon subtleties or differentiations of character rather than upon the incidents of a cunningly devised plot." A critic wrote: "It is a mercilessly critical and immensely clever picture of an English middle-class family, from the placid old mother engrossed in the little arguments and articles of her favorite magazine to the self-satisfied army man booming his platitudes at the rest of the family from the hearth-rug, and the fussy, meek, old maiden daughter, eternally and irritatingly sacrificing herself for others." When the comedy was revived in London at the Kingsway Theatre in September, 1912, the Times, saying it stood high among the modern English plays, remarked that by reason of its veracity it had documentary as well as artistic value: "Half a century hence people will cite 'The Voysey Inheritance' as proof of the strange, to them almost incredible, suburban family of 1905."

"The Night Cap," by Guy Bolton and Max Marcin will also be seen in Boston tomorrow night for the first time. When it was brought out at Baltimore last August (?) the Baltimore Sun said it was the most promising "mystery farce" seen in several seasons. 'If you remember 'Seven Keys to Baldpate' you have a fair idea of the general classification within which the new farce falls!"

"Deburau" in London

As Mr. Belasco did not send "Deburau" to Boston, and as the play excited discussion in New York, the review published in the London Times of Nov. 4, should interest theatre goers in Boston, whether or not they have read the play in the original or in the translation.

Deburau achieved fame by acting in dumb show. He makes up for it in Sacha Guitry's play by doing most of the talking. If he would only mime it! We feel sure we should have been convinced. A raised eyebrow, a hand pressed to the heart, a dropped knee, a gentle wriggle—yes, we could then have believed it all! But, as it is, he uses those deceptive instruments, spoken words, Sacha's French words translated into Mr. Granville Barker's English words (except when they are American, for example, "down and out" —and in 1840, too!), and we cannot help feeling we have heard much of it before, and, warmly though it is spoken, it leaves us rather cold.

For these eternal sentiments about love and about acting, do they not become by repetition rather chilling? Mr. Loraine utters them with fervour and does his best (why?) to hide the fact that they are expressed in rhymed

verse, and is, passionately and picturesquely, the Deburau of Sacha's imagination, but we are, somehow, still cold. For Sacha's imagination is, well, just the Sacha that we know—superficial, sentimental, essentially commonplace, creating nothing fresh, rejuvenating nothing old. His Deburau is not Deburau, a real individual with characteristics that are neither here nor there (and very likely they were not worth recording); he is just the actor in general, the histrionic type as seen through the actor's eyes—loving, suffering, cheered, hissed, vain as a child, modest with the modesty of true genius etc., etc. He tells you, at great length, all about the actor's art and the actor's feelings, but, alas! you have heard it all before. In dumb show it might have seemed fresher.

He is deserted by his mistress—and here you have your neatly ingenious, allusive Sacha. For the mistress, if you please, is none other than your old friend la dame aux camelias, and her lover is M. Armand Duval. You even hear about the elder Duval's address to her with his hat on. And the lady already has a cough, premonitory of the famous death scene, you see. Yes, ingenious, but we are still cold, for neither the lady with the camelias (Miss Madge Titheradge, who contrives to look unexpectedly French and 1840-ish into the bargain) nor M. Armand Duval (Mr. Ivor Novello) has any dramatic significance in this tale of Deburau. They might just as well have been Mlle. Chose and M. Tout-le-Monde. For what then do they serve? Merely as themes for Deburau's interminable discourses. His son (Mr. Bobbie Andrews) has to listen to them dutifully; but we, who are not bound by filial piety, are still left cold.

In sum, an elegant, sentimental, artificial, Anglo-Gallic entertainment, which gives Mr. Loraine the chance of uttering, with genuine feeling, many things that we have often heard and should like genuinely to feel ourselves, but cannot. Apparently, however, to judge from the cordial applause, there were many people in the audience who could. Their state was the more gracious.

Return of a Harpist

Miss Henrietta Van Wynbergen, harpist, native of The Hague, Holland, has returned to Boston after 10 years' absence. She played formerly under the direction of Max Fiedler, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and later with the Boston Opera Company. She was a protege of Queen Wilhelmena of Holland, who presented her with a harp because of her brilliant progress as a pupil at the Royal Conservatory at The Hague. The Queen mother gave her a piano. After finishing her studies in Holland, Miss Van Wynbergen took further instruction at the Bruxelles conservatory where, after three years, she was awarded the first prize and a gold medal with chain, by Queen Henrietta of Belgium. Since that time she has played with the best orchestras of Europe. Lately she was given the title of chambermusician to the Queen of Wuertemberg, who presented her with a golden brooch set with diamonds. She will make her home in Boston with her brother, who is a member of the Symphony orchestra.

Gilbert's Bitter Irony; Notes About New and Old Musical Works

Apropos of a revival of "The Gondoliers" in London last month D. L. M. in the Nation and Athenaeum wrote of the Grand Inquisitor: "He regards the loves and fears and hates, the births and marriages and deaths of those units of administration commonly called men and women as the buzzing of gnats. Essest administrarl is his philosophy. And he is impartial. If he supplies the prisoners waiting in the ante-room to the torture chamber with "all the illustrated papers," it is because they deserve it. They fulfil their function by being tortured. He perceives, Hegeliandy, that they establish the truth of the social order by their very negation of it. . . . But perhaps the most curious thing about this, as about all Gilbert's work, is the surprising bitterness of the puppets. How ghastly, really, are their grins! With what grinding pain their joints are jerked! Here you have the dear Duke, and his tattered drummer, and his proud child, and that gorgeous grotesque, the Inquisitor, all together, and suddenly the whole fabric of the absurdity is ripped across by the poignant appeal to 'Death, the great unraveller,' and the knell-like lyric. 'Try we lifelong.' How dark and deep was the ultimate riddle of Gilbert's philosophy!"

H. C. C. of the London Times, having heard Arnold Bax's "Garden of Fand," which has been played in Boston, wrote: "Its luciousness laps me in comfort; then I begin to wonder why things take the turn they do take. Perhaps it is something about Cuchulain that I ought to remember, and don't; then I recollect that I was not going to think about Cuchulain, but just enjoy the music. By this time the conductor and the orchestra have worked themselves into a fury of passion; my emotions ought to be torn to tatters but they aren't, because I lost my thread at that moment when Cuchulain distracted me. At the end I am chiefly conscious that there has been a lot of beautiful sound going on, some of which I enjoyed and some of which I missed, and I ask myself how much of the missing was my fault and how much the composer's."

Five organ recitals by as many blind organists were set down for November in London. Several pieces by blind composers were played, including pieces from the National Institute'a recently issued edition of the works of British blind composers.

The evil of many orchestral programs now is the habit of placing together great slabs of symphonic music, a symphony, a tone poem, a concerto. . . . Brahms is all the finer in company with the moderns.—London Times.

Elgar has scored for orchestra Bach's organ fugue in C minor (Peters ed., Book III, No. 6), one of those generally ascribed to the time of Bach's organistship at Weimar. "Possibly Elgar remembered that the Weimar instrument was remarkable for the size of its pedal organ and the possession of a carillon, and stressed the pedals by coupling the brass to the double basses, and the carillon by a free use of percussion, glockenspiel, and harps. Apart from the inevitable suggestion of showing off which such treatment carries, it is an extraordinarily brilliant essay in the sonorities of the orchestra and offered splendid material for Mr. Goossens and his picked body of playera to exert themselves on. It at least was an effective challenge to accepted ideas, especially to the Kapellmeister treatment of Bach. Perhaps the audience did not mean to encore it, but only to drag Sir. Edward Elgar out of his seat in the grand circle, but every one was glad when Mr. Goossens took the prolonged applause to mean encore and played it a second time." This concert was on Oct. 27.

Mr. Lazare Levy, who played at the Wigmore Hall yesterday (Nov. 3), Liszt, Chopin, Debussy, and Ravel, is a pianist first and a musician afterwards. With many it is the other way, but there is no reason, of course, why everybody should be alike. And there are some things which are suited to pianists rther than to musicians; Liszt's "Apres une lecture du Dante" is possibly one, though it is difficult to say, as the Liszt tradition has passed through too many hands to be altogether trustworthy. But Debussy? Debussy, who took out a penknife to show how he metaphorically scraped away all varnish and veneer from whatever he wrote—and Ravel? the most economical of all the thrifty Frenchmen—and Chopin? his Valse, Op. 42, turned into a kind of witches' dance? We would beg Mr. Levy to reconsider the case of these three composers and ask himself if that is really what they meant, and to apply his great efficiency to the really musical problems.—London Times.

Two new orchestral pieces were performed in London on Nov. 1, an overture, "Othello," by Michele Esposito, and an idyll, "Summer," by Arnold Bax. "The first of these we found to be unconvincing, as the thematic material was uninteresting and the orchestration no more than effective in an old-fashioned kind of way. Mr. Bax's material was much more characteristic; it had the power of creating an atmosphere of a charming kind just so long as he dealt strictly with it. The music only became dull when he seemed to rely on color, forgetting that color is a commonplace today."

In 1830 the Spectator (London), advertising what it purposed to be, said: "The drama is reviewed in a spirit of benevolent, though free criticism; and music, and painting, with its accessories, are treated at once scientifically and popularly as elegant arts."

"Advertising Invitations"

(For The Sunday Herald)

I wish I was a millionaire, how I would
advertise!
My fine profile on every page
I'd be the scion of my age!—
If I only had that million.

McCormick, Kreisler, Heifetz, Ney,
I'd give some space, because I say,
—And it's a general admission—
There's even fun in competition.

But otherwise, let me confess:
I'd own and dominate the press!
From Frisko to Carnegie Hall
I'd be "THE MASTER OF THEM
ALL."

Well—as it is, I have a home,
Two boys, and pleasant work on hand.
That million—it will never come.
Am I on my ambitions end?

I only pray, I may not fall
To self-contentment. Rather give
Me new aspects, a duties call,
Problems to solve. To fight—and live!

Brookline. PAUL SHIRLEY.

Some Comments on the Recent Opera Season at Boston Opera House

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

During the past month Boston has demonstrated its loyalty to opera. But, with a full house at the San Carlo and, if one hears correctly, a successful season at the Arlington Theatre, one must predict a return of the old opera fever and a possible permanent opera here, not the $5 type, but good opera at reasonable prices. The San Carlo season demonstrated that people of foreign birth, especially Italians, love opera better than any other form of music. But the truth must be told: There were long and annoying intermissions between the acts and the audience indulged in clapping and cat-calls. If was all good-natured enough, but jocular as it seemed, it was only a part of a protracted uneasiness that made musicians unable to listen to the opera in many cases. In most impassioned passages when a soprano held a note with full voice the audience burst into loud applause, distracting the singers, distressing the chorus, which in several cases was off stage waiting for its musical cue, fretting orchestra and conductor. Villains and heroes were hardly dead before the curtain descended to a chorus of bravos and prolonged applause. Some beautiful passages from the orchestra were lost to music lovers at the close of each act. Stars came on the stage and, in the midst of very beautiful music the audience broke into applause. To be sure, there were always hisses and shooing at these loud enthusiasts—not all in the second balcony, to be truthful. The performance of "Lohengrin" was singularly free from such interruptions. One may draw conclusions. One saw all styles and periods of dress at the opera. There was much smoking, much pushing and shoving at the door on entrance, with no real reason for the same. Street cars were packed with a noisy and often rude mass of people. This is not like the old opera days—not perfect, but possessed of a finer dignity and real courtesy.

EDITH LYNWOOD WINN.

Boston.

Stravinskyy Gives Reasons for the Popularity of Tchaikovsky

Apropos of the performance of Tchaikovsky's ballet, "The Sleeping Beauty," in London, the London Times remarked that the ballet practically reintroduced that musician to the British public.

"This renaissance has had a number of sponsors, but one great prophet—M. Igor Stravinsky. His admiration for the composer who lived during the Russian 'Golden Age' is boundless. He regards Tchaikovsky not only as the father of much of the music that has been written since his death, but as the parent of all the ballet music that has followed. It was his enthusiasm for the composer that induced him to come to this country and undertake the trying task of helping to produce 'The Sleeping Princess.' It cannot have been an easy, or, at times, even a very gratifying task, but his enthusiasm carried him through to the end, and while the production can fairly be said to be the result of the unlimited enthusiasm of several people, a very great deal of this enthusiasm was directly due to M. Stravinsky's individual eagerness."

Stravinsky was asked by a reporter of the London Times his opinion of the position of Tchaikovsky in the minds of the great mass of average people:

"Tchaikovsky's music," he answered, "has at the present day an enormous success everywhere. I do not think, however, that it is a success that has arisen from his being understood. On the contrary, it is a success that is rather due to his facility. It is the facile side of his works that is appreciated. In this country the feelings of the 'crowd' are just the same as everywhere else. Here, as elsewhere, he is loved for the sentimental note in some of his melodies. The crowd is always sensitive to external things and to brilliant things, and it must be confessed that very often its opinion must be respected. Somehow or other the crowd has a kind of specialized instinct which guides it. The great successes of art have never been made by 'bluff.' It is true that the crowd very often does not realize the reason why it likes a great work of art, and it is often interesting to study the reasons that are given for its liking. It may often be found that a very great number of people attribute their satisfaction at listening to a great work of art to things which, as a matter of fact, have absolutely nothing to do with the things which satisfy it. Great works are admired by a kind of instinct. It is only the reasons for this admiration that require a more intensive culture."

"I said something about Tchaikovsky's emotional appeal to British audiences, and M. Stravinsky agreed that that was one of the great reasons for his popularity in this country. 'The English people,' he said, 'do seem to love him, and they will probably only go to hear this masterpiece because they love him already. They only love him, however, for certain restricted qualities, and the emotionalism to which you have referred is one of the reasons why the English like him. Yet that emotional quality was really one of the forms of his period and not an individual characteristic.'

"He went on to discuss 'The Sleeping Princess.' 'Personally,' he said, 'I think that this ballet is one of his greatest masterpieces. In a letter which was published in the Times a fortnight ago I explained various reasons for this belief, and I can only add that to my mind its greatness consists largely in its surprising newness. There are innumerable passages in the score which are remarkable both for their newness and for their sonorous instrumental imagination. It is one of the most acute of his works, and seems to be quite distinct from many of his other works, for various reasons. One is the combination of a vivid imagination of the incidents on the stage with an enormous orchestral imagination.

"'An example of this is the entrance of the princess to trumpets and drums. This could have been done quite well with harps and muted strings, if only a sentimental effect had been wanted; but Tchaikovsky's conception of the nature of the entrance was something very different. The music has an extraordinary freshness, and I should like to lay emphasis on the fact that here he is dealing with emotions which do not lie on the surface. Every incident and every entrance is always individual to the character concerned, and every number has its own special character. One may be more beautiful than another, but every one is individual.'

"I asked his opinion of the composer's position with regard to the history of ballet.

"'Tchaikovsky,' he replied, 'had a great admiration for the classical art of the ballet of petit pas. It should be remembered that he had an enormous formal imagination. That is what has made the ballet the parent of all the ballets that have come after, and that, too, is why I have been so enthusiastic about the production. Of the forces brought together to carry out that production it is difficult for me to speak objectively. In the first place, because I love the ballet so well; and in the second place, because I am really one of the family.'

"How did the Russian revolution affect the popular appreciation of Tchaikovsky in that country?

"'It affected it very greatly indeed. Since the revolution there has been a decided reaction against Tchaikovsky. The popular opinion has veered right away from him—and towards Scriabin. Perhaps it is my admiration of Tchaikovsky that makes me regret this so keenly.'

"M. Stravinsky went on to discuss music in general. He regretted the small public that went to hear symphonic music, but pointed out, with truth, that the nature of these performances inevitably restricted their audiences. He thought that it was more popular in America than here, and on the whole was convinced that comprehension of this class of music was steadily improving.

"'What of Russian opera?' was my final question.

"'It certainly does not seem,' he replied, 'to have a very large public in England in these days, but then, has any opera a very large public in your country?'

"M. Stravinsky was careful to explain that he had not been in any way tampering with the score of 'The Sleeping Princess.' He has not added but rather replaced, and the passages that have been restored are those that have been omitted from previous productions by local circumstances or by individual tastes. These tended to become left out altogether, and M. Stravinsky has done his best to replace them according to the spirit of the original. He pointed out that this was no more adding to the score than the correction of Shakespeare's text from the folios was rewriting Shakespeare."

Russian Nomenclature

Mr. Deems Taylor of the New York World, apropos of "Modern Russian Songs," recently published by the Oliver Ditson Company, praises the Ditson's "sensible practice" of spelling the Russian names in approximate accordance with English orthography.

"Our handling of Russian nomenclature," he says, "is a glorious example of tradition in its most idiotic phases. As everyone knows, the Russian alphabet contains many characters that have no counterpart in English. They have a single character to represent the sound of 'ch,' for example. The first western European publishers of Russian music were the Germans, and they spelled the names of Russian composers phonetically, according to the pronunciation of the GERMAN language. Until recently we have been obediently spelling these names as the Germans spell them, regardless or oblivious of the fact that such spellings are only phonetic at best, and don't sound at all in English as they do in German. 'Tschaikowsky,' for example, is the German spelling of one Russian composer's name. 'Now, that 'Tsch' is nothing but the nearest possible German equivalent for a Russian letter that sounds like our 'ch.' The 'w' is not at all our 'w,' but the German for another Russian letter that is our 'v.' The 'ai' is pronounced 'eye' in German, but we would normally pronounce it 'ay,' as in 'hay'; 'y' in English comes much nearer the sound of the original Russian character. The final 'y' is another Russian letter that is our sound 'ee.' In other words, 'Chykovskee' would be the strictly logical way, IN ENGLISH, to spell the sound of 'Tschaikowsky's' name in Russian. But that would look

Poussel, "Les Dieux a l'om-
" from "Eve-

too barbarous, perhaps, to flash unexpectedly before our startled eyes. The Ditson spelling is a compromise. It keeps the redundant 'tsch' but gets rid of the totally incorrect 'w.' The result, 'Tschaikovsky,' is not yet perfectly logical, but it is a little nearer English. Again, a lot of trouble is caused by the Russian letter 'B,' which is the exact equivalent of two of our letters. In the middle of a word it is generally pronounced like our 'v,' while at the end it is 'f' or 'ff.' The German system, which we unquestionably follow, is all right for Germans but wrong in English. That system uses 'w' for the 'v' sound and 'v' for the 'f' sound, e. g., 'Tschaikowsky' and 'Korsakov.' (Incidentally, another spelling that is often employed by the elite, 'Korsakow' and 'Glazounow,' doesn't mean anything in any language.) The only proper spelling of final 'v' in English is 'f' or 'ff'—as in Korsakoff. Such is the Ditson spelling. Similarly, it should be 'Rachmaninoff' and 'Stravinsky,' not 'Rachmaninov' and 'Strawinsky.' A few translators have succeeded in confusing the situation a little more by using the French phonetic system for certain names. Thus, Stravinsky's famous ballet is variously spelled by American writers 'Petruschka' (German spelling), 'Petrouchka' (French spelling) and 'Petrouschka' (half French, half German), but never by any chance 'Petrushka,' which is the only intelligible English spelling."

"Witty" Music

Ravel's "Mother Goose" and Stravinsky's "Petrushka" were recently played at a Philharmonic concert in London, and according to the London Times offered an answer to the question whether music can be witty and humorous.

"That is easy to ask but terribly difficult to answer, for the moment those simple words, wit and humor, are discussed, or even mentioned with an idea of labelling anything with them, they are apt to fold their tents and vanish. If, however, we do say anything about it, we must be sure we are talking about the music, for it is easy enough to find fun in the words or the situation and think it was in the tones. So without troubling about Beauty and the Beast or Shrovetide—Mr. Kalisch probably explained all about them in his usual lucid and pithy way—let us look at the music.

"Ravel seems to us to succeed. Wit is a quick thing under apparent slowness, a serious thing behind ostensible frivolity; that at least, though it may be much more. He has a most tenacious hold of this point, but we are not to have it cheaply. We must do our own thinking, hear for ourselves the short-circuiting, wait patiently during the tantalizing process. His bon mots all come legitimately out of the musical material, and trade quite openly on our average accumulated knowledge of the past. He does not mind decor, but he is quite content with four planks and a passion. In either case he will be there before you; but not more because it is 'about' beauties and beasts than if it were 'on' that cold little E minor figure in the Trio.

"It is different with Stravinsky. We cannot imagine him bothering about a figure whether in E minor, or cold, or anything else. He is always Eulenspiegeling—only he does it much better, much more like the real thing, whether it is subtle parody, or broad mimicry, or only making an apple-pie bed for a particular friend. The only hint of failure is when he tries to pin an opprobrious piece of paper to someone's coat tails, and accidently labels his own joke with "This is humour"; but, to do him justice, that comes seldom. But we know of old that the funny man must not stay too long—and, even when considerably shortened, Petrushka does. Scooping on trombones and blowing clarinets flat are—well, there are more lawful methods. Beethoven, who looked at us solemnly while it went on, always kept on the right side of the law—phrased askew or ended in the wrong key. So we must, on the whole, give a verdict against the defendant, on the count of musical humor, however much circumstantial evidence he may have produced in favor of his claim to be both a humorist and a musician."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, and Elly Ney, pianist. See special notice.

Arlington Theatre, 3:30 P. M. Concert of the People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

Copley Theatre, 4 P. M. Concert of the Pierian Sodality orchestra of Harvard University and the Harvard Glee Club in aid of the Repertory Theatre. See special notice.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. First of five extra concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor; John Powell, pianist. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Concert of St. Cecilia's choir, Nora Burns, Thomas A. Quinn, William H. O'Brien, John A. O'Shea, Ida McCarty, Elsie M. Eckman and others.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Deodor Chaliapin, bass. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. George Smith, pianist. Palmgren, Karelian Dance, Finlandish Dance; Tschaikowsky, Theme and Variations, op. 19; Palmgren, Aria, C minor, May Night and Etude Humoristick; Gabrilowitsch, Caprice Burlesque; Chopin, Sonata, B minor, op. 58; Nocturne, E major; Ballade, A flat major.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Harrison Potter, pianist. Rameau, Les Cyclopes; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 109; Chopin, Prelude, G sharp minor, Waltz, A flat major, Scherzo, E major; Albeniz, Scherzino; Palmgren, May Night and the Sea; Macdowell, Of Salamanders; Ropartz, Monde; Jongen, Crepuscule au Lac Ogwen and Soleil a Midi.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall. Mary Clark, soprano; Henry Levine, pianist. Bolto, L'Altra Notte from "Mefistofele"; Old English, Mark bow the blushful Morn and Weep you no More, Sad Fountains; Purcell, I'll sail upon the Dogstar; Stravinsky, Der heilige Tau; Rachmaninoff, Answer; Russian Folk Song, Ah, Beloved Night; Bleichmann, Love; Rabey, Tes Yeux; Szurc, Clair de Lune; Dupont, Mandoline; Wolf, Gesang Weylas; Dvorak, Reingestimmt die Saiten and Dart des Falken Schwinge Tatrahoehn Umrauschen; Fielitz, Die Nacht ist Schwarz; Manney, Consecration; Russell, Vale; Montague, For You. Miss Clark is a Boston girl who began her studies at the New England Conservatory of Music. Later she studied with Mme. Sembrich and Gina Viafora. She was a protegee of Caruso. She has given many recitals, but this is her first in Boston.

Nov 28 1921

We have found out who invented Sauce Robert; the mysterious nobleman of Worcestershire sauce has been smoked out; Mr. Halford of the sauce named after him was known in the flesh by many. Now comes a question concerning another sauce. The dictionaries when asked are dumb. There is no mention of Bearnaise sauce in French cook books of the time when Louis XIV and Louis XV gorged themselves—Louis XIV was a prodigious glutton—nor is this sauce referred to in French cook books of the early years in the 19th century. The sauce may be very old, though we doubt it and do not see Henry IV smearing his fingers and face with it.

BEARNAISE SAUCE

As the World Wags:

Now that Worcestershire sauce is disposed of, I write to ask a question concerning Bearnaise sauce, the best of French sauces.

Bearnaise sauce, although rarely used here except on beefsteak, goes equally well with chops or with any kind of broiled fish; also with scallops, if broiled on a spit, without any bacon in between, as is the case when they become scallops en brochette.

My question is, who invented Bearnaise sauce? The name, of course, comes from the Province of Bearne, in the south part of France; the existence of which I admit I should not know of if Dumas in his novels of the Reine Margot series had not referred to Henry IV of France as le Bearnais.

The inventor of Bearnaise sauce might well have adopted the name in honor of Henry IV; but presumably the origin of the name is territorial, as taragon, which gives the sauce its flavor, grows in the south of France.

An acquaintance of mine, who aroused my interest in the inventor of the sauce, sought information on this point from the stewards of several clubs. The stewards in turn inquired of their chefs, but none, either steward or chef, could name the inventor. Finally one of the chefs wrote to the secretary of the Society of Culinary Artists of Paris, but the secretary was unable to furnish the name. Perhaps you can give it, or one of your correspondents. RAPITO.

Boston.

OLD TIMES, OLD MANNERS

As the World Wags:

In a previous incarnation mulligatawny was one of my favorite soups, with little egg balls and spices, though I drew the line at saffron and cardamom seed. What I began to say, however, was this: How close is the connection between certain words, tastes, smells, an imaginary geography, and a subconscious memory of forgotten books.

Mulligatawny always associated itself at once in my mind with the Taj Mahal, the Punjaub, the Gate of 100 Sorrows, and the

"Tinkling temple bells,
And the spicy garlic smells
On the Road to Mandalay."

So in the old days before this country went "mashuger" and passed the Prohibition Amendment. If you and a few choice spirits lined up with one foot on the brass rail, and your left hand neighbor asked the artist in white duck behind the bar to make him a dry Martini, the very smell of the orange bitters brought to your mind at once the beauties of Andalusia, the maids of Seville, Byron, the Guadalquiver, and a momentary recollection of hearing Del Puente sing the "Toreador" song. If your neighbor on your right called for a Manhattan, the dash of Angostura—and by the way, there is only one brand of Angostura worth having—brought to your mind Spanish picaroons, buccaneers of the Spanish Main, pieces of eight, "Treasure Island." Once in a while some one in an expansive white vest, with abundance of watch chain, gold eye glasses, would ask for some special liqueur or cordial, as vermouth or Chartreuse. If the latter was called for, the barkeeper, producing a small highly polished glass, proceeded to pour from a short, fat bottle the liquid emeralds, and your sense of smell was regaled with the perfume of pine buds and wild thyme from the high Alpine valleys. There floated before your mind's eye a picture of the fat monks gathering their simples, before the monastery was sold to a corporation, also an indistinct memory of Gustave Dore's pictures of these old monks sampling their productions in the story of Pantagruel.

Under the operation of the Volstead act, is there any awakening of the romantic, literary or historical senses? Not so that it would be noticed. If by some inadvertence you should drink with a friend are any things artistic or soulful recalled to memory? After the strangling process has passed and you catch your breath, all you can think of is 50—50.

And the old split gang who used to foregather down on the island by the limpid waters of the Nashua; these Soldiers Three after a successful panhandling expedition and the necessary price raised—50 cents—for a pint of straight. Then for the island, where by the addition of enough water ballast to reduce the straight one-half in strength they had a quart! The social status of this gang is beyond my poor powers of description. John Oakhurst and the Outcasts of Poke Flat were angels of light in comparison. True soldiers of fortune the Three held to the sentiment,

"Let the cannikin clink,
Pay for it who may."

All unknowingly they were the progenitors of a fashion, and inventors of recipes now accepted in many of the "best" families in town. Fifty-fifty.

So runs the world away. S. H.

Westminster.

QUICK WORK IN '49

As the World Wags.

In looking over some of my ship cards of Glidden and Williams I came across a very interesting piece signed "R. T. P." in 1908 on "Signal Flags of former Bostonians."

"Glidden and Williams's flag was white and yellow with red star. In 1849 Messrs. Glidden and Williams started the first California line and did an enormous business. Clippers were built and loading in their line at Lewis wharf in 90 days from the stretching of their keel. They were brought to the wharf immediately after launching, masted and rigged while loading and in many instances were fully loaded and already cleared before they were rigged. It was not an unusual circumstance to see four, five and six vessels at their piers in various stages of loading. Sole owners of many vessels and interested in others, their flag was over all, and designated one of, if not the most honorable and successful of California shipping lines.

Capt. Wm. T. Glidden and Hon. John M. S. Williams started the firm, and my father, Mr. John A. Glidden, went into the firm in 1853.

JENNIE M. GLIDDEN.

Brookline.

FOR LOVERS OF STATISTICS

As the World Wags:

My lithograph by N. Currier of the clipper Flying Cloud gives her dimensions: Length of keel, 208ft.; length on deck, 225ft., length over all, 235ft., extreme breadth of beam 41ft.; depth of hold 21½ft., tonnage for register, 1750. Built by Donald McKay, East Boston, 1851. SAMUEL T. HERSEY.

Hingham Centre.

Miss Elly Ney, Pianist, and Emilio De Gogorza, Bari-

Miss Elly Ney, pianist, and Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, gave a joint concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon.

A familiar voice, an untested pianist, to give mixed pleasure to a slowly assembled audience! Mr. De Gogorza, of suave manner, likable in sentiment, in humor, in dramatic staccatos; Miss Ney, oddly gowned, indifferent to the ordinary feminine graces of carriage, almost the man when once settled to her tasks. Here were two oddly contrasted personalities in a rare blend of artistic achievement. The one received his friends, assured of the warmth of their greeting, of the sincerity of their applause. The other, freshly arrived in the states from European tours, and already diversely considered in New York and Chicago, [illegible] way to make by sheer courage and ability. If the two began on uneven terms, the odds diminished and almost converged as the concert progressed.

Program of De Gogorza

Mr. de Gogorza's program contained a group of folk songs: Three from the French countries, collected and arranged by Charles Bordes; two from the Spanish Basque lands, arranged by Santesteban; two songs, "After the Battle," and "The Seminarian," by the Russian composer, Modest P. Moussorgsky; Stevenson's "Requiem," set to music by Homer; "Leetle Bateese," by Geoffrey O'Hara; "Serenade," and "Old Loves," by Cyril Scott; and "Cargoes," by Tom Dobson; and three Spanish songs: "En La Huerta De Murcia," and "A La Corrida," by Raoul Laparra; and "El Rosario De La Virgen," arranged by J. Incenza. Miss Winslow accompanied.

To all of these Mr. De Gogorza gave careful phrasing and unerring tonal values, the thin French trifles, the two Russian ballads of him who "lies alone beneath dark skies," and of the Seminarian, distracted from his Latin chants by languid eyes and stolen glances; Drummond's quaint verses of the "bad leetle boy" who tormented the hens, the cow, and his own stomach; and the word pictures of Spanish orchards, holy man or bull fighter. He is one of those rare singers who draws on the whole world for his melodies and is at ease with all.

Miss Ney departed from her typed program, substituting Beethoven's sonata, "Appassionata," opus 57, for the better known "Moonlight" sonata, opus 27, No. 2. This served at once to prove her virtuosity. With an attack apparently at first apathetic, then suddenly virile, dynamic, thunderous, she played as De Pachman would have played, with preternatural vigor and tirelessness. She made the three movements of the work continuous. Again in Chopin's "Heroic Polonaise," opus 53, which demands a man as well as a pianist to interpret it, she rolled out reverberating chords and octaves with an energy at once stupendous and stirring. Between times she fairly caressed Schubert's two "Moments Musicals," in A flat and in F minor. She made the Brahms waltzes (opus 39) sparkle like dew points under an early sun. She gave an unforgettable lilt to Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," eternal in spite of repeated bruising.

Female pianists are fortunately rare. Miss Ney is among the most admirable of any of the present school. It is to be hoped she comes again. Whether her mood be jocund, fanciful, or majestically impressive, its progressions will be well worth the hearing.

People's Symphony Gives Its Sixth Concert

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer conductor, gave its sixth concert in the Arlington Theatre, yesterday afternoon, with John Charles Thomas, baritone, as assisting artist. The program was:

Symphony in B Minor (unfinished).... Schubert
Aria "Eri Tu" from Un Ballo in Maschera Verdi
Mr. Thomas
Ballet music from "Queen of Sheba". Goldmark
Group of songs..... Whelpley
a. The Splendor Falls on Castle Walls
b. Tears, Idle Tears
c. O Swallow Flying South
Mr. Thomas
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube" Strauss

Gifted with so resplendent a voice, and so striking a stage presence, Mr. Thomas might well have been graduated before now from light into grand opera, as he is about to do, according to report, as soon as present contracts expire. He is singing the leading part in "The Love Letter" at the Tremont Theatre. Rarely has the aria from the "Masked Ball," or the prologue from "Pagliacci," given as an encore, been rendered with such beauty of tone, such perfect phrasing, and with such artistry.

The group of songs by Benjamin L. Whelpley afforded scope for the lyric qualities of Mr. Thomas's voice. The composer accompanied on the pianoforte and shared in the plaudits, which were so prolonged that finally Mr. Thomas gave the old English ballad "Passing By," and Brogi's "Venetian Visions."

With the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra including a fox trot in its regular program, and even the staid Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Monteux permitting Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," may not also Boston's newest orchestral organization undertake to woo Terpsichore and give the public what it wants? So prolonged was the applause for the "Blue Danube Waltzes" that Mr. Mollenhauer departed again from precedent and gave an encore—Swinnen's "Chinoisierie."

Pierian Sodality and Glee Clul at Copley

The Pierian Sodality Orchestra o Harvard University and the Harvar Glee Club appeared in concert yester

day afternoon at the Copley Theatre. The performance was given under the auspices of the Francis Jewett Repertory Theatre Club of Boston. The orchestra gave: Overture, "Fingal's Cave," Mendelssohn; Prelude to "The Deluge," Saint-Saens; "Valse Triste," Sibelius; Aria from "Orpheus," Gluck; Hungarian March from "The Damnation of Faust," Berlioz. The glee club gave: "In Dulci Jubilo"; "De Profundis," Lotti; "Cantata Domino," Hassler; "Heart-Ache," Dvorak; "On the Water," Mendelssohn-Bartholdy; "Bedouin Song," Foote.

The marked change which has come over the Pierian since its last Boston concert in May was at once perceptible to the eye and to the ear. Not only has the orchestra increased in numbers; it has increased in such a manner as to give even balancing of the several choirs, and is thus much more of a musical organization than formerly. The new conductor, Walter Piston of the Harvard music department, is an artist of thorough and sound musicianship; he has an excellent beat, and the results attained proved him to be sufficiently exacting. The opening number, which was Mendelssohn's Overture to "Fingal's Cave," showed the Pierian equal to qualities of ensemble and tonal color not usually found outside the boundaries of the professional symphony orchestra.

The musicians were inconsistent, however, when they attempted the military "Hungarian March" of Berlioz; in this number they displayed weakness of attack and apparent lack of confidence. But there was the lilting rhythm of the dance in their playing of Sibelius's "Valse Triste," and lyric beauty in the aria from Gluck's "Orpheus." In the Prelude to "The Deluge" of Saint-Saens the violin solo was excellently done by Mr. I. Harry Rosenberg, who has been the Pierian concertmaster for a number of years. The young violinist displayed a happy combination of precise technique and artistic feeling, and an enthusiastic audience insisted upon his recall.

The Harvard Glee Club, under the direction of Dr. Archibald T. Davison, furnished the second and fourth numbers on the program. The nation-wide praise which has been given to Dr. Davisons' singers scarcely admits of any addition. In "De Profundis" the gleemen exhibited their customary proficiency in the singing of the chant; the ancient German carol, "In Dulci Jubilo," afforded opportunity for the singers to display the tonal qualities which have won them such renown.

Mar 22 1921

Voysey Inheritance"—

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Voysey Inheritance," a play in four acts, by Granville Barker. Performed by the Henry Jewett Players. Produced at the Court Theatre, London, Nov. 7, 1905.

Mr. Voysey.....Moffat Johnston
Peacey.....Paul Hansell
Edward Voysey.....E. E. Clive
Maj. Booth Voysey.....Lionel Pape
Mr. George Booth.....Percy Foster
Denis Tregoning.....Clifford Turner
Mr. Colpus.....George Tawde
Ethel Voysey.....May Ediss
Alice Maitland.....Catherine Willard
Honor Voysey.....Margaret Pitt
Beatrice (Mrs. Hugh Voysey)
Katherine Standing
Phoebe.....Octavia Stone
Mrs. Voysey.....Deirdre Doyle
Mary.....Helen Arlington
Edward Voysey.....Nicholas Joy
Emily (Mrs. Booth Voysey).....Rosaline King
Hugh Voysey.....Walter Kingsford

We have not read the play, but was it not cut for the Copley Theatre? As performed in London it was in five acts. We missed last night the line of Mrs. Voysey, deaf and indifferent to all the fuss and squabbles, suddenly looking up from her magazine and saying, apropos of nothing, "The Chinese empire must be in in a shocking state!" To be sure, there weer the delightful comments on Oliver Cromwell's ancestors. And does not one become better acquainted with Beatrice and Hugh in the original? Last night there was only a glimpse of Beatrice, an insignificant figure, so that her husband's declaration of the fact in the final act that they were to be divorced was wholly unimportant.

The play is a realistic presentation of types. The strongest character is the bluff old rascal of a financier, a liar, a cheat, who leaves a fortune to his family by using the capital intrusted to him by rich and poor for his own gain. When he dies and son Edward, a timid person with a conscience, a good deal of a prig, tells his brothers and sister that they should give their legacies to those wronged by his father, they take it in various ways, but only Hugh is willing to play the man. The defrauded have been receiving their interest; they do not know that their capital has gone in whole or in part; they are in happy ignorance. But when Booth, the close friend of Edward's father, comes in to withdraw his securities, not trusting Edward's abilities, when the crash comes. Does it really come? The audience is left in doubt to the end whether Edward will go to prison—for he was a member of the firm, though knowing his father's guilt, he shrank from the inheritance of crime—or whether he will struggle along with the consent of the defrauded till he is able to repay. Even Alice, a free-spoken, one might say, rhetorical young woman, though devoted to him when he is in trouble, seems to urge the latter course.

There are others—the Major with his booming voice; the callous Trenchard, Hugh, despairing of English civilization—who, as well as old Voysey and Edward, are extremely garrulous whenever the opportunity is given; they are almost as voluble as the men and women of Mr. Shaw, so that Mr. Walkley once said it would be excellent discipline for Messrs. Shaw and Barker to set themselves the task of writing a wordless play.

There are few dramatic moments, and the end is hardly an end at all. There are a few striking scenes: the first between Alice and Edward; the one in which George Booth learns that he has been robbed, the most moving scene in the whole play; the conversation between Edward and the clerk who threatens to blackmail him. The dialogue—and there are pages on pages of it—varies greatly in interest and force. The most noteworthy lines are those given to old Booth when he exclaims: "I think your father is in hell. I'd have gone there myself to save him from it. . . . Am I to think now he only cared for me to cheat me?" Then follows the flat and tedious conversation between Alice and Edward, unconvincing talk, which even the skill of actress and actor could not vitalize.

Though written in 1905, the play has not greatly aged. Its veracity is indisputable, though today the two young women who in 1905 were thought ultra-modern, dangerously radical in their views, are in 1921 as shrinking violets.

The performance held the attention until the final scene between Alice and Edward; then the only feeling was a mild curiosity as to Edward's fate, whether the policeman would come in. Mr. Johnston played the part of old Voysey in a natural, authoritative manner. The spectator was not in doubt about his character for a moment. He was almost inclined to sympathize with him, if only for his audacity, his piratical swagger. Mr. Clive gave the key to Edward's nature, portraying his extreme conscientiousness, his rectitude, his timidity and doubts when he should have been firm, and his firmness which, under temptation, was easily shaken. Mr. Foster gave an excellent impersonation of old Booth, as forcible a bit of character acting as we have seen for many seasons. Mr. Hansell's Peacey was finely drawn. Among the women, Miss Willard and Miss Doyle were noteworthy. The latter did much with a minor part. With few lines to speak, she made a marked impression by her personality, and by the emphasis of under-statement. Miss Willard is a valuable addition to the company. Her enunciation is delightfully clear; her diction and gestures are significant. If she was at times rather rhetorical, perhaps the fault was the dramatist's.

'QUEEN OF SHEBA

"The Queen of Sheba," a William Fox picture spectacle, story by Virginia Tracy, was shown for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon at Tremont Temple. As a spectacle it is well worth seeing. The sea scenes at the beginning, the handling of the mob throughout, the journey of Sheba's queen to King Solomon, the gorgeous reception of her, the chariot races, the war scenes and the architectural display, with many interesting details of stage setting will alone repay a visit to Tremont Temple. The story as told by Miss Tracy will amuse students of Biblical history and Rabbinical lore.

Balkis, Queen of Sheba, is one of the famous women of antiquity, although there is unfortunately little about her in the canonical books that have come down to us concerning the rulers of Israel. She inspired Flaubert to write the marvellous scene between her and St. Anthony; Gerard de Nerval to dream the story on which the librettists of Gounod's opera based their plot; she also is the heroine of Goldmark's opera; only three years ago Dr. Mardrus in Paris wrote a charming account of her adventures which he pretended to translate from the Arabic. Nor did she escape the delightful irony of Anatole France.

Miss Tracy neglected to bring in scenes derived from the Koran and the Rabbinical writers. One would have been most effective. A malignant spirit told Solomon that Balkis had cloven feet and legs as hairy as those of an ass. He thereupon had the Jinn construct a floor of glass and then poured water over it. Balkis lifted her skirts, passing over this floor, and Solomon saw to his joy that she had been cruelly slandered.

Yes, Balkis was indeed a noble dame, to be ranked with Cleopatra and the Queen that went forth to meet Alexander the Great. No wonder that Menelik, Emperor of Abyssinia, boasted of his descent from her and Solomon.

Where did Miss Tracy find the account of Balkis before she was crowned queen and the sad story of her sister, who fell a victim to the usurper? Biblical students will also wonder at the manner in which Adonijah is treated.

It is not necessary to inquire too curiously into history as related on the screen, especially when, as in this case, history is legendary. The spectacle, as we have said, is worth seeing. Betty Blythe took the part of Balkis and that experienced actor, Fritz Lieber, played Solomon.

We spoke a few days ago of Louis XIV. as a glutton. This characterization has been questioned by a correspondent who evidently stands in awe of the "Grand Monarch." If our correspondent will read the Letters of the Palatine Princess or the Memoirs of Saint-Simon he would not have doubted our word. The princess wrote that she had often seen Louis eat at one sitting four plates full of various soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a heaped-up plate of salad, two hugh slices of ham, mutton stewed with garlic, a plate of pastries, and then fruit and hard-boiled eggs. It is said that he inherited his prodigious appetite from his mother, Anne of Austria. No wonder that after he was 40 years of age his stomach revenged itself. As an old man, he was subject to indigestion, vertigo; tormented by rheumatism, the gout, catarrh, and the gravel. It should also be remarked that this glorious monarch ate meat with his fingers for many years, as was the custom in polite French circles. Since his teeth were bad he usually gobbled his food.

Certain writers, as Gabriel Peignot, have amused themselves by describing the gastronomic tastes and feats of mighty potentates and other celebrated men; but Peignot said nothing about the Caliph Soliman, who died of an indigestion as he was about to lead his forces against Constantinople. He had emptied two baskets of eggs and figs, which he swallowed alternately—nothing could have been fairer than that—and he wound up with marrow and sugar. On one of his pilgrimages to Mecca he put down at a single meal 70 pomegranates, a kid, six fowls, and a great quantity of the grapes of Tayef. How different from the sobriety of Omar, the conqueror of Persia and Syria, whose red camel carried a bag of corn, a bag of dates, a wooden dish, and a water bottle of leather!

FOR THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE

As the World Wags:

The success of those two clever vaudevillians at Keith's, Gallagher and Shean, in their song "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean," suggests an idea for a new team, the two district attorneys, in their latest success, "Mr. Pelletier and Mr. Tufts," with these words:

Mr. Pelletier, Mr. Pelletier,
How unfortunate we are,
To encounter such an atmosphere
In the Massachusetts Bar.
All the Watch and Ward with one accord
Try to get us in a muss.
While the Goo Goos, a pack of hoodoos,
Want to take a wack at us.

Mr. Tufts sir, Mr. Tufts sir,
You are right in what you say.
And the Union Club would run the Hub,
If they only had their way.
The blueblood lunchers there are mere
Conceited over-stuffeds.
I agree with you, Mr. Pelletier.
I knew you would, Mr. Tufts.

Or

Our prosecutors are, it's clear,
A bunch of grossly-puffeds.
Is that argument, Mr. Pelletier?
It is repartee, Mr. Tufts.

Or

The voters of this town appear
Confiding easy-bluffeds.
Shall you bank on that, Mr. Pelletier?
I shall have to, Mr. Tufts.

Brookline. JACK BUNSBY.

THE CURSE OF ORNAMENTATION

(The Nation and the Athenaeum)

One little step further, and we have the last word that this deponent heard Morris say: "After all, plain whitewash is the most beautiful mural decoration."

PLENTY IN THE LAND

As the World Wags:

No wonder that the early settlers upon our shores decided that turkeys were advisable for Thanksgiving dinners. In an early history of New England, published in England only nine years after the settlement of Boston, it was said of wild turkeys: "These turkies remain all the year long. The price of a good turkey-cock is four shillings, and he is worth it, for it may be in weight 40 pounds: a hen is two shillings."

The same work states that "heathcock and partridges be common. He that is a good husband, and will be stirring betimes, may kill half a dozen in a morning." Oysters seem to have grown smaller from this account since it is claimed that they "be great ones, in form of a shoe horn. Some be a foot long and have to be divided before eaten. Sturgeons are all over the country, but the best are found in Cape Cod and the Merrimack river, where they are 14 to 18 ft. long." It appears that in the early days Dorchester was noted for its lack of an alewife river, "which is a great inconvenience." Roxbury lacked alewives, yet it had a clear and fresh brook running through the town with a great store of smelts. "Therefore the brook was called Smelt Brook." Deer island in Boston was noted for its deer, which swam down from the mainland when chased by the wolves; some have killed 16 deer in a day upon this island." J. W. A.

Groton.

HOT STUFF

As the World Wags:

I've been hoping some one would give the story of the Boston denizen who, out of a job, started making sauce for "refills," by which he eventually acquired a competence. Search through a file of directories would doubtless give essentials of this interesting local history. At a date later than when I knew about him, I met a New York man who did this refill-business on a larger scale; he supplied the hotels etc., with all grades of sauces at from 75 cents a gallon to $3.50.

One grade was in small demand; a clergyman, long in the far east, on his return here found stale and unprofitable all the sauces furnished by the hotel where he hoarded. Accordingly he got a full-sized bottle filled with an equivalent to tabasco; the dining room one day being crowded, the headwaiter put, at his table in the corner, a traveling man who ordered a steak. When this was brought, he said to the waiter: "Pass me the Worcestershire!" "That's the gentleman's private bottle," was the reply, but the clergyman graciously told the drummer to help himself. To show his appreciation of this courtesy, he did this liberally, but the first mouthful brought tears to his eyes and was swallowed with difficulty. When he finally got his breath, he asked: "Are you a minister of the gospel?" "I have that honor." "Do you preach hell and hell-fire?" "I do so when I think there is fit occasion." "Well, you're the only man I ever met, traveling in that line, who carried samples of his goods!"

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

LANGUAGE CORRUPTORS

As the World Wags:

Concerning corruptions of our language that offend "Purist." How does he like the prevailing usage of "recognize" for "realize" as—"we 'recognize' that (ut), etc."? And what of "convene" used transitively for "convoke"? Then there is the relative "who" as a restrictive, "they who"; why not "they that," as in the King James version of the Bible? To say nothing of authorities for "they that," ease of utterance is a consideration.

Brookline. H. L. TRAPPE.

"Recognize," meaning "to acknowledge by admission, confession or avowal to admit," was in use in the 16th and 17th centuries, with "that or with an infinitive expressing the fact acknowledge" in the 16th century. The latter use was common. "To convene" meaning to cause to come together, to convoke, has been in use since 1596, whether those convened were individuals or a collective body. There was once a strange use of "convene" in New England: "This road will convene the public," meaning the road will be convenient for the public. In the University of Cambridge (Eng.) a student brought up before the college court of discipline is "convened." We have taken the liberty of changing our correspondent's "St. James version" to "King James version." James was far from being a saint.—Ed.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Smilin' Through," fantasy in prologue and three acts, by Allan Langdon Martin. The cast:

The Mother of the Boy.....Viola Roach
The Mother of the Girl.....Jane Miller
John Carteret.....Frank Charlton
Dr. Owen Harding.....Mark Kent
Ellen.....Florence Roberts
Kathleen Dungannon.....Nancy Fair
Willie Ainley.....Ralph Remley
Kenneth Wayne.....Walter Gilbert
Mary Clare.....Jane Miller
Jeremich Wayne.....Walter Gilbert
Moonyeen Clare.....Nancy Fair

The St. James Players last night successfully produced "Smilin' Through," Jane Cowl's delightful little play of a season or two ago. Following their wise policy of seeking to strengthen their company, the St. James Players introduced a new leading lady. Miss Nancy Fair, rumor says, has come out of the West. If such be the case California is the loser, for this newest member of the company is a distinct addition. A personable young woman. She handled the dual role with nice differentiation. "Smilin' Through" is a charmingly fragile bit of genial life, philosophy and love-making. To be successfully played this little fantasy must be carefully acted. The players must feel the mood and bring understanding sympathy in

their parts. Last night each and every actor did this with skilful acumen. Mr. Charlton drew a fine edged character from John Carteret, and Mr. Kent also found amusing, pleasurable humanity within his ken. As the young lover Walter Gilbert radiated his usual personality. He succeeded well with the drunken father yanked back from ancient melodrama. Miss Fair made a sweet and delightfully provoking little Irish colleen. Her handling of the conventional death scene was above the average.

But one set was required last night. The garden of John Carteret was a beautiful one. Colorful hollyhocks found advantageous background in the ivy bedecked wall. We would like to suggest, however, more moderate use of the "reds" and "blues" in the sunset, which reduced an exquisite set to an atmosphere of "staginess."

In "Smilin' Through" the St. James Players have gone far along the path of progress. Theirs is a well balanced, more than creditable performance.

NEW SERIES BY THE SYMPHONY

In Symphony Hall last night the first of the series of five extra concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given. The program was as follows: Symphony in D minor, Franck; Overture and Ballet No. 5, adagio, from Beethoven's ballet, "The Creatures of Prometheus"; Fantasia on Hungarian Folk Tunes, for piano and orchestra, Liszt; Caprice on Spanish Themes, Rimsky-Korsakoff. The soloist was John Powell.

That this group of extra concerts was wisely conceived, both from the point of view of the public and the orchestra and that its success is assured, was strikingly proved by the opening one. The house was filled with few empty seats showing, and this in the face of a record-breaking storm.

The program while not "popular" in the common sense of the word was of a kind to appeal to a wide variety of tastes and required no "musical education" to appreciate and enjoy. Conductor and orchestra were imbued with the desire to give the "outside public" that for different reasons does not hear the regular symphony concerts the best of their artistry. That public, as represented by last night's throng, was plainly hungry for just the sort of music as that offered, performed in just the superb way in which it was given, and devoured it with avidity and keen pleasure.

The audience was stirred to enthusiasm at the start by the splendors and beauties of Cesar Franck's glorification of faith and the joy of living. The delicate yet firm loveliness of Beethoven's Prometheus ballet music was absorbed in a tense silence rarely known in Symphony Hall. At its close and after the people had a chance to hear the solo virtuosity of Mr. Bedetti, violin-'cello; Mr. Laurent, flute; Mr. Sand, clarinet; Mr. Laus, bassoon, and Mr. Holy, harp, the applause was spontaneous and great and prolonged until all the solo performers were forced to rise and acknowledge the tribute. Beethoven made the "hit" of the concert.

Mr. Powell, whose work as a pianist is known to Boston, but who appeared with the orchestra for the first time, played the lively Liszt piece in a way that roused a storm of approval. He had to "come out" four or five times.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's Russian interpretation of Spanish themes—morning serenade, variations, gypsy song and fandango, full of sparkle, zest, color zip and splendors of tone—was a fitting ending for a delightful musical feast.

WILBUR THEATRE—"The Nightcap," a mystery comedy in three acts, by Guy Bolton and Max Marcin. First performance in Boston. The cast:

Charles, a butler.....William Jeffrey
Policeman.....John Wray
Jerry Hammond.....John Daly Murphy
Col. James Constance.....Jack Raffael
Lester Knowles.....H. Dudley Hawley
Mrs. Lester Knowles.....Elisabeth Risdon
Anne Maynard.....Flora Sheffield
Fred Hammond.....Grant Mills
Robert Andrews.....Jerome Patrick
George Rainsford, a lawyer.....Walter Horton
Rev. Dr. Forbes.....Wilson Day
Coroner Watrous.....Halbert Brown
Seldon, a detective.....W. W. Shuttleworth

Seeing this play gives one the sensation of riding in an express elevator to the fifty-ninth story, suddenly dropping to the first, and rising again. One rises on laughter, drops with fright, and rises again on laughter. This goes on for three acts. The play is cleverly constructed to gain just this effect. The author works his audience up to the breaking point, but just before they break he brings in a laugh; one relaxes, only to be worked up again. It is excellent entertainment; on this account one forgives the somewhat lame solution of the mystery.

It would be unfair to those who will see the play to divulge the secret. People may like to read the last page of a novel first, but no one wants to be told the solution of a mystery on the stage. It does not give the game away, however, to say that the mystery begins with Robert Andrews giving a party at which—over their "nightcap"—he tells his partners in the bank, of which he is president, that he is several hundred thousand dollars short in his accounts, and that he proposes to get himself killed, in order that his insurance may cover his shortage. The rest of the play revolves around his attempts to meet death, without actually committing suicide. There are hectic moments when it appears that everyone, excepting Andrews, will get killed; these are the moments when, in the dark, shadowy forms prowling around, mysterious lights appearing, one feels as if the elevator had dropped. And right on the heels of such moments Jerry Hammond, delightfully played by Mr. Murphy, makes a very funny remark, and one rises again. "The Nightcap" is better entertainment than the rank and file of mystery plays by virtue of these alternate layers of thrills and laughter.

The play calls for no display of fine acting. Jerry Hammond is the pivotal point of the piece; Mr. Murphy, who is always funny, always a master at getting the most out of a line, gives an excellent performance. Mr. Murphy is the lucky possessor of a witty back; when he turns his back to the audience, it says volumes. It said volumes in the moment on the stairs, when he tries to escape with the suitcase. Miss Risdon, an accomplished actress, has little to do in this play but scream effectively and look picturesque, both of which she does very well. Miss Sheffield, a young actress, evidently believes in restrained acting; this is a good theory, but she carries it a little too far; she becomes at times apathetic; one is hardly apathetic when murders are occurring presumably on every hand. The other members of the company played acceptably. A large audience were appreciatively hysterical.

BILL AT KEITH'S

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week is an uncommonly good one. There is uproarious burlesque, excellent dancing, good singing and an aerial thriller.

Roger Imhoff and company is one of the best features of the bill. His stage Irishman is worthy of taking its place alongside the McKenna of the late Billy Barry. As a caricature of the Celt it is brimful of subtleties, and there is the underlying thought that this fellow was of the sod.

Chic Sale kept the audience in an uproarious mood in his ever welcome rural Sunday school entertainment. There were the usual familiarities with the "audience," the various rural types burlesqued, and perhaps the best of all—the "tough" guy from the pool room.

Other acts on the bill were Anatol Friedland, bringing the best musical and girlie act that he has thus far offered, and that is saying a great deal; Sybil Vane, the Welsh prima donna, who displayed a many-sided talent in florid song and those of lighter vein; the Avon Comedy Four, in "A Hungarian Rhapsody"; James Doyle and Evelyn Cavanaugh, in a sketch of chatter and dance, the latter feature characterized by a neatness and buoyancy that made one sit up and take notice; Burns and Lynn, in something new and decidedly funny in the "nut" style of comedy, and the Four Casting Mellos, in an aerial hairraiser.

NORA BAYES HEADS MAJESTIC BILL

An unusually entertaining vaudeville program was presented at the Shubert-Majestic Theatre last evening.

Nora Bayes, who is recognized as a leading comedienne, was charming. Her songs were carefully chosen and she sang them in her own delightful way, ably assisted by Alan Edwards and Dudley Wilkinson, pianist.

"In Argentina," with Harry Ormonde, Elisa Delirio, Roberto Medrano, Matilde and Elvira, with a company of Argentine players, was a colorful production composed of songs and dances that were sparkling and full of action.

Joveddah de Rajah, the Indian Mystic, assisted by Princess Olga, succeeded in thoroughly mystifying and perplexing his audience by the manner in which he asked and received answers to questions.

Harry Hines is an impersonator who never fails to provoke laughter. Milo, as his name implies, was a mystery at first, but proved to be very clever as an imitator.

Other attractions this week are Mme. Everett's well trained troupe of monkeys, the Leache Wallin Trio in feats of balancing and the comedians, Nip and Fletcher.

THURSTON

Thurston, the magician, and his "wonder show of the universe," opened last night at Selwyn's Theatre. The production included a number of new and baffling acts; the audience was kept in a state of wonderment from beginning to end.

"There have been many true and many fraudulent mediums since the dawn of spiritualism," declares Mr. Thurston, in a statement in his program. "My object is to mystify and entertain." Thus clearing himself from any of the objections to self-styled "super-humans," the magician proceeds with a show which hopelessly mystifies and greatly entertains. The personality of the performer was a powerful element in the success of the production last night; he went about his tricks with all the modesty of confidence which characterized the deductions of Sherlock Holmes. He was assisted by the usual gentlemen of the brass buttons, and by a number of nimble young ladies who were as pretty as they were adroit.

Chief among the many stupefying performances was the apparent bisecting of one of the fair assistants—a real live girl who, as one wiseacre in the audience remarked, was "too good to be cut in two." Yet the magician showed no mercy, the bright-eyed damsel was hypnotized, placed in a casket with her head and feet protruding, and the process of sawing was begun. Right through the centre of the box went the huge saw, and a few moments later the two halves of casket were separated, a head protruding from one of the portions and a pair of dainty feet from the other. Charitably deciding that the young lady looked better in her natural form, Mr. Thurston deigned to "put her together again," and she tripped off the stage, lithe and bright-eyed as before.

The great magician seems to have a passion for picking things out of the air. The performance opened with an exhibition of "aerial fishing," and the same sort of thing was repeated a number of times during the remainder of the evening. Mr. Thurston swings a net wildly into the air and, presto, a white duck flutters in its meshes; he wants the eight of clubs to complete his deck, and he picks it out of the air before him. His aerial feats reach their climax, however, in the suspension of a girl in mid-air, and the challenge to all members of the audience to go on the stage and find, if they can, any mechanical device used to support her in so Mohammed-like a position. Thurston knows how it's done, but he wouldn't tell, last night, at any rate.

APPLAUD DOUBLE BILL AT THE ARLINGTON

Large Audience Sees Production Despite the Storm

In spite of the storm, a large and throughly delighted audience heard the double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci," last night at Arlington Theatre.

Brilliant singing and acting, well balanced casts and the skilful direction of the orchestra by Messrs. Waller and Fichandler all contributed to the evening's enjoyment. Rulon Robison gave an excellent rendition of Turiddu in "Cavelleria," vocally and dramatically. Mr. Deacon's Tonio was the best thing he has done so fr this seson. His interpretation of the clown was inimitable. Miss Ainslee ws an appealing, tragic Santuzza. Mr. Northway made a satisfactory Alfio, acting the part with much intelligence, and Elva Boyden was more than ordinarily effective in the role of Lucia, mother of Turridu. In the role of Lola, Miss Elbery astonished her many friends by the range and beauty of her voice.

Robert Henry again demonstrated in the role of Silvio that a good singer can make even that part compare favorably with the best work of the evening.

Much credit is due Mr. Fein, the stage director, for the beautiful staging of the production. Among the prominent Italians occuping boxes last night were: Marchese Ferrante di Ruffano, the Italian consul; Prof. Antonio Dentamaro, Ettore Calola, Francesco Ciconne, Salvatore A. Santoro, A. Parranante, Tommaso Nutile, Thommaso Nazzaro, Augusto Santini, Gennaro Gubitosi.

Mar 30 1921

CHOIR OF ST. CECILIA

The choir of St. Cecilia gave a concert in Jordan Hall last night. John A. O'Shea was the director. The solo singers were: Joan Parsons, soprano; Nora Burns, contralto; Thomas A. Quinn, tenor; William H. O'Brien, baritone. Ida McCarthy was the pianist; Elsie M. Eckman, the organist.

The program was as follows: Eichberg, To Thee, Oh Country, by the chorus; Thomas Curran, Life, sung by Mr. Quinn; Handel, Air from "Xerxes," Miss Burns; Arensky, Romance and Valse from Suite op. 15, Mr. O'Shea and Miss McCarthy, pianists; Palestrina, Panis Angelicus, chorus; Old Irish, Silent, Oh Moyle, mixed chorus; Herbert, New Ireland, male chorus; Cardinal O'Connell, Praeclara Custos Virginum, Mr. Quinn and chorus; Elgar, The Snow, female chorus; Chabrier, Espana, Miss McCarthy and Mr. O'Shea, pianists; Campbell-Tipton, A Spirit Flower, Mrs. Parsons; Sargent, Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind, Mr. O'Brien; Dubois, Chorus of the Faithful from "Paradise Lost".

The hall was well filled and the program was enthusiastically received. The soloists were each recalled several times.

Feb 1 1921

THURSDAY.

CHALIAPIN

By PHILIP HALE

Feodor Chaliapin sang last night in Symphony Hall for the first time in Boston. He was assisted by Victoria Beshko, pianist; Josef Stopak, violinist; and Leo Berdichevsky, accompanist.

It was stated on the program that "in acordance with a long established custom," Mr. Chaliapin would announce from the platform the titles of the songs he would sing, giving the numbers in the book that contained English translations. It was also stated on the program that these books were on sale in the lobby, price 25 cents. Let us hope that other singers, local and visiting, will not follow Mr. Chaliapin's example even if following it would be to the pecuniary advantage of singer or manager.

Mr. Chaliapin, as we have all read, is a man of imposing stature. His very presence is singularly authoritative. His face is expressive, as was to be expected, so great is his reputation as an operatic actor. His manner on the stage is engaging, wholly without prima donna airs and graces; without visible condescension toward his audience, in which he differs from certain singers, male and female that deign to sing here; without any anxious appeal for favor. A likeable giant of a man is Feodor Chaliapin, who excites respect and admiration.

He announced the numbers of his songs, as if he were a frolicsome boy enjoying the opportunity of speaking to his hearers. In the first two groups he chose songs by Glinka, Glazounov, Rimsky-Korsakov, Moussorgsky, Sakhnovsky, Malashkin; Schuber's "Death and the Maiden," and Schumann's "Two Grenadiers." Glinka's "Doubt" is in itself a conventional romance; his "Midnight Review," in which the old legend of Napoleon's ghost reviewing his legions on the plain of Waterloo is the subject, is in itself not at all dramatic, without suggestion of the poem's contents; it would have been boresome in fact, had it not been for the singer's dramatic force. The songs of Moussorgsky, the ballad of the soldier dead on the battlefield, with the wife far away promising her son a cake on the father's return, and the burial song, "The Leaves Murmured Sadly," both unfamiliar here, are impressive. Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Prophet" is declamatory and calls for a heroic voice. The Russian song in these groups that made the most vivid impression was "Death Walks About Me," by Sahnovsky, a composer unknown to us, but in this song a man of wild imagination.

Mr. Chaliapin in New York was obliged to defer his appearance in the concert hall by reason of a severe cold. Last night he apparently had full control of his vocal resources. He was especially effective in songs of a stirringly dramatic nature. Only once as interpreter of the groups mentioned was he disappointing: this was in "Death and the Maiden." The latter's outburst was delivered with thrilling effect, but singers of less reputation have not been so matter-of-fact in Death's reply. We still remember the voice of Clara Butt, as if Death himself were speaking his words of chill assurance in hollow tones from the tomb.

Mr. Chaliapin's voice is a heroic one, a voice of dynamic impact, but when it is used with full power it is rich, never blatant or merely stentorian; it is capable of tender sentiment; it is flexible, in every way a noble organ, well controlled, and behind it is musical and dramatic intelligence. A recital by a bass singer is usually a dreary affair. There have been few Nannettis, few Plancons on the concert stage. Mr. Chaliapin has an advantage and a disadvantage before an English-speaking audience in that he sings in Russian. The fine points of his interpretation may be missed; on the other hand, possible neglect of opportunities will not be noticed. A book of English translations enables the hearer to catch only

the spirit, the mood of the verses. Yet Mr. Chaliapin convinces the hearer as a rule that his interpretation is the only one.

The audience, which filled the hall—the standing room was fully occupied—was enthusiastic to a degree seldom observed in this city. There was Russian fervor in the prolonged welcome and in the appreciation that followed. It was hard to realize that one was at a concert in Boston.

Mr. Stopak, who had been heard here before, played an Intrada by Desplanes-Nachez, "Les Cherubins," Couperin-Kreisler, Kreisler's version of Variations on a theme by Corelli, and Wieniawski's Souvenir de Moscow. He has an agreeable tone and is a suave interpreter. In the first group he must have been annoyed by latecomers, who were allowed by the ushers to enter between the pieces. Miss Boshko played a Meditation by Tchaikovsky—in which Tchaikovsky did not meditate quietly—and Liszt's 12th Hungarian Rhapsody. She consumed valuable time.

E. S. of Stockton Springs, N. H., recently asked The Herald how Mr. Pelletier's name is pronounced. Our correspondent said that near the line and ever in Lewiston, Me., he understood, it was "Pelcher."

G. A. writes: "In Lewiston where there are a lot of French Canadians, they are fairly near the correct pronunciation: Pell-ter-a (accent on 'a'). It's evidently the name of some Frenchman who lost his head through fear of losing his head, and with many others fled to Ireland in 'Kattery Vang Tray's'. The English translation of the word is Skinner. * * * The English have retained the proper spelling, but the pronunciation has been changed, while Deshon makes a bluff by changing orthography to express Des Champs * * * I believe Boston is responsible for changes in Huguenot names, i. e., Revere (Riviere), Dabney (Daubigne), Oliver (Olivier), Darley (D'Aillee), etc.'

"Pellitier" also means a furrier, whence the old French proverb: "At the end foxes find themselves at the furrier's."

After all, men, and women sometimes, have their own peculiar pronunciation of a surname. Geraldine Farrar, for example, accents the last syllable, to rhyme with hussar, while her father sticks to the good old Melrose pronunciation. There's the surname—Willard. Some accent the first, some the last, syllable. Are there Fergusons who put the stress on the "u"? The pronunciation of surnames in France is arbitrary. Some by the name of Got pronounce it as if it were the English verb, while others rhyme it with "dough." Jean Madeleine Schneitzhoeffer, a Parisian composer of music (1785-1852), pronounced his name Guillaume. He joked about it, knowing the difficulty presented by his surname. For other reasons, some have changed their names (and not to step into an inheritance) as the Belmonts. Ernest Newman, the critic and essayist, Lee, the biographer of Shakespeare, Anatole France—a long list could be drawn up.

ANOTHER KINGDON

Apropos the death of Mrs. George Gould, our friend, "B. B. E." of Malden wrote pleasantly about Sam Kingdon. "U. D. H." now writes: "The customers of the United States Hotel, 'before the war,' have many pleasant memories of another Kingdon, also of English origin, who, with Owen Reynolds, presided behind the counter. His name was Arthur. Whether he was a relative of the other members of the family named, I do not know. He left the hotel some time before the prohibition law took effect, and is now, or was the last time I met him, a commercial traveler for a paper concern on Kingston street."

THE ICE STORM

(By N. S. Bushnell, Cambridge.)

The little rain-drops stealthily
Fall through the cold, silent air,
Clinging to every stone and tree,
Arming them in icy glare.

Night comes, breathing with chilly sighs;
The star-shells of the empty street
Dazzle the city's half-closed eyes
With driving sparks and sting of sleet.

The trees stir, now, in jealous life,
Toss their proud crowns, and clash their arms;
The ice spears flash in angry strife,
And crackling twigs snap shrill alarms.

The elm trees bend their mighty bows
Against the red oak's bulwark breast,
The frowning pines with ponderous blows
Shake the birch tree's rival crest.

Unseen they battle, till they rouse
The frowning dawn that stills the fray,
The victors brandish shattered boughs,
The vanquished kiss the frozen clay.

They leave their blood in ruby jewels
All dripping through the barberry,
While immemorial silence rules
The silver city by the sea.

THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS

As the World Wags:

Thoughts of thanksgiving, even at the behest of the President and our several governors, cannot but bring as reflex at least consideration of their opposites in their train. So it was that as we offered silent thanks, even at current prices, for the turkey on our board, the chicken pie, the pumpkin and the mince, then, serpentlike, upreared the thought of the unshaken cocktail and of the sound claret or ripe burgundy turned to the ice water in our tumblers by the miraculous legislation of Mr. Volstead. It would be interesting and instructive if it could be known at how many Thanksgiving dinner tables in the land was the health of that statesman drunk, even in the substituted beverage.

In a postprandial moment of thirsting, meditation and prayer for the return of sanity to such legislators and their constituents as still need it, there come, like a white light, disclosures of the ultimate perversion which water on the brain has brought about. It is the tosspots, wine-bibbers, booze-fighters, rumhounds, those who have not and are athirst, who are called the "Wets." It is those who have taken away and still have for "their own use"; the orators, whose tubes and membranes still demand the accustomed Rock and Rye; the parsons and their more than ever regular communicants, the statesmen*, elder and younger, in their hospitality to visiting foreigners, government officials with stores of seized contraband at the crook of their elbows—these, dearly beloved, are the "Drys."

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

*Statesman. Any male inhabitant of any state cormorant at Washington.

STOCKING AND SOCK

As the World Wags:

Gen. Foch has come and has gone; Harvard has again asserted her mastery over the Bulldog from New Haven; Thanksgiving is already a reminiscence of cold turkey, turkey hash and turkey soup. And what is left? Why, a snapping wood fire on the hearth, holly, mistletoe, and jolly, fine, old Christmas! Now comes Dickens down from the shelf with his bubbling human stories so filled with good cheer that they seem almost a part of the Yule season.

Yet at this glad tide, a problem involving first principles has arisen. My family and I have had a falling out, or rather, a failure to agree. In accordance with an ancient tradition, my family and I, early on Christmas eve, are to hang our respective stocking and sock from the oak mantle over the fireplace. Now it seems to masculine intelligence, manifestly unfair that two nether garments so unequal in respect to size should be hung. I offered to loan one of my socks or to borrow a stocking. My offer was immediately and tearfully refused. And though Christmas is a-comin' on, there is no peace in the household.

I have no desire to be a skin-flint, a selfish old hunks, nor a modern Bluebeard. Yet a stand must be made somewhere. Women would have equal rights. Let them hang equal socks over the Christmas hearth!

Am I right or am I essaying an ungrateful role before a hostile audience?

Boston. JAMES QUINCY.

NEGRO PAGEANT SHOWS ACHIEVEMENTS OF RACE

More Than 2000 Persons See "The Answer" in Symphony Hall

The contribution to America's growth and greatness made by the negro race, in the form of a symbolic pageant termed "The Answer," in which all participants were negroes, was presented in Symphony Hall last night in celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Wendell Phillips, the famous abolitionist. The program was divided into two parts, preceded by a prologue, the first part dealing with ancient life in Africa and the second in the United States.

The pageant was a series of beautiful scenes in which the actors showed evidence of careful training. The costumes throughout were in keeping with the spirit of the pageant.

The directors were Kathleen M. Easmon and Anne Throop Craig. The directors of music included Nicholas G. J. Taylor, Clarence C. White and Edward H. S. Boatner. The pageant was written by Kathleen M. Easmon, Adelene Moffat and Butler R. Wilson.

More than 2000 were in the audience. The actors were enthusiastically applauded.

Dec 2 '921

Mr. Abel Adam of Amherst, N. H., in his amusing letter published in The Herald last Thursday, defined a statesman as "any male inhabitant of any state cormorant at Washington," so the definition read. Did Mr. Adams write "commorant"; that is to say, "abiding, dwelling, resident," or did he in merry mood, and, with this word in mind, prefer "cormorant," meaning "rapacious," for the noun has been used in an attributive sense, as "the cormorant belly" in Shakespeare's "Coriolanus."

Mr. Lansing R. Robinson writes: "In Canada and Duluth they call it 'Pel-she-ay,' if my phonetic attempt registers. I never heard it called 'Pell-ah-teer' until I arrived in Boston. His father, being French consul at Boston, surely didn't rhyme his name with beer. Why do we Yankees insist on making foreignors and others accept our pronunciation of their proper names?"

ARCH AND SUNSET

As the World Wags:

I read in The Sunday Herald that an architect wishes to put an arch in the middle of Harvard Bridge. May I suggest that the unobstructed sunset over the basin provided by Nature is a more beautiful and more impressive asset for Boston than anything any architect can invent. Leave the sunset unobstructed. Let the architects worry about something else. A. B. A.

Boston.

THE WORTHY BILLBOARDS

(Written for The Boston Herald by Quincy Kilby.)

Oh, do not tax the billboards,
Pray leave them quite alone,
Tax toilet soap and toothbrush,
And children's ice cream cone.
Tax all of man's apparel,
From headgear down to shoe.
But do not tax the billboards,
For that would never do.

The necessary billboards,
So useful and so good,
Obliterate the landsscape,
And raise the price of wood.
When ardent nature-lovers
O'er beauty spots enthuse,
Some man puts up a billboard,
And bingo! go the views.

When vacant lots are threatened
By taxes to be killed,
A billboard serves the owner,
Who therefore doesn't build.
Instead of stores and houses,
The place is filled with dope
Of tires, teas, tobaccos,
Salves, cigarettes and soap.

What though our courts decided
Against the billboard trust,
And all about the nation
Its flagrances are cussed,
Though parks for self-protection
To stringent laws are led,
Please do not tax the billboards.
Tax food and clothes instead.

WHY THE MAKE-UP MAN THOUGHT IT BEST TO LEAVE TOWN

(Bellows Falls Times, Nov. 24.)

The sale on Tuesday afternoon was fairly well patronized. There was a candy table well supplied with home made sweets, a table of fine canned fruits and vegetables and a third table laden with fancy and useful articles. Also a grab bag. After the entertainment in the evening articles previously unsold were auctioned off by C. S. Hutchins. A report of the evening's entertainment appears elsewhere in our column.

Born, at the Rockingham Hospital on Nov. 20, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hann. Congratulations.

All together, the affair was a success and a credit to all in any way responsible.

THE MISUSED "ALIBI"

As the World Wags:

One of the leading Washington correspondents has today gravely assured us that the Republicans in Congress have an "alibi" that has much to commend it, for failing to write a new tariff bill, and an "alibi" also for their failure to make a reasonably permanent tax bill. This is very serious, if true. Can it be possible that the Republican senators and representatives have all been absent from their places during the discussion of these very important matters? Even I, a Democrat, can hardly credit it, and yet, as all lawyers and most intelligent laymen know, an alibi is merely the plea or defence of a person accused of some offence, that he was absent (literally "otherwhere") when the act was committed. It is a technical legal term; it is not a high sounding synonym for "defence" or "excuse"; but it seems to have a fascination for certain minds, and for some months has been creeping quietly into the columns of the daily press. I wish to protest before the habit has become confirmed.

I think it was William Cullen Bryant, who, when editor of the New York Evening Post, made out an extensive "index expurgatorius" of words and phrases, not to be used by any of his writers. Were he living now he would surely add this absurd use of "alibi" to his index.

Why will The Herald not follow his example? DAVID G. HASKINS, Jr

Boston, Nov. 26.

FROM A SAUCE-LOVER

As the World Wags:

Speaking of sauces, as most of your valued correspondents seem to be doing of late, may I suggest that "Rapito" is opening up a wide subject when he talks of French cookery, and lays himself wide open when he specifies Bearnaise as the best of the French sauces. There can be no best French sauce, because there are so many and because they are all good. The English being without imagination never had but one sauce, and they slather everything with it, which helps make all English food taste the same.

The day after Thanksgiving Mr. Waggoner Woodling, the gentleman who occupies the desk adjacent to mine, came in with a bad breath, a furred tongue and a bilious eye, and delivered himself of an enthusiastic curse on the Pilgrim fathers who originated the day we had just celebrated. That was going far for him, he being a groveling worshipper of all things colonial. Of course, the Pilgrims were more to be pitied than censured. Being English, they couldn't conceive of a good meal as anything but a royal gorge, and having no powers of prophecy they couldn't foresee the day when there would be no more hot buttered rum. As I grow older I find it impossible to approach without fear and trembling our most barbarous holiday unfortified by the untrammelled appetite of youth or by draughts of strong waters. I saw in the newspaper the other day that Ambassador Harvey said Thanksgiving originated with the Jews. He must be wrong. The day is so damnably British—so wholly of the Anglo-Saxon days when our forbears sat down to a whole roasted ox and finished it and ballasted down afterward with bag pudding made out of three pecks of barley meal, stolen by good King Arthur and mixed with hunks of suet.

Today we get the same results battling with the dry, uninteresting and much overrated turkey and the lethal mince pie.

How much better—to get back to sauces—a French meal with Sole a la Marguery for a piece de resistance. You may have it anywhere in Brittany as well done as by the beribboned maitre himself. A bit of fresh sole poached in white wine, served garnished with shrimps' tails and swimming in the sublime sauce made from white burgundy and God knows what else. There was a dish! There was a sauce! Preceed it by half a dozen Brittany snails, fattened on cabbage, anointed with sauce of melted butter, parsley and garlic. Possibly a soup made from little onions the size of marbles and sprinkled with fromage Gruyere. After the sole, a bit of proper salad and an inspired cheese—say Pont l'Eveque. Plenty of crusty bread and sweet butter with it all and a litre of wine—no vintage stuff, but an ordinary sound claret or one of the full bodied pink-white wines of the late crop from the lower Loire valley. Now then, sir, there you have something to remember and reverence. And all because of the sauce.

A Frenchman once remarked that "Spanish cooking is worse even than that of the English, which is the next worst." By the same token the French cookery is the best in the world, and it does very nicely without Worcestershire sauce.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

GEORGE SMITH

By PHILIP HALE

George Smith, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Palmgren, Karelian Dance and Finlandish dance; Tchaikovsky, Theme and Variations op. 19 No. 6; Palmgren, Aria, C minor, May Night, and Etude Humoristick; Gabrilowitsch, Caprici Burlesque; Chopin, Sonata, B minor, Nocturne, E major, Ballade, A flat.

Tchaikovsky wrote his Theme and Variations in 1873, the year of his "Tempest" (Shakespeare), music to "Sniegourochka." Writing for the piano was not easy for him until 20 years after when he said that he was engaged in making musical pancakes. "Today I have tossed the 10th. It is remarkable. The more I do, the easier and pleasanter the occupation grows." (Iuergenson, the publisher, had commissioned him in 1893 to send him as many songs and piano pieces as he liked. Tchaikovsky determined to write one every day.) The variations played yesterday were evidently not easily wrought out by the composer. They reminded one of the variations on "Such a gittin up stairs" described by Thackeray, though Mr. Smith undoubtedly plays better than the governess in Mr. Punto's family.

There is apparently a run on Selim Palmgren's musical bank. Perhaps the visit of this Fin composer this season has something to do with it, although he has not vouchsafed to play in Boston. The pieces chosen by Mr. Smith are of an amiable and salon order. Only the Karelian Dance has folk character. Of the others the Aria has the most individuality.

Mr. Smith's playing has been commended more than once in The Herald. Yesterday he again showed a firmly established technic; also charming tonal quality except in occasional and unnecessary harshness in the treatment of massive chords. He should also guard himself against sentimentalism in slackening the pace and in the playing of cadences. There were moments yesterday when his performance was decidedly mannered.

WILBUR THEATRE—"The Violins of Cremona," drama in one act by Francois Coppee, translated by Edgar Scott, and "The Witches' Mountain," drama in three acts by Julio Sanchez Gardel, translated by Jacob S. Fassett, Jr. This play was first produced in Buenos Ayres in 1912. Now presented by the Harvard Dramatic Club for a special performance. The casts:

"The Violins of Cremona."

Taddeo.....C. A. Fritz 1G
Sandro .....J. M. Brown '23
Filippo .....K. O. Mott-Smith '22
Giannina.....Miss Kathleen Middleton

"The Witches' Mountain."

Don Taddeo.....J. J. Collier '23
Leon.....Burke Boyce '22
Daniel .....R. C. Burrell '23
Juan de Dios.....B. K. Little '23
Tobias .....Conrad Salinger '23
Piquillin .....Philip Wardner '24
Composanto .....F. S. Hill '22
Inda.....Miss Mary Alice Secoy
Zoila.....Miss Ethel Woodworth

"The Witches' Mountain" is new to the American stage, but "The Violins of Cremona" is a favorite here, having been seen numerous times as play and operetta. It last appeared in the winter of 1918 as a musical comedy—"Fiddlers Three." The present translation is an extremely capable one. There are moments of rare lyric beauty and dramatic strength. The play was beautifully mounted, and for the most part well acted. If Mr. Mott-Smith found the central part beyond his powers, Miss Middleton gave a finished, polished performance that gained much from its genuine simplicity.

"The Witches' Mountain" is an extraordinarily interesting play. Product of the Argentine stage, it runs the gamut of emotions. At times it stirs the listener with action that is swift and physical, yet never crude. At times it plunges one to the depths in psychological meditation of a tortured soul. And always is it realism to the nth degree.

As played by Harvard and Radcliffe actors it has great moments and is never commonplace. Burke Boyce as the gentle but terrible Leon carries power in word, in gesture and every movement of his face. His sometimes ostentatious use of arms is balanced by hands and fingers swiftly moving, ever working in silhouette against weirdly mysterious and moonlit sky. Daniel, too, wends his fierce and terrifying way with leering smirk and braggart snarl. But Inda in the highly personating abilities of Miss Mary Alice Secoy is pleasurable experience. Amateurs may marvel at, professionals may well applaud such acting as is found in the part of Inda. Miss Secoy brings facile shadings ot emotion, wild bursts of thrilling horror, and no inconsiderable knowledge of her theatre.

The supporting cast, although at times contenting itself with picturesque meanderings to and fro, is satisfactory. Miss Ethel Woodworth especially is to be commended for her well-moulded character of the witch Zoila. A hag who does more than creep about the stage, she knows as few of the other actors do how to set voice to part.

A great deal of credit must be given to the club's scenic designer, D. M. Oenslager. His set for "The Violins of Cremona" was an artistic treat, and showed knowledge in the use of light and shade. And quite by contrast he placed "The Witches' Mountain" against a background of changing peaks that was a revelation of obscure distance. Colorful but not merely so is his work.

HARRISON POTTER

Harrison Potter, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall last evening. His program comprised these pieces: Rameau, Les Cyclopes; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 109; Chopin, Prelude, G sharp minor, Walz, A flat major; Scherzo, E major; Albeniz, Scherzino; Palmgren, May Night and the Sea; MacDowell, Of Salamanders; Ropartz, Ronde; Jongen, Crepuscule au Lac Ogwen and Soleit a Midi.

Mr. Potter, who played in Jordan Hall in March of this year, and then made a very agreeable impression, confirmed it last evening. His program was interesting, not too conventional, not too extravagant in the selection of unfamiliar pieces. As before, he displayed tast in his interpretations. He has many of the finer qualities.

It is surprising how many of the younger pianist have a technical ability that would have astonished the audiences of 20 years ago. Today technic, as Goethe said of talent, runs in the street. Polished mechanism alone, however, is not the salvation of a pianist. Individuality and a personal appeal are much more to the purpose.

Ne 3/1921

And after him came next the chill December;
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
Saviour's birth so much his mind did glad.
Then a shaggy beared goat he rode,

The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years,
They say was nourisht by the Idaean mayd;
And in his hand a broad deepe bowle he beares,
Of which he frecly drinks an health to all his peers.

WEATHER LORE

If it rains on the first Sunday in December before mass, it will rain for a week.

If the ice will bear a goose before Christmas, it will not bear a duck after.

Thunder in December presages fine weather.

The storm—if "storm" it should be called—that was more cruel to trees than even any manufacturer of paper excited our correspondents to action. They should paste their prose and poetry when printed on fly leaves of Mrs. Maud Cuney Hare's: "The Message of the Trees; an Anthology of Leaves and Branches." One section of this anthology is entitled "From Brown Boughs Breaking," but the poems contained therein herald the spring and are not of ruin and devastation.

THE RHAPSODIST

As the World Wags:

In the woods Monday? No? You missed it. Good for your soul. Magic aisles of silver. Lancet windows, flamboyant tracery. Chestnuts swinging like slim priests, rapt-eyed, chanting. Birch maidens, Magdelens, bent in prayer, weeping, sorrowful, white arms before them in abandon. Sturdy savins urchin little pines heads bent in reverence. Overhead the slow voice of the wind. A scrub oak, flaming like a jeweled candle. Old pilgrim pines in drooping beggar cloaks of green, white beards.

Or—le Bois de Belleau, if you prefer. The crack of shrapnel. Tall branches leaning, leaning, crashing down. Fresh yellow scars, splintered tops. Then the patter of searching fragments. Made you walk cockeyed, you bet. One eye out for the next eclat d'obus. Other looking for nearest shelter. No Maxims, though, in pine clumps, behind ridges. Rather missed them.

Orchards, as well. Jerry just partied, by the looks. Jagged stubs. Shattered limbs. Young peach trees split, laid flat. Tank, probably. And stubble fields paved with Venetian glass. Blades, fronds, embalmed in pearl and liquid silver till tomorrow's eternity.

Question of disarming the east wind respectfully referred to Washington.

PHIL O'FRENIS.

As the World Wags:

Although I am not a poet by the world's measure, I was moved to attempt a bit of verse when I heard of the general destruction of the trees during the sleet storm that swept the suburbs of Boston. For the form I am very much indebted to Joyce Kilmer.

GHOSTS

I saw the trees bowed down with sleet,
Each like a ghost in a filmy sheet.

Trees that have stood for centuries long
Free and brave and great and strong,

Twisted in fair, fantastic form—
These are the victims of the storm.

No more in June, their wide arms spread
Will hold a leafy shade o'erhead;

No more the birds will twine their nests,
Safe in the shelter of mothering breasts.

I saw the trees bowed down with sleet,
Each was a ghost in a winding sheet.

JAMES QUINCY.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE STAGE

Miss Clemence Dane's new play, "Will Shakespeare," was brought out in London a fortnight ago. Biographers and commentators will marvel at the plot, although it is not so extravagantly reckless with regard to historical accuracy as the concoction prepared for Ambroise Thomas's opera. In Miss Dane's play, Shakespeare and Marlowe are both lovers of Mary Fitton, the Dark Lady. "Anne Hathaway is so comely and so loving that Shakespeare's desertion of her looks blacker than ever. Queen Elizabeth, even on her throne, is mainly concerned with the Future of the English Drama, and locks Shakespeare up with a pen and ink that he may set about providing for it on the spot. You see Shakespeare and Anne at Stratford. She *will* talk while he is writing, and as he has been only a few months married he has not yet learnt to say 'Yes, my dear,' and go on with his work all the same." After Shakespeare has grown his "celebrated" beard, he flirts with Mary Fitton. At a moment's notice she takes the boy's place as Juliet. In boy's clothes she follows Kit Marlowe to the Deptford tavern. Shakespeare surprises them there. In a rough-and-tumble, Marlowe gets killed by his own dagger. Mary is banished from the court. Elizabeth, with Shakespeare on his knees, delivers a long address, "with passing allusions to Mary Queen of Scots, her own virginity and the welfare of England. Shakespeare's plays, she tells him, are essential to that welfare. So he had better sit down and write one now. He does, but once more poor Anne (this time behind a transparency) interrupts him at his work. At last he is left writing."

Not long ago a play entitled "Shakespeare," by Messrs. Rubenstein and Baxpeare," was performed in London. Shakespeare was shown making love to Henslowe's daughter, admitting to her he was a married man, philandering with the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, and having an unpleasant half-hour with his wife Anne, who masquerades as the said Dark Lady.

Shapespeare in the shades may now pray to be delivered from dramatists as well as commentators.

HIS SUNDAY AT HOME

As the World Wags:

It is my custom on stormy Sunday mornings, when I am unable to admire the beauties of nature and enjoy the air and sunshine from the saddle of my bicycle, to console myself by reading Ecclesiasticus and soothing my soul with melodies played on the player-piano, and well played, too, though I say it as shouldn't. It often occurs to me that Ecclesiasticus seems always able to furnish comment or warning or prophecy on whatever occurs or may occur. For example, I read last Sunday:

"A man full of tongue is terrible in his city, and he that is rash in his word shall be hateful." (Chapter 9, verse 25.)

If certain gentlemen would only read and profit by this!

And music, how it supplies something for every calling or occasion. For instance, what is the gambler's favorite hymn? Naturally, "Oh Paradise!" The prize-fighter's favorite selection, "Eyes of black and eyes of blue." (Victor Herbert.) Mr. Volstead when he hoped for a bone-dry world, "The Last Smile." (Wollenhaupt.)

It is an easy and pleasant indoor sport and really, there is no limit.

Brookline, J. F. POWERS.

FINDS ICELAND INVITING RESORT

By PHILIP HALE

The subject of Mr. Newman's Travel Talk in Symphony Hall last night was "Iceland and Spitzbergen."

The ideas of many concerning Iceland are derived from the school geographics which gave them to believe that Iceland was a dismal land of ice and snow, with Hecla belching forth lava, with inhabitants shivering in spite of the thickest clothing. If one turned to the "Great Historical Dictionary" of Jeremy Collier (1701) one found that the most remarkable feature of Spitzbergen's climate is that dead bodies of men and beasts are not subject to corruption; that the white bears are almost as big as English oxen; that the whales are 200 feet long. We boys associated Spitzbergen for some reason or other with the "Spitzenberg" apple.

Sir Richard F. Burton wrote two thick volumes about Iceland, in which he pooh-poohed the reports of other travelers. He found the "stupendous precipices" were mere slopes; polar bears were timid; hellish Hecla was a commonplace hill; the Great Geyser only hiccuped. Burton went there to investigate the sulphur question. That he might sleep under the midnight sun, his landlady stretched her flannel petticoat across the window. He said nothing about the fact that in Iceland if a man is born with a caul and afterwards carries it dried with him, he will have the gift of second sight, escape harm from sorcerers, and succeed in everything he undertakes.

Now Mr. Newman in his lecture packed with interesting and often surprising information, a lecture richly illustrated, said nothing about Collier or Burton; but he began by disabusing his hearers of their pre-conceived ideas. He persuaded us that Iceland was a delightful winter resort, where the mercury never falls below 12 below zero. The Icelanders, he described as an intelligent, cultured, hospitable people. Reykjavik, the capital, has a well-furnished bank with a marble floor, and a public library of over 70,000 volumes. Webster's dictionary is thumbed, and Emerson is known. We read some time ago of operatic performances in this city, and an opera house, but Mr. Newman said nothing about this symptom of a civilization.

Mr. Newman first showed the audience St. John's, N. F., with its fishing villages; then the Faroe Islands, where the people speak the old Norse dialect and believe that mermaids play havoc with fishing nets. Then came the visit to Iceland, with many views of the capital, the fishing industry, the boiling water, the gigantic waterfalls, the immense lava fields, as well as the luxurious pastures. One of the most pleasing features of the lecture was the talk about the Westman Islands, with the thickly populated bird cliffs, the rocky homes of thousands on thousands of eider ducks, puffins, gulls, etc. The dissection of a whale brought to mind famous chapters of Melville's "Moby Dick." The wild and dismal scenery of Spitzbergen was shown in many striking views, nor was the home for two years of the ill-fated Wellman expedition neglected. After the showing of enormous glaciers, the North Cape was visited. The pictures were again remarkable, ending with a gorgeous reproduction of the Northern Lights.

To us this Travel Talk was even more instructive and engrossing than those that preceded it. It will be repeated this afternoon. Next week, "Norway, Sweden and Denmark."

De 4 1921

MISS CLARK

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Mary Clark, soprano, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program read: Bolto, L'Altra Notte from "Mefistofele"; Old English: Mark how the blushful Morn; Weep you no more, Sad Fountains; Purcell, I'll sail upon the dogstar; Stravinsky, Der heilige Tau; Rachmaninoff, Sorrow in Springtime; Bleichmann, Love; Rabey, Tes Yeux; Szulc, Clair de Lune; Dupont, Mandoline; Wolf, Gesang Weylas; Dvorak, Reingestimmt die Saiten, Darf des Falken; Fleiitz, Die Nacht ist Schwarz; Manney, Consecration; Russel, Vale; Montague, For you. Cowen, A Birthday. Henry Levine accompanied.

Allah be praised! Occasionally a singer does not arrange her program in strict chronological, ethnological, or racial order, beginning with old Italian composers, then coming down through French and German to American or English writers of songs, giving these poor devils the last place, as much as to say, "Be Thankful that I made room for you at all." At the same time, Miss Clark's choice of Marguerite's prison song from Boite's opera for the first song was not a wise one. A singer should begin with something comparatively simple, so that she may be sure of herself. The song is effective on the operatic stage, where the florid passages are as hysterical outbursts of the crazed Marguerite. On the concert stage the simulation of insanity would be ridiculous, even if a soprano were to put straw in her hair like the mad lady of the village.

The old English songs have a charming fragrance, and Szulc's setting of Verlaine's verses is beautiful. The one by Gabriel Faure is a still more sympathetic and poetic treatment, and the one by Charpentier is interesting.

It is easier to write about the program and to indulge in dissertations and excursions than to write about Miss Clark's performance. She has a very light and birdlike voice of an almost childish quality. The tones are now sweet, now bittersweet. The voice is flexible, well adapted to florid music and brilliant execution. Once or twice it seemed as if Miss Clark had richer tones at her command if she would only use them. As a rule her voice lacked body. One tired of her pianissimo extreme upper tones, and found the prevailing tonal quality monotonous. Technically she often showed careful training. There was a very friendly audience.

"Mr. Pim Passes By," but he has been some time in coming to Boston. This amusing comedy, which will be seen at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night was produced at the Gaiety, Manchester on Dec. 1, 1919, when Dion Boucicault took the part of Carraway Pim; Ben Webster, that of George Marden; Irene Vanbrugh, that of Olivia (Mrs. Marden). The other parts were thus distributed: Dinah, Georgette Cohan; Lady Marden, Sybil Carlisle; Brian Strange, Philip Easton; Anne, Ethel Wellesley.

When Mr. Milne's comedy was brought out at the New Theatre, London, Jan. 5, 1920, Ethel Griffies replaced Miss Carlisle and Leslie Howard replaced Mr. Easton.

Mr. Ivor Brown wrote recently in the Manchester Guardian Weekly: "The rising hope of light comedy is Mr. Milne. He alone draws as an author; perhaps a comedy of his could be safely staged without a big name in the cast. For the rest, we put up with the dumping of dreary farces from New York or any other machine-made piece written around some character-actor. The playwright as a predominant partner has simply dropped out."

Miss Crews has played the part of Olivia since the comedy was produced in New York by the Theatre Guild early this year.

Mr. Pim has been described as a harmless old man, "the type of the absent-minded professor who blunders into the country home of a mature married couple, and without so intending, brings

in his train much unhappiness. The wife, to her consternation, learns that a first husband, a bad egg, she had supposed dead, still lives, an Australian ex-convict. Therefore, she is a bigamist against her will. On this posture of circumstances the play hinges."

Mr. Pim has also been described as "a senile driveller." He gives his name to the play, but he is by no means the leading character. Olivia, dismayed, when she hears her first husband is alive, is relieved when she learns that he died, choked by a fish bone at Marseilles. Then she reminds her husband that she is not Mrs. Marden. He must woo her if he would have her. He had objected to the marriage of his ward Dinah to Brian. While husband and wife are considering the matter, blundering Mr. Pim comes in for the third time. The ex-convict, after all, did not have the name of the first husband.

The comedy is described as gay with light-hearted talk. As for Mr. Milne, whose "Belinda" is delightful, the Daily Telegraph reviewing "Mr. Pim Passes By," spoke of "His inimitable felicity of phrase, and his wonderful power of indicating character by deft and unobtrusive touches."

"Only 38," a comedy by A. E. Thomas—it was suggested by a short story by Walter P. Eaton—will be seen at the Tremont tomorrow night. It was brought out in New York at the Cort Theatre, on Sept. 13, 1921. The comedy has been described as "a protest against the injustice and unreasonableness of denying the opportunities and enjoyments of youth to those of either sex who have not yet crossed the threshold of middle age." The heroine at the age of 38 is the widow of a poor Methodist country pastor; also the mother of twins almost grown up. She has lived in a dull world; she has been a drudge, a slave to her children. Her father, something of a sport, offers to educate them. He also awakens in her a desire for youthful enjoyment. She becomes the rival of her daughter in the affections of a college professor. Of course, there is a happy ending. Mr. Towse of the N. Y. Evening Post described the play as an unsophisticated story "in which there is neither plot nor villian nor tragedy, but in which the interest is solely dependent upon atmosphere, characterization, and the primary human instincts and effections. . . . It belongs in the category of that honest human heart drama of which the artificial, over-specialized, and extravagantly emotional theatre is very greatly in need, and it has the additional merit of being natural, sensible and humorous. It is worth a dozen 'thrillers.'"

Wat Tyler is the hero of a new play by Halcott Glover, produced at the "Old Vic," London, Nov. 14. The hero is not whitewashed.

The Daily Telegraph said of Anthony Hope's new play "Mrs. Thistleton's Princess," brought out at Royalty, London, on Sunday, Nov. 12, that it possesses fragrance and grace, while the dialogue recalls the wit and sparkle that characterized his short stories contributed to the Westminster Gazette. But he should re-write the first half of the opening act with its absurd "business" and extravagant humors.

Zola's play, "Therese Raquin," translated by De Mattos, has been revived at Birmingham, Eng. In Boston Mrs. James Brown Potter was the wretched heroine.

Charles Chaplin says that only through the medium of original stories specially written for the screen can there be salvation from future slumps.

The London stage is bursting into biography. Not long ago we had a good and close version of the life of Edmund Kean; then came "Georges Sand," a poor thing that soon perished. Now we are threatened with a couple of "Cromwells," and today it is possible to book seats for Lincoln, Byron, Talma, Deburau, Wat Tyler and Shakespeare. The biographical piece that has attained the greatest popularity in England is the Napoleonic one run by W. W. Kelly, "A Royal Divorce," and after that comes "David Garrick."—The Stage.

The Times has said that "criticising films rather resembles tilting at windmills." There is just now a movement to prevent any criticism of pictures at all. What some short-sighted exhibitors want, in their own words, is "to be let alone"—that is, while presenting articles to the public, sometimes of artistic value, sometimes wretched stuff utterly beneath contempt—for the press to be silent at their behest, and not to be allowed to differentiate between the real metal and the "snide." It seems to me that what is good enough for the novelist, the dramatist, the actor, the musician, and the stage manager to submit to, the picture producer cannot successfully refuse to endure. If he has a good article he need not fear; if bad, then let him get out and cease to take the public's money under false pretenses. The present agitation, which comes chiefly from those who have been caught while endeavoring to unload bads" on the public will, by attempting to stifle critisism, bring about no benefit to the factory film makers.—The Stage.

The Stage complains that on Saturday nights in London many pictures are "rushed." "A long four-reeler is dashed through in about 35 minutes; sometimes titles' are snatched from the spectators' gaze before they are half read; and the whole show given with a rattle that more resembles an express train passing through a small local station than an entertainment. . . . Futuristic ideas of decoration are creeping into certain picture houses. This causes a certain degree of ugliness that is not pleasing to the average patron. Besides, these daubful designs distract the attention from the screen, whereas all decorations should be so subdued as to sink into the background, not obtrude itself by eccentric color schemes that shriek aloud for notice. Oil paintings are put into gold frames because this fills nothing. To have a lot of 'Dadaistic' designs is disturbing to the vision by catching the wandering eye of the blinking picture-goer."

Arthur Bourchier will produce in London "Bible and Sword," adapted from Lawrence Cowen's novel of the same name. Charles the First, Cromwell and Milton will appear in it. John Drinkwater's play with Cromwell the hero, is also marked for production.

"The Maid's Tragedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher was played by the Phoenix in London on Nov. 13, 15. The tragedy had not been seen in its entirety on the English stage since the days of Mrs. Pritchard and James Quin. For the performances in 1904 and 1908 in London there were cuts and alterations. Last month the play was given practically word for word and even the dull mythological Masque was included. The music for the songs was by John Greenwood.

An "All-Women" cast, composed of professional actress members of the British Empire Shakespeare Society, gave a performance of "Much Ado About Nothing" in London on Nov. 14.

"The Rattlesnake," by J. E. H. Terry and Rafael Sabitini (York, Eng., Nov. 14), deals with our revolutionary war and takes its name "from a device adopted by a society of American patriots." There are "exciting episodes during the siege of Charlestown."

H. Granville Barker, lecturing at Liverpool University last night (Nov. 4) on "The Exemplary Theatre," said that the foundation of the whole art of the theatre was acting and nothing else. The connection of the theatre with literature was fortuitous, and so were music and all the other arts associated with it.

The theatre had been treated as a sort of Cinderella sister to literature. Certain dramatists had a craving for dignity and respectability which had given rise to snobbishness and the desire to be associated with real literary men. That to a large extent divorced them from the practical art of the theatre. The sin of the artist-producer was even greater. He had placed everything in the background except the absolutely primitive appeal to the eye, creating a toy theatre in which human beings were the least important thing. The result was that the art of acting was left to itself, though when it became a co-operative art it needed, and should receive, very careful study, analysis and explanation. That difficulty had been shirked. Modern plays did not get the serious psychological study they required, and the result was that the theatre was not what it might be. The standard of dramatic art, compared with that of musical art, was deplorably low. He looked impatiently for an actor to be booed off the stage for incompetent acting. It would probably be the turning point of acting and some really bad actor should be prepared to sacrifice himself for the public goal. They could not really get people to think that the art of acting existed, and how could they expect it to be taken seriously by actors when people applauded their bad performances as well as their good ones? The lord chief justice had decided that the theatre could not legally be held to be a place of educational value. At this moment it was one of the most prosperous trades in the country and one of the most disgraced of arts.—London Times.

Parisian Plays

Martial Teneo writes about the revival of Gluck's "Orpheus" at the Opera Comique in Paris with Orpheus a modern tenor. M. Teneo thought of the changes of costume through the years. In 1809 Mme. Branchu as Eurydice wore a tunic of white organdie and a blue veil embroidered with olives in cotton. In 1814 Mlle. Granier was dressed in a gauzy muslin dress trimmed with silver ribbons to represent Amour, while Mlle. Armand under the restoration sported a tunic of blue crepe trimmed with silver embroidery. M. Teneo did not care for "La Fraude," by a Belgian, Louis Fallers, at the Vieux-Colombier. "This story of a young smuggler, who becomes a farm-boy for love's sake, and, when on the point of carrying off his master's wife, is killed by an exciseman, has no interest to offer." As for "Sin," a Chinese play at the Femina Theatre, it breathes of opium and cocaine. The music of M. Andre Gailhard has, here and there, a sham Chinese air, but that does not last long. It goes back to its original delicate charm.

Pierre Wolff's new play, "Le Chemin de Damas," was brought out in Paris at the Vaudeville Nov. 8. "M. Wolff's plays are essentially witty, fashionable and artificial. They invariably deal with an elegant and rather fast society, but the characters have little or no psychology. They are as light and shallow as their own bandinage, and one follows their emotions with an indifference that one feels for puppets. No doubt in 'Le Chemin de Damas' M. Wolff tried to write a sincerely moving play, but his technical skill is too apparent, and we feel no sympathy for his rich and egotistical de Maurat, who is threatened with heart disease, and brutally tries to seduce a young medical student after a drunken carousal. In the end, of course, this girl is the means of de Maurat's regeneration. M. Wolff is a great believer in regeneration." We have quoted from the Paris correspondent of the Stage.

"Dede," a new musical comedy (Bouffee) Parisiens, Nov. 9), is said to be decidedly superior to "Phi-Phi," its predecessor. "If 'Phi-Phi' ran for 1500 performances in Paris, it was chiefly due to one or two catchy airs, and a very light theme and costumes, that appealed to the public in the inevitable reaction from war. 'Dede' does not depend on these. The scene is laid in a shoe shop, bought by Dede as a place of rendezvous where he may meet the mysterious lady he loves. He also engages his friend Robert, a ruined young nobleman, as manager—to keep away clients; and there is a pretty young typist in love with Dede and to whom Robert tries to make love. M. Willemetz's book has the merit of real gayety, and a welcome absence of ribaldry, and M. Christine's music is light and tuneful. It must be owned that much of the success was due to Maurice Chevalier, who made a triumphal debut in musical comedy. Whether singing, acting, or dancing his irrepressible good humor carries the public. Preeminently he is sympathetic, and he played the 'Je vous aime' scene with a quiet emotion that brought a momentary hush over the audience. I should not be surprised if Chevalier was playcomedy next year."

"At the Mathurins 'Le Verbe Aimer,' by Pierre Mortier, is the old, old story of the husband, the wife, her lover, and the husband's mistress. They exchange partners once or twice, and there you are! We are heartily sick of this kind of thing. It was all very well for Becque to write 'La Parisienne,' but such intrigues must be masterly or they are nauseating upon the stage. For a few years all the little theatres have wallowed in plays about demimondaines or deceitful wives. It is time for a change, I do not believe that any class of public is so corrupt as to only enjoy this sort of story, and the numerous failures of late seem to prove it."

Max Dearly took the part of Macaire in a satirical romantic comedy, "Robert Macaire et Cie" adapted by Maurice Landay from the famous old melodrama. In the adaptation Macaire escaping from prison "meets a group of 'honest' financiers who have tried unsuccessfully to launch a firm of insurance against theft. Macaire is made president, and he and Bertrand are employed to rob the holders of the policies. As the company is always able to restore the stolen articles, it receives a reward and never pays a premium." Macaire is elected deputy and secretary of state, but he becomes disgusted. Being an honest rogue, he dons his rags and takes to the road again.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times has this to say about Maurice Rostand and his "La Gloire" in which Sarah Bernhardt appeared. "M. Rostand is accustomed to parade his egoism in a provocative way that recalls the 'nineties,' and he annoys a great many people so much that they become too angry to be able to admit his unquestionable gifts. In particular he has just aroused a little tempest by slighting, among others, Moliere. (As if Mr. Shaw had not long ago exhausted this particular device of obtaining useful advertisement from outraged critics by throwing bricks at Shakespeare!) Then M. Rostand deliberately dresses the part of the romantic young poet and there are honest souls which hate that. And now he has written a play about Maurice Rostand. It is true that the two painters are English, and that the period of the play's action is 100 years ago, but these are trifling points of detail. The time and the place do not matter. It is all very obviously about M. Rostand, and this kind of flaunting of a writer's personality before the crowd is certainly not characteristic of today."

A "revue drama, 'Round the World in Forty Days,'" based on Jules Verne's romance, will be brought out in London early in the next year.

Helen Allyn

Miss Helen Allyn, who will take at the Arlington Theatre this week the three leading female roles in "The Tales of Hoffmann"—Olympia, the doll, Guilietta, the Venetian courtesan, and Antonia, the victim of Dr. Miracle's diabolical act—is a Chicago girl, who studied there with Devries. She went to Berlin, where she made her debut in this opera of Offenbach's at the Opera-Comique with marked success. In Berlin she had studied with Richard Loewe, and it was at a concert given by his pupils that the manager of the Opera Comique engaged her, he was so pleased by her singing of the waltz from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." The war broke out and Miss Allyn was interned. Returning to the United States, she sang in concert until she joined the company now performing operas at the Arlington Theatre. Before the war she sang in "Tales of Hoffmann" in Frankfort as well as in Berlin.

"The Pilgrim of Eternity," a New Play with Byron as the Hero

"The Pilgrim of Eternity," by K. K. Ardaschir, was produced at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, on Nov. 12. Cowley Wright took the part of Byron. We now print the review published in the London Times:

One thing at any rate is proved by Mr. Ardaschir's play: he has been a diligent reader of Byron's letters. For example, two consecutive letters (August, 1819), mention that Byron has been talking to the Countess Guiccioli's gardener at Bologna and has been reading a book of hers in the garden. These two little incidents furnish a scene in the play. Instances might be multiplied ad inf. Much of the playwright's text is made up of Byron's own phrases, and it is a joy to hear that racy English, even at second hand, on the stage. It is not quite so great a joy to hear the poet declaiming his own verses; partly because it gives him a false air of being an improvvisatore; partly, too, because many of us today prefer their Byron in his prose. Be that as it may, it is evident that the playwright has aimed, as near as playwrights can, at authenticity. The total result, we need hardly say, is not the real Byron, nor a real anybody. You cannot get reality by dressing up an imaginary personage in a defroque, however genuine. This stage Byron is a romantic imposter who has borrowed the real poet's name and fame and many of his deeds and sayings.

After all, that is as much as you can expect in the theatre, for the simple reason that drama is not history. It would have been better if Mr. Ardaschir had himself kept the distinction more clearly in mind. He seems to have been undecided whether to write a quasi-biographical "chronicle" or an independent, substantive play. For a time you have more or less authentic episodes—the intrigue with Marianna Segati at Venice (the other Venetian intrigue, with the fornarina, would, surely, have been more romantic), the garden incidents at Bologna, the departure for Greece. Then you have a real dramatic conflict, almost wholly imaginary, between the Cardinal Legate at Ravenna and Byron, as chief of the Carbonari and champion of liberty. This follows the orthodox stage-traditions for conflicts between cardinals and conspirators—the cardinal, all scarlet dignity and Machiavellian finesse, losing a battle of wits against declamatory but determined rebels. There are allusions to the might of Britain, which Byron would have been the last man to use. Nor, of course, was Byron's connection with Carbonarism by any means as serious as the dramatic conflict supposes. But the playwright was quite entitled to suppose it for his own purposes, and the conflict supplies at least one effective scene. It is "prepared" by a meeting between crowned heads. Austrian Emperor, King of Naples, grand duke of Tuscany, with Metternich as spokesman, and Byron and Shelley as topic of debate, which is merely a grotesque absurdity. It will thus be seen that the play consists of widely disparate elements—Dumasian romance, biographical scraps and conspiracy drama.

What, however, does give it a certain unity is the character of Byron, an idealized Byron, thinking more of European liberty than of love, and, when he does think of love, thinking of it in a highly sentimental fashion, about which, we fear, the real Byron would have had some caustic things to say. Mr. Cowley Wright makes a romantic figure of it, gives it poetic fervor and adds the right touch of aristocratic hauteur—altogether a picturesque, elegant and orotund performance. La Guiccioli, also idealized, is played with a certain demure, schoolgirlish charm by Miss Yvonne Arnaud. Mr. Eugene Leahy gives a vigorous and well-considered presentation of the Cardinal Legate. A debutante, Miss G. G. Hervey, makes a pretty and vivacious Lady Blessington.

To judge from the applause, the whole affair gave unbounded pleasure to the audience on Saturday night. If the shade of Byron saw it there must have been some naughty language heard in the Elysian Fields.

Apropos of this play the Daily Chronicle considered Byron in fiction:

"Is Byron the only bard who has played the lead in three novels? All know how he was the hero of Lady Caroline Lamb's egregious 'Glenarvon,' and Mrs. Humphry Ward had an emasculated Byron in 'The Marriage of William Aske,' based on Lary Caroline's own luckless life. Mr. Maurice Hewlett did best with a real flesh-and-blood 'Byron' admirably drawn.

"Less familiar is a French play, 'Byron a Harrow,' rich in unconscious humor and bound in purple silk. Here the poet is brought daily to school by a Scotch nurse in 'Highland costume,' who dances and sings duets with the headmaster. Byron figures as saint, not sinner, in his well-known plot to blow up his preceptor's house. Peel,

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the supposed malefactor, is rebuked by him in rolling perorations. Some theatrical manager of enterprise should produce 'Byron a Harrow.' "

New Orchestral Works; Other Notes About Music and Musicians

Roussel's "Pour une Fete de Printemps" was performed for the first time at a Colonne concert in Paris on Oct. 29. Only at the beginning, it is said, is there a concession to "polytonie." The work is marked by clearness, rhythm, life and a sensitiveness. "The joy that animates the symphonic poem is tempered by the melancholy dreaminess that stamps his compositions, and from this come the violin solo, and, especially, the fresh, idyllic theme for flute sustained discreetly by wood-wind and brass." At the second performance there was a less enthusiastic welcome.

Ladmirault's "Princesse de Korydwen" was produced at a Lamoureux concert in Paris on Oct. 30 "It is too academic in its structure."

Eugene Goossens has written a ballet, "The Crinoline School."

Lord Berners is writing an opera based on Merimee's "Le Carosse du Saint-Sacrement."

Georges Sporck's "Nocturne," said by the program to be a variation on the long hair of women, was produced at a Lamoureux concert, Nov. 6. "One can speak neither well nor ill of this piece."

Paul le Flem's "Danses" was performed for the first time at a Pasdeloup concert in Paris, Nov. 5. "There's a little of everything in it."

Alexis Ronart, who left the bar to publish music in Paris, is dead.

It is as bad in London as it is in New York. People will not go to recitals in these days unless they get free tickets. Ernest Newman writes in the Manchester Guardian: "I hear from many quarters of the difficulty even the international celebrities have of covering their expenses, and of offers, even from America, that are hardly worth accepting. It is only in Germany, I was told a day or two ago by a pianist who has just returned from a foreign tour, that an artist can be reasonably sure of paying audiences. Certainly the size of Mr. Hofmann's audience on Tuesday was an astonishment, and would have been a shock at a time of less financial stringency than this."—New York Times.

Elgar's orchestral transcription of an organ fugue by Bach: The London Daily Telegraph would almost seem that our own Elgar in this very daring adventure had achieved a new youth. (What would our academicians have thought of such an escapade in the 70's and 80's?) It has no apt parallel that occurs to us at the present moment. You cannot very easily reproduce (i.e., modernize) Praxiteles or Michelangelo or Inigo Jones and hope to give new life to their work. The reproduction runs a nasty chance of falling between vandalism and pedantry. Verse is more fluid, and perhaps Chaucer may one day find a modern with gift enough to make his thoughts and rhymes and cadences the property of the man-in-the-street. In this work Elgar has broken new ground and made an old organ fugue as thrilling in its way as the Scheherazade that burst on a London audience for the first time a few years before the war."

"A Handbook on the Technique of Conducting" by Adrian C. Boult, has been published at Oxford and London.

Richard Northcott's "Covent Garden Annals," a book of 88 closely printed pages, has been published in London. It is practically a complete record of the operatic doings at Covent Garden from 1888 to the present day. "The result is a book which, quite apart from its utility as a work of reference, offers to old, and comparatively old, operatic stagers a fascinating, if perhaps rather painful reminder of nights that may now well seem glorious to many of us. Mr. Northcott begins with the memorable regime of Augustus Harris in 1888, the year that witnessed Melba's first bow to a Covent Gardent audience, and incidentally, the 100th performance there of 'Rigoletto'—with Albani in the part of Gilda."

Giacomo Orefice of the Milan Conservatory is writing the life of Mancinelli, the excellent conductor, who also composed.

The London Times reviewed Mr. Goossen's concert of Nov. 9. Rossini's overture to "The Siege of Corinth" was played. "It is characteristic, since it says exactly what Rossini wants to say with fluency and dispatch." The new work was J. B. Heath's symphonic poem, "The Builders of Joy." "For him music is a serious business, and he keeps his orchestra and his audience hard at work the whole time. One wonders why music of this kind is always called a poem, since the obvious effort of its construction drives away the poetic feeling. Delius's 'On First Hearing the Cuckoo in Spring' does not call itself a poem, but is one. Strauss's 'Thus Spake Zarathustra' does not sound unintelligible to anyone nowadays, but [illegible] does sound prodigiously pomous and [illegible]."

[illegible] Rosenthal gave us some beautiful [illegible], the effects of which were purely instrumental, that is to say, it was the pianoforte and what an expert could do with it, rather than an exposition of the poetry of Chopin's music or a pronouncedly personal interpretation.—London Times, Nov. 14.

A Japanese tenor, Mr. Yosie Fjiwara, sang at the Steinway Hall on Saturday. The most interesting part of his program was a group of songs which were, presumably, examples of the work of present-day Japanese composers who have studied the western idiom. Simple as this music was it had a certain quaintness, arising doubtless from the adjustment necessary between the two scales before melodic expression could be possible. Mr. Fjiwara sang them in Japanese, and his other songs in Italian; he has a voice of small volume, but of a quality which would be decidedly pleasing if it were better trained. It suffers at present from a constriction which is certainly accentuated by his holding his chin up instead of down. He has acquired, however, a good sense of phrasing and in a mezza-voce can obtain a sympathetic if somewhat monotonous color.—London Times, Nov. 14.

[illegible] am delighted to hear from my old friend, Dr. Bunnett, that even at his great age—he is close upon 90—he is still showing young Norfolk how the organ should be played as an organ, not as an imitation orchestra. Last week he gave a recital on the St. Andrew's Hall organ in Norwich, and completely filled the hall and the orchestra. As a result a similar recital was given last Sunday, and no doubt will be repeated. It is more than 70 years since Dr. Bunnett sang in Norwich with Jenny Lind. —London Daily Telegraph.

Mozart's "Escape from the Seraglio" was performed at the Paris Opera on Nov. 7 under the direction of Reynaldo Hahn.

"For the first time since the war the regulation enforcing the wearing of evening dress in the stalls and balcony has just been reintroduced, consequently the house wore something of its old pre-war aspect. From an artistic point of view the performance of this extremely difficult work reached a high level. The work of the orchestra, under the skilful direction of M. Hahn, was particularly good, and the very difficult roles of Constance and Blondine were admirably sung by Mesdames Ritter Ciampi and Romanilza. The recitatives used were those by Sir Julius Benedict and arranged by Paul Vidal."

Margaret Tilley played music by Bach in London. The Times remarked: "She brings to these a gentle quality of tone, some correct fingering, an equanimous disposition and a love of her instrument. That is not enough. It is necessary also to love Bach with the love that brings understanding. When people have that, a good many other things come right, too. They know by instinct where to put the commas and semicolons, and when they come to a full stop they just stop; they divine the right tempo for the fugues; they realize that the preludes are part of them, and each of a different character; they regard pedalling as a kind of alms which must not be done before men, and their fingers drop on to the right basses without premeditation. The really weak point, and one which might easily be put right, is the blow of the finger; at present the melodies sound as the lines of a letter look when typed with a decrepit typewriter. A little intelligent practice of the C major scale—much the hardest—would do it."

Saint-Saens's "Ascanio" has been revived in Paris. When it was produced in 1890 Emma Eames had a prominent part in it, Colombe.

Jascha Spivakovsky, pianist, in London: "In the loud places he bangs 'about as much as other people,' not more. The quiet ones he endeavors to make more expressive by taking excessive liberties with the time."

The Monestrel of Paris thought it worth while to reprint from an American newspaper the important fact that Mary Garden will wear this season the costliest boots every worn by woman.

Possibilties of the Pianola

The possibilities of the pianola in respect of modern music were demonstrated at a lecture-recital given by Mr. Edwin Evans at the Æolian Hall. A special program of music by Stravinsky, Goossens, Malipiero, Howells and Casella was played by Mr. Reginald Reynolds. Half-way through the recital Mr. Goossens said a few words on the art of writing for the pianola.

That the instrument offers extraordinary possibilities is, of course, obvious. Mr. Evans seemed to believe that, like the old Italian composers, who differentiated between "toccata" and "sonata," the modern pianola composer will be able to make his choice between music which needs the help of expression and music which must be played without expression—which is one of the things the pianola can do to perfection. Mr. Goossens, dealing with the temptations that beset the composer, said that the chief danger was that of overloading the score and exploiting at once all the new opportunities offered. If this is done the result cannot be satisfactory. It was no doubt owing to the strict application of this golden rule, which, by the way, could be applied with equal force to modern harmony, that Mr. Goossens's "Rhythmic Dance" sounded better than any other work on the program. Mr. Howell's "Phantasy Minuet" also was interesting, but it gave the impression of being altogether impossible in a four-hand or two pianos arrangement. The Malipiero pieces were infinitely better than his countryman's, Casella, for the latter was obviously out for scalps when he wrote them. There is little humor to be got from playing a commonplace tune in one key to a commonplace accompaniment in another. This kind of joke is the oldest chestnut in the musical repertory. The uses of the pianola were fully proved in the two Stravinsky pieces, for these would be obviously impossible to pianists—regardless of numbers and skill.—London Daily Telegraph.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Mme. Galli-Curci, spprano. See special notice.

Arlington Theatre, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony Concert, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Cecilia Society. "The Damnation of Faust," Mr. Jacchia, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M., Frances Adelman, pianist. Bach, Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue; Chopin, Bolero, Prelude in E flat major, Nocturne in C sharp, minor, Scherzo in B minor; Debussy, Les Tierces alternees; MacDowell, March Wind; Florent Schmitt, Lucioles; Rachmaninoff, Prelude in G major; Liszt, Rhapsody No. 2.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Mr. Rachmaninoff, pianist, will play in aid of the Radcliffe endowment fund. See special notice.

Jordan Hall—8:15 P. M. Concert by Bertha Swift, soprano, and Samuel Charles, pianist.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15. Edith Bennett, soprano. Piccini, Arias from "Alessandro"; Donaudy, Perduta ho la Sperenza; Paradies, Quel Ruscelletto; Cilea, Poveri Fiori from "Adriana Lecouvreur." Mascagni, M'ama, non m'ama; Duparc, Au pays ou se fait la guerre; G. Faure, Dan les ruines d'une abbaye; Rhene-Baton, Il pleut des petales; Debussy, La mer est plus belle; Wolf-Ferrari, Four Respetti; Loeffler, Sudden Light; Clarke, Shy One; Manney, May Morning; E. J. Wolff, Fairy Tales; Cadman, Spring Song of the Robin Woman from "Shanewis."

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Vincent d'Indy, guest conductor. See special notice.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Carols and Chansons, etc. Constance and Henry Gideon, voice and harpsichord; Marjorie Patten Weaver, violoncello. Pastourelles of the 15th century collected by Yvette Guilbert—L'amour de moi, Il est venu le petit oisillon, Sous une aubepine, Vrai dieu d'amour; Calx d'Hervelois, Sonato, A minor; British Carols: Wassail Song, In dulci jubile, First Nowell, Hunt the Wren; Corelli, Sarahand; Bach, Gavotte; Hochstelx, Minuet in ancient style; French and French-Canadian Carols: D'ou ciens tú, bergere Voice la Noel; Bring a Torch, Jeannette, Quand la vierge virt a la messe, Le sommell de l'enfant Jesu, Alleluia Kyrie Christe.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Frank Watson, pianist. Brahms, Intermezzos, E flat major, B flat minor; Liszt, Apres un lecture du Dante; Chopin, Nocturne, F minor, Mazurkas B minor, A minor, Prelude, A flat major, Impromptu, F sharp major, Scherzo, C sharp minor; Paderewski, Nocturne, B flat major; Palmgren, Scherzo, E major, the Isle of Shadows; Tchaikovsky, Polacoadi Concert.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, M. d'Indy, guest conductor.

Mr. Halliday Witherspoon and others have questioned Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer's statements about quick runs made by deep sea vessels. Now comes an English journalist who wishes that Mr. Hergesheimer in his "San Cristobal de la Habana" had taken less pains to build up his prose, or more care to simplify it.

"One shivers in the shadow of literary traditions to come upon such a sentence as this in the description of a dance: 'Was it a healthy rebellion against the prudery of repression, or the adventitious excitation of imminent impotence?' "

Artemus Ward once attended a ball at Aspinwall, New Grenada. We prefer his description of the dance. "At the Howard House the man of sin rubbeth the hair of the horse to the bowels of the cat, and our girls are waving their lily-white hoofs in the dazzling waltz."

SAUCY SONNET

O Muse, farewell! You're powerless in these times
To aid me make the COLUMN as before
For yours is not the spirit for these rhymes.
Though formerly your help I did implore
To rival Denis McCarthy's graceful verse,
Compete with Herkimer Johnson's wondrous lore,
Like Quincy Kilby, past events rehearse
Or write of Herman Melville's tales of yore,
Alas, your noble Art holds sway no more!
Nor clipper ships have come into their own,
Of cookery books I now must read a score
To give my lines the popular sauce-y tone!

How, "As the World Wags" daily through its wonted space,
Among its faithful satellites can I find a place?

Brookline. MARION STREETER.

As the World Wags:

Now that the origin of Worcestershire sauce has been discovered, how does this appeal to you as a tid-bit? I quote from "The Swiss Family Robinson," edited by W. H. G. Kingston, and translated from the German:

"The flesh even of poisonous snakes can be eaten without danger; as, for instance, the rattlesnake, from which can be made a strong and nourishing soup, tasting very like good chicken broth—of course, the cook must be told to throw away the head, containing the deadly fangs."

I ate a dozen snails and an omlette one morning at Nice, much to the amazement of the maitre d'hotel, and was not abashed by the sculpin-like fish they serve in bouillabaisse at Marseilles, but I had rather some other member of the Robinson family try this rattlesnake chowder before I do. Epicurean curiosity has its limits.

WILLIAM L. ROBINSON

We do not see why the maitre d'hotel at Nice should be amazed at the sight of anyone eating snails. Perhaps the combination of snails and omelette staggered him. Nor are we surprised to learn that a nutritious soup can be made from snakes, for there are God-fearing persons that relish eels. Some years ago a cook-book with recipes for dishes made out of insects was published in Paris. A cockroach soup was especially recommended. If we are not mistaken the author gave a dinner after his own recipes. We quoted from this book when it was published. The great French astronomer, Lalande, was in the habit of catching spiders and eating them alive; not bolting them, but rolling them about like a sweet morsel before swallowing them. We have been told that spiders taste a good deal like strawberries. The Ethiopians, from Meroe to the river Hydaspes, fed on scorpions and asps. Then there were the Candaei, who fed on serpents, so that the Greeks called them the Ophiophagoi. Ferdinand Mendez Pinto knew the Oquens and Magores, who fed on lizards, serpents, and the like, as well as the wild beasts which they ate raw. He also saw holy men who ate nothing but flies, ants, scorpions and spiders, "with the juice of a certain herb growing in abundance thereabouts, much like to sorrel." What does the poet of "Hudibras" say?

"The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp and basilisk and toad."

The reference is to Macamut. In consequence of this diet from his cradle his breath was so poisonous that a queen—there were 4000 of them—died every night, and if he wished to rid himself of a nobleman he had him stripped naked and spat upon him. If a fly lighted on this sultan's hand it died. Truly this is a little world of great wonders.—Ed.

THE BOSTON ELEVATED

(For the Boston Herald.)

The Boston Elevated has a method all its own,
With strange idea concerning what should constitute a zone.
Its rules and regulations are astonishingly fickle.
A ten-cent ride in Boston, out in Allston costs a nickel.
On certain lines, for three long miles, you ride for half a dime.
On others, though, a hundred rods costs twice as much each time.
From Roxbury to Essex street the tax is five, but then
You go down Harrison avenue. On Washington street it's ten.

And what of Dudley street,
Where those without a seat
Content themselves with Standing Room on one another's feet?
And while to life they cling,
They sway and swerve and swing,
Rejoicing when they've only lost a drumstick or a wing.

Its modes of fare-collecting, too, make rude observers scoff.
At times you pay when getting on, again when getting off.
Around the suburbs, going out, the charge is half a dime.
But coming in you have to part with ten cents every time.
You kick about the overcharge and get a "warrant" then,
To bring you back, but all the while the road has got your ten.
And though you're never going back, you bear it all and grin.
You'll not spend *that* ten cents for gum. The road is five cents in.

And Harvard square at night
Suggests a lovely fight,
Where roughs and wrestlers charge the cars with Donnybrook delight,
In such a savage strife,
That citizen and wife,
Devoted chums, or lovers true, become estranged for life.

The Elevated's cute trustees,
On one or other slight pretence,
Our dollars took by slow degrees.
And now they want a heap more—cents.
Brookline. QUINCY KILBY.

A SENSITIVE SOUL

As the World Wags:

I am pained in this banter in your column concerning that sterling British institution, Worcestershire Sauce. Some of your correspondents disclose an amazing ignorance; while pattering glibly over Elizabeth Lazenby and Cross & Blackwell, they evidently overlook Lea & Perrin, without whose signature in red the contents of the container is spurious. Again, the abstruse and somewhat ribald allegation that acres of livers may be heard and smelled in the vicinity of the compounders, leaves your American readers in the dark. Why do not your learned commentators say if they are goose, mongoose, beeves, swine, sheep or poultry livers? Again, no mention whatever has been made concerning the zest and piquancy. Of what are the zests made, and how is the piquancy? Lest your readers may remain unenlightened, I give the old Shropshire fable for what it is worth to you. I was told when a child that the North country nobleman who first made the sauce procured the piquancy from the blood of his personally slain foemen, mixed with their salt tears and spiced with their unto-death defiant language. The zest came from the avidity with which the broth was stirred. (See Dr. Johnson's "Unlamented Demises," II—17:38, by Curleigh and Pelky, London, 1746.) It is astounding to note the levity with which you have mistreated this condiment, found wherever the Briton and his banner is encountered, and I trust you will abandon the unseemly jest and give your readers this, and more real information.

ETHEL HAILE.
Brookline.

GALLI-CURCI AT

Yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall, Amelita Galli-Curci made her last appearance for the present season in Boston, assisted by Manuel Berenguer, flutist, and Homer Samuels, accompanist. Her program was as follows:

Deh piu a me.....Bononcini
My Mother Bids Me Bind May Hair.....Haydn
Addio del passato from "Traviata,".....Verdi
Variazione (with flute.....Proch
Edelweiss.....Fourdrain
Tarantella.....Rossini
Chanson Indoue.....Rimsky Korsakoff
Polonaise from "Mignon".....Thomas
Vale.....Russell
Pierrot.....Samuels
Fair Dreams.....Buzzi-Peccia
Shadow Song from "Dinorah" (with flute).....Meyerbeer

Madame Galli-Curci has given much better concerts in Boston, both as to music and singing. Her breath control was far from good, and her voice lacked its usual brilliancy through most of the afternoon. Many of the selections were of a character to make one wonder why they should have been included in one of the few chances that Boston has to listen to this artist.

The Shadow Song, however, was well sung, and as happens in many another concert, the encores were better done than the main pieces. Madame Galli-Curci was decidedly unwilling to respond with any of these extra songs, perhaps realizing that her voice was not in the best of condition, but was finally prevailed upon to give several of the old favorites, including Cavelitos, Robin Adair, Last Rose of Summer, Annie Laurie and Home Sweet Home. The first was chiefly remarkable for the tempo in which it was rushed through.

Both Mr. Berenguer and Mr. Samuels accompanied in their usual efficient manner and Mr. Berenguer also performed Nocturne, by Gaubert, and Bolero, by Pessard, very acceptably.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY GIVES 7TH CONCERT

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its seventh concert in the Arlington Theatre yesterday afternoon, with Mischa Muscanto, violinist, as assisting soloist. The program was:

Symphony No. 5 in E Minor "From the New World".....Dvorak
Concerto for Violin No. 5 in A Minor.....Vieuxtemps
Overture, "Sakuntala".....Goldmark

The "New World Symphony," written mainly in Spillville, Ia., continues to maintain a perennial place on the programs of every conventional symphony orch[illegible]tra, and to afford a happy hunting-g[illegible] for students who would seek "[illegible] "truly American" themes, as well as the palpably negro melodies in its score. The performance was not very spirited, and the audience signified only perfunctory interest.

Mr. Muscanto furnished proof of the rich field of talent Boston's newest symphony orchestra possesses, and it need not search outside its own membership for "assisting artists" of high rank. A native of Kovno, Russia, Mr. Muscanto has now lived in Boston a decade, and already has won favorable notice in several concert tours of the country, both in solo and ensemble playing. He has been a member of the People's Symphony Orchestra since its organization and was a soloist in last season's concerts. His rendering of the Vieuxtemps concerto was characterized by technical proficiency of a high degree, and dignified mastery of his instrument, never given to extravagant display. His brilliant passage work aroused the audience to prolonged plaudits.

The "Sakuntala" overture was well played. Next Sunday, Karl Zeise, 'cellist, will be the assisting artist, with Boelmann's "Variations Symphonic" for violoncello, and the program otherwise will be made up of Beethoven's eighth symphony, Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1, Westerhout's "Ronde D'Amour," Nevin's "Rosary" and Komzak's "Fairy Tale."

Dr. Maurice F. Egan, reviewing Lord Hamilton's latest delightful book of reminscences, said that while it was perhaps not a book for the library, it was one that should, when read, be passed to a friend to cheer him of a winter evening. Opinions as to what constitutes a library differ. All the standard authors bound in the half-calf that was the fashion in the sixties, or in full Russian leather, would not appeal to some of us. Better old playbooks, novels, memoirs, whimsical essays, curious and shabby volumes picked up by loiterers at stalls outside the shops. Why not purchase several copies of Lord Hamilton's latest, keep one for home reading and with a lordly gesture give pleasure to friends who would be appreciative? Every one has friends who never acquired the habit of reading.

"What are you going to give Maria Christmas?"

"I don't know; probably a book."

"She has one."

"JIM" FORD

Mr. James L. Ford's "Forty-Odd Years in the Literary Shop," is a book that should be on one's table—not on a high library shelf. For the lover of gossip that is not scandalous, humor, shrewd observations on life and manners there is no better Christmas gift. To speak of "Mr. James L. Ford" seems an affectation, for to many he is "Jim Ford," writer, or man. We do not characterize him as "genial," for he long ago drew vitriolic portraits of the professional "genial," nor would he like to be described as a "raconteur." Some know him only by his "Literary Shop," his "Hypnotic Tales," his contributions to many periodicals, or as a reviewer of books for the N. Y. Herald when it was the Herald. Some one asked him once how he managed to hold his position on the Herald so long. "When I hear that Mr. Bennett is on his way to New York, I go to New Jersey and keep away from the office until he sails." And in this book of reminiscences are pleasant and illuminative pages about that "mysterious and sinister figure in the eyes of his subordinates," who when Mr. Ford first knew him, he was "distinguished in person, courteous in manner."

A KEEN LOOKER-ON

To those who lived in New York in the sixties and early seventies, when it was not a gigantic caravanserai, the early pages of the book will give peculiar pleasure. Mr. Fords descriptions of the streets, theatres, restaurants, drunkeries, men and women in all walks or crawls of life will be relished by those who have never seen the city. He does not write in a helfry; he does not view the world through a club window. In the palmy days of the N. Y. Sun an account of some incident in that city would be so entertaining, there would be such a flavor to it, that the reader in Portland, Me., or Portland, Or., would chuckle, admire, remember. Mr. Ford is not unduly impressed by the city in which he has walked by day and night so many years. In closing pages, full of sentiment that is not sentimentalism, and tempered with humor, he says he would not live over his days "shackled to the ball-and-chain of worldly knowledge"; rather would he "retract his steps backward from age to childhood;" from the clutches of the specialists whose skill prolongs joyless life into senility . . . from an overpopulated city, hideous with the noise and vulgarity, back to the smaller town that afforded time for quiet thought and in which crime and authority were not on their present sharing terms nor the line of demarcation between purely commercial activities and the practice of the fine arts, including that of letters, as indistinct as now."

[illegible]rtly be[illegible]
[illegible]aver the head, "The Vol[illegible]N. Ct.,

HEARST AND THE SOB-SISTER

What a procession of famous men and women, journalists, politicians, crooks, actors, actresses, philanthropists, saloon-keepers passes in these pages. There is hardly a page that does not tempt quotation. There are thumb-nail sketches; there are full-length portraits, as the one of Mr. Munsey. See how Mr. Ford treats Mr. Hearst, to whom the ideal Sunday supplement is "a combination of crime and underclothes." It was in the office of Mr. Hearst's Journal that the "sob-sister" made her first appearance in New York. A colliery disaster drew her, and the office would receive a dispatch beginning about as follows: "I sobbed my way through the line, the stern-faced sentinels standing aside to let me pass with a muttered, 'the lady is from the Journal, let her by.' I was the first to reach the wounded and dying. 'God bless Mr. Hearst,' cried a little child as I stooped to lave her brow; and then she smiled and died. I spread one of our comic supplements over the pale, still face, and went on to distribute Mr. Hearst's generous bounty."

As for Mr. Hearst in his office, Mr. Ford describes him as "a gentleman in manner, low-voiced and more than courteous in his dealings with his employes. I do not think I ever heard him use an expression unfit for a polite drawing room, and he said himself that he had paid for more liquor and drank less than any man on the Pacific coast. He never seemed to consider money, and the advertising end of the business did not interest him. What he wanted was circulation, which he believed could be best obtained by the constant printing of sensations. When peace brooded over the city and nobody was being robbed or murdered he would come down to the office with despondency written on his face and express the opinion that everything was going badly."

FROM CRIME TO PHILANTHROPIST

Mr. Ford is peculiarly happy in his allusions to crime and crooks, and crooks are, as a rule, more interesting than captains of industry or professional philanthropists. We shall not soon forget an evening in a New York beer saloon years ago, when we sat at table with "Red" Leary, the accomplished burglar, a famous police inspector—the two were on the best of terms—a brilliant journalist, who went on a Herald relief expedition toward the north pole, and the gentle poet that sang the praise of Ivory soap. Would that Jim Ford had been there! It is pleasant to read of "Mother Mandelbaum"; of the Puck office when that weekly was a power in the land by reason of the elder Keppler's cartoons and Bunner's editorial articles; of the rise and fall of comedians; of celebrated bunco-steerers; of the muck-raking magazines that flourished for a time; of the quiet life in Brooklyn and New York, and that of the "Flash Age." The Herald may quote freely next Sunday from the many pages devoted to the theatre.

WITHOUT MALICE

Here is a book that is entertaining without malice, though Mr. Ford is free-spoken and does not mince his words. His hatred of shams is known to all who have talked with him; one hears him talking as one turns the pages. The book is autobiographical, but there is no show of egoism, either frank or implied. Nor is it merely anecdotical. Mr. Ford has his own opinions and expresses them in a breezy, not an aggressive manner. If one is able to purchase only a single copy the book will not be given away, unless one is uncommonly unselfish. It was first thought out when Mr. Ford was recovering from a severe surgical operation; but there is no touch of morbidness, no suggestion of invalidism. It is, above all, a cheery book. Would that it were provided with an index!

'MR. PIM PASSES BY,' AT HOLLIS

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Mr. Pim Passes By," a comedy in three acts by A. A. Milne. Produced at Manchester (Eng.) on Dec. 1, 1919 at the Gaiety Theatre: Marden, Ben Webster; Mrs. Marden, Irene Vanbrugh; Mr. Pim, Dion Boucicault.

Anne.....Madeleine Barr
Carraway Pim.....Eskine Sanford
Dinah.....Alison Bradshaw
Brian Strange.....Leonard Mudie
Olivia Marden.....Laura Hope Crews
George Marden, J. P.....Dudley Digges
Lady Marden.....Augusta Haviland

Mr. Pim is a blundering old gentleman who is not sure of proper names, but unlike the orator in the profane story he did not write them on his shirt cuff. If he had done this, Mr. and Mrs. Marden would have been saved much distress, but Olivia Marden might not have had her way about the curtains, and Dinah and Brian might have run away to be married. So Mr. Pim's blundering was after all a blessing, as Olivia hinted at the end.

Olivia had had a husband, who for forgery and experimental financiering had been sent to prison in Australia. Olivia thought he had died. Had not the Times announced the death? So she married George, a rather fat-witted, conservative country gentleman, afraid of anything unconventional, abhorring ultra-modern painting and window curtains of unusual design and color. He did not wish the painter fellow Strange to wed his ward Dinah. Olivia was consenting to the marriage.

Mr. Pim drops in with a letter of introduction asking for another letter of introduction. Incidentally he tells of a convict he knew in Australia whom he met on the steamer returning home. He gives his name. Lo, it is that of Olivia's wretched husband.

Imagine Marden's dismay. His wife is a bigamist. What is worse, she is inclined to take the news lightly. He prates of the law, duty, conscience, the church, the neighborhood. Olivia is to his mind shockingly frivolous in her replies. She even talks of going back to No. 1. George does not swear to retain her at any cost. The dialogue, constantly delightful, is in this act delicious. Mr. Pim comes in later and says that this convict acquaintance was choked to death at Marseilles by a fishbone. Scene of delirious joy.

But why Olivia reminds George that as No. 1 died only six weeks ago, the second marriage was illegal. There must be another proposal, another ceremony. Holding this threat over him, she cunningly gains her ends. George hangs up the once abhorred curtains. Dinah and Brian have his blessing. Enter Mr. Pim for the third time—only to say that he was mistaken in the choked convict's Christian name.

A most agreeable comedy, in which the characters are revealed by the dialogue, which is now witty, now ironical, at times with an undercurrent of tender feeling, always light-hearted. The wit, never strained, never deliberately epigrammatic, springs from the characters thrown into certain situations. If the logic is at times almost topsy-turvy, it is inexorable after the Gilbertian pattern minus cruel satire. Mr. Milne's irony is lambent, not bitter. His young girl is independent, but not a flapper, not a hoyden. His painter is aesthetically modern, but a wholesome fellow, not a bit of an ass. George is self-satisfied, perhaps self-centred, following in the ruts made by his forbears, in awe of Mrs. Grundy. One asks how Olivia came to marry him; whether she did not at times think pleasantly of No. 1, not unwilling to return to him when she thought him alive. As for Olivia, she is an adorable creature, with a rare sense of humor, a demure slyness in obtaining worthy ends, most womanly.

At least she was all this when we saw her last night as portrayed by Miss Crews. It would seem as if Mr. Milne had sketched his plot and written his lines with Miss Crews in mind, knowing that she would give them the necessary point and charm. There is no one on our stage that equals her in light, and what was once known as polite, comedy; no one so subtle in the expression of caprices and sentiments; no one so convincing in emotional outbursts that are not out of place in a drawing room. We should like to see her as Millament in Congreve's "Way of the World," the most brilliant of all comedies.

Miss Bradshaw was amusing and her exuberance was not tiresome. It is easy to imagine a less honest performance of the part, that would be boresome by its flippant freshness. Mr. Digges was sufficiently stolid and conventional, but we have liked him better in other parts. Mr. Mudie was manly and not too effervescent. And there was Mr. Sanford as Mr. Pim. The name itself—Carraway Pim—is a stroke of genius. He could not have spoken and acted otherwise than Mr. Sanford.

The audience was greatly entertained. Boston has now the reputation of neglecting plays that are worth while. This comedy should draw full audiences to the Hollis Street Theatre.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"Tip Top," musical extravaganza in two acts, book and lyrics by Anne Caldwell and R. H. Burnside, music by Ivan Caryll, produced by Charles Dillingham and staged by Mr. Burnside. W. E. Macquinn conducted.

Fairy Justicia.....Helen Rich
Jonas Barker.....Oscar Ragland
Dick Derby.....Roy Hoyer
Tipton Topping.....Fred Stone
Jinia Jones.....Teresa Valerio
Alice.....Marie Sewell
Bad.....Vivian Duncan
Worse.....Rosetta Duncan
Adele.....Eileen Curtstie
I. Skinem.....Bert Jordan
Davy D'pp.....Charles Mast
Judge.....Violet Zell

The opening scene, a courtroom with a cat judge, cat counsel, cat jury and cat plaintiff and defendant, was quite enough to set the large, typical Fred Stone audience in good humor. It was a clever conceit, neatly played, even if Stone was not in it. In fact, he did not appear until well into the following scene, the interior of Barker's shop, and then he came violently through a trap door. He had been in the basement, he said, making hard liquor for soft drinks, and he had put in one too many raisins. Hence his abrupt ascent. Then he sang two songs, "I Want a Lily" and "I Don't Belong on a [illegible]" though he looked much like Billy [illegible]Van when he

said it, and everybody knows that Van is an honorary member of the grange. From that point on, it was nip and tuck with Stone, the 16 London Palace steppers and the Duncan sisters, the well-known six Brown brothers of saxophone fame, running easily with them, though confined to one appearance.

Every summer Stone goes somewhere, West, North or South, and digs up something new. Then he masters these varied novelties and displays them on the winter's stage. This season he does some circus leaps from springboards concealed in the shop fixtures; snuffs lighted matches and mouthed cigars with a snake whip; breaks tossed glass balls like the late Buffalo Bill. Between times he dances, variations on the very steps that made him famous back in the days of "The Wizard of Oz." He has another capital Indian song, with verses by Louis Harrison, that prime comedian of olden days, who with Gus Kerker once dared Oscar Hammerstein to write an opera in 48 hours—and lost the wager. Through it all, song, dance, comedy scene, Stone is unique, tireless, clean. There is no other like him on our stage today.

The 16 English dancers carried the house by storm. One forgot the staidly beauteous Dillingham chorus, having eyes and applause only for those 32 limbs which, clad in white, or pink or black, flashed up and down as one, or tattooed in marvellous unison in that apparently simplest of dance forms, the stop dance. The Duncan sisters, one impish, the other angelic of feature, were equally clever in portraying the precocious tricks of 10-year-old twins. They were very close to nature. The Brown brothers, arrayed this year as clowns in black and white, gave far too scant a program, judging by the tumult at their exit. At that, there must be more melody in a saxaphono than a jazz writer can inspire, or a group of jazz players produce.

For the others, Miss Sewell and Mr. Hoyer, in dances; Miss Zeli, whom Mr. Stone tosses about recklessly, and Mr. Ragland were excellent. The production was again lavish, yet in good taste, as are most of those from the house of Dillingham. The music, by the composer of "Chin Chin" and "Jack o' Lantern," predecessors of "Tip Top," was that to be expected of the late Ivan Caryll, combining freshness and sprightliness, careful workmanship and more than passing melodic value. "Tip Top" is a capital entertainment for the little ones and for their elders and particularly timely as holiday diversion.

TREMONT THEATRE—"Only 38." A comedy in three acts, by A. E. Thomas. First time in Boston. The cast:

Mrs. Stanley.....Mary Ryan
Mrs. Newcomb.....Kate Mayhew
Mrs. Peters.....Helen Van Hoose
Mr. Sanborn.....Percy Pollock
Robert Stanley.....Nell Martin
Lucy Stanley.....Ruth Mero
Mary Hadley.....Margaret Shackelford
Sam Johnson.....Leon Cunningham
Prof. Giddings.....Harry C. Browne

"Only 38" is delightful.

Mary Ryan is a dear.

Percy Pollock is a duck.

These are the flashing highlights in Mr. Thomas's new play which had its first presentation to a Boston audience at the Tremont last night. Fresh from a successful run in New York, the performance afforded ample evidence of why metropolitan theatregoers have been enthusiastic about it.

"Only 38" is an adaptation of "Poor Mother," by Walter Pritchard Eaton, a story published in the Ladies Home Journal. Usually a story, when projected through the sharp-focus lens of a theatrical version, with its necessary abridgment of conversation and omission of description, looses continuity and that imperceptible development which gives true illusion. But Mr. Thomas has selected his episodes with such care and woven his scenes together with such a fortunate choice of dialogue that we do not miss these characteristics of the original. Clever people, with a wholly sympathetic understanding of the author's intention, do the rest.

The story is that of the young widow of a village parson, who has led a life of conventional repression and confinement. She is the slave of custom and a victim of the unconscious social tyranny of her two rather priggish children.

A bit of good fortune translates her to a college town, and under its warmth she breaks her crysalis, becomes young again, enjoys life to the full and ends by marrying one of the professors.

Here is a play in which the New England atmosphere has been caught to perfection. Both writers concerned in its authorship know their location well and there is not a false note struck in idiom or setting. Other more celebrated playwrights whose work has been seen in Boston this season have erred on both these points.

Miss Ryan, forsaking the parts of beset ladies which she has so long acted, essays the role of a comedienne with distinguished success. She is vivacious, appealing, convincing, authoratative and pretty as a picture. No wonder she quite takes the wind out of the sails of her prim and starched daughter, who tries to repress and manage her.

Mr. Pollock's character work as the widow's gay old bird of a father is of a high order. He is a Yankee farmer of the better class who, by widowhood, has also broken the shackles. He does not exaggerate and makes his points by suggestion rather than buffoonery.

Mr. Browne plays the lovelorn professor with discretion and naturalness. Nell Marvin's performance of the unlicked young cub of a son, later transformed into a fresh water collegian, is a real achievement. Ruth Mero, as his twin sister, plays carefully and affords an excellent background for Miss Ryan to work upon.

The intruption of the college boys and girls in the last act provides an especially realistic touch. A compound of ebulience, intensity and youthful crudeness provides the atmosphere with a faithfulness that everyone recognizes.

"Only 38" is just impossible enough to grip the imagination and just human enough to engage our affections. It points a rather obvious moral but is so full of clean fun and bright humor that we don't mind that a particle.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Come Out of the Kitchen," comedy in three acts, by A. E. Thomas. Based on a story by Alice Duer Miller. Originally played by Ruth Chatterton. The cast:

Burton Crane.....Walter Gilbert
Solon Tucker.....Mark Kent
Paul Daingerfield.....Ralph Remley
Charles Daingerfield.....Aubrey Bosworth
Randolph Weeks.....Frank Charlton
Thomas Lefferts.....Harold B. Chase
Olivia Daingerfield.....Nancy Fair
Elizabeth Daingerfield.....Jane Miller
Mrs. Falkner.....Florence Roberts
Cora Falkner.....Viola Roach
Amanda.....Rose Hubner

After four years absence from Boston stages, the St. James Players last night revived "Come Out of the Kitchen." The play which served as so serviceable a vehicle for Miss Ruth Chatterton proved equally successful purveyor of easy entertainment for the St. James Players.

Last night the performance secured perhaps double effect because the play was acted for what it is—sentimental farce. The St. James company gave a swiftly moving, serious quality to their acting, which keyed the play well and put the lines over neatly. Florence Roberts was particularly good in this respect. Departing from the usual run of "maid" parts, which she has of late been playing, Miss Roberts presented a finely drawn matron. Whenever the play gave her opportunity she made her keen edged lines fairly sparkle.

Miss Fair, as the southern girl, was attractively demure. She did not display much of the true southern drawl or mannerisms, but as soon as she appeared in her blue gingham apron, Miss Fair radiated a charming piquancy. Her element is distinctly farce.

Walter Gilbert, as the young northern lover, was handsome and smilingly capable. All the players were manifestly handicapped by the fragilely farcical nature of their material. The saccharine love scenes were ably handled by Walter Gilbert, whose timely reserve saved them from the thickly sentimental quality that an otherwise sophisticated author apparently deemed necessary.

Frank Charlton is to be congratulated on his southern drawl. He alone attained distinctly southern appearance. Miss Viola Roach also made much of a relatively small part.

The St. James Players do well with material that is little more than a well carpentered conglomeration of "surefire" theatrical sweetmeats. They could well spend their time on finer substance.

"TALES OF HOFFMANN" WELL SUNG AND ACTED

Boston Society of Singers Scores Another Success

The Boston Society of Singers scored another success last night when it gave Offenbach's fantastic "Tales of Hoffmann" to a large and enthusiastic audience. Rulon Robison as Hoffmann, the roisterer, in the prologue, with his song of Klein Zach, and as the lover in the succeeding episodes, sang well. His acting was excellent. Helen Allyn had a triple rôle, Olympia in the first act, Giulietta in the second act and Antonia in the third. Her singing of the Doll song was enthusiastically applauded. She took this role without once forgetting that she was only a mechanism; in her other parts she was very human. In the second act Miss Ainslee, together with Miss Allyn, sang the always popular Barcarolle with fervor. Stanley Deacon took the part of Dapertutto and was in his usual good voice. William R. Northway took the part of Cochenille, also of Schlemil. Robert Henry as Dr. Miracle was one of the high lights of the performance, showing his ability as a dramatic singer. Edward Orchard was Spalanzani; Phil Fein, Coppelius, also Franz. Herbert Waterous, as Crespel, sang beautifully.

The chorus was up to its usual high standards. The bills for the next three weeks are as follows: Week starting Monday, Dec. 12, "Lucia di Lammermoor"; Dec. 19, "The Mikado"; Dec. 26, as a special holiday attraction, "Jack and the Beanstalk," made famous by the Boston Cadets and Madge Lessing.

TRIXIE FRIGANZA

The bill this week at B. F. Keith's Theatre is an exceptionally good one. There is some excellent comedy and burlesque, a wonderful dancing act and an acrobatic thriller.

Trixie Friganza heads the bill, back again with a new act of stories, chatter and song, entitled "My Little Bag o' Trix." On this occasion she surprises with the opulence of her wardrobe, and the public has already been accustomed to expecting something lavish in this respect. Her stories are funny and she indulges in a burlesque dance that seems impossible of execution by one of her avoirdupois.

One of the big features of the bill was the dancing act of the Mosconi Brothers and Sister. Much of the dancing is of the acrobatic style, and they flop about the stage in a perilous manner. The outstanding feature of their performance is their unity of steps as they prance about with locked hands.

Other acts on the bill were Burns and Freda, a very funny act of Italian comedy and musicianship; Langford and Frederick in an amusing sketch; Dooley and Sales, in their old skit, "Will Yer, Jim?"; Jack Wyatt and his Scotch lads and lassies; the Eight Blue Demons, in a hair-raising aerobatic act; Martha Pryor, comedian; and Laura and Billy Dreyer, in a dancing act.

NORA BAYES HOLDS OVER AT MAJESTIC

A program of more than usual interest was presented at the Shubert-Majestic Theatre last evening. By popular demand Nora Bayes has been retained for a second week. She is always charming and interprets her songs in her own vivacious way, ably assisted by Dudley Wilkinson at the piano and by Alan Edwards, who sings some of her songs with her.

Leona La Mar, "The Girl with 1000 Eyes," was astonishing in her demonstration of mind reading. The Musical Johnstons showed great skill with xlyophones and their music was very tuneful. Felix Bernhard, the composer of "Dardanella," and Sid Townes are undoubtedly masters of popular music. Tom Lewis in an unusually clever monologue undertakes to explain the league of nations. Other numbers are Torelli's Comedy Circus, in which is some clever balancing, Joe McCormick and Billy Regan, dancers, Arthur Terry, "A Son of the West," in a monologue and rope stunts and Charles Howard and company in a prohibition sketch.

COPLEY THEATRE—"Bunty Pulls the Strings," a Scottish comedy in three acts by Graham Moffat. The cast:

Rab.....George Tawde
Bunty.....Eva McRoberts
Susie Simpson.....Deirdre Doyle
Tammas Biggar.....Moffat Johnston
Weelum Sprunt.....E. E. Clive
Belun Dunlop.....Catherine Willard
Feenie Dunlop.....May Edless
Jeems Gibbs.....Lionel Pape
Maggie Mercer.....Katherine Standing
Daniel Birrell.....Walter Kingsford

This comedy is a favorite in Boston. It had a two weeks' run at the Copley Theatre in 1919 and was put on again for a week the next year. It is the story of a Scotch family and community half a century ago, and the author has said that the characters were taken from real life. At times it touches with a bit of satire the rigid observances of Scotish Presbyterianism, as when the father promises his son a thrashing for "whuslin" on the Sabbath, but has no such scathing scorn as Burns in such poems as "Holy Willie's Prayer," or "The Kirk's Alarm."

The characters were well distributed and the difficult dialect was usually well handled. Of first importance is Bunty, for she is really the whole play; but Susie Simpson and Weelum Sprunt lend spice and a touch of the ludicrous.

The stage settings were excellent and the Scotch airs played by the orchestra added to the enjoyment of the evening.

Dec 7 1921

MISS ADELMAN

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Frances Adelman, pianist, gave a recital last night in Jordan Hall. Bach, Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue; Chopin, Bolero, Prelude in E flat major, Nocturne in C sharp minor, Scherzo in B minor; Debussy, Les tierces alternees; MacDowell, March Wind; Florent Schmitt, Lucioles; Rachmaninoff, Prelude in G major; Liszt, Rhaspody, No. 2.

Miss Adelman gives promise of becoming an uncommonly interesting pianist. It is taken for granted that she has a well-developed mechanism, for all young pianists today have a technic that would have excited wonder two decades ago. She has a beautiful tonal quality, which might excite the envy of pianists whose reputations are greater than [illegible] She has strength enough for [illegible] In her performance of the prelude and Nocturne by Chopin she showed poetic feeling.

At present she apparently wishes to play constantly "with great expression." In the Fantasy of Bach she was ever jumping from fortissimo to pianissimo; and a simple phrase she thought charged with plenary inspiration. Each note was to her fraught with meaning. One would be emphasized, the next one would be a whisper. And so the Fantasy went by fits and starts, without continuity, simply because she would not accept the fact that in a composition of long breath there are measures that should be played in a matter-of-fact manner, measures that should be only a charming sound, or a forcible, straightforward statement. It was as if a letter writer should abuse commas, italicization and exclamation marks.

The same fault, though in a less degree, was noticeable in her performance of the Bolero, although she played the bravura passages brilliantly, and in this performance her sense of rhythm was at times deficient.

She is now at a stage when she should devote herself to the study of interpretation. Let her think for herself, listen to her playing, and ponder the fact that in music as in literature there is such a thing as the emphasis of understatement.

CECILIA SOCIETY GIVES 'DAMNATION OF FAUST'

Miss Craft and Messrs. Althouse, Scott and Smith Soloists

The Cecilia Society, Mr. Jacchia, conductor, gave its first performance of the season last night, in Symphony Hall. The work was Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." The success of the performance last season led to the repetition. The solo singers were Miss Craft and Messrs. Althouse, Scott and Smith.

The choral singing, especially that of the female section, was excellent; full-bodied and expressive. Mr. Jacchia has trained this society so that delicate nuanirung and impressive dynamic contrasts are the rule, not the exception.

The solo singers had been carefully chosen. Mr. Althouse sang the music of Faust intelligently, fervently, eloquently.

And yet "The Damnation of Faust," if this remarkable work, which is today as fresh and dramatic as when it first startled a Parisian audience, is to be performed in all its glory, it demands a much larger orchestra than the body of Boston Symphony players engaged last evening. But here enters the question of expense. Few, if any, choral societies in this country can afford a numerically adequate orchestra.

There was an audience of fair size. It was not demonstrative; in fact, it seemed too often unappreciative of chorus and the soloists.

Dec 8 1921

RACHMANINOFF

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Rachmaninoff gave a recital in Symphony Hall last night for the benefit of the Radcliffe College endowment fund. His program read: Liszt, Ballade No. 2; Grieg, Ballade; Chopin, Ballade No. 3, Nocturne op. 27, Valse in D flat major, Scherzo, op 39; Rachmaninoff, Etudes-Tableaux, op. 39; (C minor, A minor); Dohnanyi, Etude (Capriccio) op. 28; Kreisler-Rachmaninoff, Liebeslied; Lizt, Tarantella (Veneziae Napoli.) There was very large and enthusiastic audience.

This pianist is of no school, a man not to be jauntily classified. His personality, apparently exerted unconsciously, is singularly authoritative. His individuality as an interpreter is indisputable. Not that he Rachmaninoffizes the compositions of others; but in a measure he recreates their music. And this he does, it would seem, for his own pleasure, without thought of public approval or dissent. What is it Carmen says? "I sing for myself alone." This peculiar individuality in interpretation is not revealed by a distorted reading, by any rhythmic whimsicality, by unexpected over-emphasis, by any device or trick to excite comment, to win by a surprise the applause that so often rewards extravagance. Never was there a more honest, dignified pianist; seldom is a pianist in these days so innately musical.

Mr. Rachmaninoff's playing is distinguished by its clarity. His dissection of a composition is not, however, pedagogic. He is far from being a dry analyst, but he delights in exposing the structure of a work in an eloquent manner. In this he has no rival.

As an interpreter he prefers high noon to twilight. One cannot easily imagine him as an exquisite interpreter of Debussy and Ravel. We believe he has openly stated that he is not in sympathy with musical impressionism.

His muse is chaste, not sensuous, beautiful in her purity. While he is, when the occasion demands, heroic, he never bullies his audience, as one saying: "What do you think of that, you poor fools?" While he is a master of dynamic gradations, he is an artist in black and white rather than a glowing

colorist. There is no one exactly like him. Few pianists command so great respect. His individuality works a spell, so that the people hear him gladly.

FOUR ARTISTS GIVE JORDAN HALL CONCERT

Soprano and Pianist Assisted by Violinist and Accompanist

Miss Bertha Wesselhoeft Swift, soprano, and Sam Charles, pianist, assisted by Joseph Kline, violinist, and Earl Weidner, accompanist, gave a concert last night in Jordan Hall. Miss Swift's songs were by Mozart (air from "Il Re Pastore"), Bachelet, Jaques-Dalcroze, Bernberg, Chaminade, Tchaikowsky, Schubert, Schumann, Grinnell, Proctor, Marum, Wassal, Teasdale, Woodman. Mr. Charles played pieces by Debussy and movements from Ravel's "Mother Goose." Miss Swift was evidently not fully in voice, and her vocal resources did not always carry out her intelligent conceptions. She was heard to best advantage in the simpler songs of the final groups; Marum's "My Heart Is a Lute," "Snow Flurry" by Grinnell, "The Busy Child" by Wassal, and Teasdale's "Twilight." Mr. Charles interested the audience chiefly by his playing of Ravel's "Laideronnette." Mr. Kline played the obbligato to Mozart's aria. There was a small audience.

Dec 2 9 1921

MISS BENNETT

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Edith Bennett, soprano, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Rodney Saylor was the pianist. The program read: Piccini, Aria from "Alessandro Nell 'Indie"; Donaudy, Perduta ho la sperenza; Paradies, Quei Ruscelletto; Cilea, Poveri Fiori, from "Adriana Lecouvreur"; Mascagni, M'ama, non m'ama; Duparc, Au pays ou se fait la guerre; G. Faure, Dans les ruines d'une abbaye; Rhene-Baton, Il pleut des petales; Debussy, La Mer est plus belle; Wolf-Ferrari, Four Rispetti; Loeffler, Sudden Light; Clarke, Shyone; Manney, May Morning; E. J. Wolff, Fairy Tales; Cadman, Spring Song of the Robin Woman from "Shanewis."

The program included some unfamiliar songs. Piccini is now known in Boston chiefly as a rival of Gluck in Paris, but in his time he was thought a worthy rival, and some preferred him. His opera with Alexander for the hero was brought out at Rome in 1758. The overture was played in concerts in Italy for many years afterwards. Metastasio's libretto about Alexander and Porus was enormously popular. No less than nearly 50 composers set music to it, among them Handel, Gluck, Cherubini. Duparc's song, his last one, or one of his latest, was published in a Parisian musical magazine in 1877. Stefano Donaudy studied at the Palermo Conservatory. One of his operas, "Teodoro Koerner," was produced in 1902. Gabriel Faure's song—the accompaniment has been orchestrated—is one of his earliest, being op. 2, No. 1.

Miss Bennett was courageous in beginning her recital with Piccini's aria. It demands what is known as "the grand style." Few today are able to sing the Italian arias of the 17th century effectively; that is, to charge music that in itself today seems undramatic with dramatic intensity.

With Donaudy's simple, but expressive song, Miss Bennett showed that she could sing emotionally and at the same time charm by her vocal art. The old song of Paradies was given with unaffected and delightful archness. By her singing of the group of French songs it was observed that Miss Bennett is something more than a well-trained singer; she has rare intelligence; she catches the spirit and the mood of the poets; for, surely, Gautier, Hugo, Verlaine are poets who deserve to be respectfully treated, even by American singers who are anxious about the mute "e" and think that by singing through the nose they obtain a pure French accent.

Nor is Miss Bennett merely a singer of plaintive lays. If she gave full expression to Duparc's romantic and melancholy song, she appreciated the mood of the light-hearted couple in the gloomy convent where once the abbess prayed. (Hugo could seldom refrain from an antithesis.) Not often do we hear in a concert hall an interpretation that can rival that of Miss Bennett's beautiful and emotional singing of "Il pleut des petales de fleurs."

This recital was a welcome departure from those—there are too many of them—in which a singer makes her pedestrian way through a conventional and approved program, thinking only of her "tone-production." Miss Bennett has a well-developed technic and an agreeable voice that responds to varied demands. She also has brains and a soul.

Fanfare, a new musical bi-monthly published in London, contains a page entitled "Divertimenti." (There are musical periodicals that are unconsciously amusing without a page devoted to jests.)

In the first number of Fanfare we find this quotation from the composer, Erik Satie:

"In my youth people said to me, 'Wait till you're 50, then you'll see.' I am 50 today. I have seen nothing."

And here is a note by T. Warren Wharton:

"The fact is that most people live such trifling existences that they cannot but attach enormous importance to what intelligent people consider trifles. This is probably the cause of the exhortations delivered by the Brahmins to the younger composers of today. To the former gentry I would suggest consideration of this little anecdote, cited by Dr. Kimmins at the British Association:

"An inspector of schools wrote on the blackboard: 'I don't play with matches; remember the fire of London.' A boy, after his departure, chalked up: 'Don't spit; remember the Flood.'"

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE

From a recently published English volume of memoirs. Concerning Mr. H. G. Wells:

"We discussed the 'movies,' and here we failed to agree, as Wells thinks Charlie Chaplin the greatest artist, and he bores me to extinction. We found, however, one great point in common. Wells refuses to eat haddock for breakfast without mustard, and so I agree with him."

ARCH AND SUNSET

As the World Wags:

A. B. A. did not tell us how the proposed arch on Harvard bridge would affect the sunrise, or whether it would further complicate daylight saving. Owen Seaman, in parody of the literary style of Sir John Lubbock, asks: "What should we do if anything went wrong with the ocean?" If anything should happen to the sun as the outcome of an architect's ambition, Boston could never forgive herself. X. Y. Z.

Boston.

As the World Wags:

The last time I was on Mt. Washington towards sunset, there was much bustle and premeditated excitement among a large throng of well wishers to nature, many of whom pointed out the various beauties with more or less discrimination, and hugely enjoyed a communicative rapture. I should rather recommend the summit of Garfield or Lafayette or another, to any hellolater who requires less ceremony and is satisfied with the comparative quiet of a few comrades that have all made some muscular sacrifice to win their point of view. In the same way, sunrise as seen from Washington hasn't the blithe blick it has from less exalted peaks that boast no hotels and cog railways, and where the factitious enthusiasm of the species "sunrise shark" (as I have heard it irreverently named) is less in evidence. For, on the whole, sunsets and sunrises should be seen and not heard.

To advance to my real point, however: there is a great amount of mistaken zeal and various lack of imagination in what passes for nature worship nowadays; and although "sunset shark" is no doubt a vulgar expression, it is forcible and suggestive for its critical common sense. I am afraid that your recent correspondent "A. B. A." is a little perverse (if he is serious in feeling that the proposed memorial arch midway on Harvard bridge is going to damage the daily sunset as seen from Boston. There will be a multiplication of beauty at sunset; and the arch in the centre of the basin would be magnificent at all other hours of the day and night as well. I am neither an architect nor a builder, and am quite disinterested in feeling and saying with emphasis that Boston cannot afford not to take advantage of this unique opportunity to have a beautiful and distinctive memorial for our victorious dead.

Roxbury. H. G. F.

THE SANGUINE REPORTER
(Melrose Free Press)

SURPRISE PARTY TO CHIEF EDWARDS

Chief Edwards has been connected with the fire department 44 years and has been our chief 19 years.

May he live for many years ere he goes beyond where fires are unknown.

PLAYING POSSUM

As the World Wags:

In an account this week of the bringing of zoological curiosities from Australasia, it is stated: "One of the wombats fainted and was put out on deck to recover. It did this with extreme alacrity." This ability to use a faint as a feint is rather common among the lower animals and is not wholly gone from mankind; we are so accustomed to its opposite, blushing, as being under the control of the will that "unblushing effrontery" and the like are proverbial. This control of the blood circulation has recently been scientifically investigated under the head, "The Voluntary Control of the Vaso-Motor System," but more fitting for us here was an episode, a few years ago, in a suburban court. A woman, testifying against another, was asked if it was not proof of harsh treatment that the latter had fainted: "Oh, that's nothing, any woman who knows her business can do that whenever she wants to!" The judge pricked up his ears and asked: "Can you?" She knew her husband was listening and saw rolling away the best shot in her locker for marital fights, but, realizing that she was under oath, finally answered regretfully: "Yes."

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

PRONOUNCED AT WASHINGTON

As the World Wags:

In a Washington special article published in one of your contemporaries, I find the following paragraph under the sub-head, "Hughes Pronounces France Correctly Now."

"It may be remarked in passing that this conference has already done one thing. It has taught Secretary Hughes to pronounce 'France' as a Frenchman does. He no longer rhymes it with 'Dance,' but gives it the true Parisian touch."

Is it possible that it is the rule in our "best circles" to give the word "France" this true Parisian touch?

Boston. E. A.

AFTER THE STORM
(For The Boston Herald)

The trees have lived so quietly
Through all the years.
Why should such grim fate come to them
As now appears?

Their lovely hair so ruthless torn,
Their heads bowed low;
Why should such tender creatures bleed
Why suffer so?

The elm beside my door replies
Tremulously:
"We suffered so you may love us
More tenderly."

GEO. LANKTON MOORE.

Wellesley.

Dec 10, 1921

D'INDY CONDUCTS

By PHILIP HALE

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Serenata notturna, D major; Lalande, Chaconne Gracieuse; Bach, Concerto, D major, for piano and strings; d'Indy, "On the Shores of Seas." The music by Lalande, Bach and d'Indy was performed for the first time in Boston, as was, in all probability, Mozart's Serenade as a whole. The pianist was Bruce Simonds, a pupil of Mr. d'Indy.

The concert was conducted by Mr. d'Indy. Sixteen years ago he conducted the concerts of Dec. 1 and 2 in Boston.

His program as first planned included the "overture" to Monteverdi's "Orfeo," Le Flem's "For the Dead" and Roussel's "Evocations" No. 1 in addition to the pieces above named. Not only would the concert have been far too long if this plan had been carried out: the ears of the hearers would have been sated before Mr. d'Indy's Suite was reached.

His intention was to show the development of orchestral music in the first part; in the second, to bring out compositions of the modern French school; one might say of his school; for Le Flem and Roussel studied with him, the latter for nine years, after he had already attracted attention as a composer.

It would be interesting to hear Mozart's Serenade as he wrote it: for two bands, one made up of two violins, a viola, and a double bass; the other, at the other end of the room, or in an adjoining chamber, for two violins, a viola, a 'cello and kettle drums. It is a pleasing little work which, as some have supposed, was written for a New Year's night, or some festivity at the house of his friend, the Countess Ledron in Salzburg. It consists of a march, a minuet and a rondo. Of these movements, the minuet is the most suggestive of the more mature Mozart. The other movements, while they are fluently melodious and graceful in the Mozartian manner, have less distinction. Lalande's chaconne—music for the suppers of Louis XIV—is stately, at times pompous, as became the occasion, with a decided character of its own, with measures here and there that seem in advance of its time, as if the composer were impatient with routine and formalism. In Bach's concerto, the slow movement is singularly impressive. The other movements are like unto many other pages of Bach in his less inspired and busiest moments. Mr. Simonds displayed a charming tonal quality and musical understanding. In the old music by the three the strings gave an admirable performance. In Mozart's music the dialogue between Mr. Burgin and Mr. Thillois was especially noteworthy.

Mr. d'Indy's Suite—he might call it a symphony—was performed for the first time on Dec. 1 in New York. It was completed this year. The four movements are entitled "Calm and Light," "The Joy of the Deep Blue," "Green Horizons" and "Ocean's Mystery."

The sea of Mr. d'Indy is not the sea of Jules Laforgue, "always new and respectable, the ocean, since there is no other name to give it"; nor does the composer attempt to portray in tones the "spasms of the sky and the shatter of the sea" known to Walt Whitman. In this suite there is the sugestion of far distances; the lapping, murmuring inrush on the beach; "undulating waves, liquid, uneven, emulous waves"; whispers of mysteries beneath the surface; cries of sea-birds; the calm that Herman Melville has poetically described in prose; odors of sedge and salt, a smiling sea, now dimpled, now laughing, but not ironically at man's boasted mastery; an inviting, alluring sea.

This suite is to us the most beautiful, the most imaginative, the most human of Mr. d'Indy's later compositions that have been heard in Boston. It is constantly expressive, but not by laboriously following an elaborately detailed program. The titles give clue, if clue is necessary; nor does the title "Green horizons" disturb us, or provoke the question whether green, red or purple can be reproduced in music. To every hearer his own horizon. There are some who find none beyond the classroom, the business office, or the club.

It would be impertinent to speak of Mr. d'Indy's technical skill, the solidity of the structure, the ingenuity of the details, the decorative wealth, the superb instrumentation. As a conductor he was as ever dignified, quietly indicating his wishes; his work had been done in rehearsals; it was not done on the stage that the audience might gape in wonder.

He was warmly welcomed, and afterwards heartily applauded. That his suite made a deep impression by its beauty was shown by this fact, significant at an afternoon concert. Very few left the hall before the end. For once there was no rush for tea, a reception, or a scheduled train.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no Symphony concert next week. The program for Dec. 23, 24, is as follows: Massenet, Overture to "Phedre"; Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Night on Mount Trigloff (Act III of "Mlada"); Liszt, "Dante" Symphony for orchestra and chorus.

NEWMAN LECTURES ON SCANDINAVIA

Begins with a Description of Laps and Laplanders

Mr. Newman's illustrated Travel Talk last night in Symphony Hall was again a most interesting one. The subject was "Norway, Sweden and Denmark." Beginning with a description of Laps and Laplanders—known to folklorists as having winds to sell—he showed the magnificent scenery of Norway, its fjords, mountains and waterfalls.

At Bergen the fisher folk were studied. Views of Christiania followed, and then Stockholm, a peculiarly handsome city, was visited. Rural Sweden, unknown to many, who are ignorant of the striking scenery in the interior, was fully illustrated, and again there was a glimpse of Lapland and a wedding there. There were striking pictures of winter scenes.

Then Copenhagen. (Does anyone know why the name of that city was given to the good old kissing game?) Nor was Schelswig, once stolen by the Prussians, with Queen Victoria consenting, forgotten. The Travel Talk will be repeated this afternoon.

The final illustrated lecture—would that the series were longer—will have for its subject "Switzerland." It will be given Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, Dec. 16, 17.

CHRISTMAS SONGS IN STEINERT HALL

Interesting Concert Includes Music of Many Lands

An interesting concert took place last night in Steinert Hall, a concert appropriate to the season. The program consisted of Christmas songs of many lands, interspersed with sixteenth century music for 'cello and harpsichord. There were Pastourelles of the fifteenth century collected by Yvette Guilbert; British carols, a saraband by Corelli, a gavotte by Bach, a minuet in the old style by Hochstein, French and French-Canadian carols, and a sonata by Caix d'Hervelois, a French musician born about 1670, famous in his day as a player of the bass viol and composer for that instrument. He was also a valet de chambre in the service of the Duke of Orleans.

Mrs. Constance Gideon is especially happy in the singing of folk songs; Mr. Gideon's musicianship and taste are always in evidence, and Mrs. Patten Weaver, the 'cellist, always gives pleasure.

Several correspondents have asked where the New York saloon with the silver dollar floor was to be found. We now quote from Mr. James L. Ford's "Forty-Odd Years in the Literary Shop":

"Another East side politician whom I came to know very well was a Hungarian Jew called 'Silver Dollar Smith,' who had imbedded a thousand silver dollars, with a fifty-dollar gold piece in the centre, in the cement floor of his Essex street saloon, and many were the East side nails worn out in trying to extract them. Smith told me that in the three days that followed the composition of this scheme of decoration he took in over his bar more than three times its total cost from persons who 'wanted to see how this fool had wasted his money.'"

THE LAWLESS PUBLIC

As the World Wags:

It is astonishing how little the traveling public heeds the posted signs or notices of the railway officials. Across each end of the "one-man" cars of the Bay State trolley line is painted the following: "Please beat door when nearing stop." I have never yet seen a passenger beat the door.

O. L. DUNN.

East Weymouth.

IN FREEDOM'S CAUSE

(The Irish delegates signed the document with their Gaelic names; Mr. Duffy signing: Seorsa Ghabgain ui Dhubht-Halgh.—Press dispatch.)

Pat enters the "Pub. Sinn Feln,"
Seeking comfort from the rain.
In what he thinks is language plain,
Calls for old malt "Duffy."

But the bar-keep, up to date,
Refuses Pat's thirst to placate,
Showing Freedom's latest hate,
In a manner huffy.

"What talk have ye, Pat?" says he,
"Don't ye know, now Ireland's free,
"To hurl that English word at me
"Is worse than any plague?"

" 'Duffy's' Saxon gab today,
"If for whiskey 'tis ye pray,
"Sure, all ye got to do is say:
"Pour one Ghabgain Drubht-Halgh!"

Boston. B. N. H.

CONVENE

As the World Wags:

In a discussion in your column concerning the misuse of "recognize" and "convene," I read: "There was once a strange use of 'convene' in New England: 'This road will convene the public,' meaning the road will be convenient for the public."

This definition of "convene" is still in favor in New England, for in the state of Maine, Cumberland county, town of Sebago, there is a postoffice most appropriately and felicitously named Convene, so named for the self-same reason that made the convenient road acceptable to the public. It convenes the whole beautiful countryside.

ELLEN McROBERTS MASON.

North Conway, N. H.

John Pickering in his "Vocabulary, or Collection of Words and Phrases Which Have Been Supposed to Be Peculiar to the United States of America" (Boston, 1816), notes this "strange sense" given to "convene" in some parts of New England. "The word, however, is used only by the illiterate."—Ed.

POKE-DAY

T. H. E. writes: "In Newcastle, N. H., today, and, I am told, formerly at Marblehead if not now, a certain day in November is called 'Poke-Day,' when boys and young men play all manner of tricks, stretching cords across a sidewalk at nightfall, tick-tacking a neighbor's window, etc. I find nothing about this day in books of folk-lore, not even in Brand's "Popular Antiquities."

In Suffolk and East Anglia, England, Poke-Day is the day on which an allowance of corn in part payment of wages is paid to laborers. We do not believe that this gives the name to the saturnalia at Newcastle. It is not possible that "poke" is here a corruption of Puck, the rascally imp, whose name was spelled powke, pooke, or pouke by old English writers?

SPELLING AND PRONOUNCING

As the World Wags:

"G. A." writes in this column that he believes Boston is responsible for the phonetic spelling of Revere and other names borne by French Huguenots. Not Boston, but conditions. At a time when there was not much schooling, the emphasis was upon ear-learning, and names were spelled as they sounded. Paul Revere and John Cheverus are instances where the anglicized spelling is not unacceptable. Of course, many family spellings now amuse us. The early records of Suffolk county display many struggles with the name that finally settled as Calhoun. Recruiting officers in the revolution had trouble spelling Irish names. Hagerty has several variants, and Doyle sometimes appears as pronounced by the peasantry in Ireland—Dail. Amusing misspellings occur among descendants of the German settlers of Waldoboro, Me., in the early 18th century.

But are we any better off now, so far as spoken language is concerned? All can read and write, and some can spell. But as the emphasis is now upon eye-learning, we can no longer pronounce. Present-day Americans can be heard saying Con-chord, Ex-e-ter, Wor-cester. Did any inhabitant of these parts in 1776 so maltreat his mother tongue?

Boston. F. EDWARDS.

KNICKERBOCKER NAMES

As the World Wags:

Authors at times make curious slips. In a recent story in the Saturday Evening Post Albert Payson Terhune refers to one of his characters as follows:

"His name—one to conjure with in Antwerp—caused only merriment in Manhattan. Jan liked merriment, but not at his expense. So by law he changed Jan Leuwenhoeck to John Lewis."

Why should "Jan Leuwenhoeck" cause mirth in a city that was settled by Netherlanders who required all their proverbial sturdiness to bear up under the weight of such appellations as Pieter Andriessen de Schoorsteenveger, Wolphert Gerritsen Van Couwenhoven, and Harmanus Meyndertsen Van der Bogaerdt, not to speak of the Rensselaers, Stuyvesants, and others?

These names are true names, and not fictional titles. Van der Bogaerdt was a surgeon of the Dutch West India Company; he perished in Albany in 1648, among the Mohawk Indians, in resisting an attempt of the Dutch colonial authorities to seize him for an alleged criminal offence. Pieter Andriessen "de Schoorsteenveger" plied has trade as a chimney sweep in New Manhattan of that time, while the descendants of the original Van Couwenhoven are still numerous on the western end of Long Island.

Speaking of the Dutch, Edward Bok has recently sung in no uncertain terms of the almost unbelievable honesty of the Hollander. However, honest the Dutchman of today may be, the early settlers of New Amsterdam were a remarkably litigious and quarrelsome lot. Quarrels among themselves, quarrels with the Indians, disputes over property matters large and small, tavern-house brawls, fill the records. Often these disputes approached the verge of comic opera. One Hendrick Jansen, for example, was prosecuted by the Fiscal in 1638 for slander against Director Kieft, described, for his "hypocrisy, his self-importance, his administrative incapacity, and the rancorous venom of his disposition toward his opponents," as being one of the worst specimens of a director-general ever sent out by the Dutch West India Company to the colony of New Amsterdam. Jansen's defence to the slander was that it was uttered in his sleep. The council immediately made an order "that the defendant produce proper affidavit that he was asleep when the slander was expressed." There the matter ended for the time being; but a little later, when Jansen "very drunk" (full of good Holland schnapps, no doubt), before a gathering at Burger Jorrissen's house, expressed still more objectionable—and, in fact, unprintable—sentiments regarding Director Kieft, he landed in irons and brought down on his head a sentence of banishment. CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

Boston.

DEC 11 1921

WATSON (

By PHILIP HALE

Frank Watson, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program read as follows: Brahms, Intermezzi, No. 1 E flat major, No. 2 B flat minor; Liszt, "Dante" Fantasia quasi sonata; Chopin, Nocturne, F minor, Mazurkas, B minor and A minor, Prelude, A flat major, Impromptu, F sharp major, Scherzo, C sharp minor; Paderewski, Nocturne, B flat major; Palmgren, Scherzo, E major, "The Isle of Shadows"; Tchaikovsky, Polacca di Concert.

Nearly 80 years ago Liszt's Fantasia "After a Reading of Dante" stupefied the Viennese when Liszt played it. Musicians shook their heads at what they called audacious, incomprehensible modulations. The hearer who knew what he liked—his taste has not decreased the one "lord of music," thought the Fantasia an eccentricity of a reckless virtuoso. In 1921 these modulations do not even excite respectful attention. As a whole, the work seems now a matter of fuss and feathers, with a few lovely measures in quasi-lyrical manner. The impertinent, the flippant might say: "So that's what Liszt thought of Dante. Yet we are told he admired him."

Mr. Watson might be characterized as a thoughtful, refined pianist, courting intimate relationship with the hearer. He might also be described as a deliberate pianist, deliberate in thought and expression; too much so at times, for his performance of the first Intermezzo was taken at so slow a pace that the melodic line was almost broken. He has a refined and singing touch; he plays with musical understanding; he respects the limitations of the piano and does not attempt to turn it into an orchestra, or even an orchestrion. While he has strength enough for stormy passages, he should be ranked among the restful pianists.

Forty-five years ago a class at Yale was invited by Jarrett and Palmer to witness a performance of "Julius Caesar" at Booth's Theatre. The cast was a noteworthy one: E. L. Davenport, Brutus; Lawrence Barrett, Cassius; Milnes Levick, Julius Caesar; F. C. Bangs, Mark Antony; Rosa Rand, Calphurnia. We have forgotten the Portia. Was she Mary Wells, who played the part in 1875, or Bella Pateman, the Portia of 1871, in that theatre when Edwin Booth was the Brutus? It matters not.

The Yale faculty thought that this performance would be of educational value to the students: give them an idea of ancient Rome, its buildings, the costumes of the Romans. The faculty in its infinite wisdom found no objection to Shakespeare's text, for his Portia was not at all like the wife of Brutus described by Martial in an unspeakable, if not unreadable, epigram.

As we had an afternoon to ourselves we went to the Thirty-fourth Street Theatre, which was between Second and Third avenues. There was a variety show. There we saw a sketch entitled "The Female Bathers." The character of the entertainment may be understood, when we say that the audience was composed of young fellows and old men. Only one woman was in the little theatre. She sat, heavily veiled. The police made a raid; we left hastily. And why do we recall this incident of a year when we were "enjoying the advantages of a collegiate education"?

Mr. James L. Ford in his amusing volume, "Forty-Odd Years in the Literary Shop," published recently, has this to say on page 196:

"Long ago there was situated on Greenwich avenue near Twelfth street, the Columbia Opera House, a theatre of rather low repute, which more than once was raided by the police. It was a variety house and one of the most popular of its sketches was called "The Female Bathers," which served to introduce a Yankee farmer on a visit to New York. A Chicago merchant happened to see this sketch one night and was much impressed by the impersonation of the farmer at the hands of one Denman Thompson. He saw the piece three or four times, then made Thompson's acquaintance and suggested that the sketch be re-written in four acts, and offered as a full entertainment at first-class houses. To this Thompson agreed and the production of 'Joshua Whitcomb' not only served to introduce James M. Hill into theatrical affairs, but also gave us the American rural drama, which has not its exact counterpart on any foreign stage."

No doubt "The Female Bathers" was performed at several variety theatres. We saw Denman Thompson at the Thirty-fourth Street Theatre on that memorable visit to New York, sent by the faculty to improve our minds.

The Columbia Opera House, by the way, was afterwards known as the American Alhambra; in 1878 the Folly Theatre, when Jennie Yeamans and Annie Yeamans were seen in "Little Bo-Peep." The theatre was afterwards turned into a livery stable.

Mr. Ford, having been associated for many years with stage folk of high and low degree, has much to say about them: as a teller of anecdotes and a shrewd observer of plays and the histrionic art. As a boy he visited Barnum's museum, where he gaped with wonder at the What-is-it, the Woolly Horse, "the cage of drugged animals called the Happy Family," the Cherry Colored Cat, which was black. He was permitted to see there a great moral and instructive biblical drama, "Joseph and His Brethren." "But when, at the close of the first act, a short-skirted ballet-dancer appeared on the scene, we were led forth, howling lustily, by the pious aunt who had us in charge." Yet "the inimitable" George L. Fox, Tony Pastor, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams were graduates of the museum. And there Mr. Ford heard the great Hutchins, lightning calculator and dime museum lecturer, who described the sufferings of the "Tattooed Man." "Ninety thousand stabs and for every stab a tear." Hutchins! Who that ever heard him has forgotten him. Mr. Ford has preserved his peroration:

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, you will return to your homes and seek needful repose with minds filled with awe at the wonders that a beneficent Creator and a liberal management have placed before you for the low sum of 10 cents. But whatever you may think regarding the stupendous aggregation of curiosities assembled in this museum for your entertainment and enlightenment, you may go to your beds knowing that all I have said to you is the eternal and everlasting truth. I believe the Fat Lady has a few photographs to sell; 10 cents each."

"The Black Crook," acording to Mr. Ford, "laid the foundation of the leg drama, whose influence on the modern theatre cannot be overestimated." Years afterwards Pauline Markham, playing in a revival of the piece, told him that she had never received so many valuable gifts or invitations to supper as she did after Richard Grant White had referred in the Galaxy Magazine to her arms as the lost ones of the Venus of Milo. Poor Pauline! Known to a few neighbors as Mrs. Grant, she died two years ago in very humble lodgings in New York.

Lydia Thompson and her troop were seen at Wood's Museum in 1868. We then attended school in Apollo Hall, near by, and we all stood about the entrance of that theatre to catch a glimpse of them with their enormous chignons then in fashion. Mr. Ford speaks of bucolic visitors who inquired for years afterwards as they registered their names at hotels: "Be any of them yaller-legged Thompson girls a-showin' in taown tonight?"

There are reminiscences of Wallack's, the Madison Square theatre, the Union Square Daly's; how at the dress rehearsal of "Patience" the invited guests were doubtful about the success of the operetta. Mr. Ford went to minstrel shows and at the first he attended he heard the old gag about the starving man on shipboard which he heard at the last minstrel show he saw. There are pleasant memories of Harrigan and Hart. He remembers a scene in which the members of the board of aldermen were so well entertained at Dan Mulligan's house that they fell asleep in the dining room.

"Whatever will I do?" demanded Mrs. Mulligan of her husband. "The aldermen are all sound asleep. Will I wake them?'

"Lave them be," said Mulligan. "While they sleep the city's safe."

Harrigan's father had charge of the box-office. He would reply in this manner to questions he considered superfluous.

"Have you got any seats?"

"Yes, wev'e got 900 of them."

"Are they good seats?"

"They're covered with raw silk?"

"Can I get two for tonight?"

"If you've got the price."

"Are these the seats for tonight?"

"No those are the tickets. The seats are inside."

"Will they be there when I come?"

"Well, they're screwed to the floor."

Charlie Hoyt is not forgotten, nor his superstition about beginning the titles of his plays with the article "A." Mr. Ford notes that Weber and Fields were never jealous of other members of their company, but gave them full swing. There was John W. Kelly, the "unforgotable" monologist. He acknowledged the uproarious applause that greeted his entrance: "Thank God the house is full of good Irish people tonight. You never hear a German roar like that except he's losing money."

The shapes arise! Harry and John Kerneli; the Russell Brothers, the originators of 'Maggie, did you give the goldfish fresh water?' 'No, they ain't drank up all I give them yesterday.' "

And Tony Pastor, "Who was allowed to sing because of the high esteen in which he was held by his patrons." Of Gypsy blood, a circus clown in his earlier days, he became a manager when the variety theatre was little better than a dive. His theatre proved an admirable school for the training of actors, for the different 'twins' were of short duration and the players were compelled to make every moment count. In this way the art of 'feeding' was developed. . . . I am quite serious when I say that the most important moment in the history of the development of the theatre in this country was that in which Tony Pastor first gave away his coal, flour and dress patterns to secure the patronage of respectable women."

Mr. Ford praises Sarah Bernhardt as a skilful press agent, as well as a great actress. Henry Irving "always seemed to me to be acting off the stage as well as on and in both phases of his art to be supreme. . . . His pose was that of a kindly, dignified, somewhat mysterious and thoroughly intellectual personage."

For two seasons Mr. Ford was press agent of the Thalia Theatre. There he admired Kathi Schratt, the friend of the Emperor Francis Joseph; the astonishingly versatile Marie Geistinger; Ludwig Barnay, who made a deep impression on him.

Mr. Ford used to visit the property room during a performance. The master minds of the stage were in this room axiously waiting news from the front. "Seated on great Ceasar's bier and refreshing myself from a frothy tankard, I would respond to the queries put to me through an interpreter:

" 'Is the Herald there in its seats?'

" 'Yes, the Herald is there.'

" 'Will it bring a notice?'

" 'Yes, it will bring a notice.'

"General expression of relief and satisfaction. Then from the master carpenter: 'How is the bridge in the first act?'

" 'The bridge is grand.'

"Then from the master painter: 'Does the palace interior in the second act look well?'

" 'Its imposing appearance has created a positive furore.'

"I will add that after each assurance the interrogator would advance and solemnly shake hands."

The star interests Mr. Ford. "He can, and not infrequently does, cut out his" (a sincere actor's) best lines and either appropriate them to his own use or else kill them altogether. He can also minimize the force of any words coming from the lips of a fellow player by studied inattention, and he can always divert attention from others by performing monkey-tricks himself. He can play every scene facing the audience so as to gain a reputation for that 'facial expression' which his associate can not show in the back of his head. He can compel the rest of the company to keep above the key, which materially heightens what the critics call his 'quiet natural method' or 'reserve force.' In presenting a series of plays under that fatal word 'repertoire,' he can show himself one week in long whiskers and the next with a false stomach and thus gain praise for his versatility. By these methods he reduces every actor in his support to a state not unlike that of a shuttlecock, passed to and fro between the battledores of varied stellar ambitions."

There are interesting pages about Lillian Russell, known as Florence Merton when she first appeared at Tony Pastor's after she had been one of Ed. Rice's chorus girls; Mary Anderson, a young girl brought from Louisville by "Massa" Henry Watterson to Parke Godwin's house; Ettore Barlili, the half-brother of Adelina Patti, who when she was asked at the Windsor Hotel in New York to help him, shrugged her shoulders and said: "When he had money why didn't he save it?" George Washington Childs paid for the interment. Patti's other half-brother about this time was a dish-washer at Riccadonna's on Union square; Archie Gordon, the savage dramatic critic; Mrs. McKee Rankin, and Steele MacKaye, who coined the word "Spectatorium." Mr. Ford does not think, however, that this word should be enshrined in the national lexicon. "I am opposed to this plan and also to the proposal to mark with a brass plate the exact spot on which the silver tongued newspaper agent, Mr. Charles M. Palmer, sold the New York Daily News to Frank A. Munsey. No visible reminder of these occurrences should be allowed to stay the hand of one about to redistribute his swollen fortune. Better the silence of oblivion pour encourager les autres." Eleanor Duse is gratefully remembered. There is much about Mr. Belasco, Mrs. Leslie Carter, and that "monstrous folly," the New Theatre.

"About this time the term 'Greek note' entered into competition with 'psychology' and its derivatives in the lexicon of the theatrical profession, and was seized upon with avidity by stars and producers as a means of stimulating activity at rehearsals. The term is believed to have had its origin in one of the upper strata of what we used to call, 'chromo-literary society,' for it was first introduced behind the foot-lights by a player who had been able to exhibit himself in one of the salons of the period. 'You want to sound the Greek note in that scene,' was the phrase in which he stunned the company one morning. 'What is the Greek note?' inquired the ingenue with equally stunning effect. 'Well,' he replied, after a moment's thought, 'if you don't understand the English language, of course I can't explain it to you. Go on with the lines and we'll do the best we can.'"

Mr. Ford writes shrewdly about "the higher criticism," and critics in general; about the art of listening; about the acting of Barnay, Edwin Booth, Mr. Arliss, Frances Starr, William H. Thompson, Rosina Vokes and others. One anecdote, for we must lay aside this engrossing column. The story is about a girl named Cora Edsall, who was introduced to Mr. Palmer by Dion Boucicault, her teacher, as "a heaven-born genius." Palmer replied: "Bring on your heaven-born genius! I've had nearly 15 years of them." But it was decided to give the girl a trial.

"What was to have been her tour began in Albany and I think ended there. I made the trip in charge of the press work and our little band included Steele Mackaye, invited because he had a strong actor-like face and a great mane of black hair; Pat Sheedy, the gambler, because of his low voice and quiet, refined appearance; the elderly critic of a sporting paper because he had long white whiskers, and the dramatists, Henry Guy Carleton and James Roche, making three of that calling, including Mackaye. Each one of these playwrights was careful not to let either one of the other two be closeted with Palmer, for fear he would sell him a play. Our little group was organized into an effective claque, led by Mackaye, who sat in the very front of the box and made an imposing appearance. I remember that at a certain moment he half rose in his seat and exclaimed, 'By the gods!' Then started a round of applause which the rest of us promptly took up, the whiskered one in an orchestral seat beating lustily with his umbrella on the floor."

The excellent company included Wm. H. Thompson, E. J. Henley and Amy Busby. Carleton's play, "The Pembertons," was not without merit. "But nothing could save the star, for the truth was that she was an elocutionist and not an actress, and the two are widely different. And yet she had fooled two men of such great experience as Palmer and Boucicault. Wisely enough, Palmer abandoned all thought of making her a Juliet, for Shakespeare wrote for actors, and not for elocutionists, a fact not yet known to a great many members of the theatrical profession, nor to the many savants who style themselves his commentators."

Jean Archibald's New Play Brought Out in Jordan Hall

Last Monday night, in Jordan Hall, "Debbie," a comedy in three acts by Jean Archibald, author of "Call the Doctor," was performed for the first time, with a view to production in New York. The cast was as follows:

Edith Grayson.....Doris Plaisted
Mrs. Conrad.....Lucile Hicks
Edward Gerow.....Joseph E. Connor
Joyce Conrad, "Debbie".....Beth Rebhun
Blake.....C. Wesley Batchelder
Mrs. Grayson.....Klonda Lynn
Mrs. Duncan.....Myrrl Rodney
Miss Mead.....Bonnie Sowers
Prof. Peterson.....Francis Joseph McCabe
Ann Wylie.....Elaine Fisher
Joseph Wylie.....Robert Howes Burnham
Martin Peterson.....Charles Edward Joralemon
Rufe Jenkins.....Earl C. Bryan

The following review of the play was written by a member of the Herald's dramatic department:

"Debbie" was written by the author of "Call the Doctor." The only resemblance between the two plays lies in their common faculty of furnishing delightful entertainment. "Call the Doctor" dealt with connubial friction in a large city; "Debbie" is concerned with youthful love affairs and carries one from New York to the mountains of Kentucky. The starting point of the story is the refusal of haughty Mrs. Grayson to allow her daughter, Edith, to marry Edward Gerow, a struggling free-lance. Her daughter and Joyce Conrad (afterwards "Debbie"), who has been adopted by a prominent New York family, insist that all that the young writer needs is time. The two girls finally extract Mrs. Grayson's promise to be the "first one to shake Edward's hand" when he has attained success. The timely entrance of Prof. Peterson, whose interest in life is divided between theories of environment and the publication of a "true story" magazine, gives Edward his chance. Wishing to appeal to the editor, he agrees with him on anything and everything; especially on the professor's theory that environment is everything in the shaping of our lives. Edward sees his opportunity; he tells the professor of two sisters, one of whom was adopted by a prominent family o the city and the other by a family of Kentucky mountaineers. The two girls are entirely products of their environment; their common blood had no part in moulding them, Edward declares This story puts the professor in ecstacy; he immediately gives Edward a position on his "true story" staff, and resolves to go to Kentucky and meet the young girl who was adopted by the rugged people of the hills. Edward tells him that the girl he is going to see is Joyce Conrad's sister.

There is only one way to carry out the bluff: Joyce must go to the mountains of Kentucky and pose as her own sister. This is agreed upon; Edward takes her to the cabin home of the Wylies a few days in advance of the professor and his party. Here Joyce and the Wylie family rehearse their parts and when the pedagogue arrives he is completely deceived. He thinks he has found the prof positive of his theory of environment. Joyce Conrad, now known as "Debbie," indeed shows little of the polish of a New York drawing room. Her part is made somewhat difficult by the entrance of young Martin Peterson, the professor's son, who falls desperately in love with the 'girl of the wilds."

Truth will out, and when the eccentric Peterson learns that the "proof" of his theory is only a fabrication of Edward's, he storms and rages. But coincidence appeases his wrath. Old Mrs. Wylie recognizes "Debbie" as the girl she cared for when an infant, and tells the girl all about her real father and mother, who had died shortly after her birth. Edward is saved; he tells the professor that while he may lack proof of his environment theory, he at least has a true story for the first issue of his magazine—the story of "Debbie."

To say that a play held the interest of all times is, indeed, trite praise; but its triteness does not make it faint. "Debbie" has plenty of humorous scenes and amusing dialogue. The rearrangement of a series of old situations has given freshness to the entire play. An old story is never trite if it is artistically told. The sudden discovery of the parentage of "Debbie" grates a little; it may or may not be a necessary part of the denouement, but certainly Miss Archibald can devise a less abrupt way of introducing it. Prophecy is dangerous, but to judge from some of the "successes" of former seasons, "Debbie" ought to do far more than hold its own on Broadway.

The actors furnished a good interpretation. Miss Rebhun in the title role was charming and alluring, more so as "Debbie" than as Joyce. Miss Plaisted was a delightfully juvenile Edith, and Mr. Connor showed unusual ability in playing a "straight" part. Mr. McCabe's excellent characterization of Peterson gave the audience something more than the stereotypod pedagogue. The performance was given under the direction of Walter Bradley Tripp.

THE BAD MAN

(Written for The Boston Herald and Dedicated to Mr. Holbrook Blinn)

In this banditting business, you see,
One should scorn mediocrity;
To succeed as a bandit
One must understand it,
Or a very bum bandit he'll be!

In addition to sins from the books
Blinn got him some banditty looks,
And a dash of tabasco—
Oh, he's no fiasco!
He ranks above ornery crooks.
And look at our friend Senor Villa;
(A very bad man, ah me ah!)
A mischievous part,
But these rascals have ART!
(Though we don't care to sit very neah!)

By sedulous specialization
A bandit may baffle a nation;
No jack-of-all-trades—
With maids, or with raids,
Your bandit must use cerebration.

Oh, there really is not the least doubt;
This advice only amateurs flout;
To be a Blinn bandit,
You must understand—it's
No game for a little boy-scout!

JANE REDFIELD HOOVER.
Boston.

"Le Passant"

As noted elsewhere in this issue of THE SUNDAY HERALD, Paladilhe's "Passant" will be performed for the first time in Boston next Friday evening in Jordan Hall. The book is Francois Coppee's familiar play which was produced at the Odeon, Paris, Jan. 14, 1869, when Sarah Bernhardt took the part of Zanetto; Mme. Agar, that of Sylvia.

Mascagni's "Zanetto," which has been heard in Boston, has the same libretto. The translator into Italian was Targione-Tozzetti. This opera was produced at Pesaro, on March 2, 1896, in the Theatre of the Conservatory, then directed by Mascagni: Sylvia, Mme. Pizzagalli; Zanetto, Mme. Collamarini. The opera was performed with the same singers at The Scala, Milan, March 18, 1896, but without success.

"Le Passant" was no more fortunate in Paris, where Mme. Galli-Marie took the part of the page and Mlle. Priola, that of Sylvia, the courtesan. Yet Coppee's play at the Odeon had brought him fame, and much was expected of Paladilhe, whose "Mandolinata" had been sung, hummed, and whistled the world around. But there were only three performances. Some said the libretto was not suited to music. Others accused the composer of Wagnerism! Paul Bertrand wrote these astonishing words: "Nearly all our young composers are ambitious to kiss the Muse of modern German music. This Muse is hardly Apollo's daughter; she is closely related to Wagner and his co-mates. Hence the school of the 'Musical Labyrinth' as I call it."

An Old Tragedy Revived; Notes About Music and the Stage

Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid's Tragedy" was revived in London on Nov. 15 by the Phoenix. The Times paid this tribute to Miss Sybil Thorndike. "It is a pity that tragedy is out of fashion, for thereby Miss Thorndike misses her best chance. She is a born tragedy-queen. She has authority, style, ample gesture, 'line,' and superb elocution helped by a voice that can send a thrill through the house. What a strange mystery is the timbre of the human voice and its power, apart from whatever words are uttered, over the sympathies! There are notes in Miss Thorndike's voice that send a cold shiver down your back. And her personality reminds you of R. L. S.'s old Scotch lady's description of herself in her youth as 'pale, penetratin', and interestin'.'"

A new viola concerto by Arnold Bax was performed at a philharmonic concert, London, last month. The Times (Nov. 18) said of it: "The concerto is in a tripartite single movement, it is of clear structure, and it is refined music, full of melodies which appeal to educated tastes. The middle section rises above this and into it considerably the most work seems to have been put. The counterpoint is solid stuff and 'comes off.' We do not care so much for either exordium or peroration, though perhaps we shall. Mr. Bax at his best has a kind of wistful poetry which is his very own, and at other moments he is no worse than others who fill music paper while they think what to say. He had a pretty folk-song to give us and he did not hammer it too much, but let it float in and out of the conversation on Mr. Tertis's beautiful instrument."

The Times did not wholly like Mr. Coates's conducting of Brahms's third Symphony at the same concert. "In the Brahms Mr. Coates filled one with despair and delight. Despair, because when a man has written his meaning quite clearly there seems no sense in reading quite a different one into him. Brahms made his texture thin and thick as his thought demanded, and these textures themselves set the pace, but Mr. Coates sometimes turns round, like Mary's lamb, and goes just the other way, in his excitement. And delight, because his way, after all, is his own way, and even if it is wrong and who is to say that?—he means it."

Helene Dolmetsch played viola da gamba music in Paris last month and Jean Nolan introduced some new songs by Goossens, Bax, Shaw, Ireland, Dunhill and Broughton. "None of these seemed of first-class interest, and it is to be hoped that the French section of the audience did not take them to be representative of modern English music. It is to be regretted that on the rare occasions when modern English songs are sung by English singers in Paris the programs so often show signs of having been drawn up with too little care and discrimination. Why is it that English audiences should, as a rule, be far better served, where modern French music is concerned, than French audiences where modern English music is concerned?"

Lucien Wurmser wrote "agreeable" music for Andrieff's play "The Painted Laugh," which, brought out in London in Khyva St. Alban's translation, failed in London last month. M. Wurmser is the husband of Mme. Delcourt, a harpist of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The play was ono of Andrieff's last works. It ran for 200 performances in Moscow, at the beginning of the Revolution in 1917. Miss St. Albans, an American, took the part in London of the circus heroine, and was "beyond her depth."

Monckton Hoffe's new play, "The Faithful Heart," produced at the Comedy, London, last month, is described by the Times as "a very beautiful little play—simple, human, deeply pathetic. . . . A word too much, and there would be ruin. But the superfluous word is never spoken. The moments of greatest emotional stress are absolutely mute. This is art really fine."

Mr. Frank Bridge, conductor, in London: "We have not heard for a long time accelerandos and sostenutos so carefully timed—though that is not the word—so naturally and truly felt and carried out with such complete understanding by the orchestra. Neither do we often hear the music so much 'let alone,' the consecutive line attended to instead of indivudual points of color. Conductors seem sometimes almost to think that the music is not there unless they make it, whereas Mr. Bridge showed us that it is only struggling to come out if you will let it. Incidentally, he showed himself, also, a perfect accompanist of a string player, and there is no reason to think that he would not be of the voice or anything else."

Miss Winifred Holloway took us quite by surprise. She gave a recital with Mr. Plunket Greene and Mr. Samuel Liddle—but they were quite minor personages. That is to say, Mr. Greene and Mr. Liddle made that perfect combination that they have accustomed us to consider as the normal thing, something that has taken in all the possibilities of a song, and then says: "Yes, I have tried every way, but this is the best; don't you think so?" And Miss Holloway said something quite different. If we might venture to give her meaning—though it is always a precarious job to supply meanings for artists—it would be, perhaps, "No, I don't know much about botany or horticulture, but these little wild flowers, have you ever noticed them? This hemlock makes a splendid table decoration, and these ivy shoots are just the thing to work into an over-mantel."—London Times.

At the Phoenix Society's performance of Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Maid's Tragedy," writes a correspondent, I observed an instance of that kindly considerateness on the part of G. B. S. which is possibly more characteristic of his dealing with his fellow-men in the actual affairs of life than in his plays. At the end of the interval either Mr. Shaw missed his cue as to curtain rise, or, what is more probable in so experienced a theatregoer, had decided that he must leave before the close of the play. At all events, instead of pressing toward his stall—which was after all only a few removes from the passage—he took up and kept for the better part of an hour an uncomfortable stand with his back to the wall.—London Daily Chronicle.

Mr. John Beach, composer and pianist of Boston, is spending the winter in Asolo, Italy. On Oct. 10, at a concert of songs, piano pieces and 'cello pieces, he played music by Chopin, Debussy and Ravel. His songs, "Passanti" and "Il Ponte di Clarke Street," were sung by Mme. Pina Agostini-Bitelli. Five of Respighi's songs were sung by his wife, Mme. Elsa Respighi-Sanglacomo. Mme. Respighi was her husband's pupil. Her songs, "Berceuze Bretonne" and "Quattro liriche dai Rubaiyat," were also sung by her. Her husband on this occasion accompanied her.

August Enna has brought out his new Danish opera, "Don Juan Marana," suggested by Johan Bojer's "Don Juan in Heaven." The first act passes in Seville; the second before the garden of Paradise; the third in Hell.

Leonard Borwick, pianist: His differentia as a pianist consists in this, that you are not aware that he is giving a recital, merely that he has come there to play you some things he likes and has thought a good deal about. He trouhles about no conventions. Nothing is glib. It all seems, on the contrary, to come with difficulty, even to have been hammered out of some recalcitrant material; consequently it does not sound

like anyone else's playing. The ordinary theory of beauty is what Wagner called, in an exuberant moment, the "neo-hellenic synagogue," that smooth removal of everything harsh, and with it of most that is characteristic. It achieves this by the various devices the pianist has at his command for veiling the difficulties or the crabbednesses—incisive technique to distract the attention and pedalling to cover the joins. Mr. Borwick uses the difficulties, as a good singer uses his awkward consonants, to articulate the stream of tone.—London Times.

Roland Hayes in London

There is an interesting article about Roland Hayes and Lawrence Brown, his accompanist, still applauded in London, in Outward Bound for November. Speaking of negro spirituals, Mr. Hayes says: "When I am using African or folk songs, I will not sing them 'dressed up' in any elaborate fashion, nor with accompaniments influenced by foreign environment. However beautiful the latter might be, they would not render the true spirit which underlies the sincerity of all good music, but in seeing there is nothing added to, one must at the same time take care not to be fearful of giving all that the interpretation does require.

"I often feel my race is an added advantage to my work and am constantly grateful for the heritage. I have received musical training in exactly the same way as a white man, viewing it from the same angle. Color makes no difference. There is the same intelligence, sensitiveness, doubt, experience with us all, and my music is the same to me as to any other musician, in work and joy—but—and then there was a pause, and the movement of Roland Hayes's hands and fingers betrayed his feelings—but added to the ordinary equipment of a musician, I humbly believe I have the heritage of my fathers, the instinct for understanding and portraying the emotions of widely differing subjects—the call of the blood, which I feel so strongly within me. And so I am keen to go to Africa itself and hear. It is not sufficient to be told about the music there; I cannot saturate myself with its varied characteristics.

"I should like to go to Nyassaland, and study and make friends with the natives that I might hear for myself some of the 'Songs of Nyassaland.'"

"I gently reminded Mr. Hayes that the songs were already fast dying out, and that in any case the natives of this country of Lake Nyassa did not sing in their natural way except when special occasions, such as a journey, mourning or rejoicings called it forth.

"But," said Mr. Hayes, "I understand all this and am willing to be patient, and to travel and to do whatever is likely to be the means of bringing me personally into contact with the native melodies and choruses."

"I mentioned to Mr. Hayes that I had read that he had said that the religion of the negro race was a very real and sustaining force in the days of slavery in America. Did he mean that they were converted to Christianity by missionaries when in Africa, or in America after they had been shipped there?

"No," he replied, "I am not referring to Christianity at all as you know it. Every man has a sense of the Great Infinite. The Almighty Father can be called by any name you like—or understood but vaguely and from a distance—but that sense is there, even in the primitive tribes of Africa. No doubt the God fashioned in the depths of the black man's soul might be very different indeed from the conception of his white teacher, but the point to emphasise is the existence in the mind, however dim and faulty, of the knowledge of a great spiritual being. And so far as the negro had light—from his own country or afterward from Christians—he lived up to it—and that was the secret of his brave endurance.

"Talking of civilization," said Mr. Hayes later, as if he were feeling the necessity for defending his own people from the ignorance and careless dogmas of others, "do you know that the earliest civilizing influences came from Africa? Have you read about the industries, the iron of the Nile? And there has been a fusion of many races there, knowledge has passed from one to another, often to be forgotten, but to appear again in later centuries with the Pharaohs; it has truly been the heart of the world."

"And do you find misunderstanding and prejudice from the English now you are among us here?" I asked.

The great singer replied instantly: "The English have been and are most kind and appreciative of my work. Of course, there are ignorant people of all races, but speaking generally the English have been ready to receive my work and to judge it on its merits. Sometimes I cannot help feeling sad when friends seem to think there is anything unusual about it, as if color made any difference to feelings or capacities of a student of music. I would rather that people realize the world is made up of one race, all the children of the Father, and there must be brotherhood among us all."

Dunsany's "Cheeso"

A new play by Lord Dunsany was produced at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, on Nov. 15. It is entitled, "Cheeso." The London Times said of it: "The occasion was certainly interesting, because 'Cheeso' was hardly the kind of morsel one would have looked for from its author. It is almost a phantasy—like so much of Lord Dunsany's work, but it is a very practical phantasy. It merely treats a possible situation in an improbable way, and for that reason it differs profoundly from the remainder of the program. The other three pieces are of the type that we all know and expect. In them the author is content to take an improbable situation and to treat it in a provokingly probable way.

"'Cheeso' is primarily the tale of a patent food and secondarily the tale of a struggle between the crudely practical and the crudely ideal. 'Cheeso' is the invention of a gentleman with the euphonious name of Sladder. He has already invented a patent form of bread called 'Virilo,' which has brought him much money and the public many internal pains. It is in this way that the crudely practical gets brought into touch with the ideal. The curate of the village of which he become squire comes to upbraid him for the physical harm his patent bread is doing the villagers. He makes it clear that he can look after their souls, but not their stomachs. This curate, who is very aptly named Mr. Hippanthigh, is an earnest young man who wages relentless war with his bishop on the subject of 'eternal punishment.' He cannot believe in such a thing, and that is why he is still a curate. It is his conscience that prompts his attack on the patent bread. Its maker, who has just devised 'Cheeso' as a palatable companion to 'Virilo,' is incensed with this militant Christianity, and even more annoyed when he discovers that the conscientious curate is in love with his daughter.

"That gives him an opportunity to fight the battle of commerce against idealism. He points out that he is at the top of his profession, and that he expects his potential son-in-law to be the same. He must not quarrel with the bishop. He must displace him, and to do that he must first humor him. 'If your bishop believes in hell,' he says, 'push hell for all you are worth.' The curate cannot bring himself to change his views on eternal punishment, and all seems over until he happens to discover the imminence of 'Cheeso.' That convinces him of the need of an eternal punishment for the maker of such unhealthy trash, and with that idea he readily avows his belief in the possibility of everlasting torments.

"It is a slight idea, but it is most wittily outlined, and the whole piece is an admirable bit of fooling. Last night it was well acted and both Mr. George Merritt as the apostle of commerce and Mr. Harold Scott as the militant curate were excellent."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist. See special notice.

Arlington Theatre, 3:30 P. M. The People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor. See special notice.

Wesleyan Hall, 3:30 P. M., concert by the Boston Flute Club.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Frederick Tillotson, pianist. Bach-Tausig Mendelssohn, May and Spinning Song; Rachmaninoff, Prelude in G minor; Debussy, Deux Danses; Chopin, Nocturne in C sharp minor, Waltz in A flat, Scherzo in B flat minor; Gebhard, Love Poem; Godard, En Courant; Liszt, Rhapsody No. 13.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Philharmonic Choral Society, Frederick W. Wodell, conductor. "Martha" in concert form. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Davison, conductor, assisted by Sophie Braslau. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Beatrice Cast, lyric soprano. Frank La Forge, accompanist. Haydn, She never told her love; Handel, Bel Placere; Loewe, Canzonetta; arr. by Viardot, Fingo per mio diletto; Brahms, Nightingale; Schumann, Snowballs, Sandman, Erlist's; Boito, Aria from "Mefistofele"; Jaques-Dalcroze, L'Oiseau Bleue; Charpentier, Air from "Louise"; La Forge, Come unto these yellow sands, Expectancy; Ponce, Mexican Love Song; Glazounov-La Forge, La Primavera d'or.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third Steinert concert. Louise Homer, contralto; Magdaleine Du Carp, pianist. See special notice.

The word "moratorium" is again in use; this time with reference to German payments in reparation. When did the word first come into English? The first quotation in the Oxford Dictionary is from the London Times. The year was 1875 and the word was in italics. "The merchants of Belgrade, taking advantage of the warlike rumors, have asked for a moratorium." The word is not classical Latin. It is not even in the Latin dictionaries, where we find the adjective "moratorius," meaning lingering, dilatory, or that causes delay, among the words that do not belong to classical prose. The only reference to "moratorius" in Riddle's dictionary are to the "Digesta," and the Code of Justinian.

It will be seen from the letter following this paragraph that "W. E. K." wishes more definite information about spiders as a table luxury. Yes, we did say that they were said to resemble strawberries in flavor. Our informant was Anton Filtz, a violoncellist in the service of the Palatine Elector at Mannheim. Filtz was greatly esteemed in his day as a virtuoso and composer. (The energetic first five notes of Schumann's piano quintet are identical with the opening of Filtz's E flat major trio.) It is not unlikely that our Filtz, running his hand up and down his instrument, as it, after the manner of all violoncellists, he was endeavoring to catch flies, had his attention called to spiders. Apparently he was not well nourished by them, for he died young in the sixties of the 18th century.

We mentioned the passion of Lalande, the French astronomer, for spiders: how he would gaily pursue them, and, when they were caught, suck them slowly, with eyes rolling in delight. He had a hardier constitution than poor Filtz, for, crowned with honor, he lived to be 75 years old.

The case of Filtz is mentioned by Pohl in his life of Haydn; the case of Lalande, by no less a man than the grave and learned Gabriel Peignot.

Let us now speak of a still more extraordinary case. Albertus Magnus (his family name was Groot) knew a little girl at Cologne in the 13th century, who, at the age of 3, "Would search about the walls of the house, hunting for spiders, which she would not only eat, but delighted in that feeding, and yet continued in good habit of body." He saw her catching and eating them. (See his "Historia Animalium," also the "Antiquae Lectiones" of Ludovicus Coelius Rhodiginus [Bale, 1566].) We give these authorities, for there are doubting Thomases, men of a dark and suspicious nature, who find pleasure in pooh-poohing our statements of fact.

One more instance, although it is of less importance. Conrad, Bishop of Constance, "at the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, drank off a spider that had fallen into the cup of wine, while he was busied in the consecration of the Elements; yet did he not receive the least hurt or danger thereby."

Tho. Mouffet, Doctor in Physick, in his "Theatre of Insects" (London, 1658), notes that monkeys, lizards, wasps, ichneumons, swallows, sparrows, eat spiders greedily, and the nightingale, "the chief of singing birds," is thus cured of some diseases. Alexander the Great was warned against a woman of ravishing beauty in Alexandria because from her childhood she had fed on spiders. Mouffet relates an extraordinary story. (By the way, he knew a great English lady "yet living, who will not leave off eating them," and he mentions Phaerus, a physician, who ate them greedily without any hurt at all.) Mouffet heard this story from Bruerus, "a dear friend worthy to be believed." A nephew of Bruerus's, having spent his fortune in riotous living, was ready to undertake anything for money at the risk of his life.

"When he heard of a rich Matron of London that was troubled with a Timpany, and was forsaken of all Physicians as past cure, he counterfeited himself to be a Physician in practice, giving forth that he would cure her and all diseases. But as the custome is, he must have half in hand, and the other half under her hand, to be payed when she was oured. Then he gave her a Spider to drink, as supposing her past cure, promising to make her well in three dayes, and so in a Coach with four Horses, he presently hasts out of Town, lest there being a rumor of the death of her (which he supposed to be very neer) he should be apprehended for killing her. But the woman shortly after by the force of the venome was cured, and the ignorant Physician who was the Author of so great a work, was not known. After some moneths this good man returns, not knowing what had happened, and secretly enquired concerning the state of that woman, he heard she was recovered. Then he began to boast openly, and to ask how she had observed her diet, and he excused his long absence, by reason of the sickness of a principal friend, and that he was certain that no harm could proceed from so healthful physick; also he asked confidently for the rest of his reward, and to be given him freely. Truly in this present corruption of manners and times, how highly is such a Mountebank esteemed, when chance is accounted for skill, and one accidental rash cure of a disease, with danger oft-times of the patient's life, makes a Quacksalver a great Physician, and he is judged worthy of praise and honor. But a better revenging Judge will correct these things."

BY GABRILOWITSCH

Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Handel, Variations ("The Harmonious Blacksmith"); Bach, Rondo Expressivo; Mozart, "Turkish March"; Beethoven, Sonata, Op. 10, D Major; Schumann, Sonata, C Minor, Op. 22; Brahms, Rhapsodie, B Minor; Chopin, Nocturne, B Major, and Fantasie Impromptu; Gabrilowitsch, Caprice-Burlesque, No. 3.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch, as always the inspired artist, without affectation, playing the piano to create music and not to give a display of gymnastics, was welcomed warmly by an interested and appreciative audience. He is still true to his old loves—Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin. He played the pieces of Chopin beautifully, with exquisite feeling. He is not a pianist who insults Chopin by attempting to improve on the composer's work by grandiloquent thunder. In fact, whatever Mr. Gabrilowitsch plays, he conveys a tender understanding of mood and emotion; love for the instrument which expresses such mood or emotion.

"For all his simplicity and lack of gesture, Mr. Gabrilowitsch never lacks in brilliancy when brilliancy is demanded. In the Beethoven Sonata, perhaps, he was at his best. His deliberation in the Largo was impressive in the extreme. In his own Caprice-Burlesque his marvellous ficetness was exhibited: music flows in a shining stream from beneath those light, flying fingers.

It is not too much to say that his audience was entranced. Not a sound could be heard in the great hall save the perfect music from the stage. At one time the almost inevitable epidemic of coughing nearly broke loose. Aside from that threatened danger nothing marred the recital. It is heartening to hear such music; heartening to see such an audience drinking in every note of it.

A MATTER OF TASTE

As the World Wags:

It is vexing to read in your notes on Mr. Robinson's letter that you "have been told that spiders taste a good deal like strawberries." Cannot Mr. Herkimer Johnson be persuaded to lunch on a dish of spiders smothered in cream and give us some first-hand information on the subject? What you say as to the flavor of spiders recalls an article contributed some time ago to Natural History by Mr. Bequaert of the American Museum of Natural History. In this he spoke of the green ant of northern Australia, which first tempted man to eat it by its attractive, sweetmeat-like translucency. This insect, he says, smashed up in water, makes a refreshing drink, tasting much like lemonade and it is often appreciated by Europeans. In Burma and Siam a paste is made of the Green Weaver Ant and served as a condiment with curry. This same ant is used by the Dyaks, who mix it with their rice, to which it lends a pungent, acetic flavor. In some parts of central Africa, says Mr. Bequaert, the White Ant is a delicacy for the table, and the natives often engage in fierce battles for possession of White Ant mounds. Most of us could, at a pinch, face a dish of roasted locusts or macerated ants, if we were in company that relished them, just as we can get down a dish of escargots in Paris or spend an evening over winkles in St. John, N. B., but it is quite another thing to make a piece de resistance of a hairy caterpillar or a hellgramite; nevertheless, caterpillars, angleworms, soft, squshy grubs and other vermin help out the diet of some primitive peoples. We are not told whether the hairy caterpillar is plucked before eating. Possibly some form of depilatory is applied. It seems as if the creature would taste better that way. But, lest some readers of The Herald, weary of seeing turkey at less than 75 cents a pound, should suddenly go in for a diet of slugs and caterpillars, a word of caution may be permitted. Certain of these insects when eaten to excess have a prostrating effect, the symptoms being like those experienced by Xenophon's men after eating heartily of the honey of Armenia. Some ascribe this to the toughness of the insect's skeleton; others to the difficulty of removing from them the organs of digestion and excretion which devoured in large masses, generate toxic qualities.

W. E. K.

Boston.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY GIVES EIGHTH CONCERT

Emil Mollenhauer Conductor at Arlington Theatre

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its eighth concert in the Arlington Theatre yesterday afternoon, with Karl Zeise, 'cellist, as assisting artist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 8 ..... Beethoven
"Variations Symphonique, for violoncello" ..... Boellmann
"Ronde d'Amour" ..... Westerhout
"The Rosary" ..... Nevin
"A Fairy Tale" ..... Konzak
"Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 1 in F" ..... Liszt

Mr. Mollenhauer's men gave a capital rendering of the Beethoven symphony. The lighter numbers at the end of the program evidently afforded much pleasure to the large audience. Mr. Zeise will not reach his 21st birthday until

March 1[illegible] next, but he already shows great promise, as possessed of real talent. He is a pupil of A. Schroeder.

There will be no concert next Sunday, because the Handel and Haydn Society performer of the "Messiah," a week earlier than usual, enlists the services of Mr. Mollenhauer, and some of his men. For Sunday afternoon, Dec. 25, the program will include: Haydn's "Surprise Symphony," No. 6; Saint Saens's "Suite Algerienne" and Konzak's waltz, "Maids of Baden." The soloist is yet to be announced.

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A correspondent writes: "A few days ago you referred to a new play, 'The Pilgrim of Eternity,' in which Lord Byron is the hero. I wonder if the Countess Guiccioli appears prominently in it. This recalls a little anecdote I read in the sixties. A prideful Frenchman introduces his wife: 'Mon epouse, autrefois la maitresse de Lor' Biron.' The countess is introduced in the story 'Edmond Dantes,' a sequel to 'Monte Cristo,' but this sequel never appeared in French, I am told; it was written by some Englishman. I thought it an interesting story."

No, the countess did not figure in the play. We say "did not," for it ran only for one week. The Stage took the failure of this play and of Clemence Dane's "Will Shakespeare" as a text for a sermon. "Popular playwrights, not troubled much by the artistic conscience, held themselves free to get theatrically effective characters out of rough-and-ready perversions of famous men and women of the past, stage pictures generally tawdry of color or grotesquely out of drawing to the historian, but with a certain measure of appeal. It may be, to the playgoer, who is indifferent to the historical spirit. To think about it at all is to perceive how meretricious a business it is."

THE KITCHEN BARD

As the World Wags:

Can you, during this, the open season on sauces, make room for the following verses:

Sing a song of sauces,
Soft as well as hard,
Sauces made of butter,
Sauces made of lard,
Sauces light and sauces dark
Fascinate the eye,
Paralyze the palate,
Passing slowly by;
Sauces quite invisible
With a mighty flavor
Give to strings of hollow dough
European savor;
Condiments of curry,
Cocoa beans and spices,
Rescue hopeless puddings,
Save abandoned ices.
Maidens who would marry soon
Learn to sing a song of sauces;
They who stir with saucy spoon,
Very soon become the bosses.

Boston. NORMAN ABBEY.

BATHROOM TRAGEDIES

(The Athol and Worcester West Chronicle)

"The sudden departure of electric lights as well as the gas supply was the cause of embarrassment to not a few people in Athol, according to reports that have accumulated gradually. One resident, a gentleman of considerable corpulence, was splashing in the bathtub at the time and experienced some difficulty in focusing his eyes sufficiently to risk stepping out to reach for a towel. Numerous housewives had pies and cakes in the making many of them half cooked when the gas disappeared. The worst luck came to a swain engaged in negotiating a shave preparatory to an evening call. When the lights went out he had shaved one side of his face and there being no lamps or candles in the house, the young man wiped off the lather from his other cheek and kept his date. With bristles protruding from one side and the other as smooth as silk, there is no disputing around town as to which side of the couch the young man occupied that night."

ARE WE SNOBS?

As the World Wags:

In "The King," by Arthur Gordon Smith, which recently appeared in one of our leading magazines, I read what Stephen Holmes, scion of one of Boston's most exclusive families, thinks of our democracy. Marie Therese, a charming French girl, says to Stephen: "Your traditions are all republican; you regard kings as tyrants; you fought your revolution against a king and his tyranny. Am I not right?"

"Your facts are right," answered Stephen slowly, "but I am not so sure that your inferences from them are. America is a democracy, of course; but I don't know any people in the world that bow down more readily and humbly to a title, no matter how shabby and second-rate the title is."

Stephen must have been referring to the state of mind in his own "set" and in similar sets of "society" leaders throughout our great republic, but his charge of snobbery does not apply to Cape Cod, where the staunch democracy of the fathers is still vigorous and where the millionaire and his hired man are on the same level of popular recognition as "Tom" and "Ike."

However, what's the use of being narrow-minded on the subject of titles? A British writer says there is "an unreasoning trait in the common mind which reverences titled blue blood from a misty regret for the extinction of the age of chivalry in favor of one of 'sophisters, economists and calculators' . . . titles, if apparently inconsistent with a true democracy, may well endure in one form or another indefinitely, from the psychological fact that they do seem to satisfy that human instinct for hero-worship, and in themselves are at least some sort of concrete expression of a nation's gratitude for services real or imaginary."

The same writer, whose articles dealt principally with the British nobility, has this rather unkind remark about the nobility of France: "It may be said without disrespect that existing French counts are unknown and entirely unimportant persons." This was written before the entente! But, notwithstanding this slur, French counts are still very popular with our American heiresses.

It is regrettable indeed that Americans are extremely careless in speaking or writing about the British peerage. There is much confusion of titles. We read of "Lord Balfour" being one of Great Britain's representatives at the Washington conference. Mr. Arthur J. Balfour is still a commoner by choice. Then we learn that "Lady Nancy Astor" is shining in English political life. Lord Robert Cecil is called "Lord Robert" and "Sir Robert" in the same editorial in one of New York's leading daily papers, a journal which aspires to represent our "best people." And other little discrepancies suggest study of Burke or other authorities on the intricacies of British titles. The British used to laugh when French journals referred to "Sir Salisbury" or "Lord Gladstone." We must be more careful. MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

Orleans.

MME. PETROVA

By PHILIP HALE

SELWYN'S THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The White Peacock," a romance in three acts, by Olga Petrova. Produced by the Selwyns.

Anna	Ludmilla Toretzka
Marietta	Doris Carpenter
Don Miguel Di Ribera Y Santellos	Leon Gordon
Rafael Roderiquez	E. L. Fernandez
The Countess Wyanock	Letha Walters
Revette Di Ribera Y Santellos	Madame Petrova
Captain Hubert Lang	George C. Thorpe
Don Caesar Di Mendosa Gonzales	Malcolm Fassett
Joselito	Charles Brokaw
Pedro	Judson Langill

Those who were at this theatre last night hoping to see, in consequence of foolish, unwarranted announcements in advance, a play that was a eugenic tract or an animated and frank discussion of the Malthusian theory, were bitterly disappointed. Their only consolation was a poem recited by Mme. Petrova after the second act in which, as an intelligent mother who has taken her curious child to the Zoo, she explained in a delicate manner the mystery of birth.

But the play itself is an out-and-out melodrama, not skilfully constructed, in many ways preposterous, with dialogue that is seldom animated, with a final scene that is too long drawn out.

Don Miguel is a very bad man. His wife Revette cannot endure his loose conduct, so she leaves him. The last night as she is alone a man, Don Caesar, enters her bed-chamber. Her coolness and bravery compel his admiration, so that he contents himself with passing the night in a chair smoking cigarettes. She is an artist, and she chooses him for a model. This Don Caesar has been convicted of murdering his father, the premier, but it was Don Miguel who hired a ruffian, Rafael, to do the job and steal a paper that incriminated Don Miguel. The latter surprises Don Caesar in the studio. The two say to themselves: "Ha! Ha! Revenge." In the last act while Don Miguel is engaged in his house with a caller, after he has locked his wife in a room, for she had come to beg for Don Caesar's safety, lo, Rafael comes in, looking for his knife. Taking Revette for one of Don Miguel's "promiscuous women," he is fascinated by her. Flirting with him, she induces him to boast of his bravery, his killings, his bonnes fortunes. Enter Don Miguel. There is a row. The bravo fires at him and hits Revette. The men grapple outside and it is supposed that Don Miguel is put out of the way. The drunken villain jumps out of a window 60 feet from the ground, clutching a vine. As no thud or moan is heard, he perhaps escaped. Don Caesar and Captain Bath are as Johnny on the Spot. A physician, conveniently near, is summoned. Revette in Don Caesar's arms says something about a miracle, and the final curtain falls. It is supposed that the physician arrived in time.

The stage settings are very handsome in their color schemes. Mme. Petrova is sumptuously gowned. Her night-dress at the end of the first act is a most elaborate affair. These features of the performance are salient.

Mme. Petrova spoke her lines intelligently, throwing off heavy epigrams as if they were as light as thistledown, now scornful, now philosophical, and at the last plying coquetry of voice, eyes,

gestures and [illegible]. As the [illegible] of the melodrama, she could not complain that the dramatist had not given her opportunities for the display of her histrionic abilities. The company supported her in her various scenes of trial and tribulation. It is not necessary to speak of each member of the company. It is enough to say that they all gave much needed support. A large audience was evidently interested.

COPLEY THEATRE—"The Private Secretary," a farcical comedy, in three acts, by Charles Hawtrey. The cast:

Douglas Cattermole	Walter Kingsford
Mrs. Stead	May Ediss
Mr. Sidney Gibson	Percy Foster
Harry Marsland	Nicholas Joy
Rev. Robert Spalding	E. E. Clive
Mr. Cattermole	Moffat Johnston
Knox	Chester Parsons
Miss Ashford	Del dre Doyle
Mr. Marsland	Lionel Pape
Edith Marsland	Catherine Willard
Eva Webster	Katherine Standing

The Jewett players revive the perennially popular "Private Secretary" at regular intervals, and its broad, honest farce makes an agreeable contrast with the plays of a more purposeful nature for which it substitutes.

Last night's performance went with the ease and certitude that comes with familiarity and a perfect acquaintance with the accepted standards set by William Gillette.

Mr. Clive, with his "galoshes," his "goods and chattels" and his bleating "Do you know?" played the part of the luckless curate with precisely the right shading to make it most effective.

The company was well cast for proper support, and all "played up" with praiseworthy spirit and enthusiasm. The action never slumped for a moment and a continuous ripple of laughter through the house attested the success of the evening's entertainment.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Acquittal," a play in three acts by Rita Weiman. The cast:

Barton	W. H. McDougal
Nellie	Jane Miller
Madeleine Winthrop	Nancy Fair
Dr. Hammond	Harold R. Chase
Edith Craig	Viola Roach
Joe Conway	Walter Gilbert
Kenneth Winthrop	Frank Charlton
Robert Armstrong	Mark Kent
Claflin	Ralph Remley
McCarthy	Aubrey Bosworth
Ainsley	Benjamin Hadfield
Wilson	Joseph Guthrie
Hedges	Frederick Allen
Burke	Arthur Finnegan

"The Acquittal" is just one more of those proofs which arise now and then to show that pseudo-intellectual cynicism cannot crush the natural love for good, wholesome melodrama. Miss Weiman's play piles one tense situation on top of another; it draws its interest from shots that are never fired and threats which are never carried out. There are the loyal wife, the cruel husband and the swagger gentleman of the Fourth Estate. More than once the audience is thrilled with a tirade which might equal those of the ancient scribes. Yet with all the conventional characteristics of melodrama, from the blustering villain to the hero who can never fail, "The Acquittal" tells an exciting story in a thrilling way. It is true that the dashing young reporter, who is the central figure in the play, almost loses the sympathy of the audience when he apparently becomes a common blackmailer, but his actions are promptly understood when their "Robin Hood" character is disclosed.

The acting was perhaps the finest which has been seen at the St. James this season. Mr. Gilbert in the role of Joe Conway was excellent. He showed rare talent in his ability to carry a dramatic situation to its full height without descending to the mere theatrical. And with Miss Fair as leading lady, the play was endowed with a heroine who made us feel that a sanity test should be applied to her wayward husband. She is admirably suited to the part of Madeleine. Mr. Charlton as Kenneth Winthrop gave an excellent portrayal of a character whose hypocrisy has almost deceived himself. The entire production was uncommonly well done from every standpoint.

The play next week will be "My Lady Friends," by Frank Mandel and Emil Nyitray.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY PRESENTS "MARTHA"

Performance in Jordan Hall Under Conductor Wodell

The Philharmonic Choral Society, Frederick W. Wodell, conductor, gave a performance of Flotow's "Martha" last night in Jordan Hall. The solo singers were Mrs. Edith Ellis Gondreault and Miss Claramond Thompson; Messrs. Ellis, St. Clair A. Wodell and Ahearn. Miss Gertrude Gibson was the pianist. The Boston Orchestral players assisted.

The opera, tuneful, now lively, now sentimental, is well suited to concert performance, and as it is very familiar, it furnishes an audience the greater enjoyment. Mr. Wodell has long been associated with large choruses in Boston, as elsewhere, composed of singers eager to learn and zealous in performance. The fruits of his training are always in evidence when the chorus appears in public. The solo singers last night gave pleasure.

The society will present an Oratory Festival program in Symphony Hall on

Sunday [illegible], when [illegible] and [illegible] "The Messiah," "The Creation," "Elijah," Rossini's "Stabat Mater," [illegible] Solennelle and Verdi's "Requiem" will be sung with solo singers, orchestra and organ.

AT THE MAJESTIC

The program at the Shubert Majestic Theatre last evening was composed almost entirely of music, good music too, of the kind that is appreciated by a vaudeville audience.

Nat Nazarro, Jr., who, as he says himself, is only [illegible] is a real artist. In the various roles of singer, dancer, 'cellist and leader of his own jazz sextet he is charming, and the audience responded enthusiastically to his boyish gayety. In his company are also a clever little dancer and singer.

The Brendel and Bert Rose with Frank Masters, Peggy Brown and Helen Nelidova and a vivacious chorus was composed of six numbers of songs and dances that were attractive and presented in an attractive way.

Although last on the program the audience was glad to wait for Bob Nelson, accompanied on the piano by Herbert Hewson. Few singers can win such applause at the end of an evening of music. He enters into his songs in a way all his own.

Marguerite Farrell sang well and looked pretty. By means of moving pictures shown while she retired to change her costumes she let her audience into some of the fascinating mysteries of her dressing room.

Lord-Ain sang soprano, tenor, baritone and contralto with remarkable ease and effect. The Novelli Brothers were amusing and clever musical clowns; Rosalie Harris and Pauline Santley appeared in a musical sketch, and Burt Shepherd did some skillful stunts with whips. A Harold Lloyd comedy completed the bill.

"LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR" AT ARLINGTON THEATRE

Miss Clara Shear Wins Triumph—Company Excellent

The best opening night performance of the season was given last night at the Arlington Theatre with "Lucia di Lammermoor" as the bill. "Lucia," with its light, tuneful melodies, was easily within the scope of the company, and they made the most of the opportunity. Miss Clara Shear, who astonished Boston music lovers in "Lakme," repeated her success last night as Lucia. At the end of the mad scene the audience acclaimed her with enthusiasm. Rulon Robison as Edgar shared the honors of the evening with Miss Shear. Mr. Deacon as the brother and Mr. Waterous as Bide-the-Bent were both excellent, and did much to make the performance a dramatic as well as a vocal success. Mr. Northway, Mr. Haslet and Miss Boyden did excellent work in the minor roles of Norman, Arthur and Alice. The chorus as usual sang well. "Lucia" will be given all this week; next week a big revival of the Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera, "The Mikado," and for Christmas week, starting with a special holiday matinee on Monday, Dec. 26, there will be a revival of "Jack and the Beanstalk." In order to accommodate the children and grown-ups there will be four matinees the week of the 26th, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

ON BILL AT KEITH'S

Every act on the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week has its appeal, and there is plenty of variety.

The outstanding feature is the uproariously funny sketch of Harry Langdon and company, "After the Ball." The first two scenes treat the vernacular of the golf links in a nice comedy style, and the final scene, that of the trick automobile, is one of the funniest scenes in all vaudeville.

Mr. Langdon blazes his own trail as to method. He knows the value of repose; he speaks without talking and in the art of pantomime he excels.

The novelty of the bill was the Bob Pender troupe of stilt walkers and eccentric dancers. The act goes with a rush and vaudeville audiences are given surprise after surprise, and this is saying a whole lot in these days of tiresome repetitions.

The Lightner Sisters have a new act that is as variable in character as it is snappy in development. There is some good singing and dancing, and an overdose of grimacing and gushing by Winnie Lightner, an excellent comedienne, who lacks discretion in hammering her comedy stuff in.

Other acts on the bill were Ed Lee Wrothe and Owen Moore, in a comedy sketch; Miss Juliet, showing a many-sided talent in mimicry and song; Roscoe Ails and his jazz band, in comedy and dancing; Carrell and Gorman singers; and Maxine Brothers and Bobby the comedy dog, in an acrobatic act.